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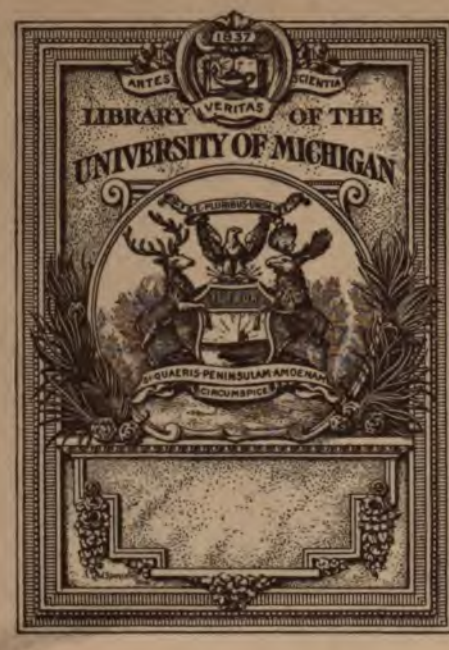
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From the North British Review.

1. *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.* By THOMAS TOD STODDART. Edinburgh and London, 1847.
2. *A Handbook of Angling: Teaching Fly-fishing, Trolling, Bottom-fishing, and Salmon-fishing.* By EPHEMERA. London, 1847

THE Art of Angling has for a length of time been among the most highly favored, and most assiduously pursued, of all our British sports, and any contributions which tend either to explain its theory, or improve its practice, cannot be otherwise than welcome to a piscatorial public. It is pleasant to read about angling during wintry weather, when close-time and the fear of water-bailiffs debar the uses of the rod; and when the remembrance of bright and balmy summer days, all past and gone, and it may be, the anticipation of still more genial seasons yet to come, throw a radiance even over the surrounding actualities of frost and snow —the imagination of the "contemplative angler" being, at the same time, no doubt, considerably enlivened by the sparkling presence of a steady though consuming fire.

That the study of works on angling during the other seasons of the year—the genial spring, the sultry summer, or the melancholy, though many-colored "fall," is productive of equal advantage, is another question. The fire-side pleasure, and the water-side profit, of such works, are two distinct matters, though each is well worthy of attentive consideration in its way. That one man may read about angling by the household hearth till his shoes are consumed from off his feet, and his winter store of coals reduced to ashes, and know nothing of the subject after all, is just as certain as that another man may be a first-rate angler without having ever had in hand a single book upon his much-loved art. This only proves the truth of the old adage—that "practice is better than precept" —a saying which we don't here quote as anything very original, but rather as being peculiarly applicable to the art of angling, with a brief consideration of which we are now about to beguile ourselves, if not our readers.

Let the student, then, bear thoughtfully in mind, that angling differs in many respects from most other subjects—for example, history—and in nothing more than this, that books, by themselves books, are of no earthly use. The achievements of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, and other men of renown, we fear, can now be only learned "from the record," seeing that they lived and died, came, saw, and conquered, in ages long gone by, into which we cannot cast ourselves; and certain it is, that no exploration now-a-days of the banks of the Granicus will tell us who headed the Macedonian phalanx, and overthrew Darius and his 600,000 Persians, (surely a numerous people, if not a strong,) any more than a walk, however lengthened, along the Rubicon, even from its lowly Adriatic mouth to gurgling fount on rocky Apennine will tell us who crossed it one fine day, when perhaps he ought not to have done so—at least if he respected the senate, or feared Pompey and a civil war. The student of these passages in history may practise what he pleases by the sides of famous streams, but they will tell him nothing unless he also deeply ponders over many a dark and dismal-looking volume, the very names of which we scarcely know, and if we did, would almost fear to write; but we are sure that his notes would not be of Limerick hooks, (O'Shaughnessy's,) or Kirby bends, of lance-wood, hickory, whalebone or bamboo; nor yet of mohair, dubbing, silk, or silver-twist; nor of any form of feathers or their hue, "white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery." Instead of these would stand such mystical memoranda as the following:—"*Diod.* 17.—*Plut. in Alex.*—*Justin.*—*Curt.* iii., c. 1.—*Lucan.* i. v. 185 and 213.—*Strab.* 5.—*Suet. in Cæs.* 32:" and, for anything we can aver to the contrary, the supposed student might not be much wiser than he was before, in spite of all this dread array. But the true piscator must be practical in all his ways; for no perceptive teaching can give the steady arm and all-observing eye, or that peculiar combination of their powers by which an adept's artificial fly is made—after a semi-circular sweep in upper air—to vault boldly across a raging river, and alight upon its surface within a couple of inches of some chosen spot—chosen either from past experience of its value, or it may be merely from that instinctive feeling by which a practised angler ascertains, even in unaccustomed waters,

"Where low submerged the princely salmon lies."

Neither can anything but ample and assiduous practice give that other combination of relentless firmness and gentle pliability, with which both rod and reel are managed, after the glittering lounge, or great up-heaving swell of sullen waters, followed by a whir of line like an electric telegraph, has proved the hooking of some goodly fish, which, under the guidance of a master's hand, may rush, and spring, and flounder, all in vain; but alas! in timid and unsteady tyro's keeping, rises like a silvery meteor, and instantaneously turning its head one way and its tail another, snaps the line with one indignant plunge—

"A moment white, then gone forever."

But, although a man who "spareth the rod," can never efficiently instruct himself or others in its practice, we do not mean to say that there is the slightest harm either in reading or in writing

books on angling. On the contrary, as many respectable followers of the aquatic art are frequently and unfortunately laid up by rheumatism, the custom of reading a good deal, and writing a very little, may even be deemed advisable in certain cases—that is, where there is a remnant of reason, a remembrance of the first rules of grammar, some slight power of observation, discrimination, and expression, and a resolute resolve, while indulging in such works, never to lose temper as well as time, through the folly there abounding.

The germ or nucleus of Mr. Stoddart's present publication, is no doubt his small precursor entitled "The Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland," published so far back as 1835. We desire to refer for a moment to that former work, in order to give the author credit for his sound doctrine on the great parr question, even at that early period, when we confess our own mind was greatly darkened. He was of course quite ignorant, in common with all his brethren of the angle, of Mr. Shaw's original discovery of the slow progress of that fish's growth in fresh water, and of the consequent length of time during which it sojourned there; and, indeed, as respects this latter point, his views are somewhat vague and misty, if not altogether inaccurate even now. But that he, with a wise and discriminating instinct, felt, although he could not scientifically prove, that parr were young salmon, is, we think, apparent from the following paragraphs:—

Three theories, barring the one of its being a distinct species, are abroad concerning the parr. The first and most general opinion is, that the parr belongs both to the trout and salmon species, and is a sort of mule betwixt them: the second theory maintained by some, reckons it to be the male of the sea-trout, whitling, or finnock; and the third, which is by far the soundest, is held, certainly, we confess, upon suspicious principles, by the Ettrick Shepherd, and assumes that the parr is nothing else than the fry of salmon. We shall consider these three opinions individually, and give our reasons for supporting the last.—*Scottish Angler*, p. 80.

Our author then sets himself to demolish the first two theories—a work of supererogation by no means difficult to do—and next endeavors to establish that which stands third in order, by a general reasoning not very accurate or conclusive in its way. But he then proceeds as follows:—

Nor is our hypothesis altogether imaginary, for we come to the relation of a circumstance, the happening of which grounded our belief in this theory; and no assailable one it is, if our eyes, which are good, did not deceive us. Last spring, after the time when smoults generally descend, we chanced to capture a few of them in St. Mary's Loch, the streams about which are a favorite breeding-place for salmon. These were of a large kind, and had been prevented from joining the spring shoals, by their inability to discover the outlet to the lake; they were soft and loose in the scale, but seemingly an enticing bait for pike, which frequent a smaller sheet of water immediately above St. Mary's. In the afternoon, happening to use one of these smoults on our pike tackle, we remarked how its scales came off in great numbers, *discovering beneath a perfect parr, not to be mistaken in any one respect.* This incidental discovery we further confirmed by repeated experiments, and are now convinced beyond a doubt of the fact, that parr are the young of salmon in a certain state.

Nor have we availed ourselves in the minutest degree of the observations of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, in the *Agricultural Journal;* for we esteem his method of proof as somewhat fallacious, and at war with the established doctrine of chances; yet we have conversed with those who have asserted the accuracy of Mr. Hogg's statement, and we know it to be the constant practice of the bard of Altrive to mark the tail-fin of his parr with a peculiar incision, not difficult to recognize. We confess, however, that it is wonderful, first, that Mr. Hogg should be able to catch the ten thousandth portion of the parr frequenting Yarrow; second, that out of a few hundreds that he might catch and mutilate, such a number should reach the sea, undergo the many chances of disaster on their way thither, the more hideous perils of that element: that they should ascend to the exact stream of their birth, in preference to many others; and that when of good size and liable to be taken on ever so many occasions by human means, they should, escaping net and hook, otter and leister, arrive uninjured at Mr. Hogg's feet, and allow him to transfix them through and through, in order to discover their personal identity.—p. 86.

The most painful part of the discovery of the true character and status of the parr, is the fearful consequences which may now ensue to the youthful progeny of the human race. Although there has been no legislative enactment concerning parr, under that particular and appropriate name, yet the ascertainment of their being young salmon, brings them into the same category with that noble fish, and places them beneath the shelter of its shield and buckler. From this it follows, that if the act be strictly enforced and followed out, all youthful anglers (and anglers indeed of every age, but we most compassionate the young) must, in all rivers haunted by salmon, be totally debarred the pleasure of the rod, or use it at their peril, under the risk of conviction and heavy fine; because, as in most rivers the majority of small trout, commonly so called, are actually parr or young salmon, it is impossible to angle, in however good faith, for genuine trout, without killing also genuine salmon; and so the son of a respectable attorney, (we suppose there are such people,) who encreels, *inter alia* and inadvertently, a few innocent parr, as yet unconscious even of incipient greatness, "shall forfeit and pay any sum not less than one pound sterling, and not exceeding ten pounds," besides forfeiting his rod or "other engine," whatever that may be. There is something most considerate and very soothing in the "not exceeding" termination of the clause, as exhibiting, under the very aggravated and heinous nature of the crime supposed, an almost heroic limitation of punishment. Only ten pounds for a parr! why, a person would have to pay as much to a jeweller for a mock one, made of silver and precious stones, which yet doubtless would not be half so beautifully lustrous, nor so emblazoned with "orient pearls and gold," as the

real samlet when it glanced and sparkled in the liquid light of the translucent stream. It is one of the cheapest things we have ever heard of, although it is by no means unlikely that the poor lad may be sorely pushed before he can pay for it after all. But supposing this part of the case to be a hard one, far worse than any legal prosecution is the personal *persecution* which may and will take place throughout the live-long summer days, wherever a surly guardian of the river, on the look-out for prey, espies two or three as yet joyous urchins gathered together, near though not upon the village green. The village green, indeed! They are actually wading in the water, with long and rather scraggy legs, extremely bare, and their scant trousers tucked up, and rolled above their wall-worn knees. What business have they there at such a time? Is the river theirs, or aught that it contains? Most surely not; and what if the villains are contravening Act 9th Geo. IV., sec. 4.* Who knows? Let us see, says the grim old water-bailiff, who was a noted nocturnal leisterer in his day, but having lost his right hand by the springing of a fox-trap, which he had set for hares, has now betaken himself to a less illegal, if not more legitimate vocation. The urchins are seized and examined, their pockets and pocket-handkerchiefs are emptied and unrolled, the "speckled parr" pounced upon and appropriated, and the youthful aspirants to the honors of a jointed rod, (as yet a willow-wand is all their boast,) reviled as poachers of the darkest hue, as having been actually caught killing salmon within view of the very school-house—(salary, the maximum, and fees several pounds per annum, with accommodation for a parlor boarder)—where they might surely have been taught far better things, and with a considerable number of these valuable and most important fishes furtively concealed, though still alive, in a pint bottle. Their willow-wands are confiscated, and they themselves flee from the well-trodden turfy banks, and little gravelly bays of the ancestral stream, and betake themselves in terror, some (and these are chiefly orphans) to the lonely sides of pastoral mountains, others to their homes *maternal*, all losing half a Saturday, (its better half,) and dreaming for several nights successively of the inane, though to them dreadful, because rubicund, face of Justice Shallow, the "Triton of the Minnows," though no great judge of parr. This is indeed a new evil under the sun, and we see no help for it. Salmon, and fish of the salmon kind, whether old or young, have been almost immemorially, in some way or other, protected by an act of parliament; and boys, whether bare-legged or buskined, have likewise for time out of mind been in the custom of catching parr, thinking of no other *act* whatever but their own. In this peculiar posture of affairs, it may be considered as very questionable whether it was right, not as regards the civic economy of large towns, but the rural economy of small villages, and the juvenile privileges of the rising generation, both in town and country, that parr should have been ascertained to be the young of salmon at all. But as the discovery has been clearly made, and widely promulgated, it cannot now be concealed, and must therefore just be submitted to by all concerned. But how, in these times of anticipated restriction and prosecution, the country can expect in after days a body of fair and fearless anglers, such as have hitherto characterized and ennobled our beautiful river shores, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; yet we know that as colonies, commerce, and the navigation laws, have been as nurseries to our naval force, so has the angling of trout and parr ever formed the initiatory practice of all the mighty and renowned Nim-rods of our water-courses. Is it to be so now no more forever? "The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angles into the brook shall lament," although they that "spread nets upon the waters" need not languish.

Mr. Stoddart's present volume is so much more comprehensive and complete than his former one, that it may fairly be regarded altogether as a new and different work, and certainly one of the best and most important of its kind which has hitherto issued from the press. The author has been long and favorably known to both the angling and the literary world as an experienced sportsman and agreeable writer. Devoted to his art from early youth, a more recent residence of ten continuous years on Tweedside, in the neighborhood of Kelso, with the further experience of two seasons by the banks of salmon streams in the north of Scotland, has given him a large measure of acquaintance with the subject, and most ample opportunities both of special practice and general observation of things connected with his favorite art, since he first indited his "Scottish Angler" in 1835.* His "Angler's Companion" of 1847, will therefore be found to be the most complete compendium of things new and old, and worthy of remembrance, which we possess upon the subject at the present time. He not only discusses the theory and practice of the art, with special directions in relation to fly and bait fishing for the principal species which occur in Scotland, but he also gives separate chapters containing local details regarding all our mighty rivers and their lesser streams—extremely valuable as contributions to our general knowledge, and not only useful, but indispensable, as itineraries to guide the angler in his watery way. The very "contents" of these chapters are enough to make any man discontented both with time and space, during the present wintry weather, when he must endure himself and family by the fire-side. The Tweed, the Forth, the Tay, and of each of these the tributaries—themselves a world of waters infinite; the "rivers of Angus and Aberdeenshire;" the "rivers of the Moray Firth;" "the Beauly

* "That such as sell or *have in possession* smoults, or *the young of salmon*, or disturb the parent fish while spawning, shall be fined in sums not exceeding ten nor under one pound sterling."

* We believe that Mr. Stoddart also wrote an intermediate work, with which we are not ourselves acquainted, called "Angling Reminiscences," published in 1837.

and Conan;" the "rivers of the Dornoch Firth;" the "Oikel, Cassley, Carron, and Shin, Loch Shin, Loch Craggie," and many more; the "Naver and Strathy, the Hope, Dinart, and Borgie, Loch Stack, the Laxford, the Inchard, the Lochs of Assynt, the river Ewe, Loch Maree, the Lewis;" then "the Awe, and rivers and lochs of Argyleshire;" "the Clyde and streams of the south-west," and "the rivers of the Solway Firth."

"Fate drop the curtain, we can stand no more."

Mr. Stoddart's first chapter is occupied by his views regarding the river-trout, its character and habits; and contains many sound and sensible observations, along with certain statements of things which are hard to be understood. But of these anon.

The trout is unquestionably a voracious feeder. It consumes, in proportion to its size, a greater quantity of sustenance than any other fresh-water fish; nor, in respect to the quality of its food, is it quite so scrupulous as is generally imagined. Look, for instance, at the variety it indulges in, according as the seasons, hours of the day, and state of the water or atmosphere, prompt and direct it. In this variety are embraced the whole of the insect tribes, winged or otherwise; frogs, leeches, worms, slugs, snails, maggots, cad-bait, every sort and size of fly, beetle, and moth, the water-spider, &c. Then there are fish—the smaller ones of its own species, parr or fingerlings, minnows, loaches, and sticklebacks, along with the roe or ova of salmon; and I doubt not even young birds and water-rats are occasionally made prey of by hungry river-trout. Examine the stomach, and you will generally find a large mass composed of insect-remains in a partly digested state, and superadded sometimes to these the remnants of a parr, loach, or minnow. The carp, the tench, the pike, are not more varied in their feeding than the common fresh-water trout. Even the pike itself, although a fearless, vindictive, and rapacious fish, is less gluttonous in its habits, and in its tastes infinitely more simple and congruous.

What is it, then, it may be asked, that renders the trout difficult of capture? Its greedy propensities, one might imagine, would naturally allow little room to the angler for the exercise of skill and judgment. But experience has taught otherwise; and the simple reason of this is, that with these propensities the trout unites epicure habits, caprice in its hours and seasons of feeding, cunning, shyness, and watchful distrust. As an epicure, it battens one day upon surface or winged food, and the next upon ground sustenance. Sometimes the minnow will attract it, sometimes the worm; sometimes, turning from both with dislike or satiety, it will amuse its palate with delicacies of the minutest description—the larvæ of water insects, or pellets of ova, picked up with address and assiduity from among the interstices of rocks and stones, from the foliage or roots of waterplants, or while floating past it in the descending current. And this caprice as to its food, while it tests the skill and experience of the angler, is assisted in doing so by the cunning and natural mistrust of the fish; its quick, vigilant eye; its keen, distinguishing sense of smell, and similar instinctive endowments and perceptions.—p. 13.

These omniverous propensities no doubt form the groundwork of its too often fatal affection, even for those fantastic artificial lures which anglers fondly call *flies*, because they sometimes in a certain small measure resemble these insects, and are made by impulsion of rod and line to wing their adventurous way, first through the air and then through the water, where assuredly they soon lose all resemblance to the things whose name they bear.

The size to which trout attain, and the rate of their increase of growth, depend greatly upon circumstances, and vary with the nature of particular localities. An extensive range of ground, with an abundant supply of good food, makes speedy amends for want of years; while, on the other hand, if a trout is planted in a spring well, although it be fed, even by the fairest hands, by night and day, its increase of dimensions will be slow and slight. This is probably owing to the want of diversity of aliment, and which debars the fish from choosing its food in accordance with what some might call caprice, but which we shall simply name the natural inclination of the moment. It is said that if you feed a human being upon pigeon pies for six weeks, he either dies or becomes a maniac. We never chanced to try the experiment either on ourselves or others, and would certainly, in the present state of the money market, rather decline the hazard of a contract to pay the expense of pie and paste to more than an extremely limited number of Irish *navies* who might survive the trial—certainly more humane in itself than the administering of even infinitesimal quantities of arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, or other poisonous and therefore rather unpleasant preparations, (as is the practice of physiologists,) to magnificent Newfoundland dogs, with lofty foreheads and thoughtful deep-set eyes—such as Landseer would love to paint—and tails that would turn round a man-of-war even during ebb-tide, with a single swinge. But that a variety of food is conducive to the exuberant growth both of man and the lower creatures is certain.

In all lochs, says Mr. Stoddart, characterized by good feeding-ground, and abundance of shelter, trout have a tendency to acquire large dimensions. This tendency, however, is frequently counteracted by the breeding accommodation, in the shape of streams or feeders, which afford great facility for spawning. Under such circumstances, the stock, instead of attaining to great size, become numerous, as is the case in many of our lochs, where the feeding grounds are both extensive and of good quality. The introduction of pike into such lochs aids, no doubt, in improving the dimensions and quality of the trout, but has not always this effect.

For instance, St. Mary's loch, in Selkirkshire, contains pike and perch in considerable abundance, and yet the trout continue comparatively numerous, and are not distinguished on account of their size, seldom exceeding a pound in weight, and averaging little more than half a pound. The breeding waters, consisting of Meggat, Yarrow, and five or six hillburns which help to people the lake in question, are, in this instance, quite sufficient to keep up the

supply, notwithstanding the ravages presumed to be committed by the fresh-water tyrant, which fish, I may mention, infests only the weedy portions of the loch, and is not found equally distributed, as is the case in Loch Leven, and many of our Highland sheets of water, around the margin. Were it so —were every point of access to the shallows held in keeping by pike, most assuredly the trout would decrease in number; and should a fair proportion of their feeding-grounds remain at the same time accessible to them, they, as certainly, would increase in respect to size. We have illustrations of the fact afforded us by what has been noticed in a number of our Highland lochs; for instance, in Loch Tummel in Perthshire, in Loch Vennachar near Callander, also in Lochs Garve, Achnanault, and Ledgowan, in Rosshire. In all these expanses of water, the pike are numerous and pretty equally distributed along the margin, having the desirable shelter and accommodation. The trout associated with them are consequently not abundant; but, generally speaking, of large size. They vary in point of weight from one and a half up to ten or twelve pounds' weight.*

It may be remarked, however, that lochs containing few or no pike, and where small trout, averaging from a quarter to one pound weight, are found in great abundance, not unfrequently, along with these, possess large individuals of the species, chiefly predatory in their habits, and which unquestionably commit havoc to a great extent among the others. Such fish have frequently been taken by trolling in Lochs Laggan, Tay, Ness, and Earn, where the trout captured with the fly seldom exceed a pound in weight, and are generally not so heavy. These monsters, I may observe, are quite different in character from the *Salmo ferox* of Lochs Awe and Shin; they are merely overgrown loch-trout, of the same variety as the general stock of the lake they inhabit, or one or other of its tributaries. They have been captured, I am told, weighing 20 lbs. and upwards; nor shall I dispute the accuracy of this statement, but feel inclined to give it full credence.—p. 17.

We are not quite sure as to the fact inferred in the two concluding sentences of the preceding paragraph—that these enormous trout are in truth the same as the general stock of lakes and their tributaries. As professed naturalists have not yet succeeded in defining the characters which distinguish the different kinds, or even in ascertaining whether these distinctions are permanent, that is, original and specific, or accidental and subject to variation, we cannot blame the mere angler for throwing so little light upon the subject. We think it likely that common loch-trout, that is, fortunate and well-fed individuals, of the ordinary race, which under happy auspices have attained to an extreme old age, will also be found of very unusual size; but we certainly have personal knowledge of several fine expansive lochs, affording first-rate feeding-ground—such as Loch Ard and Loch Chon, where *Salmo ferox* does not occur, and where the common variety of *Salmo fario* never exceeds a few pounds in weight, and where a three or four pounder, if not a prodigy, is very rare. Now, in trolling for *Salmo ferox*, when that sort occurs, a four or five pound fish is considered rather small of its kind. The last we chanced to see and handle were three taken in the course of an hour and a half's trolling in Loch Shin last July, by two English gentlemen from Richmond, who had never trolled for these gigantic trout before. They weighed respectively nine pounds and one ounce, six pounds and a quarter, and three pounds and a half—or close upon nineteen pounds the three. Now, in the neighboring hill-water called Loch Craggie, where no *feroces* are ever found, but where the common trout are far finer than those of Loch Shin, being sumptuously fed, extremely strong, richly yet delicately flavored, with pink-colored curdy flesh, and of large average size, the adults varying from three quarters of a pound to two pounds and a half, it is extremely rare to kill one exceeding three pounds, and there is scarcely an authentic record of one of twice that weight. We doubt not, however, that in larger lochs they may occur of greater size, though it is not their tendency so to do, any more than it is the tendency of the human race to measure seven or eight feet high, although a few aspiring individuals may be steeple-form to that extent.

While at Fort-Augustus in July, 1835, Mr. Stoddart saw what he considered a loch-trout of the common kind captured from a boat by trolling-tackle in Loch Ness, which weighed fourteen pounds. He states, that in point of shape it was, to his eye, symmetrically faultless, being deep in the flank, small-headed, and beautifully curved in the back and shoulder:

—properties not always possessed by the description of trout I am alluding to, which, as overgrown individuals of their species, are inclined to show a monster front, big bony jaws, a long, straight, thick-hided hull, and huge flapping tail; in fact, all the characteristics which age, hunger, and roving habits are apt to engender.—p. 19.

We are inclined to think that river-trout, although their average size is certainly less than that of the loch variety, exhibit the largest examples of their kind, if we exclude *Salmo ferox* as probably a different species. For example, Stephen Oliver the younger, records a trout taken in September, 1832, near Great Driffield, which measured thirty-one inches in length, twenty-one in girth, and weighed seventeen pounds. A few years since, as mentioned by Mr. Yarrell, a notice was sent to the Linnean Society of a trout that was caught on the 11th of January, 1822, in a small branch of the Avon, "at the back of Castle-street, Salisbury," which weighed twenty-five pounds, and the accurate ichthyologist just named, has given us instances of Thames trout weighing from eleven to fifteen pounds.

Some deep pools, says Mr. Yarrell, in the Thames above Oxford, afford excellent trout, and some of them of very large size. I have before me a record of six, taken by minnow-spinning, which weighed together fifty-four pounds, the largest of

* We should rejoice exceedingly to find ourselves (even in our "sear and yellow leaf") standing by the shores of any loch in which the range of trout could be correctly characterized as varying in point of weight from one and a half to ten or twelve pounds. We never saw or heard of such before.—*Reviewer.*

them thirteen pounds. Few persons are aware of the difficulty of taking a trout when it has attained twelve or fourteen pounds' weight, and it is very seldom that one of this size is hooked and landed, except by a first-rate fisherman; such a fish, when in good condition, is considered a present worthy a place at a royal table.*

We believe, that the English or south country anglers are great adepts in long light casts, with delicate gear, in deep still waters, where finely deceptive fishing is required, so that a Quarterly Reviewer might possibly excel another of the North British, in that quiet though skilful mode of capturing the finny race; but in or near a roaring rock-bound river, where the stream is almost a cataract, and the pool apparently a boiling cauldron, though extremely cold, we should by no means fear to back the true Presbyterian blue against the equally true Episcopalian brown.

We have no personal knowledge of any very large river-trout in Scotland, having never killed one quite three pounds; but we see no reason to dissent from Mr. Stoddart in his statement, as to the probability of individuals, purely of the river sort, attaining to the weight of ten or twelve. In the "Aberdeen Journal," September, 1833, mention is made of a trout killed in the Don, which weighed eleven pounds, and measured in girth seventeen inches. They are frequently captured in the Tweed by means of cairn-nets, and otherwise, weighing upwards of six pounds. Mr. Stoddart has taken them in that river, and its tributary Teviot, as heavy as four pounds and a half.* But we believe that the slow and stately streams of England, in its southern quarters, with their richer feeding-ground, and more umbrageous places of repose and shelter, produce larger trout than any that are frequent in the more translucent rivers of the north.

* *British Fishes*, vol. ii., p. 56.

† There is nothing deceptive in the weight of fish, because they are just as easily weighed as flesh or feathers, the moment they are hung to a steel-yard. But there is a great deal that is extremely deceptive in the statements of anglers regarding that weight, because their judgment is warped by their imagination, and the assertion evolved is often a large fiction founded on a small fact. We were once solemnly assured by an apparently respectable Edinburgh bookseller, now no more, that he had on a certain occasion enjoyed most excellent sport near the mouth of a Highland river, where, in a few hours, he had killed fifty sea-trout, weighing a couple of pounds apiece. Most excellent sport, truly! if truly stated. We inquired if he did not find them a stiffish burden after a toilsome day, and rather troublesome perhaps to carry home, if he had far to travel. He said he found them very heavy *crossing the moor*, as it was then getting dark. We should think so. Now we are free to state what we know, that no man could kill fifty sea-trout of two pounds each, without killing a good many above that weight, and a great many much below it, because sea-trout strictly two pounds in weight, don't keep company by themselves. But supposing a hundredweight of fish actually killed, no man (not even a fish-*woman*) could carry them home at all, whether he had to cross a moor in the dark, or keep the queen's highway under the most radiant moon that ever cast a cloudless splendor over earth and heaven. It would require about half a dozen ordinary fishing-baskets to encreel fifty sea-trout of two pounds, and three stout gillies (the captor himself being by this time far too much exhausted to lend a shoulder) to carry them home. We recommend the insertion of the statement, with many others, daily and nightly repeated by anglers of low and high degree, in the next edition of Baron Munchausen.

The rate at which trout grow, and the time they take to attain the adult state, are points of some importance in their history, which it is, however, fully more easy to imagine than describe. Mr. Stoddart is of opinion, that if well fed they grow with astonishing rapidity, and that under any circumstances not absolutely hostile to their existence, they acquire, in the course of four or five months, dimensions which entitle them to a "place in the angler's creel." We fear that many are placed there with very small pretensions as to size, though excellent when "lisping in numbers" in the frying-pan, with a considerable coating of meal. Their spawn is shed, like that of the salmon, during a range of several months, from the end of September onwards; and in like manner the period of hatching depends on the conditions of the weather, a mild season producing young in earlier spring than a severe one. No man can tell the age of a trout simply by looking at its teeth, and in this respect, as doubtless in many others, it differs from a horse. The following are Mr. Stoddart's views:—

During what may be termed its infancy it requires little nourishment, and this, the quantum it requires, the most barren streams can afford; whereas, to a fish of more mature growth, such waters are quite inadequate to furnish it in the requisite sufficiency. Accordingly, in streams of this nature, trout seldom or never attain to a large size. They naturally become dwarfish and ill-conditioned, obliged as they are to subsist upon a measure of food not a whit more ample than what they had the power of obtaining, and actually did engross, without either craving or surfeit, during the first year of their existence.

In the generality of our Scottish rivers—for example, the Tweed and Teviot, furnishing an ample, but not an extraordinary supply of food—the growth and age of the trout inhabiting them may be reckoned as follows. The fry, I presume, hatched in the month of April. They continue growing during the first year, as long as a regular supply of ground and surface-food is afforded them, until the latter end probably of October. By this period they have acquired a length of six or seven inches, and a corresponding weight of from two and a half to three and a half ounces. Feeding precariously during the winter, they gain no additional weight, but rather the contrary, until the spring months. About the latter end of March, the river flies making their appearance, they begin to feed regularly, and as a consequence recommence growing. By the time the supplies have again become stinted, they have acquired an accession to their length of about a couple of inches, and weigh from five to seven ounces. A considerable proportion of the trout of this the second year's growth, are in spawning trim during September, and others part with their milt a few weeks later; but a great number there are among them which do not arrive at breeding condition until the autumn and winter following. The trout of the third year's growth form the generality of those captured by the angler with fly, about the end of April and beginning of May, averaging, as they do, from seven to nine ounces each, and occupying at that period, to the exclusion of smaller fry, (which still hold to the pools and deeper portions of the river,) the main streams and currents.

During the first showers of March-browns, these, the trout of the third year's growth, are generally foremost on the feed, interspersed, however, with a few of their seniors—the survivors of a former generation. Of this latter description are those approaching to, or upwards of, a pound in weight—a stage of growth, on reaching which, I believe that many of our river-trout cease progressing. Others, however, which have taken up a convenient haunt or post of attack, and instinctively prefer coarse and abundant feeding, attain to a much larger size. A few individuals also, the inhabitants of the rivers I speak of, owing in the same manner, to the advantages they possess in acquiring food of a finer quality, locating themselves, for instance, under a range of alders, or at the mouth of a feeder, reach, without any loss of proportion, more than the average weight of full-grown trout. These latter subsist, almost entirely, upon ground and surface food, and only occasionally as a change, and when the other is scarce, resort to the minnow or parr.—p. 29.

There is no doubt that the size and character of trouts must depend mainly on the quantity and quality of food. There are numerous naturally impoverished streams where it is scarcely possible to capture a trout above a quarter of a pound, and the greater the number of them, the more lank and ill-conditioned they become. One might as soon expect to find jolly red-faced rollicking paupers, weighing fifteen stone and upwards, in a poors' house, as well-conditioned fish in such ill-supplied waters. It is thus that many of our Highland and northern rivers, flowing as they do through barren and uncultivated districts, with rocky unretentive beds, their waters clear and cold, containing no sedimentary deposits, and surrounded by no umbrageous banks nor varied vegetation, "the flowery lap of some irriguous valley," produce only lean and dwarfish trouts. A different rule holds in respect to salmon—because of these the feeding grounds are in the sea, and a roaring and outrageous river is all to their taste, as food is not their object in seeking the fresh water, but a stream or *current* as an essential attribute of the spawning ground. Of course they do feed in rivers, and fortunately for ourselves, not seldom on artificial flies, (we wonder what peculiar kind they take them for,) but they do not increase in size or weight, and greatly deteriorate in general condition.

Should the feeding ground, however, (observes our author,) greatly exceed the average—I still speak in respect to quantity—although it rarely does so without the implication also of a superior quality of subsistence, trout will not only attain to a weight exceeding what I have mentioned to be that common to a full-grown Tweed fish under ordinary circumstances, but they will arrive at it in a far shorter period of time—in the course, it may be, of two or at most three years; whereas the Tweed trout needs four to acquire its sixteen ounces, and then ceases growing. Thus in Leet or Eden, a trout of the second year's growth is as heavy as a three or even a four year old fish pastured among the channels of Tweed or Ettrick; and were the trout of these insignificant waters suffered undisturbed to reach their full size, which there is no question they would do in the course of five or six years, numbers would be found among them, as was the case not long ago, weighing severally upwards of two pounds. Thus, also, in respect to many lakes, fish-ponds, and old marl-pits, into which the fry of trouts have been put, as long as these possess a superabundance of both ground and surface-food, the young fish will thrive astonishingly, and arrive in an incredibly short space of time at dimensions exceeding those of average-sized river-trout.

But without enlarging any further upon this subject, I shall conclude with a single observation all that is essential to be said in regard to the growth of fish; namely, that as sheep and cattle will not fatten and thrive on stinted pastures, or barren, exposed moorland, so neither will the finny tribes—be the stream ever so pure and abundant—acquire size and condition unless sufficiently sheltered and amply and regularly provisioned. On the other hand, possessed of these advantages, they have all that is required in order to do them justice; while breeds or varieties of fish, hitherto pronounced shapeless and impracticable, will then, when transferred to more favored localities, become seemly in their proportions, active in their dispositions, and relishable, if not rich-tasted, as food.—p. 32

All this is excellent and true, and shows the folly of those who carry Loch Leven trout, or other fine varieties, to shallow moorland swamps, without bearing in mind that it is the local characters—that is, the food and physical constitution of certain lakes and rivers, which impress co-relative characters of excellence upon their finny inhabitants, and that it is in vain to transport the one, unless you can also convey the other. But we must ourselves hasten onwards, lest the spring season overtake us, and our tackle unprepared.

Mr. Stoddart, in his second chapter, expatiates on the materials of the angler's art, on gut, casting lines, knots, rods, reels, hooks, boots, pocket-books, boxes, gaffs, and panniers. But he says less than he ought to do regarding sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. We cannot trust ourselves with the discussion at this time, either of the many points on which he enters, or the few he has omitted, but must refer our readers to the work itself. A word or two meanwhile regarding gut, and the dyeing of the same.

A man may as well go unarmed into battle, or with merely a switch in his hand, as approach a river worth wading into when his guts are not in good order. This precious and indispensable material is fabricated from the entrails of the silk-worm, chiefly in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, and the "Isles of Greece," and almost exclusively for the British market. The Spanish is the best, either from its being constitutionally finer, or more carefully prepared. The Sicilian is of great length, but it is of a coarser fabric, and is deficient in roundness and equality of texture. Gut, to be really good, must be round and equal in the thread, not lacteous but transparent, and free from film within, or flossy fibres outside. The most desirable to possess, and therefore, as generally happens, the most difficult to obtain, is the finer kind for trout-fishing, and the stronger sort for salmon.

The intermediate grades may be picked up anywhere at small expense.

In regard to the color of gut, Mr. Stoddart is of opinion, "from experiments made by himself at various times," that it is advantageous for the angler to employ stained or dyed gut, in preference to the material in its natural state. He has ascertained, also, that there are two colors, or rather tints, that take the precedence over all others in producing the desired effect; that is, concealing it from the vision of trout or salmon, as well as from the observation of the looker-on.

With regard to the experiments in question, they were made, some at the bridge below Coldstream, and others at Teviot Bridge, near Kelso, a party on each occasion being stationed to report on the key-stone of one of the arches, and immediately superintending the cast underneath. The conclusion I have come to is, that the walnut leaf, or brown dye, is best calculated for the purpose required; although, in a bright day, and in clear water, a bluish or neutral tinge is perhaps the most desirable.—p. 40.

Now, the question here comes to be, What is "the purpose required?" Is it to deceive the trout, or only the superintendent? If the latter, it is clear that the color which most resembles the bed of the river, if the water is shallow, or the color of the water itself if it is deep, will prove the most deceptive; and the superintendent, if trusting to his sense of sight alone, will be truly astonished to see large trout dragged ashore by means merely of a rod and a fly, the connecting link, or at least that portion of it commonly called the gut line, having "resolved itself into a dew," through the instrumentality of walnut juice. But if the object is to deceive the *fish*, which are by no means upon the key-stone of any of the arches, but in the waters beneath, and who see the line, it may be, under various aspects, but certainly most frequently as an object above them, interposed as a slender streak between themselves and the light of heaven, then is not the question of *translucence* rather than of color to be kept in mind, and our decision consequently determined in favor rather of whatever intercepts least light from the eye of the fish, than of what may appear least glaring to the vision of the man? The structure of the eye in man and fish is very dissimilar, and it is perhaps not quite fair to expect the one to achieve at once what the other has long been accustomed to; but we are certainly of opinion that it was the duty of the superintendent, if he was really in earnest in his business, to demit his *super*-intondence altogether, and, descending from the key-stone of the arch, betake himself to the bed of the river, and there ascertain what aspect his variously-tinted guts assumed when he himself was under water, in his proper capacity of a sub-aqueous-intendent. He must consent to place himself in the position of a fish, or as near it as he can, before he may reasonably hope to see things as a fish sees them. As to the point in question, we presume, that as clear and colorless gut is likely to prove the most translucent and least interceptive, it is likely also to prove the most wily and least observable.

The false mode now noticed, of testing the perceptive powers of fishes by the results of our own senses, is in truth an error which pervades the very foundation of the art of angling. It lies at the bottom of all the false reasoning by which the *theory of imitation* of the natural fly is still maintained—a theory which of course supposes, in the first place, that an artificial fly is really quite like some natural one, even when the two are exhibited side by side; and not only so, but, secondly, that the same artificial fly, when diving furiously among the roaring waters, ascending against the current more frequently than it is descending with it, and crossing and re-crossing the running stream at right angles, and in all other directions with the greatest rapidity, the most perfect ease, and completest self-command, still appears to trout or salmon to be identical in kind with any poor drowning *musca*, of whatever sort, which may have fallen into the "hell of waters," and is there instantaneously swept downwards and away forever. Try the thing any fine day, by the side of some fair and flowing river. Pitch an actual fly of any kind into the current, and take notice whether its aspect or procedure resembles that of the artificial fly when worked by an angler who knows his trade, and is both able and willing to raise a fish. If the two objects in question do not present the same appearance, character, or mode of action, in a single feature, to the eye of any reasonable man, is it to be supposed that any fish will be found so unreasonable as to insist on detecting resemblances where none exist, and so foolish as to swallow, or attempt to swallow, an artificial fly in the afternoon, merely because it seems to it to be precisely the same as the natural insect which it had successfully swallowed in the morning? We have far too good an opinion of fish in general to suppose any such thing.

As two sets of opinions, somewhat dissimilar if not discordant, seem still afloat upon this subject, we may here discuss them briefly, although in reality they lead rather to a theoretical than a practical difference as respects the angler.

The older, and it may be still-prevailing idea regarding artificial flies was this, that they required to be made in precise and specific imitation of certain living species, each of the many hundreds in common use exactly resembling one in nature, (it was alleged,) and that the angler's success in his art resulted from the perfection of that resemblance, the fish being so misled by it as to mistake the one for the other. Hence has arisen the expensive and multitudinous stock of flies with which many fond anglers encumber themselves, carrying hither and thither a collection like a travelling museum for extent and variety. Hence, also, that "monthly calendar," in accordance with which, as nature changes, they too must needs change their imitation of nature—all this tending to render confused and complex a subject in itself simple and unencumbered. As it is certain that fish very fre-

quently take artificial flies, it is perhaps of less consequence what they *mis*take them for, the result being so far conclusive and satisfactory, that they are captured by a certain procedure, whether the theory be true or false. But that it is false we are very certain for many reasons, and this among the rest, that artificial flies—whatever their makers may intend or think—do not in truth resemble real ones at all, as we are well assured that no naturalist not an angler, if shown a wagon-load of them, could, to save his life, tell the name of a single species they were intended to represent; and many of those most successfully used in practice, having been in the first place invented either in sheer caprice, or the intentional defiance of every principle of imitation.

There is no harm in assigning to artificial flies the names of natural insects for distinction's sake; and there is not only no harm, but a deal of good, in using them under any name whatever, so soon as we have ascertained their killing attributes at any time or place; but don't let us give an erroneous reason for our success, instead of merely being grateful for it. In a purely pictorial illustration of the subject, it is very easy to draw, engrave, and color a real fly, and then perform the same process to an artificial one, placing the two side by side, and making the latter as like the former as we can, merely putting the end of a gut line in his mouth, and depicting a hook curving cunningly from its hinder end—because the same materials of art are in this case applied to each, and both are merely portraits, with a certain necessary air of resemblance. But if the artist acts conscientiously, and represents the real fly as like nature as he can, and the artificial one as like a dressed hook as he is able, then the delicate simplicity and unity of structure in the one will contrast so strongly with the strange dismantled fur-and-feather aspect of the other, that we are sure no living creature, either above or beneath the waters, will confound them. For example, in Mr. Ronalds' excellent and well-intended "Fly-fisher's Entomology," there is nothing at all approaching to a specific resemblance between his representations of the natural and artificial fly, as he exhibits them side by side. On the contrary, the resemblance is vague and general; and if so on paper, where both exist under the same conditions as to the materials by which they are represented, how infinitely greater must the difference be when they are compared in their actual and distinctive characters of art and nature, and composed of such dissimilar elements of form and structure.

We believe that Mr. Wilson was the first to give a distinct and systematic expression to the idea that fly-fishing ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art of imitation, and we therefore think it right to quote his views :—

It no doubt depends on deception, which usually proceeds on the principle of one thing successfully substituted in the likeness of another; but Bacon's distinctive definitions of simulation and dissimulation place the subject in a truer light. As simulation consists in the adoption or affectation of what is not, while dissimulation consists in the careful concealment of what really is—the one being a positive, the other rather a negative act; so the great object of the fly-fisher is to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature of his lure, without troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or assume with his fly the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. There is, in truth, little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend upon the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is no doubt greatly at variance with the expressed principles of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus, to those of Carrol and Bainbridge. But we are not the less decidedly of opinion, that in nine cases out of ten, a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature *sui generis*, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.*

The author then naturally inquires on what principle of imitative art the different kinds of salmon-fly can be supposed to bear the most distant resemblance to any known species of natural insect? We fear he may still inquire in vain. It is certain that if, when out of the water, they in no way resemble any hitherto-discovered fly, they can never be imagined to present the likeness of one when themselves seen several inches under water, jerking up every stream and torrent "with the agility of an otter, and the strength of an alligator." As it is demonstrable that the artificial flies used for salmon bear no resemblance, either in form or color, to any existing one, it is natural to conclude that, in this instance at least, the fish proceed upon other grounds, and are deceived by an appearance of life and motion, rather than by a specific resemblance to anything which they had previously been in the habit of preying on. "What natural insect," Mr. Wilson asks, "do the large flies, at which sea-trout rise so readily, resemble? These, as well as grilse and salmon, frequently take the lure far within the bounds of salt-water mark; and yet naturalists know that no such thing as a salt-water fly exists, or at least has ever been discovered by their researches. Indeed, no true insect inhabits the sea."

We certainly agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking that an artificial fly can at the best be regarded only as the representative of a natural one, which has been, or is nearly, drowned, as it is impossible to imitate the dancing motion or hovering flight of the real insect over the stream; and even with this restricted idea of its resemblance to nature, the likeness must be scarcely discernible, according to the usual and most successful mode of angling, and would barely be so, even if an insane sportsman did nothing but drag his flies down the current, on purpose to make the fish believe that they were past all recovery, and could do nothing

* *The Rod and the Gun.* New Edition. Page 7.

for themselves. When the far end of the line first falls upon the surface of the water, a fish may be deceived for a moment by the idea of a natural fly, (and this is one argument for light, rapid, and frequent casting,) although, if under some umbrageous wooded bank, it may be also thinking of a winged beetle, or even wingless caterpillar; but no sooner has the practitioner begun to make his insidious *returns* upwards, downwards, or across the river, than the character and conduct of his lure assume a change, and the trout, keen-eyed—yet under the necessity of a sudden seizure, or none at all—then darts upon its prey, not as a drowning insect wafted by wind or wave, but as an agile and fugacious creature inhabiting its own element, which, in a state of inconsiderate boldness, speedily punished and put an end to, had ventured too far from the protecting shore or sedgy bank. All anglers know that the greater number, and the larger fish, are generally killed by the tail-fly, which, during the usual process of angling, swims several inches under water. That there are determinate relations between artificial flies of certain dimensions, form, and color, and the particular conditions of a river in respect to size and season, is very true; and in an accurate acquaintance with these relations lies the value of local experience—knowledge being power; but that they are connected, not with the necessity of representing individual forms of insect life, or any strict analogies of nature, but rather with a general principle applicable to all deceptive arts, and peculiarly so to angling, the "*ars celare artem*," is quite as true. Indeed, that angler's flies, so roughly composed as they often are, and made up of fur and feathers, with silken heads, golden ribs, worsted bodies, hair legs, and steel tails, should be looked upon as identical in aspect with any of those frail and fragile forms, instinct with life, so light and airy in their motions that they seem to glide along the glittering waters more like motes of living light than creeping things, is a belief which we really cannot take upon ourselves either to credit, or convey to others.

Fly-fishing (observes the author last quoted) has been compared, though by a somewhat circuitous mode of reasoning, to sculpture. It proceeds upon a few simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long and severe labor to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render a subject intricate and confused which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In truth, the ideas which at present prevail on the matter degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance. When Plato, speaking of painting, says, that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for, if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So, also, in regard to fishing: the accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does not imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle) either in the air or his favorite element, the flight or the motion of particular species, because he knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth, or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalizes—and this is the philosophy of fishing.*

We regard the mode of reasoning here adopted as fair enough, and on the whole the facts seem in favor of the philosophers, if we may be allowed to call them so; but as others are not of that opinion, we must listen to them also, on the just principle of "*Audi alteram partem.*" For example, the author of the "Hand-Book of Angling," who rejoices in the fleeting name of *Ephemera*, adheres to the old doctrine, and thinks flies flies. We are sorry for him, but cannot help it.

Of late years, he observes, a new doctrine—in my opinion, a totally wrong one—has been sent forth about artificial flies. Some Scotch writers were the first promulgators of it, and they have carried it to ridiculous extravagance. They positively maintain that there is no likeness between the natural fly and the artificial one, and that, when natural flies are on the water, the angler will be more successful by using artificial flies as widely different from them in shape, color, &c., as may be. [The philosophers have never *gravely* gone this length.] A nondescript artificial fly will succeed better, they say, than a bad resemblance, and every attempt at imitation, in their opinion, produces at the best but a bad resemblance. These angling heretics contend that fish, rising at a natural fly, immediately detect—by comparison, of course—the bad imitation, and refuse to rise at it; whereas they will rise at some outlandish artificial that differs, more than chalk does from Cheshire cheese, from the living fly on the water. They say, that when they go fly-fishing they catch some of those flies that are on the water, and fish with artificial flies totally different from them, and invariably meet with more success than if they used so-called—as they name them—imitations. The majority of mankind are mad on one subject or another. Perhaps the majority of animals are equally so. These mad fly-fishers are successful, no doubt, because they meet with mad fish, which are more readily taken with fantastic flies than with naturally colored and shaped ones. That is the only way I can account for their heterodoxy. My friends, do not mind what these cracked sectarians say.—p. 48.

This is certainly a pleasant, easy, tooth-pick style of writing, although we do not venture to recommend its adoption by others, because, according to the theory to which we now incline, imitation is difficult, if not dangerous. He then proceeds to say, that in the month of October, 1846, a young relative of his own sent him a fly that had alighted on his paper, when he was sketching out

* Ibid., p. 11.

of doors. He (the youthful relation) wanted to know its name :—

When the fly arrived, some boyish anglers were with me, and I told them to find amongst my artificial flies any one that they thought resembled the natural one in shape and color. Without more than necessary delay, and at the first guess, they picked out the right imitation. I then told them to look for the same fly in Alfred Ronalds' "Fly-fisher's Entomology." They did so; found the *drawing* and the imitation, and pronounced the natural fly "the gold-eyed gauzewing." They were right; and if boyish eyes, looking through nature's microscope, were right, think you fish would be wrong?

Now, this fly of which I am speaking, has a green body, with a slight yellow cast in it, four transparent reticulated wings, lying flat over the body, the two under wings being shorter than the upper, and these latter longer than the body of the fly. The head and eyes appear brightly burnished. You have seen an imitation cigar with its burning end, deceive the most knowing *connoisseur*. You have seen a glass filled with simulated brandy and water, invitingly undulating, as it was offered to a most accomplished judge, and taken by him unconscious, until no smell or taste told him of the deception. You have seen man deceived by imitations, with his fine eye for shape and color—and yet the philosophers tell you fish cannot be so deceived.—p. 50.

This is not only fine writing, but approaches, powerful painting. It certainly exhibits several good groups, well fitted to afford subjects for a series of rather striking pictures of domestic life. "Artifice detected, or Hemerobius himself again," would delight the angler and entomologist; "The burning of Havana, or the smokeless smoker," would hold out a model to young men, whose maiden aunts mourn over the deteriorated smell of the rising generation; while "The accomplished Judge done brown," would show that the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind should never trust to mere appearances, and are often deceived thereby.

The insect above referred to, is *Hemerobius perla* of naturalists; a creature beautiful exceedingly, with delicate lace-like wings, a head and body of pale and ghostly green, and eyes lustrous as balls of living fire. It flies about in calm summer evenings, with wings broadly expanded, but of feeble force, owing to the extreme delicacy of their texture, and deficiency of muscular power; and hence it never stirs abroad in windy weather. It does not affect the river-side, but is rather a sylvan species, being found along the outskirts of woods, and in well-sheltered fields, and shrub-encircled gardens, laying its eggs, remarkable for the stalk-like elongations by which they are supported, on the leaves of lime trees. The instant it touches water with its ample wings, and very feeble thorax, it falls flat, helpless, paralyzed, upon the surface, as if deprived of every power of locomotion. We should like to see Ephemera's imitation of this species, which led to the discovery of its kind; but if it no more resembles the real one, than does Mr. Ronald's drawing of the artificial insect, then the "young relative" must indeed have been a sharp-sighted youth. Its body, we are told, is to be formed of "very pale green floss silk, tied on with silk thread of the same color," while the wings and legs, both of which are yellowish green in nature, are to be composed in art of "the palest *blue dun* hackle which can be procured." Ephemera no doubt improves the imitation of the organs of flight, by substituting the fibres of a young starling's wing-feather stained green—but then for the head, shining like a small though most effulgent light-house, he recommends "two or three laps of bright *brown* silk!" and all this in the way of a precise and specific imitation, not of a winged insect in general, but of *Hemerobius perla* in particular. We wonder how it works upon the water, and how like, after a minute's immersion, may be the pale green floss, bright brown silk, and stained fibre of the starling's wing, all dodging away diligently as one united and harmonious fly, to the fair and frail original, lying outspread upon the liquid surface in pearly though unconscious lustre. There is no manner of doubt that the trout will first swallow the real insect, and then attempt to swallow the artificial one, which, however, it will be debarred from doing by Ephemera himself (who we are sure is an excellent angler in practice, though on the point in question theoretically wrong) instantly striking the unexpected barb into its cheek or tongue, and landing it in less than no time. But this voracity on the part of the trout, however inexcusable, is in no way unaccountable. It merely prefers two morsels to one, however dissimilar these may be; and no person can (or at least ought to) suppose that it mistakes "the laps of brown silk" and other "furnishings," for the resplendent visage of the "gold-eyed gauze-wing." No sensible (if hungry) man refuses mutton-chops because he cannot conscientiously conceive them to be veal-cutlets. He will probably help himself to both, if placed within his reach, and if one or other should turn out to be not quite what he expected, he will no doubt upbraid the waiter, who will merely put his tongue in his cheek. Let him be thankful that he has not a hook in his own.

We fear from the concluding lines of the last quoted paragraph, "and yet the philosophers tell you fish cannot be so deceived," that Ephemera really does not understand the question, after all. Not only do "the philosophers" tell us fish can be so deceived, but they inform us that they are much more easily deceived than the disciples of the other school are aware of. Because the said philosophers, while admitting that fish are caught, and even asserting that they catch them now and then themselves, merely deny that artificial flies *specifically* resemble real ones, and so they all the more admit that trout are easily deceived by imitations of the most abominable, absurd, and outrageous nature, that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive, or his hands to execute.

According to Ephemera, birds are constantly

deceived by "*the* artificial fly." We have killed but few fowls of the air with rod and line, but we doubt not the thing is possible.

Swallows, martins, swifts, goldfinches, have darted at artificial flies, as the wind blew them about on the line, and have hooked themselves and been taken. It was only last year, that a dunghill cock [he should have had his hackles pulled] seized an artificial May-fly attached to an angler's rod, resting outside an inn at Buxton, and was caught. If birds take these imitations of water-flies, not being their natural or best food, how can it be argued that fish will not take them?—p. 52.

Certainly the argument will not be maintained by any man who fills his fishing-basket, or any portion of the same, however stubbornly he may insist that neither cocks nor hens take them because they exactly resemble their old friend *Hemerobius perla*, or any other flying thing.

The philosophers say, attempts at imitation are of no avail, for salmon and some of the salmonidæ rise eagerly at artificial flies that resemble nothing living on earth, in air, or water. *That is true, and as yet unaccountable.* But dress those gaudy salmon-flies, or lake trout-flies, as small as you like, and the common trout and grayling will not rise at them.—p. 52.

With grayling, as it is not a Scotch fish, we have nothing now to do; but this we know, that with small salmon-flies, we have killed scores of common trout, and it is indeed our usual practice in grilse fishing, to angle not only the strong runs, and deeper waters where these fish lie, but also all the shallower pools and streams, as we pass along, for trout; and the last day we tried the Inver, on the west coast of Sutherland, although we killed only a couple of grilse, we captured eighteen excellent river-trout with the same fly. A day or two subsequently, while angling along a certain rocky range of shore at the head of Loch Assynt, in the hope of grilse, and with a grilse-fly as the drag, and a loch-fly as dropper, we killed a fine fresh-run grilse with the latter, and *the majority* of twenty-seven loch-trout with the former. We firmly believe Ephemera would have made a better day's work of it, either with his own flies, or any other person's.

The artificial May-fly is not a killing bait except under peculiar circumstances, and when thrown upon the water amongst the real flies, fish will generally prefer the latter. Use any other artificial fly, as unlike the May-fly as possible, and you will prove the theory of the philosophers to be erroneous, for fish *will not rise at these unlike flies at all.*—p. 53.

It is curious that we happened inadvertently to disprove the truth of this assertion before we knew it had been made. While fishing Loch Craggie, near Lairg, last June, the May-fly, commonly so called, was still upon the water, as it is a cold though kind country thereabouts, and the shores of the loch, in consequence of a heavy and continuous shower of hail, were on the 22d of that month for an hour or two as white as Nova Zembla. But on one of our more genial and successful days, when a gentle rippling breeze was bringing the natural insects from a small scantling of silvery-stemmed birch-trees—the only wood in view—and we were floating our small craft down the Loch, we espied before us a pair of May-flies on the water, holding their wings erect and high, as if proud of their newly acquired though by no means safe position. In the indulgence of our own caprice, though with no desire to rival nature, far less eclipse that beautiful abstraction, we threw our cast of flies, all three fanciful, and two of them our own invention, beyond the "naturals," and then brought our line homewards, and between them, a little under water. Just as our own lures intercepted the loving pair, there was perceived a heavy gurgling bulge upon the surface, and old George Munro, keeper of Loch Craggie, who was working the boat as smoothly as in oil, said softly in Celtic Saxon, "She 's like a grulsh." We knew it; and striking her fondly but firmly, after a few minutes' dalliance brought her first into the landing-net, and then into the boat, where she lay in such mild yet radiant freshness, that no mention could be made of pearls. *She* was of course not a grilse, (which, having no wings, cannot attain Loch Craggie,) and had never been to sea; but had nevertheless swallowed a huge sea-trout lure, resplendent with blue wings, a red body, a golden cincture, and a crimson tail, a thing, or rather combination of things, altogether more nearly resembling a footman than a fly, and the likeness of which assuredly was never seen alive on all the earth.

The above famous May-fly, (continues the persevering Ephemera,) so common in the rivers of the midland, the western, and the southern counties of England, is not so common in the north, is rare and even unknown in many of the best rivers of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It would be in vain to fish with it there, which proves again that the common trout at any rate will not rise at nondescript things, which instinct informs them have no resemblance to their natural food.—p. 55.

A creature not previously seen in some particular locality, is not necessarily a nondescript. For many a long year we never met with even a bear or a Bengal tiger in any portion of the Scottish Highlands, and yet we did not consider them as nondescripts, for we had ourselves described them on several occasions with considerable accuracy; and when, during one still summer morning, while walking silently and in solitude, as is our wont, through the sombre pass of Killicrankie, our astonished vision was dazzled by encountering team after team of richly-harnessed horses, six or eight pair to many a sumptuous carriage, all bright and burnished even like the golden chariots of the sun, with stately serving-men abreast on either side—what did we chance to see? Not one, but many tigers—the panther of the wilderness, with changeless spots—the broad-fronted lion, shaking the dew-drops from his shaggy mane, (not such as fell of old on Clavers' bloody field,) the elephant, wisest of beasts, with slow and solemn steps—and camelopard, "tall as the mast of some huge ammi-

ral," o'ertopping the young trees. These were by no means nondescripts, though erst unseen in Perthshire's woodland glades, but merely the subdued and money-making subjects of the "Lion King," Carter or Van Amburgh, we know not which, who was making his way between Blair-Atholl and Dunkeld, and onwards to Dundee. But this is a digression.

Supposing, however, that the May-fly is unknown in Scotland, and that being so, its imitation is a nondescript with which "it would be in vain to fish there," we can prove that in this case all is not vanity under the sun. We have no special fancy for the so-called May-fly, but we never used it in Scotland, either in loch or river, without finding it acquit itself very fairly in each. We may relieve Ephemera's mind, however, by informing him frankly that the natural fly is abundant in Scotland, and that the Scotch trouts, though, like the English ones, they "generally prefer the real flies," especially for a continuance, will take them also in the artificial state, in spite of our calling them May-flies, but certainly not in consequence of their thinking that they are so.*

As we have stated our opinion that the majority of artificial flies do not in truth at all resemble real ones, and that many of the most fanciful and far from nature, are among the most successfully deceptive in art, we of course do not maintain the necessity of perfect, or even approximate imitation, which is so far fortunate, as we at the same time deny its possibility. But as Ephemera is of a totally different opinion, we shall conclude this portion of our subject by the following passage from the "Hand-Book," after which we don't think much more need be said on either side. After referring to the advantages to be derived from the study of Mr. Ronalds' "Fly-fisher's Entomology," and Mr. Blacker's "Art of Fly-making," the author proceeds—

Still we are not perfect in fly-making, nor shall we be so until some more pains-taking fly-dresser gets a collection of natural flies, examines them by means of the microscope, ascertains their precise color and anatomy, and then by microscopic examinations again of feathers, mohair, fur, and so forth, arrives at the exact imitative materials. When that is done, fly-fishing will be reduced to a sporting science exceedingly amusive and instructive. The young man or woman fly-dresser, at present is merely acquainted with the mechanical part of the art, dresses from artificial specimens, knows little or nothing of the natural insect, and is rarely a good angler. They are copyists, and do not know whether that which they have to copy is a good likeness of the living subject or not. A fishing-tackle maker, to be a great and good one, should have an insect museum—each fly, caterpillar, or beetle, preserved in cases, named and numbered, and its season noted. From these models he should dress his flies; and when he finds he has succeeded in framing perfect copies, he should note down the materials he has used in their formation, and then he will have sure guides for the fly-dressers he employs. He should pay those persons well, and engage none who do not deserve high pay; and should charge his customers a remunerative price. The generality of flies are sold at too low a price. They cannot be made well at a low price; they must be defective in every way, and hence the purchaser meets with little success, much loss of time and of money, for cheap things are always the most expensive in the end.—p. 70.

The laborer is worthy of his hire—and we heartily wish each great and good fishing-tackle maker all success; may he have better pay, and never prick his fingers. But it is rather fearful to look forward to the result of such intense study of nature and of nature's works, under laborious microscopical investigations. Why, the world of waters will be covered with cunning Frankensteins, able and willing to give such life and motion to dead matter, that the very fish will be no less delighted than deceived. When the poor student, supping his cocky-leekie, discovered, when it was rather late, that he had swallowed a large black slug instead of a prune, his only observation was, "That will teach thee not to look so like a plum-damas." We have no doubt that when Ephemera's flies are formed and finished off after the *super*-natural fashion above anticipated, they will be most amazingly run after under water; and that, in fact, it will be only by sheer inadvertence that a trout will condescend now and then to take a particularly pleasant-looking real unbarbed insect, and when he finds it go more smoothly down his throat than he expected, he may then gurgle in his gills, "that will teach thee not to look so like a *fly*."

It would seem, then, that the followers of the piscatorial art are at present divisible into two great schools or shoals—we shall not call them factions—the philosophers (φίλος σοφία) or lovers of wisdom, and the ephemerals ('Εφήμερος) or creatures of a day; and although we think that there is a good deal in this world that is falsely philosophical, as well as a great deal that is truly ephemeral, we confess that in relation to the present vexed question, (and we are sorry to have vexed it,) we take our side with the former on what we think a fixed foundation, rather than with the latter on one unstable as the element *in* which they stand. We shall now return to Mr. Stoddart.

Our impression at one time was, that this skilful practitioner, in respect to the theoretical views

* We have ourselves invented some of the best loch-trout flies now in use, although we don't desire to dwell much on that matter. It is a good if not a great thing to be modest as well as meritorious; but we cannot refrain from here alluding to our latest, and not least ingenious application of science to art, in the way of a ground-bait. This consists of a small pellet, used like salmon roe, with which it may be intermingled, and made of *chloroform* paste. We name it "Simpson's Persuader," in honor of an Edinburgh Professor, who has successfully introduced the use of chloroform into other arts than those of angling. A trout no sooner takes one of these pellets into its mouth than it falls into a sweet sleep, and may be instantly drawn ashore, and put to death without its knowing anything more about it. We expect a first-class medal from the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and surely deserve it far more than do long-winded, wearisome clergymen their £10 apiece, for inflicting on their fellow-creatures the annual Gibsonian sermon on the subject.

above expounded, took up a kind of intermediate position, like those politicians, rather wily than wise, who don't attend tory meetings, and won't go to whig ones. But we did him injustice, and have come to the conclusion that he is quite upon the sound side. Even in his earliest work, the "Scottish Angler," we find as follows:—

A great deal has been offered upon this matter by various writers, which we deem absurd and unnecessary. Trout are no doubt nice and capricious feeders; but any pretensions in anglers to classify and distinguish their favorite flies, according to the month, are totally without reason. The colors of water and sky are the only indicators which can lead us to select the most killing hook, and even these are often deceptive. We have fished in one stream of a river when dark, and in the next when red flies took the lead. There is no trusting to the fancy in certain places. On Tweed, we have seen it veer about, like the wind, in one moment, without a note of preparation. Most rivers, however, are more steady; and when the water is of a moderate size, may be relied on with at most two sorts of flies all the year round. For ourselves, our maximum in every Scottish stream is reduced to only four descriptions of artificial flies, with one or other of which we engage to catch trout over all the kingdom. Knowledge and practice have convinced us of the needlessness of storing up endless and perplexing varieties, which some do, to look knowing and scientific.—p. 25.

In his recent work, our author speaks out still more plainly:—

In the preceding chapter I have sufficiently exposed to view my theory respecting the artificial fly, disclaiming the common notion, that it is quite imperative to construct it after a fixed, natural model, to adapt it to hours and seasons, or, except in the matter of size, to extend the variety beyond a very limited and clearly-defined range.—p. 98.

He elsewhere remarks, how tantalizing it is, while angling, to be approached, almost within a rod's length, by numbers of feeding trout, and yet find oneself unable to secure even half a dozen of the smallest.

How, then, (he asks,) is this to be obviated? Fully and sufficiently it cannot; but in a certain measure, I have reason to think, it may, and that by the adoption of a different size and species of fly from the one astir. Instead, for instance, of an artificial March-brown, let the angler use a dark-colored hackle or hare-lug, dressed upon No. 4, Kendal wire.—p. 87.

When alluding to night-fishing during sultry weather in June and July, he observes, that it is not necessary that the fly should have "any definite color, or that it be made, as many suppose, to resemble a small moth. I have found black, brown, and hare-lug flies equally as effective as white and yellow ones."—p. 90. And when referring to the black and brown hackles, as forming, in his opinion, along with the hare-lug, the three foundational or essential flies, he adds as follows:—

It cannot be denied, that in the case of the hackle-fly, the wing, tinsel, and dubbing, whether of silk or wool, possess, on many occasions, an attractive influence over trout; nay, even a combination of these without hackle at all, may constitute a taking lure; but what is proved by all this, but that fish are allured, not on account of the close resemblance which the artificial hook is designed to have to particular insects, appropriate to particular months and seasons, but from other causes of a different nature. These are size, motion, form, and color; the latter qualification being the one upon which, by introducing certain well-tried standards, my classification, as regards the artificial fly, has been conducted.—p. 93.

Mr. Stoddart, therefore, now derides, and justly, the absurdities of those who, exulting in the possession of five or six dozen varieties of insect imitations, consume the primest portion of the day in testing their attractive powers, now unlooping one because it is too dark, then another because it is too light, and "attaching in turn the latest urban conceit, redoubted as a killer, the fail-me-never of some sporting parson or half-pay hero."

What, I naturally ask, (he continues,) are the notions of such anglers with respect to the tastes, or, it may be, the optics of the trout? Do they suppose this fish, in regard to its surface food, so singularly capricious as to refuse all others but the insect of the day—so whimsical, as even to resist the claims of hunger itself, unless wrought on by the appearance of some peculiarly streaked water-fly? Do they fancy it discriminative of every shade or hue in the wing, body, and feelers of its prey?

The experience of twenty years and upwards has led to the conviction, on my part, that a stock consisting of three, or at most four, diversities of trouting flies, is quite sufficient to insure success at all seasons on any of our lakes and streams. I am talking of diversities, and, in doing so, allude to the color, shape, and material of the imitation employed —not at all to its size; *that* I leave to be wholly regulated by circumstances, such, for instance, as the season of the year, the low or flooded state of the water, calms or winds, &c.

The fly-stock of the trout-fisher may then, I opine, in point of color, be restricted, without detriment, to the following varieties:—

1. The red or brown hackle, with or without wings.
2. The black hackle. do. do.*
3. The hare-lug or water-mouse body, with wings.

These, as noted down, are essentially the ground work of a killing fly-stock. They are the elements

* In regard to the above alternative of "with or without wings," we should say decidedly, in almost all cases, *with* wings. The so-called spider-flies, Palmers and other *apterous* species, do very well while under the influence of motion, but when they come to a stand still, as they must often do, especially when the angler is fishing with a long line in quiet waters, they assume a very lifeless inorganic aspect, as if they were merely small incipient bottle-brushes, or tufts of dingy thistle down. But a neat, compact, somewhat slender pair of wings, look well when travelling through the water, and give, moreover, during momentary pauses, a steady and substantial aspect, like that of a fly well to do in the world, and therefore worth victimizing. We have more than once seen a trout pursue a wingless tail-fly from the side of a stream into still water, when, motion having ceased, it detected the feathery disarray, and passing onwards, engulfed one of the droppers equally in a state of rest, but more substantially dressed, and *winged*.

most requisite in the construction of those lures, which pedant authors on angling have chosen to dignify with entomological names, and by the addition as well as substitution of other materials, increase and vary to such a degree, that all count of what really is a taking and trustworthy fly is overwhelmed in their teaming and bulky store page." —p. 77–8.*

Pass we the chapters "on worm-fishing for trout;" "on trouting with minnow, and parr-tail;" "on angling with the salmon roe;"—and let us approach with respect bordering upon awe, chapter 9—"The Salmon."

We shall not inflict upon our readers what ought by this time to be to them the well-known history of this princely species. Is it not recorded in the books of Shaw and Young? But is it not mis-stated in the book of Thomas Tod Stoddart? Somewhat, we opine, and shall ere long proceed to prove.† In the mean time, let us consider briefly the subject of angling for salmon, as discussed by Mr. Scrope, the said T. T. Stoddart, and other worthies.

A rod which is characterized by length and strength, of course enables the piscator to effect a far cast, and this is of advantage in deep and broad rivers, where wading, if not dangerous, is at least unadvisable. On the other hand, the additional fatigue of wielding a heavy rod must be considered in a long day's work, as the muscular action of the back and arms is not inexhaustible, and a sense of pain and weariness does not add either to the pleasure or productiveness of sport. No doubt

"The labor we delight in physics pain;"

out when a rod of sixteen or eighteen feet gives a reasonable command of a river, it is well to be satisfied with that extent. The great use of a long rod, is not only to afford a far cast with a heavy line, but to enable the angler to hold that line well up out of the way of projecting rocks or stones, when the fish makes a long and rapid run over a rough country, and cannot be kept up with in consequence of the broken nature of the ground. You also weary him out all the sooner by the additional weight which may be brought to bear upon him by firm holding, by "giving the butt" as the backward position of the rod is called, without endangering the tackle. But with a slight or single-handed implement, (we have frequently killed *fish*,* from ten to fourteen pounds weight, with a rather delicately constructed trout-rod, which measures only thirteen feet four inches,) greater caution and a few minutes more time are needed; and it may happen that during these few minutes the slim portion of skin or tendon, by which the prey is held, if slightly hooked, gives way, and although the line is lightened, the angler's heart becomes heavy with hope deferred. So, as delays are dangerous, the quicker a salmon can be killed the better. At the same time we admit that Captain —— is an excellent and successful angler, and he always uses a single-handed rod—but then his chief reason for so doing is not of a guiding nature to others, but rather personal to himself, as he served throughout the peninsular war, and came home with only one arm.

The length of the line should also be in some measure regulated by that of the river, although ten or twenty yards, more or less, make little difference in the weight of the tackle, and it is well to be provided for a *run*, although fish don't go so far as foxes. From ninety to a hundred and thirty yards, probably include the utmost that may be required, as well as the least that it is safe to trust to. It should taper for a few yards at the extremity, which makes the casting portion somewhat lighter, and produces a more delicate gradation towards the gut-line. But it should surely not be "thick in the middle, and taper towards *each end*," as Ephemera hath it, as this would cause additional weakness, in proportion as the line was well run out.

Of the color of gut we have already spoken. As to its being used single or double, that must depend upon its quality. First-rate single gut is sufficient, with skill and carefulness, to kill a salmon to its heart's content; but we think the *gradation* just referred to, makes it rather advisable to have at least the upper portion double for a few links adjoining the reel-line. If the river is rough and rocky, and genuine salmon-gut of prime quality cannot be had, then the entire casting-line should be double.

In regard to the choice of flies, the first thing is to endeavor to forget that there is such a thing as a natural fly on the face of the earth. You may then, by assiduous and observant practice on your own part, conjoined with reasonable though not too pertinacious inquiry from others who are

* In the "Scottish Angler," Mr. S. had previously stated, that "foremost is the fly commonly called the Professor, after Professor Wilson of Edinburgh. The wings are formed of a mottled brown feather, taken from the Mallard or wild drake; the body is of yellow floss silk, rather longish, [the body, not the silk, which is trig and tightly wimpled,] and wound about close to the head with a fine red or black hackle; tails are often used, but we think them unnecessary. Instead of a yellow silk body, we sometimes adopt one of pale green, especially in loch fishing."—p. 25. In the "Angler's Companion," the author gives rather less prominence to the Professor than his unabated powers deserve. We used him much and most advantageously last season; and in Loch Craggie, and other northern quarters, found him, when of good size, and dressed with the coils of red hackle coming well on to the forepart of the chest, a more killing lure than his darker and more bulky bodied companion, "Green Mantle." Having a great admiration, in common with the rest of the reading and reel-using public, for both the actual and the artificial Professor, we take this opportunity to state, that in respect to each the feeling referred to is rather increased than diminished.

† The exposition above referred to, of what we conceive to be Mr. Stoddart's erroneous views regarding the production of salmon, and the growth of parr, is already written, and formed in fact a portion of the present article, the length of which, however, it so unduly extended, as to make the insertion of the whole at once inconsistent with other editorial arrangements. We have, therefore, reserved certain critical inquiries connected with the physiological and natural history of salmon, until next number.

* In anglers' phraseology, the term *fish* is only applied to grilse and salmon, and never to fresh-water trout however large and resplendent these may be.

locally experienced, obtain a knowledge of the artificial kinds. That some flies are better than others there is no doubt, but it is extremely difficult to say beforehand, which may prove the most successful, so variable are the fancies of salmon, and apparently so regulated by the state of the river, of the weather, or of other things it may be of an atmospheric nature—unappreciable by our less delicate perceptions.

When a man toils a long time without success, (says Mr. Scrope,) he is apt to attribute his failure to the using an improper fly, so he changes his book through, till at last, perhaps, he catches fish. The fly with which he achieves this, is naturally a favorite ever afterwards, and probably without reason: the cause of success might be in the change of air and temperature of the water; and the same thing would probably have occurred if he had persevered with the same fly with which he began. When the night has been frosty, salmon will not stir till the water has received the genial warmth of the day; and there are a thousand hidden causes of obstruction, of which we, who are not fish, know nothing.

As an instance, I once fished over a short stream above "The Webbs," in Mertoun Water, without having an offer. Being convinced there were fish in it, I went over it a second time with *the same fly* immediately afterwards, and caught two salmon and two grilse. Now, if I had changed my fly, as is usual, the success would naturally have been attributed to such change. But observe, I do not mean to assert that all flies are equally successful, for there must obviously be a preference, however slight; but I mean merely to say, that a failure oftener occurs from atmospheric variations than from color of the fly. Yet an occasional change is always advisable, particularly if you have had any offers; since the fish, in so rising, having perhaps discovered the deception, will not be solicitous to renew their acquaintance with a detected scamp. *After all, the great thing is to give the appearance and motion of a living animal.**

This is all as true as steel. The italics are our own, as we love the sentiment, which we had expressed almost in the very same words long before we had seen Mr. Scrope's work, and when we were as ignorant of his ideas as he of ours.

Another person's fly sometimes proves more successful than the angler's own—at least we found it so the last day save one on which we fished the famous river Shin. We had left Lairg at five o'clock of a fine grey July morning, and the dog-cart took us four miles down the river in a few minutes, as we wished to angle the lower pools between the waterfall and Shin Bridge. It was Monday—the best day in the week for sport in that quarter, as net and cobble are at rest at the river's mouth throughout the preceding day, and so an extra number of fresh-run fish have generally made their way upwards into stream and pool. We thought the day our own, as we knew of no one on the water (with permission) except ourselves, and so we descended to the river-side, and took our station by a well-known rush of water. Just as we commenced casting into the neck of the stream, we perceived that we had been anticipated, even at that early hour, for there stood at the tail of it a tall stranger, clad in tweeds from top to toe, whom we had actually seen a few minutes before, but had taken for an aspiring crag, so like was his pervading color to the rocky cincture of that roaring river. It was by mere chance that we had not stepped in before rather than behind him, which would not have accorded with piscatorial politeness. We fished the stream more quickly and carelessly than we should else have done; and as the "great unknown" passed downwards we did so too, in the hope of picking up what he might leave. We happened to have our eye upon him when he commenced the next stretch, which he had no sooner done than he raised a fine fish that came at him like a great wedge of blue and silver, making itself distinctly heard even amid the voice of many waters, for the banks were now high, rocky, and resounding from afar. However, it appeared that he had either missed his fish, or his fish had missed him, for no direct communication had been established between them. The angler then paused a minute—whether wisely or no we cannot take upon ourselves to say—but pause he did, drew up his line, took off his fly, unfolded his capacious pocket-book, appended to his line another lure, and tried the cast again. But this time he essayed in vain, for salmo, taking the sulks, had sunk beneath the darkening waters, and the turbulent stream pursued its course, unbroken but by its own uproarious nature, and its rocky shores. The piscator passed again downwards, and we also descending, came upon the spot which he had left. With one leg planted in the water, and another on a ledge of protruding rock, we were just about to try our chance, when we espied beneath our upraised foot, just as we were setting it for firmness sake on the aforesaid ledge, a beautiful and highly finished Irish fly, really a splendid piece of work, elaborate with the fantastic feathering of guinea-fowl, golden-pheasant, king-fisher, blue and buff maccaw, and other "birds of gayest plume." It had dropped unwittingly from the fingers of our aspiring predecessor, and was, we presumed, the very lure at which the salmon had just made so bright a lounge, and which its ungrateful, inconsiderate master had suddenly discarded and deposed, as if the fly had been to blame. We considered within ourselves, that if the fish had risen once so keenly, in like manner it might rise again, and so taking off our own property, we substituted the piece of "treasure trove," and cast it on the waters. Truly we found it again ere many minutes, for scarcely had it hung a few seconds pretty well within the edge of the off-side of the stream, than up rose salmo like an aurora-borealis, and away he went down the water, with a fly in his mouth which was certainly neither his nor ours. However, we gave him line liberally, (*it* was our own,) and strode along the rocks as fast as we were able. He went

* *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed.* By William Scrope, Esq., p. 123. Neither the reader in general, nor the angler in particular, whether for amusement or information, can consult a better work than the beautiful one now named.

at once down to the tail of his own stream, stopped, turned, gave a surly indefinite kind of plunge, as if he were both fish and fowl, but instead of returning upwards as we expected, he had merely made a somerset under water, and then went away down again, like a congreve rocket, through a narrow rush of water between two rocks, and into a dark and deep capacious pool below. This was precisely what he ought to have done, for we knew this bit of water as well as he did, or rather better, as we had been always near, and often in it, for a fortnight; whereas, not being a member of the Sabbath Alliance, he had come up the day before. Time and types are wanting to tell all he did, (we say nothing of ourselves,) but after working him steadily for about sixteen minutes, he began to *wamble* through the water, and to show rather that his sides were deep and silvery, than that his back was broad and blue. We ere long led him gently into quiet water, towards the central side of that capacious pool, where our predecessor was still standing in his tweeds; and at the feet of that predecessor, our sagacious friend and follower, "the miller," gaffed and laid him down—a beautiful fish which might have been the stranger's own, and with a fly in his mouth, which assuredly had been so. He kindly informed us of what we were previously well aware, that he had raised that same salmon himself not half an hour before, and requested leave to look at our fly. When we showed it, none the worse for wear, he looked at it reproachfully, and declared it was a perfect fac-simile of the one with which he had so nearly struck the fish himself, and which was then in his pocket-book. The first clause of the verse was very true—it was really as like as possible; the second was perhaps open to some cavilling objection, but as we are not ourselves of an argumentative turn of mind, we said nothing more upon the subject.

The mode of casting and working the fly can only be attained by practical experience, often dearly bought. Mr. Stoddard says well—

> never allow the hook itself to plough or ruffle the surface of the water. By the trout-fisher, whose lures are in point of size comparatively insignificant, this may be done occasionally without any bad result; but a salmon fly thus worked will generally occasion distrust or terror, and seldom prove inviting.

Salmon-angling is a much more slow and solemn occupation than trouting. Although a *fish* will sometimes take the fly upon the very surface, and almost the moment it arrives there, it more frequently *waits for it* under water, and after it has been allowed to course some portion of the stream. Deep and slow fishing is certainly more advisable than a superficial hasty style, although both extremes are bad. Although a salmon when sharpset will no doubt follow a fly, and so go somewhat out of his way to obtain it, yet on the whole he prefers its being put honestly before him, which can only be done designedly when his own special haunt is known. But there is generally what may be called a likely portion of the water, and there the fly should take its patient and insidious courses—sometimes a solemn semi-circular sweep—then a coy attempt to escape by gently jousting upwards—while ever and anon it should hang as if enamored in the stream, or even be dropt suddenly a foot or two downwards, and then recovered cautiously again. These and many more manœuvres must be called forth and regulated by the particular nature of the "pure element of waters" in which the angler may be standing for the time—an onward or at least continuous movement being advisable in the comparatively still reaches of a river, while the dallying or hovering action suits the more rapid and perturbed streams. On the whole, the upward or longitudinal motion, more or less varied, seems more successful, if not more deceptive, than the transverse. A river is seldom as broad as it is long; and if a salmon sees a nice-looking artificial fly (we never saw them rise at a real one) it will prefer following it up the deeper channel of the stream or current, to turning shorewards for it, with the risk of finding itself in shallow water, and wasting its silver sheen upon the gravel. That the hovering or hanging system is a good one, we had a couple of years ago occasion to exemplify, as follows. The reader will again excuse a "personal narrative," though not by Humboldt.

We were angling on the river Inver with two friends, and had taken up our own position on the cruive-dyke which crosses that river about a mile and a half above Loch Inver. The principal stream was running impetuously beneath our feet, as we had commenced casting, for the sake of firm and comfortable footing, from off the boards which formed the roof of the cruive itself. We could thus command not only the centre of the current, but both its sides. However, we threw away for some time without raising a fish. Our two companions had taken up their station somewhat lower down, and were casting from the leftward shore. From their position, and working, as they were obliged to do, at right angles to the stream, although they could put their flies well into the nearer side of the current of strong water, they could not *hang* them there, because before that process can be effected, the line must fall away downwards till it is nearly at right angles with the rod, at least if the angler is casting across the water. The centre of that lower portion of the stream looked very inviting, but as it was beyond our own reach by ordinary casting, and besides, by courtesy, belonged for the time being rather to our friends than ourselves, we indulged in no covetous designs regarding it. But after nearly an hour of unsuccessful labor on the part of the triumvirate, our companions laid down their rods upon the sloping heathery bank behind, and themselves on a more smooth and open spot of turfy verdure, and soon was the surrounding air made odorous by the softly spreading vapor of cigars. We thought there was now no harm in trying the central portion of the tail of the stream, *per fas aut nefas*. And this we did without moving from our position

on the cruive, but not by casting, which the distance made impossible. We simply let out with the hand the requisite length of reel-line, which the swift coursing water carried speedily away downwards, with our fly at the far end, and in this way we soon reached the desired portion of the stream. We had scarcely *hung* our fly for a few seconds with a waving motion in the precise piece of water which had so often been traversed by *cross* angling so immediately before, than we raised and hooked a fine fresh-run fish. Our only fear now was of his taking himself down the water, as our line was already far spent, and we could not very rapidly have made our way along the large stones of the cruive-dyke, and up a steep rough knoll on the river-side, between the end of that dyke and the lower portion of the stream where the fish had been hooked, and was now gambolling. But he behaved most considerately, went splashing downwards at first for a few yards, (*we* had very few to spare, but of this the salmon was probably not aware,) and then came towards us just fast enough to admit of our reeling in a bountiful supply of line, and then, after cutting his capers for ten or twelve minutes within reasonable distance, he ran his snout close in shore, where he grubbed about for the first and last time, being speedily gaffed by one of our companions.—P. S. No sooner was our fly taken out of his mouth, and set at liberty, than we again pursued a similar course, and immediately raised, hooked, and killed another fish, exactly in the same manner. We never moved from our position a single inch the whole time. Now, there is no doubt that both of these salmon had seen and resisted two excellent and very taking flies, brought skilfully over them, but cross-ways, and somewhat too rapidly, many times immediately before we hooked them. So much for *hovering*.*

We suppose we must now wind up, as we doubt not our readers are sufficiently exhausted, and we ourselves have other fish to fry. But as we have hitherto been giving only our own notions, let us finish off with a few passages from others of greater wisdom, and more enlarged experience. The following are Mr. Stoddart's recommendations how to act *on raising a fish* :—

When fly-fishing for salmon, the angler requires to have a general notion of where his hook is, and how it traverses the stream or pool; but this is all. To watch it minutely is not necessary. By doing so, the eye is frequently brought into opportune contact with the fish itself when rising. It detects its pursuer before the salmon has seized the fly; and, as a natural consequence, the rods-man, in the surprise or flutter of the moment, is very apt either to draw away his hook by a sudden or violent jerk, or else to check its progress for the moment, and allow opportunity for the fish to discern the deception. In trout-fishing with the fly, we can scarcely, in the event of a break on the surface, strike too rapidly. It is different in salmon-fishing. Here one should not alter the motion of the hook, until he is actually made sensible of the presence of the fish, by feeling his weight upon the line; nor even then is there any act of exertion required on the part of the angler, further than the simple raising of his rod, in order to fix the hook. When force is applied, or any motion approaching to a jerk made use of, the chances are, that either the line itself, or the jaw of the fish gives way; whereas, a line of mere ordinary strength, and the tenderer parts of the mouth, will always sufficiently resist the slight impulse which is required in order to hook salmon. But I need not say more on this matter, for it will become natural to one practising on a salmon-river, and travelling the fly properly, to strike, as it were with effect, and also to make the most of such rises or attempts on the part of fish to seize the hook, as indicate something faulty in its humor or vision.—p. 264.

In regard to the practice of changing the fly, when a salmon has risen and missed his aim, our author thinks as follows :—

For my own part, I am commonly content to find out a killing fly in the one which induces a fish to rise; and the reason I have for substituting another, should a salmon merely break the surface without taking hold, is not that I expect the substitute to prove a whit more enticing, but I would do all in my power to prevent the distrust and alarm, possibly consequent upon a repeated transit of the identical lure. This distrust, however, be it noted, is only a possible event, as regards the fly-hook in question; and the substitution of another, so far from acting as a counter charm, may, on the contrary, operate strongly to my prejudice, occasioning or confirming the very alarm I am endeavoring to suppress.

The expediency, therefore, of changing the fly immediately over a grilse or salmon, on the failure of its attempt to take hold, is very questionable; nor although occasionally acting on it, am I a slave to the practice. If led to believe that the fish has missed his aim, less from shyness than over-keenness, or, it may be, owing to the inconvenience of place or position, the rapid nature of the current, improper management of the line, or other cause, most assuredly I would not change the fly over him, until convinced that he had no inclination to rise a second time; even then I should be chary of trusting a new hook without allowing him an interval of rest, not shorter than a quarter of an hour. In passing, however, the first fly over him a second time, I would use little or no delay. The humor he is in for rising at it has already been tested, and there is some possibility of its subsiding, should the opportunity be given. Was I convinced, however, that the fish started, came towards the hook in a dubious distrustful mood, I would then most assuredly allow him a reasonable respite of some minutes, and at the same time substitute another fly of smaller dimensions—I do not say less gaudy in appearance, but rather the contrary; for it is well-known, in respect to Scottish rivers, that the Irish fly, with all its glitter, is most killing under a clear sky, and on low limpid water; while the Scottish one, sober in hue, develops its attractive powers in dull windy weather, and not unfrequently when the streams are of a deep porter color, the delight of the trout-fisher's eye. This refused, I would experiment according to the state of the river, with a larger one, and finally, as a last resort, recur to the hook first employed.—p. 266.

We dare not now venture on any comparison between the peculiar pleasures afforded by our great southern river the Tweed, and such as are yielded

*The compositor has three times made this word *hav-ering*, but we have got it right at last.

by our more northern waters. No stream in Britain equals the Tweed for the *quantity* of killing sport that may be obtained in it, especially if under the auspices of the powers that be. We are ourselves practically norse-men, the "northern powers" having hitherto accorded every kindness both to ourselves and friends. And is not the *quality* or nature of that northern sport the more intellectual and exciting of the two? We think it is, and so does our ingenious "Scottish Angler," even although his household hearth, and all his home affections, are now concentred by the banks of the great border river.

When I speak, however, of salmon-fishing, (says Mr. Stoddart,) I renounce all allusion to it as practised under that name by the aristocratic frequenters of certain portions of the Tweed. To those who live at a distance from this river, the feats recorded and vaunted of from time to time by these noble piscatores, may appear, as displays of skill and craft, highly creditable to the parties engaged. To the spectators of them, they are, in many instances, next thing to farcical, quite undeserving the name and character of feats of sport, and in reality are no more the achievements of those professing to execute them, than Punch and Judy is the veritable, unassisted performance of a set of wooden puppets.—p. 246.

But I come to the description of the sport itself, so termed, although in my opinion but partially entitled to that designation, so far, at least, as regards the possession of skill and judgment on the part of the angler, and also in respect to the kind of salmon forming the majority of those killed, and which, in the spring season, consist, with comparatively few exceptions, of kelts, and baggits. These, although they sometimes run long and sullenly, are very far from having the activity of clean-run salmon; moreover, they are totally unfit, after being captured, for human use, retaining neither the internal curdiness nor rich taste of properly conditioned fish. As exercising, moreover, the ingenuity of the sportsman, they are quite at fault, possessing a voracity that, on occasions of great success, induces disgust and satiety rather than satisfaction or triumph.

For my own part I would rather capture in spring a single newly-run salmon than a whole boat-load of kelts. Yet these, and no others, are the fish frequently vaunted of as affording, under the name of salmon, amusement to some brainless boaster, some adept by purchase, not by skill, in the noble art of angling. For, let me ask, what all the science displayed by this sort of salmon-slayer consists of? Is he versed in the mysteries of rod and tackle, taught by experience what fly to select —when, where, or how to fish? Is this amount of knowledge at all necessary? Nothing of the kind. The performer has no will or say in the matter. In every act, in the choice of his fly and casting-line, in the position and management of the boat, he is under the control of the tacksman. By him he is directed where to heave his hook, and, if a novice, how. Nothing is left for his own fancy or discretion. He has forfeited all freedom of action. Nay more, he is fettered with the presence of his griping taskmaster. Enough it is that he pays, and that handsomely, for the sport so termed, of hauling within reach of the gaff-hook a miserable kelt or two, which, when secured, he sees no more of, and is unable, unless by purchase, to exhibit as a trophy to his friends.—p. 248.

That salmon-fishing, as practised from the boat on Tweed, is upon the whole a very agreeable recreation, affording exercise and some measure of joyous excitement to the person engaged in it, I do not mean to deny; but it is not, to my mind, nearly so pleasurable or satisfactory a sport as when pursued on foot. Give me a stream which I can readily command, either from the bank, or by means of wading—a dark, hill-fed water, like the Lochie or the Findhorn, full of breaks, runs, pools, and gorges—give me the waving birch-wood, the cliff and ivied scaur, tenanted by keen-eyed kestril or wary falcon—more than this, give me solitude, or the companionship—not less relishable—of some ardent and kindred spirit, the sharer of my thoughts and felicity—give me, in such a place, and along with such an onlooker, the real sport of salmon-fishing—the rush of some veteran water monarch, or the gambol and caracol of a plump new-run grilse, and talk no more of that monotonous and spiritless semblance of the pastime, which is followed by the affluent, among the dubs and dams of our border river.—p. 250.

And now, what says that accomplished painter and piscator, Mr. Scrope, whose very mind and body both have been steeped for twenty years in Tweed's fair streams, and who has immortalized himself by those immortal waters? We shall not put him to the question, nor the question to him, although we dare to say that "his heart 's in the Highlands,"—at any rate, he confessedly prefers all running streams, wherever placed, to the injurious and rebounding sea.

No; the wild main I trust not. Rather let me wander beside the banks of the tranquil streams of the warm south, "in the yellow meads of Asphodel," when the young spring comes forth, and all nature is glad; or if a wilder mood comes over me, let me clamber among the steeps of the north, beneath the shaggy mountains, where the river comes foaming and raging everlastingly, wedging its way through the secret glen, whilst the eagle, but dimly seen, cleaves the winds and the clouds, and the dun deer gaze from the mosses above. There, amongst gigantic rocks, and the din of mountain torrents, let me do battle with the lusty salmon, till I drag him into day, rejoicing in his bulk, voluminous and vast.*

As usual, Mr. Scrope is right. Both are best, and we ought to accept of either with grateful hearts.

"Farewell!—a word that must be, and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger."

We request Mr. Scrope to give us the benediction.

Farewell, then, dear brothers of the angle; and when you go forth to take your pleasure, either in the mountain stream that struggles and roars through the narrow pass, or in the majestic salmon-river that sweeps in lucid mazes through the vale, may your sport be ample, and your hearts light! But should the fish prove more sagacious than yourselves—a circumstance, excuse me, that is by no means impossible; should they, alas!—but fate

* *Days and Nights*, &c., p. 87.

avert it—reject your hooked gifts, the course of the river will always lead you to pleasant places. In these we leave you to the quiet enjoyment of the glorious works of the creation, whether it may be your pleasure to go forth when the spring sheds its flowery fragrance, or in the more advanced season, when the sere leaf is shed incessantly, and wafted on the surface of the swollen river.*

From the Spectator.

COUNT DE LASTEYRIE'S AURICULAR CONFESSION †

Is an attack upon the Papacy and the Jesuits, in the form of a philosophic history. An Englishman, possessed by a similar object, would have written a treatise on the evils and abuses of the confessional, confining himself to the predicable mischief likely to arise from the institution of celibacy, the power exercised and the opportunities enjoyed by the confessor; and then would have shown how his deductions were proved, by such facts as have been recorded before the tribunals of various countries in various ages. But this was too limited a field to satisfy the ambition of a Frenchman. The Count De Lasteyrie takes a larger survey. He traces the history of confession through the Eastern and Pagan nations of antiquity, as well as among the Jews and primitive Christians; showing that with them confession (he rather means admission—acknowledgment‡) was for the most part public and general. It was not till late in the middle ages that auricular confession became a practice, and then a sacrament; the idea being taken, not from the Scriptures, but the Pagan mysteries, where the initiated confessed to the priest. Having thus displayed his reading, and shown, though by no means for the first time, that enforced confession has no Scripture warrant, he proceeds to exhibit its abuses. This he does from the records of the Romish Church as contained in Papal bulls and the prices affixed for the remission of sins, (where formal offences against the power of the priesthood are charged higher than crimes against morality,) as well as from the writings of the casuists, and the records of the Inquisition, or of the lay tribunals in Spain, Italy, and France.

From deficient mastery, the extent of the subject in proportion to the space allotted to it, the nature of parts of that subject, involving as they do so much that is indecent and shocking, or from all combined, the rottenness of the principle is much better shown than the abuse in the practice of auricular confession. The cases brought forward are mostly resolvable into the low state of morality in the age and country in question, or they are clearly exceptions to the general course of things, like any other monstrous crime—although exciting greater horror from the sanctified character of the priest and the opportunities his sacred function afforded. M. De Lasteyrie quotes from the report of an inquiry instituted during the last century into the conduct of a convent in Tuscany; but the nunneries of Italy were, like the country at large, notoriously corrupt in morals before the French Revolution, whatever they may be now. Addison in his travels, speaks of a noble nunnery at Venice where the inmates would receive no lover under a certain rank, and in most other places the immorality was equally gross if not quite so open. The case of the nun Bavent at Rouen, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, is a strange example of credulity, superstition, and impious licentiousness; but part of it is an exception, and part of it an example of the mania upon witchcraft, which during a great part of that century ran over Europe. The affair of Mingrat in our age, brought into general notice by Paul Louis Courier, and quoted at large in the work before us, was indeed a most atrocious crime, or series of crimes, but proving little more against confession than the murder by Greenacre would respecting the atrocity of persons of his class. The inquiries by the Inquisition of Spain during the sixteenth century, by orders from the Pope, (some memorials of which are published by Llorente in his history,) is the strongest proof in the book of general corruption and seduction by means of the confessional. The weightiest argument, however, is the danger of enforced confession with a body so unnaturally placed as a celibate priesthood, and the fact, urged by M. De Lasteyrie, that but very few offences are known, from the difficulty of detection, and that formerly, when detected, they were concealed through the power of the priesthood.

After all, however, confession as a sacrament, and therefore obligatory, is only one part of Popery, owing its main evil to deeper principles—the claim of infallibility, the practical substitution of the church for Christ himself, and the superhuman character claimed for the priesthood. As long as these superstitions are maintained, so long will Popery aggravate the social evils whether of license or of violence, in every country where it prevails. The ministers of a religion being but men, and from their numbers but average men, they will be formed and influenced by the character of the country to which they belong. If the people are corrupt and barbarous, and the religion itself is overgrown by superstition, the mind and morals such a race can bestow, and the education it will give, so far from elevating the priesthood, will rather render them a means of mischief. They will partake of the predominant prejudices and vices, and foster them for their own purposes. In Ireland, we see priestly power accompanied by confession and absolution, aggravating agitation and murder; in the south of Europe it took assassination and license under its wing; and such

* *Ibid.*, p. 254.

† The History of Auricular Confession, Religiously, Morally, and Politically considered, among Ancient and Modern Nations. By Count C. P. De Lasteyrie. Translated under the Author's especial sanction, by Charles Cocks, B. L., Professor Brevete of the University of France, translator of Michelet's "Priests, Women, and Families," &c. In two volumes.—*Bentley.*

‡ Paul, for example, had no occasion to own the *facts* of his persecutions—they were known well enough; but he might acknowledge his transgression; and so on of any other convert who had been a persecutor of the church, an evil liver, or was detected in offence.

will be the result everywhere according to the circumstances of the age and country. These remarks, of course, apply to a mature or declining religion, not to its commencement, or to any "revival." In such cases there may be fanaticism, and individual hypocrisy, but hardly general corruption.

As regards readableness and effect, the literary merit of this book is considerable. The salient facts of the different subjects are clearly presented, accompanied by judicious remarks; which, however, have more effect from the expression than weight from the thoughts. The first or historical section displays more reading than the other divisions, whose object is to support the author's conclusions. It is also on the whole more conclusive and interesting; for although the defect in the second and third parts is logical rather than literary, yet writing which does not answer its apparent end will lose somewhat of its character, however curious in itself. Occasionally, too, there is a species of incompleteness, which possibly has a double source. M. De Lasteyrie apologizes for being obliged to omit matter of a kind not to be printed in a modern book; and Mr. Cocks, the translator, feels himself compelled to omit still more than the count; though, when the thing is veiled by a dead language, we are not sure but this is carrying particularity too far; what is necessary to useful and practical truth must be borne with. To sum up: *The History of Auricular Confession* is a clever, but a superficial work; the production of a reader, not of a scholar.

The illustrations connected with the general arguments of confession (not the facts to sustain its secret abuse) are among the best parts of the book. The following, on military confession, is pointed and clever.

The conditions of this dogma established by the councils are, that the priest, to remit sins, is obliged to know them; it is therefore indispensable to specify them to him, with every circumstance; which is impossible in the cases we have just mentioned, and still more so when a numerous army is on the eve of battle. Yet theologians affirm, that in the latter case, as in that of imminent danger, a soldier is obliged, upon pain of mortal sin, to confess to a priest. If there be a precept generally acknowledged by all theologians, it is that which obliges us, "on every occasion where there is any danger or probability of dying, as on a voyage, &c., or any event in which death may be imminent, to confess, if we are guilty of any mortal sin." That is a very common case, especially with the military. Now, I ask, how could an almoner of a regiment incline his ear to such a considerable number of individuals? Accordingly, he does not, but confines himself, without hearing anybody, to pardon all their sins by the sole virtue of the words *ego te absolvo*. This was the means they discovered to get out of the difficulty, by saying the intention and will are sufficient, and that sins are pardoned, seeing the impossibility of confessing them. Therefore it is not the priest who pardons, since he has no knowledge of the sins; it can be but God, who alone knows them. The ministry of the priest must be, consequently, as useless in this case as in every other. Besides, where is the use of giving absolution to a multitude of men, the half of whom are unworthy of it—to people who are too commonly disposed to pillage and rapine and ready to plunge into the same crimes twenty-four hours after they have received absolution? Is not this profaning what you call the sacrament? As to God, he grants remission only to those whose hearts are truly contrite, and he often refuses it to those upon whom it is lavished by the priest. Moreover, when confessions do happen in regiments, they are given in an off-hand way; like that made by Lahire, who, going to fight at the siege of Montargis, in 1427, found a chaplain upon the road, whom he told to give him absolution, and that *speedily*. The latter, proposing to shrive him, Lahire replied, *He had no leisure, for he must promptly smite the enemy:* that he had done WHAT SOLDIERS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO DO. *Thereupon the chaplain dealt him absolution, even as he was.*

From the Spectator.

THE LIFE OF MRS. FRY.

THE first volume of this work closed with the year 1825; when Elizabeth Fry had succeeded in making Newgate a fashionable place, and in drawing public and official attention to the gross moral abuses of our prisons, and the still grosser pollution attendant upon the system of female convict transportation. The battle was won; celebrity was achieved; and henceforth there could be in her life none of the interest of struggle and progress. Yet her career was not without events, or action, or it may be said distress. In 1828, one of the houses in which her husband was a partner failed; and, in the language of the editor of these memoirs, "involved Elizabeth Fry and her family in a train of sorrows and perplexities which tinged the remaining years of her life:" a statement, however, which is scarcely borne out, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, by the narrative. Some of her accustomed luxuries—a carriage, for instance—were missed for a time; but she always appeared to have a handsome competence and to live in a certain degree of style. As a "minister" among the Friends, Elizabeth Fry felt calls to go to Ireland and Scotland; the projects were, as is the custom, laid before "the meeting;" and having been approved of, thither she went. On a subsequent occasion she went to Paris; and was so pleased with the impression she made upon the good-natured impressible French, and they upon her, that she afterwards revisited the capital, and travelled through the south of France; prison discipline, and the promotion of piety without reference to dogmas, being the object of her journeys. Under "meeting" authority, she journeyed to Belgium, Hanover, Prussia, Denmark; and was received with the greatest distinction in each place. King Leopold held "out *both* his hands" to welcome her; the majesty of Denmark placed her at dinner between himself and the queen. At Hanover, the king was ill; but she saw the queen and the rest of the royal family; and she writes to her family at home—"I think I never paid a more interesting visit—my brother Samuel, William Allen, and myself. In the first place, we were received with ceremonious respect; shown through

many rooms to a drawing-room, where were the queen's chamberlain and three ladies in waiting to receive us." At the Hague, the reception was as gracious as elsewhere: "The king, a lively, clever, perfect gentleman, not a large man, in regimentals; the queen, (sister to the emperor of Russia,) a fine stately person, in full and rather beautiful morning-dress of white; the princess much the same. After our presentation, the king began easy and pleasant conversation with me, about my visiting prisons. I told him, in a short lively manner, the history of it. He said he heard I had so many children; how could I do it?" But the great triumph was in her two visits to Berlin. At the first visit, the late king was on the throne, and coërcing the Lutheran churchmen into uniformity. Mrs. Fry stood remarkably well with the royal family, and "could not feel justified without endeavoring to bring the subject before the king."

Lord William Russell, our ambassador, her kind and constant friend, and the Baron Humboldt, discouraged her attempting to do so. She had a strong inclination to consult the crown prince, when the unexpected meeting at the Princess William's afforded her the desired opportunity. After earnestly petitioning the best help, and wisdom from above, she opened the subject. His royal highness gave her most attentive hearing, and entirely encouraged her to act as she believed to be right. A petition had been beautifully drawn up by William Allen; this was translated into German, and presented through the official channel to his majesty. It was no light matter doing this; but in faith she committed it to him who had put it so strongly into her heart to bless the measure. The following day the king's chaplain was the bearer of the delightful intelligence, that the petition had been graciously received, and that the king had said that "he thought the Spirit of God must have helped them to express themselves as they had done." She told this gentleman what a subject of prayer it had been with her; to which he rejoined, that, "like Daniel, her petition had been answered before she had ceased praying."

At the second visit the crown prince had succeeded to the throne; and he received the Friends in a more gracious manner than before. It was the personal knowledge acquired on these occasions, and not any mere philanthropic or popularity-hunting, that led to the greatest honor the house of Fry ever received—the visit paid to Upton Lane by the king of Prussia, when he came over to stand godfather to our queen's eldest son.

Second Month, 1*st*, *Third-day*, (1842.)—Yesterday was a day never to be forgotten whilst memory lasts. We set off about eleven o'clock, my sister Gurney and myself, to meet the king of Prussia at Newgate. I proceeded with the lady mayoress to Newgate; where we were met by many gentlemen. My dear brother and sister Gurney, and Susannah Corder, being with me, was a great comfort. We waited so long for the king that I feared he would not come; however, at last he arrived; and the lady mayoress and I, accompanied by the sheriffs, went to meet the king at the door of the prison. He appeared much pleased to meet our little party; and, after taking a little refreshment, he gave me his arm, and we proceeded into the prison and up to one of the long wards, where everything was prepared; the poor women round the table, about sixty of them, many of our ladies committee, and some others; also numbers of gentlemen following the king, sheriffs, &c. I felt deeply, but quiet in spirit—fear of man much removed.

After prayer and preaching,

The king then again gave me his arm, and we walked down together; there were difficulties raised about his going to Upton, but he chose to persevere. I went with the lady mayoress and the sheriffs; and the king with his own people. We arrived first: I had to hasten to take off my cloak, and then went down to meet him at his carriage-door, with my husband, and seven of our sons and sons-in-law. I then walked with him into the drawing-room; where all was in beautiful order—neat, and adorned with flowers; I presented to the king our eight daughters and daughters-in-law, (R——— E——— C——— only away,) our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brother and sister Buxton, Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, and my sister Elizabeth Fry—my brother and sister Gurney he had known before—and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn silence before our meal; which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant—everything most complete and nice. I sat by the king; who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. We went into the drawing-room, after another solemn silence, and a few words which I uttered in prayer for the king and queen. We found a deputation of Friends with an address to read to him; this was done; the king appeared to feel it much. We then had to part.

The king expressed his desire that blessings might continue to rest on our house.

Although a more attached and affectionate family could hardly exist than that whose numbers are indicated by the presentations to the king, yet it was in one sense a source of trouble to Elizabeth Fry. Latterly her husband became remiss in the forms of the Friends; the majority of her children quitted "the connection" entirely, either by "marrying out," or, like her eldest son William, on the lofty principle that unless conformity "to the peculiarities of Friends in dress and manners arose from personal conviction of their importance, their practice, however becoming in a very young person under the immediate direction of his parents, was inconsistent with truth in one of more mature years." It seems strange in a person of such catholic views as Elizabeth Fry, but so it was, that she would not be present on the marriage of her children or baptism of her grandchildren if at church, or go to any other place of worship than the meeting. The hardest trial of all, however, must have been when two of her elder grandchildren embarked in "the trade of war," one as a midshipman, bound for China, the other in the army. Some of her brief entries on these subjects are worth quoting as indications of character.

It is proposed that my dear son William's marriage should take place in little more than a week. I cannot help feeling deeply giving him up. To have this dear child married, and not be able to be with him, is very affecting to me. With three

children likely to marry out of the society, and the life of one of them very uncertain, I have much, very much to feel. * * *

Dagenham, Tenth Month, 3d.—Here am I sitting in solitude, keeping silence before the Lord, on the wedding-day of my beloved son William. As I could not conscientiously attend the marriage, I believed it right to withdraw for the day. Words appear very inadequate to express the earnestness —the depth of my supplications for him and for his, that the blessing of the Most High may rest upon them. * * * * *

We then went to our dear friends the ————s; where I had a warm reception; they very sweetly bear with my scruples; for it must appear odd, very odd to them, my not feeling it right to attend the wedding of such a son; but my heart is full of love to them. * * *

Upton Lane, Eleventh Month, 5th.—Last fourth-day, the 31st of the tenth month, my dearest H—— was married to W—— C—— S——. The morning was bright, the different families collected: of course I was not present at the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom went to Ham House to take leave of their dear party; they then came home, and we soon sat down to breakfast, about thirty in number. There appeared a serious and yet cheerful feeling over us. I felt prayer for them, but saw no opportunity vocally to express it. As we arose to leave the table, William Streatfeild, the vicar of East Ham, returned thanks for the blessings received: when, quite unexpectedly to myself, there was *such a solemn silence, as if all were arrested*, that I was enabled vocally to ask a blessing upon them. * * * *

Upton, Sixth Month, 10th.—Alone in my little room, my whole family gone to church to the wedding. I feel solitary, but I believe my Lord is with me. Oh gracious Lord! at this moment be with my child; pour out thy spirit upon her, that she may not only make solemn covenant with her husband, but with her God. Help her to keep these covenants: be with, help, and bless her and hers. * * *

Our beloved daughter L———— was confined on fourth-day. The babe, a lovely girl, breathed for twenty-four hours, and then died. They had the child named and baptized. I happened to be present; and certainly some of the prayers were very solemn, and such as I could truly unite with; but part of the ceremony appeared to me superstitious, and having a strong savor of the dark ages of the church.

Mrs. Fry did not very long survive the visit of the king of Prussia in 1842; her death took place in 1845. She was not young, having reached the age of sixty-five; but her family seem to think that her incessant exertions helped to shorten her days. This is probable; or, perhaps, her foreign excursions, by changing the mode of exertion at an advanced age, contributed still more to the breaking up of her constitution. She had also, in the last few years of her life, to endure family afflictions in the loss of her eldest son, several of her grandchildren, and other near connections. The decease of William Fry was unexpected, and it was thought would have been fatal to his mother. Some of her children exclaimed, "Can our mother bear this and live?" But she struggled through it, and similar afflictions in the way which deeply religious people often do, so as almost to appear insensible to those of a more worldly and less submissive frame of mind.

The present volume exhibits in the editors all the merit of the first—their quiet, close, accomplished narrative, when connecting the passages from the journal and letters; their genuine liberality of sentiment, and their love of truth. It is from the necessity of the case less various, and rather less interesting. The numerous extracts from Mrs. Fry's journal become more encumbering than before, because they have not the character of the doubts of her early youth, or her early Quakerism. The foreign tours are attractive from the reciprocal operation of the foreign view of Elizabeth Fry, and Elizabeth Fry's view of the foreigners; but they touch upon no new biographical subject, like her first experiences in the ministry, or prison discipline, briefly as those two topics were handled in comparison with mere effusions of sentiment or opinion. As a continuation upon the same scale as the first volume, a free use of the journals in this volume was perhaps necessary; but it might have been curtailed without affecting the uniformity of the work, to the great benefit of the reader. In the case of a new edition, the memoirs might be *very* greatly condensed, by omitting all that does not relate to matters of fact, or is not characteristic of the writer beyond a mere wordy form of reverie or prayer, of which a few specimens might suffice.

From the Examiner.

Mrs. Fry was a true Englishwoman of the noblest class—worthy to rank with the Hutchinsons, Russells, Fanshawes, Ranelaghs, and Temples. Could anything be more beautifully conceived than the following mode of administering rebuke?

With Miss Garrett she visited the penitentiary at Portsea. While they went over the house, the unfortunate inmates were assembled in the parlor, where they were all standing, when Mrs. Fry, and the party with her, returned to the room. This lady describes Mrs. Fry as "sitting down, laying her bonnet on the table, and making some inquiries as to the arrangements of the place, and the conduct of the young women there." Two were pointed out to her as being peculiarly refractory and hardened; without noticing this, she addressed some words of exhortation and advice to all; and when she arose to go away, she went up to these two, and extending her hand to each of them, said, in a tone and manner quite indescribable, but so touching—"I trust I shall hear better things of thee." The hearts that had been proof against the words of reproach and exhortation, softened at the words of hope and kindness, and both burst into tears.

Mrs. Fry was superior to the folly of weak nerves and delicate sensibilities. In the discharge of the Samaritan's duties she could compel herself to view and dress wounds:

On the road, they saw a man lying apparently at the point of death. Mrs. Fry immediately went to him, desiring her daughter to open her dressing-case and bring a vial of brandy, which, from her

frequent attendance in sickness, she had learned always to have in readiness.

She knelt down by the poor man, whose head she found dreadfully torn; she carefully replaced the scalp which was lying back, tied it down with her pocket-handkerchief; then gave him brandy, and he began to revive. After a time a cart came by, into which she had him lifted, and carefully conveyed to the next village. He had been driving a powerful team of horses—they ran away, and the wagon-wheel went over his head. He died in Norwich hospital, after lingering some weeks, and apparently ready for that solemn change.

Elizabeth Fry was in no respect sectarian. Her religion was too much of the heart to be bound up exclusively with a particular sect. For herself she preferred Quakerism to the last, but she was content to see systems of church polity in others vary according to their views. Running parallel with her philanthropy, we see her emancipation from party; not as cause and effect, but as consequences arising from the same source, branches from the same root. Some of her remarks in the volume before us, with reference to the peculiar discipline and habits of the society, are alike just and beautiful.

ON FORMS AND PHRASEOLOGY.

We are in the midst of the yearly meeting; to me a very important time, as I am greatly interested in the welfare of the society. I do most fully unite in most of its practices and principles; but still I may say, I have somewhat against it. I see that we may improve as we go on, if that which first led us to be a peculiar people, be kept to by us. I think, in our meetings for discipline, too much stress is laid on minor parts of our testimonies, such as "plainness of speech, behavior, and apparel," rather than on the greater and weightier matters of the law; these (lesser things) are well, and I believe should be attended to; but they should not occupy an undue place. I do not like the habit of that mysterious, ambiguous mode of expression, in which Friends at times clothe their observations, and their ministry. I like the truth in simplicity; it needs no mysterious garment. I also can hardly bear to hear friends make us out to be a chosen people, above others.

I have very much kept silence amongst them, being generally quite clear of anything to do; but as a spectator, I have rejoiced in the love, the sweetness, and the power of good amongst us, and the evidence that our great high priest is owning us for good.

ON THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Something has occurred which has brought me into conflict of mind; how far to restrain young persons in their pleasures, and how far to leave them at liberty. The longer I live, the more difficult do I see education to be; more particularly, as it respects the religious restraints that we put upon our children; to do enough, and not too much, is a most delicate and important point. I begin seriously to doubt, whether, as it respects the peculiar scruples of friends, it is not better, quite to leave sober-minded young persons to judge for themselves. Then the question arises—When does this age arrive? I have such a fear that in so much mixing religion with those things which are not delectable, we may turn them from the thing itself. I see, feel, and know, that where these scruples are adopted from principle, they bring a blessing with them; but where they are only adopted out of conformity to the views of others, I have very serious doubts whether they are not a stumbling-block.

ON CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

I was too poorly to go to our monthly meeting to-day; which I do not much regret, as my dearest son J—— was to send in his resignation of membership; I so much feel it, that I think perhaps I am better away. I believe my dear J—— has done what he now thinks best; there I leave it, and though I certainly have much felt his leaving a society I so dearly love, the principles of which I so much value, yet no outward names are in reality of much importance in my view, nor do I think very much of membership with any outward sect or body of Christians—my feeling is, that if we are but living members of the church of Christ, this is the only membership essential to salvation. Belonging to any particular body of Christians has, I see, its disadvantages, as well as advantages; it often brings into the bondage of man, rather than being purely and simply bound to the law of Christ; though I am fully sensible of its many comforts, advantages, and privileges. Earnestly do I desire for this dear child, that his Lord may make his way clear before him, that he may be truly here a member of the militant church of Christ, and hereafter of his church triumphant.

In the spirit of these sayings and doings which we have selected as specimens—and which, even more truly than her public ministry, reveal the nature of Elizabeth Fry—is the whole book. We rise from its perusal with softened yet elevated thoughts. It is worthy—no mean praise—to take its place upon our shelves, beside the more rugged but equally kindly and catholic journal of George Fox, the great founder of the society.

THE FINEST ACTOR IN EUROPE.—If we want consummate acting, we must not now expect it upon the stage, but in the palace. He is not the artist who wears motley and a wig, but robes and a crown. As an instance of this fact, we have only to repeat a statement that "when the news of the Queen of Spain's ill-health reached Louis Philippe, he appeared profoundly affected." Were Garrick alive, could he beat *that?*—*Punch.*

A BISHOP AFLOAT.—It is intended, says the *Globe*, to found a bishopric somewhere in the Chinese seas. Britannia has long had a patent for ruling the waves temporally; but now, it seems, we are to reduce them under spiritual domination. A part of the ocean is to be converted into an episcopal see. Already we have a floating church on the Thames; but we are now going to give the Chinese a floating bishop. We do not know what to say to this project. A bishop cannot be created on shore in these times without raising a violent storm; and we are warranted in anticipating the greatest danger to shipping from the tempest which will be excited by the establishment of a prelate on the deep.—*Punch.*

short time in travelling to China and making its agriculture his study.

Lieutenant Forbes was employed at Borneo during the treaty which ended in the cession of Labuan. He also assisted at taking possession of the island; remained there for some time, and explored the country, discovering its veins of coal. His accounts of Borneo and Labuan are but slight; the history of late events not so full as has lately been published. His picture of the sultan, however, is the best we have met with: Lieutenant Forbes saw him when he had laid aside his state. The account of Labuan is our only one.

From the Spectator.

THE REVEREND W. SEWELL'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AT ST. COLUMBA.

Mr. Sewell's name is more widely known than his character is understood. With some he passes as a concealed emissary of the Pope; others look upon him as a somebody worse than Newman, because he delays throwing off the mask; while many consider him as a tractarian after their own imaginations, anxious to set up a Rome in England, if not to carry England to Rome. Whether any portion of correctness may mingle in the last suspicion we cannot undertake to decide; for we do not clearly understand to what extent Mr. Sewell is prepared to carry the priestly authority, or to what height he would elevate the priestly character—what toleration he would allow to heretics in this world, or what hope he would concede to them in the next; and these points must be definitely explained before the question can be settled. Mr. Sewell himself professes to be nothing more or less than a member of the Anglican church opposed to Rome, taking the prayer-book as his rule of practical or formal religious life; obeying its behests in having daily services, in fasting, or rather in practising abstinence, where the health permits it, (or the person is inclined?) and generally obeying "the prayer-book as the statute of the English church," with his bishop for the interpreter in doubtful cases, or the director in new emergencies. In these ideas Mr. Sewell does not stand alone; and many are, or at least have been, more active with the pen in inculcating their views. The peculiarity of Mr. Sewell consists in the living spirit he infuses into his ideas; the influence he seems to exercise over others, so as to realize the theories which some only talk and write about; and the consequent effects that flow from his exertions, without so much of noise, or of print, which is in this age the same thing as noise.

One mode by which Mr. Sewell and his coadjutors or disciples have endeavored to animate the church and oppose Rome by carrying the war into her territories, was that of establishing the college of St. Columba in Ireland. The plan of the institution was to revive the principle (rather than the mode) of education as it existed in the earlier ages of the Reformation, when the practical intermingling of the Romish church in every action of life was familiar to the minds of churchmen, if not acted upon by the laity generally. In its titles of warden and fellows, its arrangement of common rooms, daily service, meals common to teachers and scholars, with some other things, the system of St. Columba resembled that of the college *as part* of the university; in the age of the pupils (who are all boys) it partakes more of the nature of the foundation *school*. Under the auspices of churchmen, trained in universities, the classics and mathematics are of course a leading feature in the system of education; but the Irish language is also a main point at the college of St. Columba, because it is said that a person speaking Irish has *ipso facto* a great influence over the peasantry; and the promoters rely upon this knowledge as a means of making converts from Rome, by such of their pupils as enter the church. At present the scholars are sons of gentlemen; but the promoters look forward to the time when they may have boys on the foundation seemingly the children or orphans of clergymen. The bishop of the diocese is the visitor of the college; the collegiate body attends the parish-church; and the society admits the right of the parochial rector to superintend them as he would any other family in his parish, but no further: upon which last point there was a difference with the clergyman, who claimed to interfere as a visitor.

As the officers and pupils wear an academic dress, as service is performed twice a day in a chapel of their own, and fasting is adopted (though not enforced) by the officers, extraordinary tales were spread about the college among the *Protestant* Irish—to the effect that the institution was Romanist, if not Jesuitical. These reports seem to have been lived down; but, for some reasons not explained, differences have arisen among the leaders: the warden has withdrawn from his post; Mr. Sewell appears dissatisfied; and he is now occupied in promoting a similar institution at Radley Hall, near Abingdon. The plans are formed; the Bishop of Oxford approves the idea, and has consented to act as visitor; what is wanting is the money, 6,000*l.*, to begin with.

It is probably with the view of calling attention to this project as well as of dissipating misconceptions, that the volume before us has been published. It consists of a preface, in which, under the guise of an explanation, Mr. Sewell unfolds his views and feelings as to the present state of church matters; a letter to some friendly clergyman, which gives an account of the origin, objects, and plan of the contemplated college of St. Ann's at Abingdon; an address volunteered on the occasion of a meeting at St. Columba; and a journal of Mr. Sewell's residence there for some months during the time when the institution was struggling against evil report and the difficulties incidental to a new undertaking. The address to the assemblage of boys and others at St. Columba might as well have been omitted, as too occasional in its subject, and too limited both in matter and manner. The

other sections have a good deal of interest, in various ways. The style is scholarly, but varying with its topics; the spirit is of that elegant amiability which distinguishes the best tractarian writers; and the journal has that Robinson Crusoe sort of character which attaches to the formation and growth of all new social states, from a shipwrecked mariner or two up to a colony. The real interest of the book, however, is in the view it opens up of the objects of a certain class of amiable, active, and religious-minded people. To revive the church of the middle ages, stripped of Romanist superstitions and peculiarities, and with a regard to the opinions and requirements of the present time, is the end of those excellent and enthusiastic men: the means are, to acquire a power over the education of youth. Such, indeed, was a main mode of Newman; but he confined himself to that class which could get to a university. Mr. Sewell has wider objects, if he can carry them out. St. Ann's will be a model college, to serve as a parent to others that will stud the country in case of success; and though the necessity of funds and other circumstances must at first limit the pupils to the affluent, yet an action upon the poor is immediately contemplated, by means of boys analogous to the original servitors of the universities, and finally in a more direct form.

As soon as we have defrayed the expenses of building and providing what was required to develop the system, it would be for the warden and fellows, and chiefly for the senior fellows, to apply any surplus, as soon as possible, to the creation and maintenance of similar institutions for the poor. And this would be an unvarying principle. One scholar in ten would also be taken gratuitously, and elected from the families of poor clergymen and widows.

It would be an important part of the system to train up a body of poor boys as servants; giving them a good religious instruction, and fitting them for a variety of useful offices as they advanced in life. * * * * * *

Independent of the improvement of education for the higher classes, there is another question pressing upon the church at this moment, and to which as yet no answer has been given. How can it educate the lower classes; educate the masses of our great towns and manufacturing districts—educate, not merely instruct them; that is, not merely enable them to write and read, which by the confession of the best minds has done and can do but little good, but bring them up in a reverent, obedient, conscientious, religious spirit? If a certain system is necessary to produce this in the children of the higher classes, it must be equally required for the poor. Our national schools have not produced it. Our plans of united education, instead of producing, must inevitably destroy it. All inquirers into the subject are attracted by one spectacle, the schools of the Christian Brothers both abroad and in England. And their admirable working (admirable with the exception of their erroneous religious teaching) depends on their placing over the children a body of ministers of religion, living together, exhibiting and obeying the commands of their church in all things, and devoting themselves to the task of education as to a work of Christian love, without thought of remuneration, contented only with obtaining a necessary support. If such a system could be introduced into the English church, cleared from the faults and dangerous associations with which it is connected in Romanism, we might hope to educate properly the poor of our church. But to realize such a work, three things are necessary. First, funds, not such as are precarious and dependent on annual subscriptions, but drawn from some permanent source; secondly, a model for the rule of life and association; and thirdly, some external control to stimulate and keep them in order, as well as that episcopal authority to which of course they would be subjected.

No one has yet pretended to point out how these wants are to be supplied. Is it too great a hope to cherish, that if a college like St. Columba's could once be established for the higher classes, the surplus emoluments might be applied to the creation and maintenance of such analogous institutions for the poor?

"Nothing is more certain," says Burke, "than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and civilization, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean, the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion." Both these spirits pervade this book: not so much directly in the mere writing of Mr. Sewell, as in the incidental description of the effects aimed at, and to some extent produced among the boys at St. Columba. It is curious to trace this combination, this almost embodiment of some of Burke's glowing panegyrics upon the mixed results of chivalry and religion. To exhibit them by quotation, however, would require a great deal of space; and after all, extracts would not do it effectually. The book must be read at leisure, with a watchful mind.

The Harveian Oration, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, London, June 27th, 1846. By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M. D. With an English version and notes. Baillière.

The Zoist: a Quarterly Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their Applications to Human Welfare. No. XX. Jan., 1848. Baillière.

Mesmerism and its Opponents. By GEORGE SANDBY, M. A., Vicar of Flixton, Suffolk. Second edition, considerably enlarged, with an Introductory Chapter. Longman and Co.

THE testimony borne by Dr. Elliotson, in his Harveian Oration, to the efficacy of what, for want of a better name, we must call mesmeric treatment, has naturally led many curious inquirers to pay more attention to the periodical in which the experiences of mesmerists are recorded. This disposition cannot but be increased and confirmed by the circumstances attendant upon the recent painless surgical operations performed upon patients under the influence of ether or chloroform. There has been a curious difference in the reception lately given by medical men to the American mode of superinducing coma before performing operations, and that which they had previously afforded to the

European mode of effecting the same object by mesmeric treatment. If it be true that not a few of the eulogists of gaseous administration have confessed they promoted and practised it only because it was likely to supersede mesmerism, this unphilosophical spirit of partisanship is discreditable to the professors of so important an art as medicine. At the present moment an historical review of the circumstances alluded to may not be altogether useless.

The *Harveian Oration* is delivered annually in the presence of the assembled College of Physicians, by one of the fellows, in conformity to the will of its founder, the immortal discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The oration, as contemplated by Harvey, consists of two parts. The first, a commemoration of the benefactors of the college; the second, an exhortation to the members to study and search out the secrets of nature by way of experiment. On the 27th of June, 1846, the oration was delivered by Dr. Elliotson. It has since been published by its author, with an English version and notes; an innovation on the usual practice which is thus accounted for: "I have published it in this form because I considered it *my duty* to declare my conviction of the truth of mesmerism before the assembled members of the College of Physicians, and am anxious that the public should know the fact."

The declaration alluded to concludes the oration, and in the English is thus expressed.

* * A body of facts is presented to us not only wonderful in physiology and pathology, but of the very highest importance in the prevention of suffering under the hands of the surgeon and in the cure of disease. The chief phenomena are indisputable; authors of all periods record them, and we all ourselves witness them, some rarely, some every day. The point to be determined is whether they may be produced artificially and subjected to our control:—and it can be determined by experience only. The loss of common feeling—anæsthesia, is but a form of palsy, and in it wounds give no pain. If this condition can be induced temporarily by art, we of necessity enable persons to undergo surgical operations without suffering. Whether the artificial production of those phenomena, or the performance of the processes which so often induce them, will mitigate or cure disease, can likewise be determined by experience only. It is the imperative, the solemn, duty of the profession, anxiously and dispassionately to determine these points by experiment, each man for himself. I have done so for ten years, and fearlessly declare that the phenomena, the prevention of pain under surgical operations, the production of repose and comfort in disease, and the cure of many diseases, even after the failure of all ordinary means, are true. *In the name, therefore, of the love of truth, in the name of the dignity of our profession, in the name of the good of all mankind, I implore you carefully to investigate this important subject.*

We are neither sufficiently learned in physiology, nor enough conversant with the experimental phenomena of mesmerism, to decide whether Dr. Elliotson is right or wrong. But when a man of such well-deserved reputation for ability and probity made so solemn and striking a declaration as we have just quoted, in the presence of the recognized heads of medical science and practice in this country, his assertions became certainly entitled to a candid and respectful scrutiny. Instead, however, of being thus received, Dr. Elliotson's testimony appears to have been generally set aside: by some, with expressions of compassion, much like *Mrs. Candor's;* by others with vulgar triumph over supposed injured prospects. If his practice has been injured, as we suppose it has been, no one at least can doubt that he has suffered for sincerity's sake, and been punished for his conscientiousness. Strange as it may sound to some, it is certain that Dr. Elliotson has *never mesmerized professionally;* that he has taken every step, and incurred many sacrifices, to prevent mesmerism from being in any way a source of emolument to him; and that his experiments and practice in it, which have been the subject of so much remark, have been (when not simply to benefit those who may have refused otherwise to be mesmerized at all) pursued solely on the ground of Harvey's injunction "to study and search out the secrets of nature." Such conduct, however mistaken, guided by such aims, assuredly deserved other treatment than it has almost universally received.

"It is lamentable, deplorable," is the tone of the most intelligent of Dr. Elliotson's critics, "to see this great delusion supported by one of the ablest physicians of this country." With a sense of triumph it is proclaimed by another class that "This eminent physician has labored with all his might, and most successfully, *to ruin his own* prospects." Again—"Sorely has he suffered for the part he has played. His position is irretrievably lost." One opponent went even so far as to protest against the prevention of pain, because it was "so wise a provision," and because "patients were all the better for it." Such examples may show, that with the fact of Dr. Elliotson's averments having for the most part been received with expressions of incredulous contempt, avowed prejudice has had more to do than even the affectation of superior knowledge. It is to be added, that the eagerness with which the proposals to avoid pain by administering gases have since been caught at, seem to indicate a lurking consciousness of this, and some uneasiness at it.

The excuse of those who have refused to examine into the truth of Dr. Elliotson's assertions, appears to rest in the main upon three averments:—that mesmerism has been practised by gross and shameless quacks; that many or most believers in mesmerism are either very ignorant, or possess only such a smattering of knowledge as is more misleading than pure ignorance; and that many of the stories told by mesmerists are obviously exaggerated and false. The truth of these allegations cannot and need not be called in question. But do they entitle the searcher after truth to exonerate himself from the trouble of inquiring whether truth may not yet lie hid under even all this rubbish?

"Mesmerism has been practised by gross and shameless quacks." Not a doubt of it. The scenes exhibited at the first attempt to introduce it in Paris, now three quarters of a century ago, have never been surpassed in this respect. The darkened chambers, the voluptuous music, the metallic tracters, and other means and appliances to work on the fancies of patients, were quackery of the first water. Much quackery, too, though on a less magnificent scale, has been practised in our own city within these few years by sordid speculators and presumptuous sciolists, who have undertaken to lecture upon mesmerism and get up exhibitions of the mesmeric phenomena. Whenever anything curious in art or science is made a show, trickery is sure to creep in. The exhibitor labors to create an effect; he supplies short-comings; he suppresses what appears suspicious. The mere habit of showing off for money dulls the moral sense. But there must be some reality at the bottom of every show. The first impulse of the actor was genuine sentiment, though his practised exhibitions may be mere grimace. The laws of nature which uphold the juggler's balls in their gyrations, are the same which regulate the motion of the world. Mechanical philosophers have never scrupled to borrow illustrations of their principles from ingenious tricks of legerdemain; why should physiologists be more scrupulous? Is it not worth while to detect the principle in human nature by which *speciosa miracula* are played off, on the chance that it may be turned to some useful account? The veriest jugglers who have ever traded in the exhibition of mesmeric phenomena, have at least shown the possibility of throwing individuals into the state of somnambulism by artificial means: and Dr. Elliotson, a wise and experienced physician, avers after ten years' trial that surgical operations may be performed upon persons in this state without giving pain; nay, that even *its benefit in preventing the pain of surgical operation is insignificant compared with its use in alleviating the distress of disease; and that where it does not offer the means of cure, it induces at the least refreshing sleep and tranquillity.* Surely it is the falsest dignity, the refusing to test by experiment this sanitary agent because quacks may have practised it.

"Many or most believers in mesmerism are grossly ignorant, or possess only such a smattering of knowledge as puffs up and misleads." Agreed. They are in this respect almost on a level with the general body of English medical practitioners. The art of healing in England is studied too much as a mere trade, and too little as a liberal profession. Physicians alone are expected to have enjoyed a university education; and the education in our English universities is so remote from the realities of the age, that few of them learn how to bring it to bear upon their professional pursuits. The surgeons and apothecaries (upon whom devolves by far the larger proportion of medical practice) enter upon their professional studies without any preliminary scientific training whatever. They work away in dissecting-rooms and chemical laboratories. They pick up the latest experiments and theories from lectures or periodicals. They become clever manipulators, without comprehensive systematic views; and the technical language of physiology or chemistry becomes in their mouths mere parrots' jargon. The intellectual tone of the profession was not unfairly represented by Sir Astley Cooper, in the hackneyed boast of his lectures that he knew nothing about medicine, although he did not scruple to take fees for practising it. Thus it is not easy to determine whether in the course of a twelve years' controversy more crude empiricism has been displayed by the adherents, or the opponents, of mesmerism, among medical men. If the former have too often disfigured their statements, and incurred well-founded suspicion of their reliability by chattering about "magnetic fluids," and such-like mysterious substances and agencies, the existence of which they assume without evidence; the latter have quite as often denied the truth of averments, not on the ground of preponderating evidence or adverse testimony, but because they were irreconcilable with the existing theories of medical practitioners. The question at issue is not by what agency the mesmeric phenomena are produced, but whether they really exist, and whether they are attended by the beneficial consequences which Dr. Elliotson attributes to them? The earnest seeker of truth will not discredit a story because it is told in unphilosophical terms—because the narrator has apprehended it in an unphilosophical manner. He will endeavor to discover, through the veil of an absurd phraseology, the simple facts averred; and he will then examine impartially the evidence which supports or discredits them.

"Many averments made by mesmerists are obviously false and exaggerated." The word "obviously" implies a misconception. The averments of mesmerists regarding the phenomena of coma, somnambulism, &c., and the possibility of producing these states by artificial means, are all of them more or less contradictory to the prevailing opinions of society. The greater or less degree in which they are contradictory, is no test of their probability. In an entirely new range of inquiry, harmony with previous conceptions is no guide. The sultan in the story who swallowed all sorts of European ghost stories, revolted at the idea of water being rendered solid by extreme cold. A philosophical inquirer into the reality of mesmeric phenomena will set to work unbiassed by any prepossession, quite as much in the case of its most marvellous as of its most seeming simple tales. He will demand the same evidence for the production of the simple magnetic sleep, as for the existence of the state in which consciousness is alleged to be diffused through our whole being, and perception to be extended through all time and space. Supposing the investigation challenged by Dr. Elliotson to relate simply to the former class of phenomena, these can only be substantiated by a wider range of inquiry. In vital phenomena, experiment, unless accompanied and checked by

extensive simple observation, is delusive in the extreme. When experiments are made upon living subjects, a non-normal state is superinduced. False inferences are almost certain to be drawn, unless the phenomena produced by the experiments are compared with observations of the corresponding phenomena spontaneously and naturally developed. The inquiry by which Dr. Elliotson's views must be confirmed or overturned, involves careful collection and strict scrutiny of all cases of coma, somnambulism, and other corresponding states, spontaneous or artificially excited, that can be collected by the most accurate and veracious observers during a protracted period.

That we are entitled to look for such an investigation, few dispassionate persons, we think, will doubt, when they read Dr. Elliotson's deliberate assertion published in the *Zoist* some months back:

In my pamphlet *On Painless Surgical Operations in the Mesmeric State*, I, in 1843, recorded one amputation, one removal of a cancerous breast, one division of the ham-strings, one introduction of a seton, one removal of an excrescence, one opening of an abscess, two severe operations on the jaw, &c., and thirty-two teeth extractions—*forty painless operations*. In the *Zoist* are recorded sixteen amputations, the removal of twenty-eight tumors—some enormous, nineteen various operations by incisions of greater or less length, three applications of fire or caustic substances, three cuttings away of cancer of the breast, sixty-seven teeth extractions, three cuttings out of nails, three for hydrocele, one for polypus, one for squinting, three venesections, four introductions of setons and issues—*a hundred and two painless operations*.

We do not see upon what principle those who have welcomed, and in many forms repeated, the experiment of superinducing insensibility upon patients previous to performing surgical operations, by the administration of deleterious gases, (of whose very possible fatal result a melancholy instance will be found in another part of our paper,) should resolutely refuse similar trial to a process of simple manipulation, which is thus strongly and repeatedly averred to have superinduced the required state of insensibility without introducing foreign deleterious substances into the human system. Mesmeric experiments have for the most part been performed by incompetent persons, because the parties most competent to perform them have refused in the pride of their preconceptions. But they are alleged to have been performed successfully not only by Dr. Elliotson, but by several distinguished medical practitioners on the continent; and there have lately been accessions to believers in their curative agency among the most learned chemists of Germany, and their followers in our Edinburgh schools. Such accredited experiments cannot contract any discredit, from the most suspicious that can be related by ignorant quacks. All the reputation of Dr. Elliotson, or the other gentlemen alluded to, does not preclude the possibility of delusion or mystification. But the part he has taken in the controversy has been manly and consistent throughout. The assertions that his practice has declined in consequence may be true; and yet it is very possible he may prove to be in the right. The late Sir Charles Bell told, in one of his lectures, an amusing story of one of his ablest pupils who had nearly been rejected at his examination for answering a question rightly; the examinator being ignorant of Sir Charles' discoveries respecting the nerves. If further dispassionate inquiry should corroborate Dr. Elliotson's views, any loss of practice incurred by propagating them will of course greatly increase his claims to honor and esteem.

Readers who wish to obtain a knowledge of the actual position and progress of mesmeric research, cannot do better than consult the pages of the *Zoist*. It is a record of observations and experiments, for the most part narrated by the parties who have made them. The diseases benefited, according to a host of apparently very creditable witnesses, are not merely of the class of nervous disorders, but extend to affections of the digestive organs, and inflammation generally; and not a few of the most remarkable cases seem to establish its efficacy for the purpose of soothing and procuring sleep in all diseases, while the established methods of treatment are employed. The very inequality of ability displayed in the papers, presents in a lively manner an image of the various classes of intellects engaged in the pursuit. One feature they all possess in common; earnestness, and the appearance of good faith. From the third work mentioned at the head of our article, a general outline of the progress of mesmerism since the time of Mesmer may be gathered. Mr. Sandby's *Mesmerism and its Opponents* has reached a second edition, a compliment due to the liveliness and intelligence with which it is written; and is now published in a cheap form. A considerable part of it is devoted to a vindication of the mesmeric phenomena from the charge of being produced by diabolical agency; and but for the quotations with which the book is interspersed, we certainly could not have believed it necessary to undertake such a task at this day. If Mr. Sandby has failed to convince any readers that the devil has no hand in mesmerism, he has at least proved that there are clergymen who gravely preach that doctrine, and audiences who believe them. Mr. Sandby is somewhat diffuse here and there; but the non-diabolical part of the argument is ably written, and his book is not only lively throughout, but is evidently animated by a spirit of fearless candor that vouches for the integrity of the author.

In conclusion let us say, that should any be reluctant to enter upon the examination of the mesmeric phenomena for fear of being laughed at, they will find citations in Mr. Sandby's work from Jussieu, La Place, and Cuvier, that may possibly reassure them. Jussieu, in the separate report he made to the French government, said of one class of mesmeric facts: "They are sufficient to make us admit the possibility or existence of a fluid or agent, which is communicated from one

man to another—and sometimes exercises on the latter a sensible influence." La Place declared "that the testimony in favour of the truth of mesmerism, coming with such uniformity from enlightened men of many nations, who had no interest to deceive, and possessed no possible means of collusion, was such that, applying to it his own principles and formulas respecting human evidence, he could not withhold his assent to what was so strongly supported." And Cuvier admitted that "the effects produced by mesmerism no longer permit it to be doubted that the proximity of two living bodies, in certain positions and with certain motions, has a real result, independent of all participation of the imagination."

From the Spectator.

THE LAW OF THE HAMPDEN CASE.

THE opinions delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday, by the four judges, form no decision of the Hampden case. As the voices for and against granting a mandamus were two to two, none was granted, and the application fell to the ground. That estops the judicial investigation of the subject; as there are no formal grounds for referring it to a higher authority by appeal.

But although the voices on the technical application were two to two, the judgments were in effect much more diverse. Mr. Justice Erle stood by the statute of Henry the Eighth in its usual and peremptory acceptation; regarding all forms and semblances of election, judicial confirmation, &c., as mere shadows and pretences. On the other hand, Lord Denman would not issue the writ because he presumed the fitness of the episcopal candidate to have been predetermined by competent authority. Mr. Justice Coleridge interpreted the statute of Henry the Eighth in a non-natural sense. Mr. Justice Patteson did not do so, but presumed its penalties to apply only to *improper* delays in effecting the stages of the episcopal appointment; he supposed the act of confirmation to retain its judicial character untouched by that statute; and finally, wavering in great doubt as to any ultimate conclusion, he inclined to grant the mandamus, because that *might* be right, and if wrong the error could be corrected on appeal. The decisions therefore stand thus: Erle thought the statute absolute as to the purely ministerial character of the episcopational process; Coleridge thought that it could not be "so blasphemous a contrivance;" Patteson was full of doubt, and would grant the writ in order to further argument; Denman thought the writ uncalled for in the particular case.

The law regulating the appointment of bishops, then, is in a state of perfect doubt and obscurity; the court cannot determine or elucidate the law; obstruction and litigation may arise on every such act of the royal prerogative; it is impossible, therefore, that the legislature should delay to interpose in order to settle at least those points which raise the scandalous and gratuitous contests. The election, which is no election, but "a mere mockery and a shadow"—the confirmation, at which opposers are cited to appear, forbidden to appear, and censured for not appearing—evidently must be swept away; and if the intervention of dean and chapter and archbishop be retained, it will probably be in some purely and professedly ministerial act of registration.

But even then, the appointment of bishops would remain as an anomaly in the circle of the public appointments: there is an appointment for life with no security for revision of the appointment even if the person should be unfit or incapable, and the crown should have been deluded by false information. The royal prerogative might be exercised in favor of a scapegrace, a heretic, or a madman, and yet there is apparently no means of revising the appointment. In other cases of official appointment, the candidate is selected, or at least adopted, by responsible advisers of the crown who are more or less connected with his own department; the home office is answerable for legal and other domestic appointments, the foreign office for diplomatic, the commander-in-chief for military, the board of admiralty for naval appointments, and so forth. But in the Hampden case, it appears, a high ecclesiastical office was conferred upon the candidate by advice of the lay minister, Lord John Russell; and a question arising as to the fitness of that candidate, there is found to be no opportunity of revising the appointment. There has been no authentic ecclesiastical sanction of it; the minister formally responsible for having advised it is a layman; the allegations against the fitness of the candidate cannot be examined; and, for anything that authentically appears, the royal prerogative may have been exercised on behalf of a wholly improper person. We do not by any means say that it is so; but on the face of the authentic records there is nothing to prove the contrary.

This anomaly has hitherto been to some extent concealed by the forms of the election and confirmation; but on the removal of those forms it will be nakedly displayed. There seems to be wanted in the ecclesiastical department, some party to advise the crown who shall be at once responsible and technically informed. The archbishops are technically informed, but they are not responsible, their offices being fixed; the responsible advisers of the crown, being laymen, are not technically informed. There are ecclesiastics in the privy council, but it does not appear that they have any recognized or practical control over the selection of candidates. To create an ecclesiastical secretary of state would be an innovation, and might (unless the office were enlarged to that of instruction generally) excite considerable disturbance of the public mind. But perhaps every desirable object might be attended by embodying in the privy council a distinct standing committee on ecclesiastical administration. It would call into existence no new machinery, and would quite accord with the general character of our official system.

From the Spectator.

LOW'S SARAWAK: MARRYAT'S BORNEO AND THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

THE enterprise and success of Mr. Brooke has not only turned attention towards Borneo and its vicinity, but has been the means of drawing voyagers thither. His presence at home, as a real live rajah, has also given a temporary attraction to the subject of the Indian Archipelago, which its intrinsic importance would not so readily have attained. In addition to Captain Keppell's work embodying Mr. Brooke's journal, two publications relating to the same region are before us, and another is promised in the advertisements.

Of the works that have now arrived, Mr. Hugh Low's is the more scientific, minute, informing, and complete. Mr. Marryat's embraces a wider extent of region; has more narrative and adventure, greater rapidity of narrative, and a more sketchy style, yet cleverly exhibiting the leading outlines of what comes before the observer. In the *Sarawak* of Mr. Low, the reader is presented with very full information respecting the district assigned to Mr. Brooke as rajah, with observed or collected information respecting other parts of the island. In Mr. Marryat's *Borneo and the Indian Archipelago*, the country Mr. Low explored is also visited, but with a tourist's rapidity, and of course superficially, though the externals are well presented. Mr. Marryat's naval duties, however, took him to very many places in the Archipelago besides Borneo. To give a fuller idea of both books, it will be necessary to consider them separately.

Mr. Hugh Low is now colonial secretary at Labuan or Labuh-an, the uninhabited island off Borneo ceded by the sultan of that country to the English; but, if he held the appointment on the cession of the place, there was nothing then to do, and he passed thirty months at the town of Sarawak, in pursuit of his calling as a naturalist, more especially a botanist; making continual trips into the interior, to observe nature, collect specimens, and acquire knowledge from and about the inhabitants. He also accompanied Mr. Brooke on excursions, and more than once visited the capital city, Brunk. His tours, however, are only alluded to incidentally; and consist for the most part of anecdotes illustrative of the subject under discussion. The title, "Sarawak, its Inhabitants and Productions," succinctly expresses the contents of the book. In successive chapters, Mr. Low considers the geography of the island—so far as it is known, its mineral treasures, and its animal and vegetable productions; the district of Sarawak being, of course, more elaborately treated. The inhabitants are discoursed of in like manner, with some historical touches on the question of race. In this part, as in the division relating to natural history, the fullest and most lifelike accounts refer to the country under Mr. Brooke's dominion. The Malays or conquering race, the sea dyaks or pirates, of whom we have heard so much, and the land dyaks, analogous to the serfs of Europe, are described in their persons, institutions, customs, and character, with that specific and truthful manner which arises from original knowledge.

It will be seen that Mr. Low's arrangement bears some resemblance to that of a geographical dictionary: it has, however, but little of the dryness of such a work. Though not remarkable for animation or art, Mr. Low writes sufficiently well; he is engaged upon his own science, or analogous subjects; and he considers them with that precision and knowledge which induce perfect distinctness, and impart an air of life. When he wanders into the forest or the jungle, we seem to see, without visible effort on his part, the strange forms with the rich foliage and flowers of tropical vegetation. In his rambles through the country, or his sojourns in the town, we obtain a very distinct idea of the cultivation, houses, dress, (or no dress,) and customs of the natives; while his descriptions and anecdotes convey a good picture of their social state. The novelty and freshness of the subject, as well as the interest it possesses, may contribute to the attraction of the volume. Mr. Low states, in apology for the incompleteness of some sections of his work, that he had left part of his notes behind him, not having contemplated publication when he came home. The book, however, may be recommended as the latest and fullest account we have of an island some portion of which is likely soon to be ours.

When the licentious tyranny of the chiefs is put an end to, some approach made to a bearable government, and the security of the neighboring seas established by the destruction of the pirates or the abolition of piracy, Borneo promises to be a place of great commerce, as well in what it gives as in what it takes. Its mineral and vegetable productions are numerous and important; some rare; some, we believe, new. Coal is found there; and, the most attractive of all, gold itself is met with under singular circumstances.

"The gold is found in three situations; in crevices of limestone rocks, in alluvial soil, and in the sand and gravel of the rivers; it is found chiefly on the western and southern portions of the island, but is not obtained in any quantities to the northward. In Sarawak, Sambas, Sangow, and Banjar, it appears most to abound. In Sarawak, it is found in all parts of the country on the right hand or western branch of the river, beyond the influence of the tides; it is found also in the southern branch, but in less considerable quantities. In the crevices of the limestone above mentioned it is worked by Malays.

"Last year I accompanied Mr. Brooke on a visit to the rocks. The place they were then working was about four miles inland from the river, and about that distance from Seniáwan and Tundong. This place was called Battu Kaladi, and was a limestone hill about 200 feet in height, the surface of which was worn, like all the limestone rocks of the country, apparently by water, into ridges so sharp that it would have been exceedingly dangerous to have fallen upon them. Amongst these ridges were holes, very small, continuations of

which penetrated into the heart of the mountain, some of them being forty or more feet in depth. The only difficulty appeared to be in the labor of making the aperture sufficiently large to admit the miner; but this accomplished, on his descent he found the bottom, which invariably opened to a cave, covered with earth of a loamy nature. This, on being brought to the surface in baskets, was washed, and we were told produced a bengkal of gold, about one and three quarters of an ounce, from each bushel of earth; from six to ten or twelve bushels being found in each cave, according to its size. It was accordingly a very gainful speculation, and the working of it was carried on by all the idle and poorer classes of the community of Sarawak; so much so, that it was difficult to hire men for ordinary work.

"Gamblers repaired to this employment, and a few weeks' exertion soon repaired their ruined fortunes; so that, by supplying them with funds to encourage them in this vice, it is perhaps no advantage to the settlement. The Chinese, who were not permitted by the Malays to work in the rock, were quietly trenching the earth at the foot of the hill, which they had long worked for the same purpose, and with more certainty of profit, as it is not always that the caves, after the labor expended in getting into them, are found to produce the coveted metal.

"How the gold should be discovered in these fissures at all is very remarkable, and perhaps may afford a curious fact for the study of geologists and mineralogists; it cannot have descended from any place higher, as the caves are found on the highest as well as on the lowest parts of the surface of the flat-topped hill; nor, after repeated examinations of the limestone, is the slightest trace of the metal discoverable in it; the surface of the rock is but scantily furnished with earth, and that is of a vegetable nature. It is true that the whole of the soil of the surrounding district is alluvial, and strongly impregnated with gold, but not to nearly so great an extent as that found in the fissures above described; hence the soil in these differs in the relative quantities it contains. The golden shower into which Jupiter is fabled to have transformed himself appears to have fallen here.

"Antimony is found in a vein in the same rock, the fissures of which produced the gold above described."

BORNESE SPIDERS.

"The spiders, so disgusting in appearance in many other countries, are here of quite a different nature, and are the most beautiful of the insect tribe. They have a skin of a shell-like texture, furnished with curious processes, in some long, in others short, in some few, in others numerous; but are found of this description only in thick woods and shaded places; their colors are of every hue, brilliant and metallic as the feathers of the humming-bird, but are, unlike the bright colors of the beetle, totally dependent on the life of the insect which they beautify; so that it is impossible to preserve them."

MIDDLE CLASS OF SARAWAK.

"The nakodahs of Sarawak are now men of wealth, and traders on a large scale, some of the boats recently built being as large as 100 tons. They sail annually to Singapore, carrying sago and the other productions of the coast, which they exchange for European goods, Javanese cloths, and brass-work, and the coarse basins and earthen-ware manufactured in China, and brought down by the junks. Until within very recent times none of these people would have been known to possess money sufficient to build a boat, knowing that it would assuredly have been taken from them. Their improved condition is also seen in the appearance of their houses, which three years since were built entirely on nibong posts and of atap leaves; but, finding that the European influence is likely to be permanent, (which at first they feared might not be the case,) all the better classes have within the above-named period raised houses on posts of balean, and with wooden sides, which would be considered palaces in the capital city of Bruni."

HIGH LIFE IN BORNEO.

"It is difficult to conceive how the women of the upper class pass their time confined in the harems of the great: the apartments allotted to them are small and dark, and each wife or concubine has a number of slaves of her own, with whom the other wives do not interfere; their cookery, and all their proceedings, appear to be carried on entirely independent of each other. The indolent enervated persons who now form the principal part of the nobles of Bruni and Sambas confine themselves to the apartments of the women during the whole of the day; what little business they transact being done about ten or eleven at night, which is to them what the day is to other people. They are fond of playing at chess; and those of them who are industrious, as were several of the murdered pañgerans, employed themselves in the manufacture of krises, and the carving and polishing of their beautiful sheaths and handles: in this work they excelled all their subjects. The education of the existing nobles of Bruni has been much neglected; and the greater part of the young nobles, with the sultan at their head, can neither read nor write. Of such a state of things the middle classes of Sarawak would, as has been already observed, be ashamed."

Mr. Marryat served as a midshipman on board the Samarang surveying-ship, in a voyage undertaken to examine the Indian Archipelago; and which, instead of lasting seven years, was cut short at the end of four, in consequence, as Mr. Marryat infers, of the ill-conditioned behavior and unpopularity of her captain, Sir Edward Belcher. The active midshipman occupied himself in sketching what features he saw in those distant regions; and his first intention was to publish fac-similes of his drawings of costume and scenery, so as to convey the truth, such as he saw and could delineate, without improvements or making-up by an artist, who "composes scenery of foliage not indigenous to the country, but introduced to make a good picture." To his drawings Mr. Marryat was advised to add letter-press; he has therefore had recourse to his own journal, and the logs of some of his messmates on occasions when he was not present to give an account of the voyage of the Samarang, the scenes they saw, and the adventures they met with.

There is a narrative of the passage from Spithead; but the voyage really commences from Singapore, and embraces a survey of the coasts of Borneo, and of the islands of the Indian Archipelago as far as Celebes in the parallel of New Guinea towards the south, reaching even to Japan

northwards. The chief intermediate places touched at were Manilla, Singapore, Hong-kong, Chusan, the Loo Choo group, and a great number of islands whose names are unknown, and some of which are uninhabited. All teem with novelty of scenery, or of men, or both. It is to be regretted that no map is published with either of the two volumes. When the region is virtually unknown, a map is necessary from that circumstance itself; and if it has already been surveyed it is a great assistance to the reader, who may not have one at hand.

The requirements of service, the subordinate position of a midshipman, and, as is intimated, the obstacles which the captain of the Samarang often interposed to the indulgence of relaxation, pleasure, or observation, were not favorable to leisurely inquiry; nor perhaps, had the opportunities offered, was Mr. Frank Marryat's the species of genius to have profited by them. There is something of Captain Marryat's natural, truthful, and effective, yet rather superficial style in the sketches. They bring the scene before us; they please the mind, and satisfy the reader. We see the promenade at Manilla, with its mixture of classes—pure Spanish, half-breeds, English residents, and frank and free naval officers; the reader is present, though our author was not, at Captain Belcher's attack upon the prahus, which he took for pirates, and where he evidently seems to have been precipitous; we mount with the party up the perpendicular sides of the hills in Sarawak, where the practised natives, "to the manner born," laughed at the awkwardness and terrors of the tars; and so it is wherever Frank Marryat carries us. But if the reader is desirous of full, solid, and specific information, especially if he wants to use it for didactic purposes, he must resort to the pages of others.

The following sketch of a scene at Borneo, when the diplomatic interferers, after waiting a week, got tired out and determined to bring matters to a crisis, may be taken as a sample of the midshipman's style.

DIPLOMATISTS AT BORNEO.

"At seven in the evening the party repaired to the audience-chamber, leaving their arms behind them; for they felt that any effort from five Europeans to defend themselves against so many hundreds, would be unavailing, and that more would be gained by a show of indifference. They landed at the platform; and the barge, in which were Lieutenant Baugh (since dead) and myself, was ordered to lie on her oars abreast of the audience-chamber, and to keep her 6-pounder, in which there was a fearful dose of grape and canister, pointed at the sultan himself during the whole of the interview.

"It was an anxious time; the audience-chamber was filled with hundreds of armed men, in the midst of whom were five Europeans dictating to their sultan. The platform outside was crowded with the wild and fearless Maruts: not a native in the city but was armed to the teeth and anxious for the fray.

"We, on our parts, were well prepared for fearful vengeance; the barge was so placed that the assassination of Mr. Brooke and the Europeans would have been revenged on the first discharge of our gun by the slaughter of hundreds; and in the main street lay the steamer, with a spring on her cable, her half ports up, and guns loaded to the muzzle, awaiting, as if by instruction, for the discharge of the gun from the barge to follow up the work of death. The platform admitted one of the steamer's guns to look into the audience-chamber, the muzzle was pointed direct at the sultan, a man held the lighted tow in his hand. Every European on board had his musket ready loaded, and matters assumed a serious appearance.

"From where I was on the barge, all appeared hushed in the audience-room. I could see the prime minister, Muda, and Budrudden, as they rose in turn to speak. I could perceive by the motion of their lips that they were talking, but not a sound came to our ears. This state of things lasted about half an hour; and then there was a slight stir, and Mr. Brooke and his party marched towards us through the crowd of warriors.

"By dint of threats he had gained his point. The sultan had signed a treaty, by which he bound himself to respect the British flag, to make over to us the island of Labuan, to destroy the forts on Pulo-Cheremon, to discountenance piracy, and to instal Muda and Budrudden into offices becoming their birth and high rank.

"I have since heard Mr. Brooke remark, that, considering the natives were well aware that our guns were directed against them, the self-possession and coolness shared by every one of them were worthy of admiration. They never showed the slightest emotion; their speeches were free from gesticulation, and even their threats were conveyed in a quiet subdued tone; and everything was carried on with all the calmness and deliberation that might be expected at a cabinet council at St. James'."

This advancement of Mr. Brooke's friends, if made, as it doubtless was, with their own consent, did not last long. They were all shortly murdered by the imbecile sultan and his advisers; which drew upon him another visit from the British navy, and a still more unpalatable treaty. Some if not all of the princes died with the spirit of the ancient sea-kings; a race which the Borneo nobles are said greatly to resemble.

"It was here that we heard the news of the murder of our old friends Rajah Muda and Budrudden. It appeared that they had been accused of being privy to the attack of the English on Maludu, and supporting our claims to the island of Labuan. Budrudden died as he had lived, a brave man and worthy of a better fate. On the approach of his enemies, he retired to his house with his sister and favorite wife, both of whom insisted upon sharing his destiny. For some time he fought like a lion against a superior force, until his servants one by one fell dead. He then retired, dangerously wounded, to an inner chamber, with his wife and sister, and allowing his enemies to follow him till the house was filled with them, he fired his pistol into a barrel of gunpowder, which had been placed in readiness, and at once destroyed himself, his friends, and his enemies. But this barbarous murder on the part of the Sultan of Borneo and his advisers was not left unpunished. Sir Thomas Cochrane went to Brunì with his squadron, and reduced the sultan to submission, and a proper respect for the English and those who were friendly with them."

The plates are a very conspicuous feature in Mr. Marryat's work, and exhibit considerable ar-

tistical ability for an amateur. His single figures and still-life often look like transcripts from nature. His groups convey an idea of the reality; but a want of art in composition is visible, except in the Chinese Joss-House facing the title. The two priests are perfect monks; the two figures in the foreground are "Celestial" demons; and the whole impresses the notion which has often been advanced, of the resemblance of some of the religious forms of the further Asiatics to those of the Romish Church.

From the Spectator, 15 January.

THE IRRATIONAL DEFENCELESSNESS.

The various disputants on the subject of national defence, this week, have followed suit, the advocates of strengthened forces pursuing their representations only, without the production of any new documents of very great mark; and the opposite party pursuing their course in a totally different direction. The sidelong and insinuating persuasions to which the advocates of continued defencelessness resort are curious.

One who argues in the free-trade interest, and seems to think it a merit to exclude every view but the one from his own point, relies for the maintenance of peace on the advance of civilization and the growth of opinion against war. Doubtless these principles will have influence, in their due season and degree. But, to establish the present existence of such an opinion, he asserts that our successful expeditions to Washington and Copenhagen "are now regarded as more injurious and disgraceful to England than to Denmark and the United States." By whom? Certainly the bulk of the English people have not yet learned to forswear the achievements of Nelson, the most popular of all our victorious commanders. It is not true that our people repent the *victories* which we have gained, however they may blame our official rulers for impolitic management of war. And even if England were peopled by Sturges and Gurneys, which it is not, any more than the United States are peopled by Channings and Elihu Burritts, other European countries are not so.

Much has been made of the Duke of Wellington's institution of a comparison between 1804 and the present time, because of his admission that we were at war then and are at peace now: and it is contended, that as Napoleon thought better of his intent then, the Prince de Joinville would do so now. *Non sequitur*. It is not certain that Napoleon was more than half in earnest in 1804: the collection of the flotilla served to fill a gap in his plans of continental aggression, and to amuse the people on whose passions he was achieving his own rise. He had no steamers. He had not a Waterloo to pay off. He was shrewder than most men. And if we were at war then, we were consequently so much the better furnished to resist aggression. Technically, we are now at peace; but it is a peace that has been seriously shaken, by the Syrian war, the Spanish marriages, and other misunderstandings. There is an actual dispute on the subject of Switzerland; the death of an unfortunate and sickly young lady might revive one of the most embarrassing international questions, the Spanish succession; the death of Louis Philippe might precipitate many provocatives to dissension. Since our "cordial" alliance with France in the early years of the present French dynasty, war, at no remote period, has not seemed so imminent as it does now; and a sense that it is so is universally manifested throughout Europe.

But, we are assured, there must be *notice* of war; and the Paris telegraph would convey the notice with the utmost promptitude—if the French government allowed it. Declarations of war have been usual, but not without exception; and the next attack on England will probably be without notice, beyond that already conveyed in the avowed desire to surprise us. If we have never been so surprised before—though we have a faint impression of something that once happened at Chatham—it does not follow that we never shall be. When rash nurses are warned that their infant charges are running into danger, it is a common answer to say, "Oh! it has never happened yet;" and the principle of non-intervention is pursued till the child falls out of the window, or burns itself. Nothing ever does happen till the first time. A passive reliance on mere past non-occurrence may be called the anile species of courage.

Allusions are made to the Duke of Wellington's letter, as if he overlooked the protection afforded by the fleet in the channel. Not so. The prudent old warrior does not discuss that branch of the subject, for obvious reasons. His letter forms only part of the correspondence with Sir John Burgoyne, and something had evidently been said by Sir John, or some other party to the discussion, respecting the inefficiency of the fleet. The duke says, "We have no defence, or hope of defence, except in our fleet;" and afterwards, "But as we stand now, *and if it be true* that the exertions of *the fleet alone* are *not sufficient* for our defence, we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war." He had been told that the fleet was no sufficient defence—a statement corroborated by the tract of Admiral Bowles: he replies, in substance, that if the fleet is insufficient, we have no military defence to rely upon; and to that, the military branch of the question exclusively, he devotes his share of the correspondence. Something has since been done to improve our naval defences; but has an efficient fleet yet been called into existence? Admiral Bowles says not.

One great newspaper-military authority—who seems to assume that a militia would be as costly per man and as permanently on duty as a regular standing army—informs us that an adequate steam fleet, as a guard in the channel, would be less expensive and more efficient. Perhaps so. Our contemporary, who takes a seat in every council of war, and as it were writes in born epaulettes, is not so modest as his brother officer the Duke of Wellington, but vouchsafes also revelations on the

naval as well as military topics. He seems to be better versed in Torrens than in Cocker; for his figures are evidently fallacious.

The question at present, however, is not of cost, but of efficiency. Adequate security must, at almost any cost, certainly at even greater cost than has been suggested on the *rational* defence side, be a true economy. It does not follow that increased efficiency should entail increased expense: we have shown, long years ago, and oftener than once, that the army might be made more efficient concurrently with a saving of expenditure, by better organization and improved morale. That is a very proper question to be revived by military economists, but is not the one immediately before us—which is, *whether our present defences are sufficient for safety.*

Many assure us, that if 50,000 Frenchmen did land, they would not return. They would all be slaughtered like geese at Michaelmas, and would be thrown as a nuisance on the sanatory commissioners, Mr. Mackinnon, and others interested in the subject of effectual interment. It needed no ghost to tell that; we have said as much from the first. The assurance, however, is not thoroughly satisfactory. What if we did expunge the invaders? For our part, we profess that we have no sort of desire to destroy fifty thousand Frenchmen. It would not be a pleasant battue. It would have disagreeable and inconvenient sequels. We deprecate any occasion for it.

Nor does it follow that the French or any other invaders must come in numbers so vast: five thousand might inflict disgrace on some defenceless post; five hundred might insult British blood at Herne Bay, or even inflict indelible shame on the empire at Osborne House, if we were not adequately prepared with a police to keep order. What ulterior victory would wipe out that disgrace?

It is not victory that we should seek, but immunity—the immunity of strength. Everybody recollects the anecdote of Dr. Johnson, who accidentally hustled a porter: the big fellow laid down his burden, turned to resent the affront, surveyed the doctor's ponderous back, thought a moment, took up his load again, and walked on in peace. Nothing so enables a man to be peaceful as manifest overwhelming strength—not aggressive displays, but strength in repose. That is what England can and ought to possess.

We are not advocating any particular plans. Many resources of strength have been suggested, with the modes of applying them. It is, for example, a very proper question, whether our permanent strength might not be economically concentrated by recalling troops from our colonies, and leaving the dependencies to the defence of colonial corps: a suggestion that opens divers ulterior questions of colonial government, representation, and other matters. Still it is very proper to be considered: but the immediate question, we repeat, is, *whether we are safe as we are*—is our defence sufficient? if not, what would make it so?

It is a question which it concerns us to settle, not for the futherance of war, nor solely for the maintenance of our own honor, but for the continuance of peace throughout Europe. If England is the nation most disposed to peace, it is well that she should be best prepared to preserve it. It is in the interest of peace, of true economy, of undisturbed tranquillity at home, that we call for authentic proof of efficient defences.

From the Spectator.

MRS. CROWE'S NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE.

A WELL-CHOSEN collection of ghost-stories, second-sight tales, fulfilled dreams, and other incidents of a supernatural kind, is a want in our literature; much more a really critical book upon the subject. To a certain point, such works must proceed upon the same principle. The popular collection should as strictly eschew merely vulgar stories, or apparitions without drift or character, as the more critical review; at the same time, it should as accurately trace up every tale to its original source, so that the reader should have distinctly before him the exact authorities upon which the accounts rest; since, very often, if they were thoroughly sifted, they would from their time or character be found to be totally unworthy of credit, or not possessing the *kind* of credit that would be requisite to establish an improbable natural fact, much more a supernatural story. At this stage the critical exposition would begin. In the case of ghosts, it would be the critic's duty to see whether the appearance might probably arise from the now well-known spectral illusions of disease, or from that delusion of the senses which takes place when we see objects in an imperfect light, especially if the eye suddenly rests upon them—as when awakened from a dream, or opening the eyes after they have long been shut. Perhaps there are few persons whose slumbers are disturbed but have seen objects of a spectral appearance, which are resolved into some article of drapery, &c., on rising in the bed or approaching still closer. It would also be the duty of the inquirer, in case of alleged warnings by these visitations, to reflect how far they were explainable by dreams excited by previous feeling. Above all, it would be necessary to consider what grounds there were for apprehending trick, mystification, or hoax; or whether the narrator of the tale might himself invent it to divert attention from a predetermined suicide—as was alleged to be the case with the second Lord Lyttleton. The writer should likewise deduce the principles which these narratives contain—as the remote and roundabout manner in which ghostly business is invariably done, as Grosse observed; or the well-known law that ghosts never speak first; or a rule that, we believe, is equally established—when any murder is to be mentioned, deathly warning conveyed, or other deep mystery transacted, the apparition comes in the dead of the night—when the object is only to terrify or annoy, the visitant disregards

the crowing of the cock and besets his victims by day.

"Dreams remarkably fulfilled" would be subjected to a similar scrutiny. Was the subject one which the person was likely to think upon, and thus to dream about? was he likely to consider any conclusion, and so interested as unconsciously to argue causes, too subtile to be recorded in his mind? or—since every movement of a pebble is now said to exercise an (imperceptible) influence on the gravitation of the whole of our solar system—were the subject and the warning likely to have been influenced by any previous thought of the dreamer, now forgotten? The following story will illustrate some of the principles we are endeavoring to trace. It is new to us, and differs from the generality of similar solemn warnings by the poetical and even philosophical light in which hell is represented.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which, from the extreme profligacy of its members and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B., who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipations.

One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Mr. Archibald B. having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:—

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse, that he always rode, and that he was proceeding toward his own house—then a country-seat embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying, "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth; who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to fly, but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was still beside him, till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but, instead of being dashed to the earth, as he expected, he found himself falling—falling—falling still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth.

At length, a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. ".Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but, instead of the cries, and groans, and lamentings, the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth, and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, employment, or pursuit of man on earth, but was here being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. "There the young and lovely still swam through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitements of the goaded race! There, over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of Mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view."

He soon perceived that he was amongst old acquaintance, whom he knew to be dead; and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend Mrs. D.—whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requesting her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with a cry of agony, she answered, that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures: and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "There is no rest in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in his bosom an ever-burning flame! These, they said, were the pleasures of hell; their choice on earth was now their inevitable doom! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but, as he quitted him, he said, "Remember! in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and, having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again; resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table; when the president, rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap-year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c. &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but, ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts; till, in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home Some hours afterwards, the horse was found, with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road-side about half-way between the city and Mr.

B.'s house; whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

Now, as I have said in introducing this story, it is no fiction; the circumstance happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative has been reprinted.

The first thing a critic would have to note here would be, that in referring to little-known books, the title should be given, especially place, date, and publisher's name. Secondly, nothing is more likely than that a man who had thrown away good opportunities should brood over his misdeeds during those periods of depression which ensue, when the stomach and nervous system are suffering from the languor and disturbance of over-excitement. If Mr B had been religiously brought up, as is probable from the age and locality, he might rather have stifled than altogether have discarded his belief. Nothing was therefore more natural than for him to dream upon the subject of hell. The warning is equally natural. In all such cases, (and in his childhood he had doubtless heard of many, for they are common enough,) the time for a second visitation is fixed, sometimes with an object, sometimes without. Inevitable associations in Mr. B.'s mind would fix upon some date; and such warnings, like certain prophecies, tend greatly to their own fulfilment; besides, few things are more likely than that a drunken rider should be thrown from his horse and killed. The curious part is the precise and appropriate features of hell; for few will incline to think (as Mrs. Crowe almost seems to do) that the character of future punishment should be shrouded in darkness for thousands of years to be revealed in a vision to a profligate of Glasgow; and that without attaining its apparent end. It is possible that the fever in the region of the chest might have suggested the idea.

Mrs. Crowe's *Night-Side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-Seers*, aims at being, not critical, but philosophical. The writer speculates upon the unseen and unknown world, as well as narrates its wonders; having derived some of her views from the German mystical and mesmeric writers. One of her notions is, that there may really be, as ancient mythology held, a threefold future state—a place of bliss, a place of torture, and an intermediate state, where the ghosts are neither in weal nor woe, but exceedingly dissatisfied and grumbling, and consisting of persons who in this world had no character at all. Mrs. Crowe believes in witchcraft and animal magnetism; and she explains various supernatural circumstances by means of the latter, as well as uses it to show the modus operandi of certain occurrences. Sleep she inclines to think a retrograde step towards instinct, which may render its decisions truer than those of waking reason; she also inclines to hold that we have a double life—one for waking and one for sleeping, as well as a double person (or we mistake her)—the soul, or rather something material, being able to leave the body and go abroad by itself; and so she goes on, not passing beyond some of the clairvoyant folks, for that is impossible, but pretty well coming up to them.

Many of her tales are much better than her philosophies. Some, indeed, have a touch of the true spectral thrill about them; but others are trivial, or vulgar, or inherently bad. Mrs. Crowe, too, frequently omits to quote any authority; and when she does quote, her references are mostly vague, not specifying the book, but merely the writer's name. Besides much idle matter, there are, we think, some omissions of good. But the arrangement is complete. Warnings, presentiments, wraiths, double dreaming, trance, doppel-gangers or doubles, ghosts, haunted houses, spectral lights, and family apparitions, (as the Irish Banshee,) are all handled in their turn; as well as miscellaneous and philosophical topics. From the writer's faith we, of course, totally dissent; and a better book of ghostly tales might be made without much difficulty; but those who like to go "trembling to their beds," will find a good deal of suitable matter in *The Night-Side of Nature;* only let them take care to avoid chapters whose titles are too profound.

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN BELCHER'S NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE OF THE SAMARANG.*

These volumes give the official and authorized account of the surveying voyage of the Samarang in the Eastern Archipelago, the Northern Seas of China, and Japan; furnishing the information in which Mr. Frank Marryat's book was deficient, and filling up gaps which his slight and sketchy narrative of necessity passed over. Besides much fuller geographical and practical information, Captain Belcher's *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang* contains a more sober view of men and things than the rather artistical and literary *pictures* of the midshipman. The reader has a much closer and more mature view of the ministers and monarchs of those distant regions, with information as to the policy, if it can be called such, of the trading and piratical peoples, than a subordinate officer could attain. "Notes" are appended to the nautical narrative on the natural history of the islands, by Mr. Adams, assistant-surgeon to the expedition; and a capital map of the Archipelago, and charts of the more important places surveyed, accompany the volumes. There is also a pretty copious vocabulary, for practical objects, of ten languages exclusive of Spanish, spoken in those seas, with some remarks on their character and structure.

As far as mere amusing reading is concerned, Mr. Marryat's volume may be found preferable:

* Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang, during the years, 1843-46; employed surveying the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; accompanied by a brief vocabulary of the principal languages. Published under the authority of the lords commissioners of the admiralty By Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., C. B., F. R. A. S., &c. &c., commander of the expedition. With notes on the natural history of the islands, by Arthur Adams, assistant surgeon, R. N. In two volumes.

those who wish to comprehend the scope and result of the voyage, to get a clear view of the character and policy of the principal peoples of those parts, to judge of our prospects of quickly opening an extensive trade with the Archipelago, and to form a distinct geographical idea of the region, must possess themselves of Captain Belcher's work. Nor will it, amid its instruction, be found unattractive. The minute geographical description occasionally impedes the narrative; but it has novelty of scenery and character, a sprinkling of adventure, and the interest which attends upon that Eastern Archipelago, still shrouded in the sort of mystery that always hangs about the distant unknown; for although Captains Belcher and Keppell with Mr. Brooke have thrown light upon some of the coast and river districts, the interior of the larger islands is nearly a blank.

This Eastern or Indian Archipelago extends from about 100 to 130 degrees of east longitude, and from 10 degrees of south latitude to about 20 degrees of north. On the west and south, it is bounded by the large islands of Sumatra and Java, with about a dozen smaller, of which the best known is Timor. The eastern boundary is formed by the Philippine and the Molucca or Spice Islands; the Malay Peninsula and Siam run well down from the north along the western side. The upper or northern part of the great basin, shut in or formed by the regions above-mentioned, consists of the Chinese Sea; the lower or southern part is well filled up by Borneo and Celebes; the eastern portion of the middle is dotted by Palawan and the numerous islands of the Sooloo Archipelago. This description, however, is merely a general indication; for there are numerous islands and smaller groups studding the seas within the limits abovementioned, many of which are incorrectly laid down even as regards position, and some even yet unnamed and unknown.

This district was the main scene of Captain Belcher's labors; they were prematurely terminated by his recall at the end of four years, instead of the usual seven; which was unlucky for geography. His survey, however, was extended to the Meia-co-shimas and Loo-Choo islands, between 24° and 27° north latitude, as well as the Korean Archipelago, about the parallel of Japan. He also visited the port of Nangasaki in this self-isolating empire; and, unless diplomatic hypocrisy was carried to a most remarkable pitch, Captain Belcher was received with unusual frankness and friendliness, and "formed a connection" which it is a great pity he had not the opportunity to return and cultivate. The Japanese were acquainted with our doings in China; and they appear well able to draw the distinction between a man-of-war and a trading vessel laden with missionaries and other prohibited goods. They had heard of the Samarang from various quarters; and they had knowledge enough to comprehend the objects of the survey, and policy enough to grant permission to measure the *sea*—the *land*, they said, was forbidden to be measured. It is true, no one was permitted to set foot in the city; but an island was assigned to make observations, although Captain Belcher was afterwards begged not to use it; to which, having completed his observations, he consented. By this and similar prudent measures, etiquette was laid aside and a tolerably confidential intercourse established. Hopes were indeed held out, that, if they would wait, permission to land might be obtained from the superior authorities, to whom a report of the Samarang's arrival had been transmitted; and an invitation was made for the vessel to return, when, landing or no landing, certain curiosities should be ready. From Captain Belcher's account, the Japanese seem to have more of gentlemanly frankness than the Chinese, and to be better educated, at least in useful things—both Dutch and English are taught in a college at Nangasaki to the youths of the higher classes. A painful restraint, resulting from despotism and a system of espionage, appears one of the worst features in their character as it was shown to the expedition. As any really graphic and trustworthy account of this sealed-up empire has not lately reached us, we will draw rather freely on Captain Belcher's pages.

One very intelligent and active person, who seemed to fill the situation of secretary and linguist to the deputation, acted as the medium of communication with our Chinese interpreter, occasionally in characters, but principally *viva voce*. The chief of this deputation, a very prepossessing person, of about fifty-five years of age, and excessively polite, informed me, that although we could not ourselves visit the shore, he had been instructed to prepare a list of any articles which we required, either for the ship or ourselves; and it was fully understood that we were to pay for them, as the prices were named for every article mentioned. Fresh meat, vegetables, water, and spars, were noted for the ship; and fruit and some minor articles for the use of the officers. There were many articles of ornament which I wished to purchase; but the reply was, "If you wait fourteen days, you will have them, as they must be sent for; and if you wish any particular articles manufactured for you, (Japan tables, desks, &c.,) they will be ordered, and prepared for you by your return next year; when it is highly probable that you will be permitted to land." In this I am satisfied they were sincere. * * *

After this, (consenting not to take observations on land,) I soon found a relaxation of formal etiquette; the ship was thronged with strangers, and intercourse on all sides became unrestrained. The greater part of the chiefs begged that I would write my name, with that of the ship, upon their fans; and the two principal presented me with their duplicates, upon which their names were written by the interpreter. Upon some pretence, the three minor authorities were sent to examine the ship; leaving the old chief and the interpreter, who, upon the cabin being cleared, asked many indifferent questions, which probably were not considered proper in the presence of others. He informed me that they were perfectly aware of what had taken place between us and the Chinese; but he could not conceive how they had been brought to *pay the money; promises* he could understand, but their *fulfilment* was beyond his belief. When assured that it was in part paid, and if not paid at the time agreed

on, that we should continue to hold Chusan and Amoy, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "England must be very powerful." He then wished to examine the strength of my arm, by feeling the muscles, afterwards exhibiting his; observing, "I am a larger man, but I am very weak; the English are all strong, though not large." Two of my boats' crew were sent for, as if to perform some duty in the cabin; one an Englishman, about six feet two, and strong in proportion; the other a mulatto, born at Nova Scotia, about six feet, and immensely powerful; the latter surprised him amazingly; he was also one of the handsomest colored men I have seen, and a great favorite on board. Our visitor then minutely examined every part of the cabin and furniture, and repeatedly observed, that if I wished anything made for me, that he would have it executed by the period of my return the ensuing year; and frequently, upon asking if they had articles similar to those noticed by him in my cabin, he replied, wait until the answer from the emperor arrives, and then it is probable that you will be able to judge for yourself. This remark was repeatedly made by the other chiefs, and also by the secretary or interpreter when alone with me. I am therefore satisfied that they believed the "report," as they termed it, would be favorable. Wishing to make some present to the chief, I endeavored to fix his attention upon some object about the cabin; but he evidently avoided the subject. As they seemed to notice the tea which was provided for them, and which was of the finest quality, I took occasion to offer a small ten-pound box of some which I had purchased for the express purpose. Verbally he accepted it, and it was put into his boat; but after he quitted, another boat was sent back with it, possibly because it had not been conveyed thither with sufficient secrecy; for I witnessed the perfect assent of the secretary himself, before it was sent over the side. It is very difficult to obtain good tea either at Japan or Loo-Choo; and at both places they acknowledged that they were unable to obtain from China any of a quality similar to that shown to them, although they had the same character of tea. * *

Many questions were put relative to the Dutch on Desima, and as to whether any of their vessels were in port; but all questions relative to them were evaded; nor did we see or hear of any belonging to that factory. To one observation which I made, relative to the permission which we were informed that the Dutch occasionally obtained for a day's range in the country, it was answered, simply, "The English will obtain more if they are admitted to land." They were extremely inquisitive as to the Frenchmen at Loo-Choo, and distinctly asked if one was a Catholic priest. I understood the question by the gesture; and before my interpreter expounded it, desired him to say that we neither interfered with the affairs of Dutch or French—turning the tables in this instance, upon their own evasions relative to the former. * * *

One of the young students understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, and readily caught at every expression, recording it in his note-book. He had proceeded so far as to write several of the names of the officers in English, when it was probably noticed by some of the authorities; and as my readers have, doubtless, frequently noticed a dead silence amongst a collection of noisy sparrows, followed by a sudden chirrup and flight, without any visible cause, so it happened with these young students; who, without any apparent authority, hurried off very suddenly to the boats. I strongly suspect that many of our visitors were persons of high rank in disguise. The greater number wore two swords—denoting gentlemen of consideration; and from the devices or crests (in solid gold) noticed upon the hilts of those worn by one or two rather distingué individuals, and which I was assured were armorial bearings, and duly acknowledged amongst themselves, I was induced to draw comparisons to similar outlines of the badges on the shoulders of the attendants, who were in their turn designated as the retinue belonging to persons of high rank. Coupling their emblems with those on the swords, and the evident connection of master and follower, I had travelled rather too fast in my chain of reasoning, forgetting that discovery would very soon leave me deserted; and such was the result of my asking if the person behind my nearest friend was one of his retainers. They did not deny it, but shook their heads; and shortly after they stole away leaving me with the old chief. As this was our last day, and the boats would continue to come until a late hour with wood, water, and other supplies, the old chief remained until eight o'clock, and on retiring begged that I would consent to receive him at two o'clock in the morning, and converse until daylight, "such being the custom of the country." To this I consented; the chief departing, but leaving the secretary to see everything complete before he quitted. It was clearly understood that the arrangement for payment was to take place immediately the catalogue was found to be correct; but the secretary now declared, "that it was by an express order of the government that everything had been provided free of cost, and that it was the custom of the country. If a Japan ship goes to your country, I am sure you would do the same; the country bears the expense, it does not come out of the purse of any individual. Finally, I cannot act in the matter you wish; if I should even name it, I should be disgraced, perhaps lose my life." Drawing me to the taffarel, where no one but himself and our interpreter could witness the conversation, he freely acquainted me with the friendly disposition of the chiefs and great people of Nangasaki towards the English; and their hope that on our return the high councillors would consent to our admission—acknowledging freely that it was within their province entirely, (not the emperor's,) and that no man could form any conception as to the view they would take. All he knew was, that kindly expressions had transpired amongst the great chiefs about Nangasaki, and they were generally forerunners of good. Relative to the visit of the chief, he would probably come alone, or be attended by three or four, including himself; and that they would take tea and sweetmeats. Directing the necessary preparations to be made, I took my nap, rising at two, and waiting with considerable anxiety until daylight. No one came; but the heavy rains which fell probably prevented the visit, which I construed into an official act, of seeing all correct up to the moment of sailing.

There is one peculiar feature attending this visit. On all former occasions that Japan has been visited by strangers, an edict has been issued forbidding any return. In this instance the promise to revisit Nangasaki was received with apparent satisfaction, and the chiefs (and it extended to the young men of family) expressed the hope that they might be able to show me their houses and introduce me to their families. They further requested, that I would bring with me cow-pock matter, sulphate of quinine, ipecacuanha, nux vomica, and

other medicines; engaging on their part to have several little commissions executed for me. All these communications were privately made in my cabin, but duly committed to paper. I am therefore far from believing in such consummate hypocrisy as to imagine for an instant that any deceit was practised.

The reader will have remarked the high state of civilization and education indicated by these extracts; but in fact, much more of knowledge exists throughout those regions than might be supposed. In the Korean Archipelago, and the Loo-Choo and Meia-co-shima Islands, the civilization is Chinese, or of a Chinese character; in the Indian Archipelago, it is Malayan, of which the *learning* is Mahometan, except in the Spanish dominions, where the Romish priests have taught a little—not much. Throughout the greater part of those countries, however, there appears to be a conquering race, which not only retains power and its advantages, but very grievously oppresses the aboriginal race or races, (for sometimes they are two, such as were the Britons and Saxons in our own country,) not only by tyrannical modes of government, but by piracy and robbery after the ancient "noble" fashion of Europe. It might, however, have been difficult for a stranger visiting an European noble of the middle ages, to find so much intelligent curiosity on a rather abstract subject of science as was displayed by the chiefs of the island of Sooloo. Danielle, a sort of "opposition" nobleman, had offered his seat to the expedition for their magnetic observations; and thither they went.

The house of Datoo Danielle is situated upon a rising ground, about half a mile inland from the northern limit of the town; and but for the occurrence of occasional disturbances, which render it necessary for each chief of a clan to make his establishment a fortress, would be termed a neat farm. He is surrounded by his relatives at very short distances from his house; forming together the superior class or aristocracy of the island. Here we experienced not only the utmost kindness and attention from our excellent host and his connections, but were freed from the visits of impertinent curiosity. Some of the inland or mountain chiefs, noted for their total disregard of all restraint, paid me a visit at the house of the Datoo, and expressed themselves much attached to their old allies the English. They exhibited great anxiety to view our instruments, but evinced some little restlessness when they found that a compliance with their wish would be attended by disarming; such an operation being deemed nearly tantamount to disgrace. The character and weight of Datoo Danielle was, however, deemed sufficient guarantee against any loss of caste; and they were much delighted by the beauty of the instruments, more particularly by Fox's dipping needle, placed beyond the limits of influencing the more delicate magnetometers. Of the uses of this instrument they appeared to comprehend more than I had given them credit for; although I have remarked, as a general feature amongst the better-educated Malays, as well as Chinese, that they understood more of the properties of the magnet than many educated Europeans. I expected to excite their surprise by the reversal of the poles of the dipping needle, and I was assisted by my very intelligent friend Mr. Wyndham as interpreter: but the better-informed of Datoo Danielle's family gave me to believe that they understood it perfectly. Indeed, I was told that the younger brother Udin was an ingenious mechanic, and could take a watch to pieces and clean or repair it. He attached himself particularly to the observing position during the whole period, and seemed to take great delight in the interchange of English and Malayan terms; explaining the differences or additions of Biscayan, which renders the Soög language almost distinct. To Datoo Danielle we were indebted not only for the flattering hospitality during our temporary occupation of his grounds, but through his exertions were enabled to purchase the best cattle at reasonable prices, in addition to several pet animals, which at this and our previous visit he as well as his mother had been kind enough to send as presents. His fine figure, mild countenance, as well as manly, independent bearing, obtained for him a most marked distinction amongst his own community. He was evidently considered by the sultan and his wily prime minister (Datoo Muluk) as a man neither to be despised nor trifled with. With us he was an especial favorite; and I am sure that no one could wish greater prosperity to the Sooloo nation than the elevation of this chief to the government, either as sultan or prime minister.

Many similar sketches of manners and character tempt us, but they must be passed over for a more practical matter—the prospects of trade with the countries in question. On that head Captain Belcher does not speak so hopefully as other writers have done, or as the capability of the countries, from their climate and position, as well as from the variety and richness of their productions, would seem to warrant. However, his reasons are specific.

I have looked very closely into the general habits and transactions of the accessible tribes, and their sources of trade in Borneo, Sooloo, and Singapore; and I have it from personal observation, as well as the best European authority, that no commerce can be carried on in these regions without the intervention of the Arab or Malay, unless the European agent visits or resides, and personally transacts the business, on the spot. I have before alluded to Mr. Wyndham, resident at Sooloo: from many conversations with that gentleman, who is an individual coming strictly within my meaning, I have reason to know that no profitable trade can be pursued where the intervention of a Malay occurs. I was thoroughly acquainted with the value of the goods lent by him on credit, as well as the returns for them; and in the offers made to me by the sultan of Gunung Taboor, begging me to induce English merchants "to reside at Gunung Taboor, and trade," I ascertained, that he was a loser of nearly three hundred per cent. by trusting to his agent, Si Dawut. I had occasion also to deal with the Bugis traders, who endeavored to monopolize the whole trade of Borneo; and I found, by reference to their transactions with the sultan of Balungan, as well as at Gunung Taboor, that their profits were enormous—charging for the quantity of rice valued at about one dollar at Sooloo, about forty dollars here. [Balambangan, northern point

of Borneo.] With regard to handkerchiefs, valued at two dollars Sooloo, we could not make a comparison, as those from Celebes passed through Dutch channels; but, the intrinsic value at which the sultan reckoned them was ten dollars each, being five hundred per cent. on the Manila prices, and if exchanged for bird's-nests, sometimes reaching the value of twenty.

These remarks are intended to apply chiefly to the supposed sources of trade arising from Maludu Bay with Balambangan. Of the value of this trade I am informed that nothing but camphor-barus, seed-pearls, shells, tripang, and a small quantity of tortoise-shell, may be expected from this source; and this not offering sufficient profit to an Arab merchant to repeat the venture at the risk of his property as well as life. We may safely inquire, then, would an English trader, differing so totally in religion, enter these haunts of what are designated, at the present day, "pirate dens," to seek for goods where one of their own tribe is scarcely safe? It is only necessary to turn our attention to the river Kotai. Have the Dutch or English, after repeated attempts for a series of years, succeeded in opening trade, by the intervention of Europeans, with the ruling powers in that river? It is monopolized by the Bugis traders of Celebes; and so great is their influence there, that it is supposed to be their object to exclude even their own allies the Dutch. * * *

The trading interests of Borneo, or the probabilities of our commerce increasing in these regions to the amount contemplated by some over-sanguine advocates, requires to be guarded against. From the year 1843 to the present time, I have made it my study, as it was my duty, to collect and weigh every minute circumstance which could bear upon this most important subject; nor will I yield to any one in feeling of deep interest for the success of our new position. At Singapore, as well as at Hong-kong, Manila, and Sooloo, some of my readers will understand the assertion I make, "that I not only used every effort to open the trade direct with Gunung Taboor, Tambisan, and Kabatuan; but at my persuasion, two persons have made the attempt:" others met me with the observation, "All which you state is very true, and the prices are favorable in the highest degree; but you cannot warrant half a cargo, even for a small schooner." At Gunung Taboor the sultan bound himself to supply a cargo for one vessel filling up with rattans, cassia bark, &c., but more he could not promise, as the collection of one year. At Kabatuan, I was informed, that beyond about thirty canoes present, the same quantity of pepper might be added, but no more. At Kimanis, it was probable that pepper, wax, camphor, and bird's-nests, would afford twenty canoe loads. All these proceeds would amount, possibly, to ten tons; stripping the coast for the season. Treating of Maludu Bay, and the sources of trade to be derived from that region, I have observed, p. 124, "that the establishment of a British port or colony on any part of the northern shores of Borneo will not, I suspect, induce any of the native authorities to send there for sale." This remark is intended to apply to cargoes or quantities. The small traders will, as remarked to me by Mr. Brooke, creep alongshore, and find their way to the best market. But until the colony is firmly settled, and piracy annihilated on the range of coast by which trade must pass, this state of affairs will be slow of arriving; and when it does, still, until the habits of the inland tribes become settled, and they plant for and send to your market, the same scantiness of tonnage must prevail.

From this it follows that two things are needed —safety on the seas; and regular government, or at least security for property. The latter can only be obtained by conquest: the piratical expeditions may be very much impeded if not destroyed by cruisers; and there seems no reason why some of the vessels now wasting time and lives in western Africa should not be more usefully employed in the east. An active squadron would harass and annoy the pirates; but it must be several years before they could be put down, as their strongholds cannot all be destroyed. Some of the lesser nests, indeed, would be a task of difficulty, from the nature of the approaches and of the country: the French squadron, one of whose boats had been fired into, suffered greatly in forcing their way to one of these places, and *then* the pirates vanished in the jungle. The strongest and most important post of all is under the nominal dominion of Spain; and the dons would never suffer an invasion of their territory, for strangers to do what Spaniards cannot.

WILLIAM THOM, THE POET.—A contemporary describes the present condition of the Scottish weaver poet, William Thom. Of his invitation to London, his arrival here, his reception, and the publication of his poems, the public have long since been aware; but there are very few persons who have any knowledge of his last days in England, and his departure back to Scotland, if not entirely a "broken man," at least so reduced in mind and body as to offer a melancholy contrast to what he was four years since, when a public festival was held to greet him, and the future promised most fair. For several months previous to the day he left London, his circumstances had become very narrowed. In this crisis his case was made known to a few of the directors of the Literary Fund Society; its secretary, Mr. Blewitt, received instructions to communicate with him, and in a few days afterwards he received the intelligence that £40 had been granted him. With this sum Thom instantly set about the realization of a scheme he had long since entertained—namely, a return to Scotland, the purchase of a loom for himself and wife, and the opening of a little shop for the sale of periodicals, through the profits arising from which, and an occasional contribution of poetry to the magazines, he hoped to be enabled to pass the remainder of his life in peace and comparative comfort. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Gordon, the earliest encourager of his poetic talent, and Dr. Bowring, M. P., Thom's eldest boys, William and James, have been put into a fair way of earning their bread—the former being a student in Aberdeen College, the latter filling a situation on the Blackwall railway. That the hearty good wishes of the public will follow the poet Thom to his native land, we have no doubt. The London chapter in his life illustrates, in a remarkable degree, the misfortunes attending the career of those who trust to literature for bread, and look towards London as the place in which their claims to fortune are sure of recognition.

From the Spectator, 29 Jan.

FATE OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

WHILE most of the ministerial and free trade journals have been mystifying their readers with fallacious statements of the West India question, the *Examiner* has put forth a distinct recognition of principles, which, if our government had acted on them some years ago, would have averted the ruin impending over the planters, saved the British people many millions sterling, spared the present ministers their perplexing responsibility, and greatly advanced the well-being of the race on whose behalf the benevolent crusade, that threatens to prove in every way so disastrous, was set on foot. Whether a resort, now, to the policy indicated in the following extracts, would not be *too late* to save the West Indies, may perhaps be doubted; and we more than doubt the disposition and courage of the government to attempt anything so comprehensive and bold.

Africa has a population as disposable for emigration as that of Ireland; and to receive it, the West India islands are as near and as congenial to the Africans as North America is to the Irish. The vague objection is the encouragement of the slave-trade. But this slave-trade, in spite of all our fine schemes—our lines of forts, our free colonies, our Niger expeditions, and our blockades—has increased, and is sure to continue to increase as long as Africa is barbarous, has laborers to export, and the West Indies are underpeopled. When we abolished our own slave-trade, and emancipated our African slaves, we had done our duty to humanity and civilization. Our intermeddling in the affairs of other nations, in attempting an unobtainable object, contrary to the principles of good policy and international law, has in fact only exposed us to hatred or ridicule. * *

We would suggest, then, at once, that the exportation of negro emigrants from Africa should be made as free and unshackled as that of Irishmen from Ireland. The cost of their transport would be defrayed by the service of an apprenticeship; which is, in fact, the course now pursued with captured slaves when emancipated. The only restraints on emigration that would be necessary would be a security that the members of a family should not be separated, and that a due proportion should be observed with the sexes. If the blockading squadron were removed, the sum of 300,000*l.* would, without putting the government to any additional expense, be at its disposal to pay in bounties for the importation of laborers, should such a plan be deemed advisable. At the rate of 20*l.* a head, 15,000 emigrants might be yearly brought to the West Indies through such a fund, or at 10*l.* twice that number.

Under such a system of freedom, the mortality in the barracoons and middle passage would diminish, in so far as concerned the slave-trade; and in the case of those parties transported in our ships, it need not exceed, and probably, from the constitution of the negro and the nature of the climate, it would not equal, that in our ordinary emigrant-vessels; the regulations, of course, being the same.

The emigrants would, in the majority of cases, be either those born slaves or made so by the fortune of war; for such is now, and ever has been, the case. In that event, their transportation would be equivalent to their emancipation. They would simply lose Africa and slavery, and gain the congenial climate of the West Indies and freedom.—*Examiner, January* 22.

The writer proceeds to show, further, that the natural extinguisher of slavery is density of population; an extinction which is delayed, not hastened, by our anti-slavery apparatus. We have long and often maintained the same view.

But practical reasons for a wiser course are not those which prevail: in Downing street the substantial welfare of the colonies and the treatment of actual circumstances are not the objects of consideration, but the maintenance of certain dogmatic usages peculiar to "the office," though they be as figmentary as the personages of a mythology. As the Japanese thinks it necessary to maintain a sacred sovereign who is sublimely incapable of using any article twice, and is therefore fobbed off with the most wretched wares—as the Hindoo thinks it meritorious to roll through dust and mud from the Jumna to the Ganges—so the inhabitant of the colonial office thinks it necessary to keep up a squadron of British war-ships on the coast of Africa, with no result but to aggravate the horrors of the slave-trade, and meritorious to prevent the success of the only free negro community. In vain you show that the slave-trade *is* aggravated, or that the West Indies are hastening to ruin: that is not the point; experience—precise conclusions on tangible data—distinct, coherent, consecutive ideas—practical plans based on actual circumstances—are not the things held in esteem; but the predetermined theories of closet-men, the fancies and "supposes" of ingenious wranglers. Last week we saw from a grave and earnest paper in the *Globe*, that among other government objects in the West Indies, one is, to *keep down* the population to an official standard. Some theoretical project of avoiding the necessity for a poor-law in future generations is one of the considerations which regulate the actual government of the West Indies; a starved labor-market, not pauperism, being the actual difficulty. Statesmanlike views of the subject are to be met, under various shapes, in newspapers of any party, from the *Times* to the *Examiner*—in the manifestoes of private or trading bodies, like the recent report of the West India committee—anywhere but in Downing street, or in the didactic despatches thence emanating. So, notwithstanding the Growler steam-ship and Lord Grey's amenities of phrase, we conclude that the great want of the British West Indies—an ample supply of labor—is not to be made good: and such being the case, we come to the further conclusion, that ministers have made up their minds to the abandonment of our own free colonies, and to the preference of foreign slave-grown sugar.

In an article on West India Grievances, the Examiner says:—

IF the West Indians have made demands that are unreasonable and inadmissible, they have made others that are just and rational, and which must

at once be assented to by every free trader. They require to be allowed to export and import under any flag; to refine their own sugars on the spot, and to dispose of them in the home market on the same terms as the British refiner; to import any kind of sugar and molasses, and to distil from them; and, finally, that their rums should be admitted to home consumption, paying the same duty as British spirits. Such demands amount to nothing more than the liberty of making the most of their capital and industry, and ought to be liberally and cheerfully conceded.

We have a few words of advice to give the West Indians before we conclude. Their means are reduced; the people of England will no longer pay their rents and profits; and, like prudent private persons, they ought to set about retrenching their establishments in earnest. As yet, they merely talk about it. We take the principal colony, Jamaica, as an example of West Indian expenditure. In the memorial of the house of assembly to the queen, we find the following astounding account of it: "For the four years last past, our public and parochial burthens have exceeded an annual average of 400,000*l.*, nearly equal in amount to one third of the value of the whole exports of the colony."

Here, then, is an islet of the Atlantic—much less in size than the county of York, with not double the population of one town of that county, with two thirds of its surface in a state of nature, and having for the great mass of its inhabitants, not industrious Europeans, but listless, semi-barbarous Africans—paying taxes that would suffice for the whole government, civil and military, of half-a-dozen German principalities; the matter being aggravated by the consideration that the whole military and naval charges are defrayed by the mother-country. Over so vast a field is it possible there can be no room for reform or retrenchment! Is it the legislature, that patronizes this monstrous expenditure, which is to be sponsor for a loan of a million to drain lagoons! Jamaica must give up all vice-regal airs, and henceforward live frugally, and unostentatiously, like others of the democracy.

Adam Smith tells us that the whole civil charges of the nine principal colonies which now constitute the most influential members of the American Union, amounted to no more than 64,700*l.* a year; "an ever-memorable example," he adds, "at how small an expense three millions of people may not only be governed, but well governed."

We greatly fear Jamaica may in future times be held out as "an ever-memorable example" at what an extravagant cost the government of 400,000 people inhabiting a small sea-girt island of the Atlantic may be conducted. But, assuredly, the colonists are not the only party to blame. They were ill-brought-up children from their birth; and the parent that foolishly pampered them into prodigality must not only bear a share of the blame, but endeavor to extricate them from difficulties into which they have been involved by her own bad tuition.

By a recent message of the governor of Maryland, we find that the whole civil charges of this sovereign state, which is four times the size of Jamaica, and contains half as many more inhabitants, are covered by the modest sum of 26,000*l.* per annum. Making the largest allowance for parochial charges included in the Jamaica, but not the Maryland statement, surely the disparity of expense is frightful.

From the Examiner.

CHINESE LABOR FOR THE COLONIES.—In the very able leading article on the "Slave Trade and the West Indies" in your journal of Saturday, January 22d, an allusion was made to the Chinese as laborers for the colonies, they being, as you justly observe, the only other race of men, besides the negroes, capable of performing efficient field labor within the tropics. I am well acquainted with the Chinese, having had a personal experience of their methodical and industrious habits, during my service with the expedition from Hong Kong to Nankin. I have long been aware of their peculiar aptitude as laborers for the colonies; and some months since, when this important question was first seriously mooted, recommended a general scheme of Chinese immigration. But so determined are all parties concerned to encourage the importation of free blacks, that it has not as yet met with much attention. It appears that the Chinese are already employed in the cultivation of sugar in Java and the Philippine Islands, and a few have even been imported *as free laborers into the slave-holding island of Cuba*. You say that it would hardly be worth their while to seek employment at so great a distance, when they can find it so near their own shores. It is very true that they do obtain work, although it is in many cases very precarious and ill-paid; notwithstanding which, however, it must be said to their credit, that wherever they settle they invariably prosper. I feel convinced that if they were assured of steady work and moderate pay, there would be little difficulty in inducing some of the thousands of the superabundant and starving population of China, who yearly leave their country in search of the very necessaries of life, to volunteer their services for our colonies. *As to the expense*—a very material point—it would not in the first instance, *be more, if so much*, per man as for the *negroes*. Let them, however, but once know the way, and I feel morally certain that they would soon flock to the West Indies, *of their own accord and at their own expense*, as they do at present to all parts of the Indian Archipelago. It is a question worthy of solution, whether we should not be doing much towards the *abolition of the slave-trade*, by proving to the slave-holders that we have discovered a class of laborers apt for the purposes of tropical cultivation, and vastly *superior to the negroes in every respect*.

A WEST INDIAN.

From the Spectator.

DEFENCE FOR PEACE, NOT WAR.

Let us not be led away from the true point of view in respect of national defence: it is not whether we are to prepare for war, but whether our defences are in such a state as they ought always to present so as to guard against unforeseen contingences. In the heat of disputation, we might be drawn away from that, the real question, and should waste our labor in discussing subjects that have little to do with it.

Those who have no earnest care about the matter may not mind letting a very plain and homely question branch out into other topics. Members of parliament in quest of a popular theme—exleaguers in want of a "mission"—professed agitators seeking employment—junior journals seeking a clientela—will all desire to magnify the question, and stuff it full of resources for eloquence, for "economical" agitation, and so forth.

There is no question here of *expense*. Safety is a thing that must be provided for at any cost. There can be no "economy" in leaving the national security to the chapter of accidents. We do not say that our national safety *is not* provided for; but, seeing statements put forth on the highest of all authority, that our defences have not been sufficient, we say that they ought to be sufficient. Neither is it a question of *aggregate numbers* in army or navy: it is not an increase of the gross quantity, nor any special and absolute amount that we demand, but sufficient strength in a particular quarter for a particular service.

They who assume that "free trade" will supersede the necessity of national defences do not really trust to their own principle. If free trade would supersede the necessity of guarding against contingent attacks—if it has placed us in a situation of more uninfringible safety than we enjoyed in the last year, 1847—then we need not only neglect to provide against ulterior mischances, but might disband our whole army. If, through free trade, we are to have, in 1848, positively and certainly less danger and hostility than we had in 1847, then our whole military and naval expenditure is a purely supererogatory burthen. Free trade is either a sufficient reliance, or it is not. If it is sufficient, it will prevent aggression, and we need provide no means of repulsion. If it will not prevent aggression, then the question recurs, Are our defences *sufficient?*

For observe, if free trade does not *absolutely* prevent aggression, but only diminishes the chances of aggression in their number, it does not settle the question of sufficiency of defence. If, for example, free trade has been effectual in reducing the chances of aggression, say from three to one in the year, still our defence must be sufficient on that one occasion, or we should then be as ill off as ever.

The danger of aggression may be less than it has been from one particular quarter, and we are willing to believe that it is. It is not a new danger that is the new element in the question, but a new knowledge of our exposed condition. The number of dangers and their degree of probability may be precisely what they have been any time these last thirty years; our weakness even may be what it was; the change is, that we know it. We had assumed all along that those who had charge of our military and naval forces had performed the paramount duty of keeping our national defences in a state of completeness and sufficiency —some among them have now avowed that such is not the case: we do not stop to find out where a retrospective blame may be due, for that would be a very idle task; but this avowal, we say, is the novelty in the question; and now that we know the momentous deficiency that exists, we are bound to repair it. It may be a question whether a city needs walls or not, but while it has walls, it would be silly to permit the continued existence of a breach that could not be repaired in haste.

A correspondent in Paris assures us that we have underrated the present pacific turn of the national temper in France—that our neighbors are utterly disinclined to war, and that they are much amused at our sudden alarm. There is no sudden alarm *at their attitude*, but only a new consciousness of a want at home. The question is not to be settled in France, or in any other foreign country. It is not our part to watch the shifting moods in a changeful neighbor. We must be always *sufficiently* prepared for what may happen in the ever-recurring circle of events, among which is war.

The English wish for peace, and they are steadfast in that wish; but a neighbor, whose pacific professions are just now so exaggerated, has by no means displayed the same steadfastness. Very trifling incidents may provoke a contrary mood. They have done so not long back, and might do so again at any moment. Nothing could be more paltry than the Pritchard affair, yet it was the occasion of a project for a descent on England. Our government, as we learn from Admiral Bowles, received positive information that the French meditated a sudden attack on Portsmouth by armed steamers; and the emphatic opinion of one of the most intrepid commanders in our navy is freely quoted, that if the attempt had been made, we had then no means of stopping its execution. About the same time, we understand, Sir Robert Peel was so impressed by what came to his knowledge, that he immediately, on his own responsibility, without waiting for parliament, ordered an expenditure of 50,000*l.* towards bettering the defences; and Portsmouth has since been further strengthened.

That is not the only instance in which the idea of attacking England has been disclosed by the French, even within the reign of "The Napoleon of peace." When King Louis Philippe visited us four years ago in friendly guise, he was struck with admiration at what he saw in "the capital of the commercial world;" he deplored, even in fancy, the havoc that a war might inflict on his old hospitable friends the English; and, in the openness of his heart, good man! he went so fa

as to disclose a danger of which his friends had been unconscious. About 1840, when considerable irritation against this country existed in France, some of Louis Philippe's officers were prepared with plans for a descent on England: they showed him how thirty thousand men might be landed within easy distance of London, and how clear the road to our metropolis! Various motives for the wily king's disclosure may be conjectured: they were probably not unmixed—not all disinterested, nor yet all insincere.

Now, though we do not desire to war against France, does it follow that we are indifferent to her warring upon us? Or, if we tempted her to do so, should we be fostering peace? We seek nothing more, nor anything less, than defence for peace itself.

From the Spectator.

FREE TRADE IS NOT THE UNIVERSE.

Some worthy enthusiasts seem to think that free trade is the philosopher's stone, the inclusive creator of all things human They ascribe to their formula such omnipotence, that it really becomes necessary to make distinctions between those few things which lie within its scope and all the rest of the universe.

What free trade *can* do, in a word, is to give the productive resources of a country liberty of action, and thus to increase the riches of that country. Free trade is the exchange of goods unrestricted by distinctive fiscal burdens or prohibitions; but even in its largest aspect it is still no more than exchange of goods. It is freedom to exchange corn, wine, oil, cotton, silk, timber, metals, and other tangible things which are articles of sale; and the power to exchange implies a juster division of employments among workmen of different lands, so that each may take that which is most suitable to him, and may therefore produce a larger quantity. Free trade thus increases material wealth.

It has certain indirect consequences, which are not different from those of commerce of any kind; only it is to be presumed that, when free, commerce will exhibit those consequences in the largest proportion. By increasing the productive powers of mankind generally, commerce tends to foster the natural capacities of man. By multiplying opportunities of intercourse, it tends to promote friendly dispositions, mutual enlightenment, and civilization. By augmenting abundance, it tends to produce ease, contentment, and the good feelings belonging to that condition..

But that is all. Empirically, we may learn that free trade cannot perform many most important functions needed by the body corporate. That it cannot produce political freedom, we see in Turkey; nor social concord, in Switzerland; nor national independence, in the Hanse Towns. And theoretically, we perceive at once that it cannot exert greater influences than those which exist in material objects. It is the poet, not the merchant or retail shopkeeper, who finds "sermons in stones"—in hearthstones, for instance; Westphalia hams carry with them no moral conviction; rein-deer tongues, however multitudinous, are mute; Baltic timber, however superior to Canadian, is not more edifying, except in Spenser's sense, when he mentions "a little chapel edified" in a wood; the sweetness of sugar is purely physical, not moral. English hard-ware and delf are good, so are French silks and claret; but the mutual interchange imparts no intellectual virtues either to pen-knives or pale brandy; and the pictorial instructiveness of a figured dinner-plate or silk dress does not equal that of an ancient Mexican picture-book or an Egyptian hieroglyphic. Free trade can directly produce no moral sensation which is not the effect of sugar, cotton, silk, earthenware, and such substantial articles; indirectly, it increases such opportunities for mutual instruction in manners and knowledge as belong to the shop, the counting-house, the exchange, and the quay—not places the most famous as intellectual or moral schools. Those facilities, too, may exist without free trade: protective England offered far greater facilities for the foreign traveller, and therefore for intellectual commerce, than free-trade Turkey. Art, a much higher social influence than trade, rose in Italy as political and commercial freedom declined. Learning flourishes within the circle of the Zollverein; the savoir vivre within exclusive France. Shakspeare wrote without the inspiration of free trade; in spite of tariffs, Rossini's passionate language vibrates from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; the pulse of love is not dependent on the custom-house-officer; the ethics of Christianity know no fiscal confines. These things exist without free trade, and are not created by it.

But free trade has some positive drawbacks—it may do its share of harm. By augmenting material wealth, it tends to materialize the ideas of a nation. By bringing into greater prominence mere commercial success, it tends to exalt the commercial test of "profit" into a standard of worth for higher things; insomuch that at this moment we have before us a spectacle incredible to the great patriots of ancient Greece or Rome, or of modern Europe—men reducing the question of national safety and honor to one of "pounds, shillings, and pence!" Books remain unwritten because they will not "pay:" the devotion which is necessary to art is suppressed by material worldliness; in English society, no virtue can cause poverty to be "received" except upon sufferance, no vice or meanness can exclude wealth.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer;* these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch;* and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in *each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 204.—8 APRIL, 1848.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.*

Russia is the most extraordinary country on the globe, in the four most important particulars of empire—its history, its extent, its population, and its power.

It has for Europe another interest—the interest of alarm, the evidence of an ambition which has existed for a hundred and fifty years, and has never paused; an increase of territory which has never suffered the slightest casualty of fortune; the most complete security against the retaliation of European war; and a government at once despotic and popular; exhibiting the most boundless authority in the sovereign, and the most boundless submission in the people; a mixture of habitual obedience, and divine homage: the reverence to a monarch, with almost the prostration to a divinity.

Its history has another superb anomaly: Russia gives the most memorable instance in human annals, of the powers which lie within the mind of individual man. Peter the Great was not the restorer, or the reformer of Russia; he was its moral *creator*. He found it, not as Augustus found Rome, according to the famous adage, "brick, and left it marble;" he found it a living swamp, and left it covered with the fertility of laws, energy, and knowledge; he found it Asiatic, and left it European; he removed it as far from Scythia, as if he had placed the diameter of the globe between; he found it not brick, but mire, and he transformed a region of huts into the magnificence of empire.

Russia first appears in European history in the middle of the ninth century. Its climate and its soil had till then retained it in primitive barbarism. The sullenness of its winter had prevented invasion by civilized nations, and the nature of its soil, one immense plain, had given full scope to the roving habits of its half famished tribes. The great invasions which broke down the Roman empire, had drained away the population from the north, and left nothing but remnants of clans behind. Russia had no sea, by which she might send her bold savages to plunder or to trade with Southern and Western Europe. And, while the man of Scandinavia was subduing kingdoms, or carrying back spoil to his northern crags and lakes, the Russian remained, like the bears of his forest, in his cavern during the long winter of his country; and even when the summer came, was still but a melancholy savage, living like the bear upon the roots and fruits of his ungenial soil.

It was to one of those Normans, who, instead of steering his bark towards the opulence of the south, turned his dreary adventure to the north that Russia owed her first connection with intelligent mankind. The people of Novgorod, a people of traders, finding themselves overpowered by their barbarian neighbors, solicited the aid of Ruric, a Baltic chieftain, and, of course, a pirate and a robber. The name of the Norman had earned old renown in the north. Ruric came, rescued the city, but paid himself by the seizure of the surrounding territory, and founded a kingdom, which he transmitted to his descendants, and which lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century.

In the subsequent reign we see the effect of the northern pupilage; and an expedition, in the style of the Baltic exploits, was sent to plunder Constantinople. This expedition consisted of two thousand canoes, with eighty thousand men on board. The expedition was defeated, for the Greeks had not yet sunk into the degeneracy of later times. They fought stoutly for their capital, and roasted the pirates in their own canoes, by showers of the famous "Greek fire."

Those invasions, however, were tempting to the idleness and poverty, or to the avarice and ambition of the Russians; and Constantinople continued to be the great object of cupidity and assault, for three hundred years. But the city of Constantine was destined to fall to a mightier conqueror.

Still, the northern barbarian had now learned the road to Greece, and the intercourse was mutually beneficial. Greece found daring allies in her old plunderers, and in the eleventh century she gave the Grand-duke Vladimir a wife, in the person of Anna, sister of the emperor Basil II.; a gift made more important by its being accompanied by his conversion to Christianity.

A settled succession is the great secret of royal peace: but among those bold riders of the desert, nothing was ever settled, save by the sword; and the first act of all the sons, on the decease of their father, was, to slaughter each other; until the contest was settled in their graves, and the last survivor quietly ascended the throne.

But war, on a mightier scale than the Russian Steppes had ever witnessed, was now rolling over Central Asia. The cavalry of Genghiz Khan, which came, not in squadrons, but in nations, and charged, not like troops, but like thunderclouds, began to pour down upon the valley of the Wolga. Yet the conquest of Russia was not to be added to the triumphs of the great Tartar chieftain: a mightier conqueror stopped him on his way, and the Tartar died.

His son Toushi, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, burst over the frontier at the head of half a million of horsemen. The Russian princes, hastily making up their quarrels, advanced

* *Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia, under the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas.* By H. Schnitzler. Two vols. Bentley: London.

to meet the invader; but their army was instantly trampled down, and before the middle of the century, all the provinces, and all the cities of Russia, were the prey of the men of the wilderness. Novgorod alone escaped.

The history of this great city would be highly interesting, if it were possible now to recover its details. It was the chief depot of the northern Asiatic commerce with Europe; it had a government, laws, and privileges of its own, with which it suffered not even the Khan of the Tartars to interfere. Its population amounted to four hundred thousand—then nearly equal to the population of a kingdom. In the thirteenth century it connected itself still more effectively with European commerce, by becoming a member of the Hanseatic League; and the wonder and pride of the Russians were expressed in the well-known half-profane proverb, "Who can resist God, and the great Novgorod!"

There is always something almost approaching to picturesque grandeur in the triumphs of barbarism. The Turk, until he was fool enough to throw away the turban, was the most showy personage in the world. The Arabs, under Mahomet, were the most stately of warriors, and the Spanish Moors threw all the pomp, and even all the romance, of Europe into the shade. Even the chiefs of the "Golden Horde" seemed to have had as picturesque a conception of supremacy as the Saracen. Their only city was a vast camp, in the plains between the Caspian and the Wolga; and while they left the provinces in the hands of the native princes, and enjoyed themselves in the manlier sports of hunting through the plains and mountains, they commanded that every vassal prince should attend at the imperial tent to receive permission to reign, or perhaps to live; and that, even when they sent their Tartar collectors to receive the tribute, the Russian princes should lead the Tartar's horse by the bridle, and give him a feed of oats out of their *cap of state!*

But another of those sweeping devastators, one of those gigantic executioners, who seem to have been sent from time to time to punish the horrible profligacies of Asia, now rose upon the north. Timour Khan, the Tamerlane of European story, the invincible, the lord of the Tartar world, rushed with his countless troops upon the sovereignties of Western Asia. This universal conqueror crushed the Tartar dynasty of Russia, and then burst away, like an inundation, to overwhelm other lands. But the native Russians again made head against their Tartar masters, and a century and a half of sanguinary warfare followed, with various fortunes, and without any other result than blood.

Without touching on topics exclusively religious, it becomes a matter of high interest to mark the vengeances, furies, and massacres, of heathenism, in every age of the world. Yet while we believe, and have such resistless reason to believe, in the providential government, what grounds can be discovered for this sufferance of perpetual horrors? For this we have one solution, and but one: stern as the inflictions are, may they not be in mercy? may not the struggles of barbarian life be permitted, simply to retard the headlong course of barbarian corruption? may there not be excesses of wickedness, extremes of national vice, an accumulation of offences against the laws of moral nature, (which are the original laws of Heaven,) actually incompatible with the divine mercy? Nothing can be clearer to the understanding, than that there are limits which the Divine Being has prescribed to his endurance of the guilt of man, and prescribed doubtless for the highest objects of general mercy; as there are offences which, by human laws, are incompatible with the existence of society.

The crimes of the world before the flood were evidently of an intense iniquity, which precluded the possibility of purification; and thus it became necessary to extinguish a race, whose continued existence could only have corrupted every future generation of mankind.

War, savage feuds, famines, and pestilences, may have been only divine expedients to save the world from another accumulation of intolerable iniquity, by depriving nations of the power of utter self-destruction, by thinning their numbers, by compelling them to feel the miseries of mutual aggression, and even by reducing them to that degree of poverty which supplied the most effective antidote to their total corruption.

Still, those sufferings were punishments, but punishments fully earned by their fierce passions, savage propensities, remorseless cruelties, and general disobedience of that natural law of virtue, which, earlier even than Judaism or Christianity, the Eternal had implanted in the heart of his creatures.

In the fifteenth century Russia began to assume a form. Ivan III. broke off the vassalage of Russia to the "Golden Horde." He had married Sophia, the niece of the Greek emperor, to which we may attribute his civilization; and he received the embassies of Germany, Venice, and Rome, at Moscow. His son, Ivan IV., took Novgorod, which he ruined, and continued to fight the Poles and Tartars until he died. His son Ivan, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was crowned by the title of czar, formed the first standing army of Russia, named the Strelitzes, and established a code of laws. In 1598, by the death of the Czar Feodor without children, the male line of Ruric, which had held the throne for seven hundred and thirty-six years, and under fifty-six sovereigns, became extinct.

Another dynasty of remarkable distinction ascended the throne in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Michael Romanoff, descended from the line of Ruric by the female side, was declared czar. His son Alexis was the father of Peter the Great, who, with his brother Ivan, was placed on the throne at the decease of their father, but both under the guardianship of the Princess Sophia. But the princess, who was the daughter of Alexis, exhibiting an intention to seize the crown for herself, a revolution took place in 1689, in

which the princess was sent to a convent. Ivan, who was imbecile in mind and body, surrendered the throne, and Peter became sole sovereign of Russia.

The accession of Peter began the last and greatest period of Russian history. Though a man of fierce passions and barbarian habits, he had formed a high conception of the value of European arts, chiefly through an intelligent Genevese, Lefort, who had been his tutor.

The first object of the young emperor was to form an army; his next was to construct a fleet. But both operations were too slow for his rapidity of conception; and, in 1697, he travelled to Holland and England for the purpose of learning the art of ship-building. He was forced to return to Russia after an absence of two years, by the revolt of the Strelitzes in favor of the Princess Sophia. The Strelitzes were disbanded and slaughtered, and Peter felt himself a monarch for the first time.

The cession of Azof by the Turks, at the peace of Carlowitz in 1699, gave him a port on the Black Sea. But the Baltic acted on him like a spell; and, to obtain an influence on its shores, he hazarded the ruin of his throne.

Sweden, governed by Charles XII., was then the first military power of the north. The fame of Gustavus Adolphus in the German wars, had given the Swedes the example and the renown of their great king; and Charles, bold, reckless, and half lunatic, despising the feebleness of Russia, had turned his arms against Denmark and Poland. But the junction of Russia with the "Northern League" only gave him a new triumph. He fell upon the Russian army, and broke it up on the memorable field of Narva, in 1700.

Peter still proceeded with his original vigor. St. Petersburg was founded in 1703. The war was prosecuted for six years, until the Russian troops obtained a degree of discipline which enabled them to meet the Swedes on equal terms. In 1708, Charles was defeated in the memorable battle of Pultowa. His army was utterly ruined, and himself forced to take refuge in Turkey. Peter was now at the head of northern power. Frederic Augustus was placed on the throne of Poland by the arms of Russia, and from this period Poland was under Russian influence.

Peter now took the title of "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias." In 1716 he again travelled in Europe. In 1723 he obtained the provinces on the Caspian, by an attack on Persia. But his vigorous, ambitious, and singularly successful career was now come to a close. The death of a Russian prince is seldom attributed to the course of nature; and Peter died at the age of fifty-two, a time when the bodily powers are still undecayed, and the mental are in the highest degree of activity. The day, still recorded by the Russians with the interest due to his extraordinary career, was the 28th of January, 1725. In thirty-six years he had raised Russia from obscurity to a rank with the oldest powers of Europe.

We hasten to the close of this sketch, and pass by the complicated successions from the death of Peter to the reign of the Empress Catherine.

The Russian army had made their first appearance in Germany, in consequence of a treaty with Maria Theresa; and their bravery in the "Seven Years' War," in the middle of the last century, established their distinction for soldiership.

Peter III. withdrew from the Austrian alliance, and concluded peace with Prussia. But his reign was not destined to be long. At once weak in intellect, and profligate in habits, he offended and alarmed his empress, by personal neglect, and by threats of sending her to a convent. Catherine, a German, and not accustomed to the submissiveness of Russian wives, formed a party against him. The people were on her side; and what was of more importance, the guards declared for her. An insurrection took place; the foolish czar, after a six months' reign, was dethroned, July, 1762, was sent to a prison, and within a week was no more. The Russians assigned his death to poison, to strangulation, or to some other species of atrocity. Europe talked for a while of the "Russian Tragedy!" but the emperor left no regrets behind him; and "Catherina, Princess of Anhalt Zerbst," handsome, young, accomplished, and splendid, ascended a throne of which her subjects were proud; which collected round it the élite of Germany, its philosophers and soldiers; which the empress connected with the *beaux esprits* of France, and the orators and statesmen of England; and which, during her long, prosperous, and ambitious reign, united the pomp of Asia with the brilliancy and power of Europe. The shroud of the czar was speedily forgotten, in the embroidered robe which Catherine threw over the empire.

But the greatest crime of European annals was committed in this bold and triumphant reign. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, tempted by the helplessness of Poland, formed a league to seize upon portions of its territory; and the partition of 1772 took place, to the utter astonishment of Europe, but with a scarcely a remonstrance from its leading powers.

Poland had so long been contented to receive its sovereign from Russia, its religious disputes had so utterly weakened the people, its nobility were so profligate, and its peasantry were so poor, that it had lost all the sinews of national defence. It therefore fell an easy prey; and only waited, like a slave in the market, till the bargain for its sale was complete.

In 1793, a second partition was effected. In the next year, the Polish troops took up arms under the celebrated Kosciusko; but the Russians advanced on Warsaw with a force which defied all resistance. Warsaw was stormed, twenty thousand gallant men were slain in its defence, Suwarroff was master of the unfortunate capital; and, in 1795, the third and last partition extinguished the kingdom.

Having performed this terrible exploit, which was to be as terribly avenged, the career of Catherine was closed. She died suddenly in 1796

Paul, her son, ascended the throne, which he held for five years; a mixture of the imbecility of his father, and the daring spirit of his mother. Zealous for the honor of Russia, yet capricious as the winds, he first made war upon the French Republic, and then formed a naval league to destroy the maritime supremacy of England. This measure was his ruin; England was the old ally of Russia—France was the new enemy. The nation hated the arrogance and the atheism of France, and resolved on the overthrow of the czar. In Russia the monarch is so far removed from his people, that he has no refuge among them in case of disaster. Paul was believed to be mad, and madness, on a despotic throne, justly startles a nation. A band of conspirators broke into his palace at midnight, strangled the master of fifty millions of men, and the nation, at morning, was in a tumult of joy.

His son, Alexander, ascended the throne amid universal acclamation. His first act was peace with England. In 1805, his troops joined the Austrian army, and bore their share in the sufferings of the campaign of Austerlitz. The French invasion of Poland, in two years after, the desperate drawn battle of Eylau, and the disaster of Friedland, led to the peace of Tilsit. Alexander then joined the continental system of Napoleon; but this system was soon found to be so ruinous to Russian commerce, as to be intolerable. Napoleon, already marked for downfall, was rejoiced to take advantage of the Russian reluctance, and instantly marched across the Polish frontier, at the head of a French and allied army amounting to the astonishing number of five hundred thousand men.

Infatuation was now visible in every step of his career. Instead of organizing Poland into a kingdom, which would have been a place of retreat in case of disaster; and, whether in disaster or victory, would have been a vast national fortification against the advance of Russia, he left it behind him; and, instead of waiting for the return of spring, commenced his campaign on the verge of winter, in the land of winter itself, and madly ran all the hazards of invading a boundless empire of which he knew nothing, of which the people were brave, united, and attached to their sovereign; and of which, if the armies had fled like deer, the elements would have fought the battle.

Napoleon was now *infatuated* in all things, infatuated in his diplomacy at Moscow, and infatuated in the rashness, the hurry, and the confusion of his retreat. His army perished by brigades and divisions. On the returning spring, three hundred thousand men were found buried in the snow; all his spoil was lost, his veteran troops were utterly destroyed, his fame was tarnished, and his throne was shaken.

He was followed into France by the troops of Russia and Germany. In 1814, the British army under Wellington crossed the Pyrenees, and liberated the southern provinces of France. In the same year, the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian armies marched to Paris, captured the capital, and expelled Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo, in the year after, destroyed the remnant of his legions in the field, threw him into the hands of the British government, and exiled him to St. Helena, where he remained a British prisoner until he died.

Alexander died in 1825, at the age of forty-eight, and, leaving no sons, was succeeded by his brother Nicholas, the third son of Paul—Constantine having resigned his claims to the throne. We pass over, for the moment, the various events of the present imperial reign. Its policy has been constantly turned to the acquisition of territory; and that policy has been always successful. The two great objects of all Russian cabinets, since the days of Constantine, have been the possession of Turkey and the command of the Mediterranean. Either would inevitably produce a universal war; and while we deprecate so tremendous a calamity to the world, and rely on the rational and honorable qualities of the emperor, to rescue both Russia and Europe from so desperate a struggle, we feel that it is only wise to be prepared for all the contingencies that may result from the greatest mass of power that the world has ever seen, moved by a despotic will, and that will itself subject to the common caprices of the mind of man.

The volumes to which we shall now occasionally refer, are written by an intelligent observer, who began his study of Russia by an office under her government, and who has, since that period, been occupied in acquiring additional knowledge of her habits, finances, population, and general system of administration. A Frenchman by birth, but a German by descent, he in a very considerable degree unites the descriptive dexterity of the one with the grave exactness of the other. His subject is of the first importance to European politicians, and he seems capable of giving them the material of sound conclusions.

The author commences with the reign of Alexander, and gives a just panegyric to the kindliness of his disposition, the moderation of his temper, and his sincere desire to promote the happiness of his people. Nothing but this disposition could have saved him from all the vices of ambition, profligacy, and irreligion; for his tutor was La Harpe, one of the savans of the Swiss school, a man of accomplishment and talent, but a scoffer. But the English reader should be reminded, that when men of this rank of ability are pronounced hostile to religion, their hostility was not to the principles of Christianity, but to the religion of France; to the performances of the national worship, to the burlesque miracles wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, and to that whole system of human inventions and monkish follies, which was as much disbelieved in France as it was disdained in England.

In fact, the religion of the gospel had never come into their thoughts; and when they talked of revelation, they thought only of the breviary. The Empress Catherine, finding no literature in Russia, afraid, or ashamed of being known as a German, and extravagantly fond of fame, attached

herself to the showy pamphleteers of France, and courted every gale of French adulation in return. She even corresponded personally with some of the French *littérateurs*, and was French in everything except living in St. Petersburg, and wearing the Russian diadem. She was even so much the slave of fashion as to adopt, or pretend to adopt, the fantasies in government which the French were now beginning to mingle with their fantasies in religion.

She wrote thus to Zimmerman, the author of the dreamy and dreary work on "Solitude;" "I have been attached to philosophy, because my soul has always been singularly *republican*. I confess that this tendency stands in strange contrast with the unlimited power of my *place*."

If the quiet times of Europe had continued, and France had exhibited the undisturbed pomps of her ancient court, Alexander would probably have been a Frenchman and *philosophe* on the banks of the Neva; but stirring times were to give him more rational ideas, and the necessities of Russia reclaimed him from the absurdities of his education.

La Harpe himself was a man of some distinction—a Swiss, though thoroughly French and revolutionary. After leaving Russia, he became prominent, even in France, as an abettor of republican principles, and was one of the members of the Swiss Directory. La Harpe survived the Revolution, the Empire, and the Bourbons, and died in 1838.

The commencement of Alexander's reign was singularly popular, for it began with treaties on every side. Paul, who had sent a challenge to all the sovereigns in Europe to fight him in person, had alarmed his people with the prospect of a universal war. Alexander was the universal pacificator; he made peace with England, peace with France, and a commercial treaty with Sweden. He now seemed resolved to avoid all foreign wars, to keep clear of European politics, and to devote all his thoughts to the improvement of his empire. Commencing this rational and meritorious task with zeal, he narrowed the censorship of the press, and enlarged the importation of foreign works. He broke up the system of espionage—formed a council of state—reduced the taxes—abolished the punishment by torture—refused to make grants of peasants—constituted the senate into a high court of justice divided into departments, in order to remedy the slowness of law proceedings—established universities and schools—allowed every subject to choose his own profession; and, as the most important and characteristic of all his reforms, allowed his nobility to sell portions of land to their serfs, with the right of personal freedom; by this last act laying the foundation of a new and free race of proprietors in Russia.

The abolition of serfdom was a great experiment, whose merits the serfs themselves scarcely appreciated, but which is absolutely necessary to any elevation of the national character. It has always been opposed by the nobles, who regard it as the actual plunder of their inheritance; but Alexander honorably exhibited his more humane and rational views on the subject, whenever the question came within his decision.

A nobleman of the highest rank had requested an estate "with its serfs," as an imperial mark of favor. Alexander wrote to him in this style: "The peasants of Russia are for the most part *slaves*. I need not expatiate on the degradation, or on the misfortune, of such a condition. Accordingly I have made a vow not to increase the number; and to this end I have laid down the principle *not* to give away peasants as property."

The emperor sometimes did striking things in his private capacity. A princess of the first rank applied to him to protect her husband from his creditors, intimating that "the emperor was above the law."

Alexander answered, "I do not wish, madam, to put myself above the law, even if I could, for in all the world I do not recognize any authority but that which comes from the law. On the contrary, I feel more than any one else the obligation of watching over its observance, and even in cases where others may be indulgent, *I* can only be just."

The French war checked all those projects of improvement; and the march of his troops to the aid of Austria in 1805, commenced a series of hostilities, which, for seven years, occupied the resources of the empire, and had nearly subverted his throne. But he behaved bravely throughout the contest. When Austria was beaten and signed a treaty, Alexander refused to join in the negotiation. When Prussia, under the influence of counsels at once rash and negligent—too slow to aid Austria, and too feeble to encounter France—was preparing to resist Napoleon in 1805, Alexander, Frederic William, and his queen Louisa, made a visit by torch-light to the tomb of Frederick the Great in Potsdam; and there, on their knees, the two monarchs joined their hands over the tomb, and pledged themselves to stand by each other to the last.

When Prussia was defeated, Alexander still fought two desperate battles; and it was not until the advance of the French made him dread the rising of Poland in his rear, that he made peace in 1802.

At this peace, he was charged with bartering his principles for the extension of his dominions by the seizure of Turkey, and even of the extravagance of dividing the world with Napoleon. But these charges were never proved.

We, too, have our theory, and it is, that the fear of seeing Poland in insurrection alone compelled Alexander to submit to the treaty of Tilsit; but that he felt all the insolence of the French emperor, in demanding the closing of the Russian ports against England; and felt the treaty as a chain, which he was determined to break on the first provocation. We think it probable that the knowledge of the "secret articles" of that treaty was conveyed from the Russian court to England;

and, without pretending to know from what direct hand it came, we believe that the seizure of the Danish fleet, which was the immediate result of that knowledge, was as gratifying to Alexander as it was to the English cabinet, notwithstanding the diplomatic wrath which it pleased him to affect on that memorable occasion.

But other times were ripening. It has been justly observed that the Spanish war was the true origin of Napoleon's ruin. He perished by his own perfidy. The resistance of Spain awoke the resistance of Europe. All Germany, impoverished by French plunder, and indignant at French insults, longed to rise in arms. The Russians then boldly demanded the emancipation of their commerce, and issued a relaxed tariff in 1811. British vessels then began to crowd the Russian ports. Napoleon was indignant and threatened. Alexander was offended, and remonstrated. The French emperor instantly launched one of his fiery proclamations; declared that the house of Romanoff was undone; and, on the 24th of June, 1812, threw his mighty army across the Niemen.

We pass over the events of that memorable war as universally known; but justice is not done to the Russian emperor, unless we recollect how large a portion of the liberation of Europe was due to his magnanimity. To refuse obedience to the commercial tyranny of Napoleon, where it menaced the ruin of his people, was an act of personal magnanimity, for it inevitably exposed his throne and life to the hazards of war with an universal conqueror. On the declaration of war he determined to join his armies in the field, another act of magnanimity, which was prevented only by the remonstrance of his generals, who represented to him the obstacles which must be produced by the presence of the emperor. But, when the invasion of France was resolved on, and negotiations might require his presence, he was instantly in the camp, and was of the highest importance to the final success of the campaign. He threw vigor into the councils of the Austrian generalissimo, and, with the aid of the British ambassador, actually urged and effected the "March to Paris."

In Paris, however, his magnanimity was unfortunate, his generosity was misplaced, his chivalric feelings had to deal with craft, and his reliance on the pledges of Napoleon ultimately cost Europe one of the bloodiest of its campaigns. A wiser policy would have given Napoleon over to the dungeon, or sent him before a military tribunal, as he had sent the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, with not the thousandth part of the reason or the necessity, and the peace of the continent would thus have been secured at once. But a more theatric policy prevailed. The promises of a man who had never kept a promise were taken; the stimulant of an imporial title was kept up, when he ought to have been stripped of all honors; an independent revenue was issued to him, which was sure to be expended in bribing the officials and soldiery of France; and, by the last folly of a series of generous absurdities, Napoleon was placed in the very spot which he himself would have chosen, and probably *did* choose, for the centre of a correspondence between the corruption of Italy and the corruption of France.

The result was predicted by every politician of Europe, except the politicians of the Tuileries. France was speedily prepared for revolt; the army had their tri-colored cockades in their knapsacks. The Bourbons, who thought that the world was to be governed by going to mass, were forced to flee at midnight. Napoleon drove into the capital, with all the traitors of the army and the councils clinging to his wheels, cost France another "March to Paris," the loss of another veteran army, and himself another exile, where he was sent to linger out his few wretched and humiliated years in the African Ocean.

The Holy Alliance was the first conception of Alexander on the return of peace. It died too suddenly to exhibit either its good or its evil. It has been calumniated, because it has been misunderstood. But it seems to have been a noble conception. France, which laughs at everything, laughed at the idea of ruling Europe on principles of honor. Germany, which is always wrapped in a republican doze, reprobated a project which seemed to secure the safety of thrones by establishing honor as a principle. And England, then governed by a cabinet doubtful of public feeling, and not less doubtful of foreign integrity, shrank from all junction with projects which she could not control, and with governments in which she would not confide. Thus the Holy Alliance perished. Still, the conception was noble. Its only fault was, that it was applied to men before men had become angels.

The author of the volumes now before us is evidently a republican one—of the "Movement"—one of that class who would first stimulate mankind into restlessness, and then pronounce the restlessness to be a law of nature. Metternich is of course his bugbear, and the policy of Austria is to him the policy of the "kingdom of darkness." But, if there is no wiser maxim than to "judge of the tree by its fruits," how much wiser has that great statesman been than all the bustling innovators of his day, and how much more substantial is that policy by which he has kept the Austrian empire in happy and grateful tranquillity, while the continent has been convulsed around him!

No man knows better than Prince Metternich, the shallowness, and even the shabbiness, of the partisans of overthrow, their utter incapacity for rational freedom, the utter perfidy of their intentions, and the selfish villany of their objects. He knows, as every man of sense knows, that those Solons and Catos of revolution are composed of lawyers without practice, traders without business, ruined gamblers, and the whole swarm of characterless and contemptible idlers, who infest all the cities of Europe. He knows from full experience that the object of such men is, *not* to procure rights for the people, but to compel governments to buy their silence; that their only idea of liberty, is

liberty of pillage; and that, with them, revolution is only an expedient for rapine and a license for revenge. Therefore he puts them down; he stifles their declamation by the scourge, he curbs their theories by the dungeon, he cools their political fever by banishing them from the land; and thus governing Austria for nearly the last forty years, he has kept it free from popular violence, from republican ferocity, and revolutionary bloodshed, and from the infinite wretchedness, poverty, and shame, which smites a people exposed to the swindling of political impostors.

Thus, Austria is peaceful and powerful, while Spain is shattered by conspiracy; while Portugal lives, protected from herself only under the guns of the British fleet; while Italy is committing its feeble mischiefs, and frightening its opera-hunting potentates out of their senses; while every petty province of Germany has its beer-drinking conspirators; and while the French king guards himself by bastions and batteries, and cannot take an evening's drive without fear of the blunderbusses, or lay his head on the pillow without the chance of being wakened by the roar of insurrection. These are the "fruits of the tree;" but it is only to be lamented that the same sagacity and vigor, the same determination of character, and the same perseverance in principle, are not to be found in every cabinet of Europe. We should then hear no more of revolutions.

The life of the Russian emperor was a cloudy one. The external splendor of royalty naturally captivates the eye, but the realities of the diadem are often melancholy. It would be scarcely possible to conceive a loftier preparative for human happiness than that which surrounds the throne of the Russias. Alexander married early. A princess of Baden was chosen for him, by the irresistible will of Catherine, at a period when he himself was incapable of forming any choice. He was married at sixteen, his wife being one year younger. He never had a son, but he had two daughters, who died. And the distractions of the campaign of Moscow, which must have been a source of anxiety to any man in Russia, were naturally felt by the emperor in proportion to the immense stake which he had in the safety of the country.

For some years after the fall of Napoleon, Alexander was deeply engaged in a variety of anxious negotiations in Germany, and subsequently, he was still more deeply agitated by the failing constitution of the empress. The physicians had declared that her case was hopeless if she remained in Russia, and advised her to return to her native air. But she, in the spirit of romance, replied, that the wife of the Emperor of Russia must not die but within his dominions. The Crimea was then proposed, as the most genial climate. But the emperor decided on Taganrog, a small town on the sea of Azof, but at the tremendous distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles from St. Petersburg.

The present empress has been wiser, for abandoning the romance, she spent her winter in Naples, where she seems to have recovered her health. The climate of Taganrog, though so far to the south, is unfavorable, and in winter it is exposed to the terrible winds which sweep across the desert, unobstructed from the pole. But Alexander determined to attend to her health there himself, and preceded her by some days to make preparations. A strange and singularly depressing ceremony preceded his departure. For some years he had been liable to melancholy impressions on the subject of religion. The Greek church, which differs little from the Romish, except in refusing allegiance to the Bishop of Rome, abounds in formalities, some stately and some severe. Alexander, educated under the Swiss, who could not have taught him more of Christianity than was known by a French *philosophe*, and having only the dangerous morals of the Russian court for his practical guide, suffered himself, when in Paris, to listen to the mystical absurdities of the well-known Madame de Krudener, and from that time became a mystic. He had the distorted dreams and the heavy reveries, and talked the unintelligible theories which the Germans talk by the fumes of their meerschaums, and propagate by the vapors of their swamps. He lost his activity of mind; and if he had lived a few years longer, he would probably have finished his career in a cell, and died, like Charles V., an idiot, in the "odor of sanctity."

The preparation for his journey had the coloring of that superstition which already began to cloud his mind.

It was his custom, in his journeys from St. Petersburg, to start from the cathedral of "Our Lady of Kasan." But on this occasion, he gave notice to the Greek bishop, that he should require him to chant a service at four o'clock in the morning, at the monastery of St. Alexander Newski, in the full assembly of ecclesiastics, at which he would be present.

On this occasion everything took an ominous shape, in the opinion of the people. They said that the service chanted was the service for the dead, though the official report stated that it was the *Te Deum*. The monastery of St. Alexander Newski is surrounded by the chief cemetery of St. Petersburg, where various members of the reigning family, who had not worn the crown, were interred, and among them the two infant daughters of the emperor. The popular report was, that the ecclesiastics wore mourning robes; but this is contradicted, whether truly or not, by the official report, which states that they wore vestures of crimson worked with gold.

Just at dawn the emperor came alone in his calèche, not even attended by a servant. The outer gates were then carefully reclosed, the mass was said, the old prelate gave him a crucifix to accompany him on his journey, the priests once more chanted their anthem, they then conducted him to the gate, and the ceremonial closed.

But the more curious feature of the scene was to follow.

Seraphim the old prelate, invited the emperor to his cell, where, when they were alone, he said,

"I know your majesty feels a particular interest in the *schimnik*." (These are monks who live in the interior of the convents in the deepest solitude, following strictly all the austerities prescribed in their order, and are venerated as saints.) "We for some time have had a schimnik within the walls of the Holy Lavra. Would it be the pleasure of your majesty that he should be summoned?"—"Be it so," was the reply, and a venerable man, with an emaciated face and figure, entered. Alexander received his blessing, and the monk asked him to visit his cell. Black cloth covered the floor, the walls were painted black, a colossal crucifix occupied a considerable portion of the cell. Benches painted black were ranged around, and the only light was given by the glimmer of a lamp, which burned night and day before the pictures of saints! When the emperor entered, the monk prostrated himself before the crucifix, and said, "Let us pray." The three then knelt and engaged in silent prayer. The emperor whispered to the bishop, "Is this his only cell? where is his bed?" The answer was, "He sleeps upon this floor, stretched before the crucifix."—"No, sire," said the monk, "I have the same bed with every other man; approach, and you shall see." He then led the emperor into a small recess, screened off from the cell, where, placed upon a table, was a black coffin, half open, containing a shroud, and surrounded by tapers. "Here is *my* bed," said the monk, "a bed common to man; there, sire, we shall all rest in our last long sleep."

The emperor gazed upon the coffin, and the monk gave him an exhortation on the crimes of the people, which, he said, had been restrained by the pestilence, and the war of 1812, but when those two plagues had passed by, had grown worse than ever.

But we must abridge this pious pantomime, which seems evidently to have been *got up* for the occasion, and which would have been enough to dispirit any one who had left his bed at four in the morning in the chill of a Russian September.

The emperor at length left the convent, evidently dejected and depressed by this sort of theatrical anticipation of death and burial, and drove off with his eyes filled with tears.

On his journey he was unattended. He took with him but two aides-de-camp, and his physician, Sir James Wylie, a clever Scotsman, who had been thirty years in the imperial service. The journey was rapid, and without accident, but his mind was still full of omens. A comet had appeared. "It presages misfortune," said the emperor; "but the will of Heaven be done."

The change of air was beneficial to the empress, who reached Taganrog after a journey of three weeks; and the emperor remained with her, paying her great attention and constantly accompanying her in her rides and drives. The season happened to be mild, and Alexander proposed to visit the Crimea, at the suggestion of Count Woronzoff, governor of the province. This excursion, with all its agreeabilities, was evidently a trying one to a frame already shaken, and a mind harassed by its own feelings. He rode a considerable part of the journey, visited Sebastopol, inspected fortifications in all quarters, received officers, dined with governors, visited places where endemics made their haunt; ate the delicious, but dangerous fruits of the country; received muftis and Tartar princes; in short did everything that he ought not to have done, and finally found himself ill.

He remarked to Sir James Wylie, that his stomach was disordered, and that he had had but little sleep for several nights. The physician recommended immediate medicine, but Alexander was obstinate. "I have no confidence," said he, "in potions; my life is in the hands of Heaven; nothing can stand against its will." But the illness continued, and the emperor began to grow lethargic, and slept much in his carriage. With a rashness which seems to be the prevalent misfortune of sovereigns, he still persisted in defying disease, and suffered himself to be driven everywhere, visiting all the remarkable points of the Crimea, yet growing day by day more incapable of feeling and interest in anything. He was at length shivering under intermittent fever, and he hurried back to the empress. On being asked by Prince Volkonski, whom he had left as the manager of his household, what was the state of his health—"Well enough," was the answer, "except that I have got a touch of the fever of the Crimea." The prince entreated him to take care of his health, and not to treat it as he "would have done when he was twenty years old." On the next day his illness had assumed a determined character, and was declared to be dangerous, and a typhus.

Unfortunately, at this period, an officer of rank arrived with details of one of those conspiracies which had been notoriously on foot for some time. His tidings ought to have been concealed; but sovereigns must hear everything, and the tidings were communicated to the emperor. He was indignant and agitated. The empress exhibited the most unwearied kindness; but all efforts were now hopeless. On the 1st of December he sank and died.

The blow was felt by the whole empire; during the long journey of four months, from Taganrog to St. Petersburg, where the body was interred in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the people crowded from every part of the adjoining country to follow the funeral; and troops, chiefs, nobles, and the multitude, gave this melancholy ceremonial all the usual pomp of imperial funeral rites, and more than the usual sincerity of national sorrow.

Europe had been so often startled by the assassination of Russian sovereigns, that the death of Alexander was attributed to conspiracy. Ivan, Peter III., and Paul I., had notoriously died by violence. It is perfectly true that the life of Alexander was threatened, and that his death by the typhus alone saved him from at least attempted assassination. It was subsequently ascertained that his murder had been resolved on; and one of the conspirators, a furious and savage man, rushed into

their meeting, exclaiming at the delay which had suffered Alexander to die a natural death, and thus deprived him of the *enjoyment* of shedding the imperial blood.

The origin of those conspiracies is still among the problems of history. Nothing could be less obnoxious than the personal conduct and character of Alexander. His reign exhibited none of the banishments or the bloodshed of former reigns. He was of a gentle disposition; his habits were manly; and he had shared the glory of the Russian victories. The assassinations of the former sovereigns had assignable motives, though the act must be always incapable of justification. They had perished by intrigues of the palace; but the death of Alexander was the object of a crowd of conspirators widely scattered, scarcely communicating with each other, and united only by the frenzy of revolution.

In the imperfection of the documents hitherto published, we should be strongly inclined to refer the principle of this revolutionary movement to Poland. That unhappy country had been the national sin of Russia: and though Moscow had already paid a severe price for its atonement, from Poland came that restless revenge, which seemed resolved, if it could not shake Russia, at least to embitter the Russian supremacy.

The death of Alexander had disappointed the chief conspirators. But the conspiracy continued, and the choice of his successor revived all its determination.

The house of Romanoff had received the diadem by a species of election. Michael Romanoff, a descendant of the house of Ruric only by the female line, had been chosen by all the heads of the nation. The law of primogeniture was declared. But Peter the Great, disgusted by the vices or the imbecility of his son Alexis, had changed the law of succession, and enacted, that the sovereign should have the choice of his successor, not even limiting that choice to the royal line. Nothing is so fatal to the peace of a country as an unsettled succession; and this rash and prejudiced change produced all the confusions of Russian history from 1722 to 1797, when the Emperor Paul restored the right of primogeniture in the male line, in failure of which alone was the crown to devolve on the female line. In which case, the throne was to devolve on the princess next in relation to the deceased emperor; and, in case of her dying childless, the other princesses were to follow in the order of relationship. Alexander, in 1807, confirmed the act of Paul, and strengthened it by an additional act in 1820; stating, that the issue of marriages, authorized by the reigning emperor, and those who should themselves contract marriages, authorized by the reigning emperor, should alone possess the right of succession.

Alexander had left three brothers—the Grand-duke Constantine, born in 1779; the Grand-duke Nicholas, born in 1796; and the Grand-duke Michael, born in 1798: two of his surviving sisters had been married, one to the Grand-duke of Saxe Weimar, and the other to the King of Holland. Thus, according to the law of Russia, Constantine was the next heir to the throne.

The singular commotion which gave so melancholy a prestige to the reign of Nicholas, receives a very full explanation from this author. The Grand-duke Constantine had the countenance of a Calmuck and the manners of a Calmuck. But those were the countenance and manners of his father Paul. The other sons resembled their mother, the Princess of Wirtemberg, a woman of striking appearance and of commanding mind. Constantine was violent, passionate, and insulting; and in his viceroyalty of Poland rendered himself unpopular in the extreme. The result was, that Alexander dreaded to leave him as successor to the throne. Constantine, when scarcely beyond boyhood, had been married to one of the princesses of Saxe Cobourg, not yet fifteen. They soon quarrelled, and at the end of four years finally separated. In two years after, proposals were made to her to return. But she recollected too deeply the vexations of the past, and refused to leave Germany. Constantine now became enamored of the daughter of a Polish count, and proposed to marry her. The Greek Church is stern on the subject of divorce, but its sternness can give way on due occasion. The consent of the emperor extinguished all its scruples, and Constantine divorced his princess, and married the Polish girl; yet, by that left-handed marriage, which precludes her from inheriting titles or estates. But the emperor shortly after conferred on her the title of Princess of Lowicz, from an estate which he gave her, and both which were capable of descending to her family.

It was subsequently ascertained that, at this period, Alexander had proposed to Constantine the resignation of his right to the throne; either as the price of his consent to the divorce, or from the common conviction of both, that the succession would only bring evil on Constantine and the empire. That Alexander was perfectly disinterested, is only consonant to his manly nature, and that Constantine had come to a wise decision, is equally probable. He knew his own failings, the haste of his temper, his unpopularity, and the offence which he was in the habit of giving to all classes. He probably, also, had a sufficient dread of the fate of his father, whom, as he resembled in everything else, he might also resemble in his death. His present position fulfilled all the wishes of a man who loved power without responsibility, and enjoyed occupation without relinquishing his ease. The transaction was complete, and Alexander was tranquillized for the fate of Russia.

When the intelligence of the emperor's death reached St. Petersburg, Nicholas attended the meeting of the senate, to take the oath of allegiance to Constantine. But they determined that their first act should be the reading of a packet, which had been placed in their hands by Alexander, with orders to be opened immediately on his decease. The president broke the seal, and found

documents dated in 1822 and 1823, from Constantine, resigning the right of succession, and from Alexander accepting the resignation. Constantine's letter stated thus: "Conscious that I do not possess the genius, the talents, or the strength, necessary to fit me for the dignity of sovereign, to which my birth would give me a right, I entreat your imperial majesty to transfer that right to him to whom it belongs, after me; and thus assure forever the stability of the empire.

"As to myself, I shall add, by this renunciation, a new guarantee and a new force to the engagement which I spontaneously and solemnly contracted on the occasion of my divorce from my first wife. All the circumstances in which I find myself strengthen my determination to adhere to this resolution, which will prove to the empire and to the whole world the sincerity of my sentiments."

Another of those documents appointed Nicholas as the heir to the throne. The senate now declared that Nicholas was emperor. But he refused the title, until he had the acknowledgment from Constantine himself that he had resigned. The suspense continued three weeks. At length the formal renunciation of Constantine was received, Nicholas was emperor, and the day was appointed to receive the oath of allegiance of the great functionaries of the army and of the people. The emperor dated his accession from the day of the death of Alexander, December the 1st, 1825.

The interregnum was honorable to both the brothers; but it had nearly proved fatal to Russia; it unsettled the national feelings, it perplexed the army, and it gave sudden hopes to the conspirators against the throne.

The heads of the conspiracy in St. Petersburg were, Sergius, Prince Troûbetskoi; Eugene, Prince Obalenskoi, and Conrad Ryleieff. The first was highly connected and highly employed, colonel of the Etat Major, and military governor of Kief. The second was a lieutenant in the imperial guard, poor, but a man of talent and ambition. In Russia all the sons of a prince are princes, which often leaves their rental bare. The third was simply a noble, educated in the corps of cadets, but who had left the army, and had taken the secretaryship of the American company. He was a man of letters, had written some popular poems, and was an enthusiastic republican. Connected with those were some general officers and colonels, whose revolutionary spirit might chiefly be traced to their expulsion from employment, military disgrace, or disappointed ambition. The Russian campaigns in France, and the residence of the army of occupation, under the command of the great English general, had naturally given the Russian troops an insight into principles of national government, which they could not have acquired within the Russian frontier. The pretext of the conspirators was a constitutional government, which the talkers of St. Petersburg seemed to regard as the inevitable pouring of sudden prosperity of all kinds into the empire. The old illusion of all the advocates of change is, that everything depends on government, and that government can do everything. There cannot be a greater folly, or a more glaring fiction. Government can do nothing more than prevent the existence of obstacles to public wealth. It cannot give wealth, it cannot create commerce, it cannot fertilize the soil, it cannot put in action any of those great instruments by which a nation rises superior to its contemporaries. Those means must be in the people themselves, they cannot be the work of cabinets: governments can do no more than give them their free course, protect them from false legislation, and leave the rest to Providence.

The Russian conspirators called themselves patriots, and professed to desire a bloodless revolution. But to overthrow a government at the head of five hundred thousand men, must be a sanguinary effort; and there could be no doubt that the establishment of a revolutionary government in Russia would have been the signal for a universal war.

On the 24th and 25th of December, the conspirators met in St. Petersburg, and as Nicholas was to be proclaimed on the next day, they determined to lead the battalions to which they respectively belonged, into the great square, seize on the emperor, and establish a provisional government. They were then to raise a national guard, establish two legislative chambers, and proclaim liberty to Russia. The question next arose, what was to be done with the members of the imperial family after victory. It was answered significantly, that "circumstances must decide." At this anxious moment one of the members told them that information had been given to the emperor. "Comrades," said he, "you will find that we are betrayed, the court are in possession of much information; but they do not know our entire plans, and our strength is quite sufficient." A voice exclaimed, "The scabbards are broken, we can no longer hide our sabres."

Reports of various kinds now came crowding on them. An officer arrived to say that, in one of the armies, one hundred thousand men were ready to join them. A member of the senate came to tell them that the council of the empire was to meet at seven o'clock the next morning, to take the oath to the emperor. The time for action was now fixed. The officers of the guard were directed to join their regiments, and persuade them to refuse the oath. Then all kinds of desperate measures were proposed. It was suggested that they should force open the spirit shops and taverns, in order to make the soldiery and populace drunk, then begin a general pillage, carry off banners from the churches, and rush upon the winter palace. This, the most mischievous of all the measures, was also the most feasible, for the number of unemployed peasants and idlers of all kinds was computed at seventy thousand and upwards, and from their poverty and profligacy together, there could be little doubt that, between drunkenness and the prospect of pillage, they would be ready for any atrocity. "When the Russians break their chains," says Schiller, "it will not be

before the freeman, but before the slave, that the community must tremble."

It must be acknowledged that some were not equally ferocious. But when a military revolt has once begun, who shall limit it to works of wisdom, moderation or security? If the revolt had succeeded, St. Petersburg must have been a scene of massacre.

We shrink from all details on this painful subject. The conspirators remained in deliberation all night. As the morning dawned they went to the barracks of their regiments, and told the soldiers that Constantine was really their emperor, that he was marching to the capital at the head of the army from Poland, and that to take the oath to Nicholas would consequently be treason. In several instances they succeeded, and collected a considerable body of troops in the Great Izaak Square. But there they seem to have lost their senses. An insurrection which stands still is an insurrection ruined. They were rapidly surrounded by the garrison. Terms were offered, which they neither accepted nor refused. The gallant Milarodowitch, the hero of the Russian pursuit of the French, advancing to parley with them, was brutally shot. When all hope of submission was at an end, when the day was declining, and alarm was excited for the condition of the capital during the night, artillery was brought to bear upon them; and, after some firing on both sides, the mutineers dispersed. The police were then let loose, and numerous arrests were made.

In five months after, a high court was constituted for the trial of the leaders. A hundred and twenty-one were named in the act of accusation, many of them belonging to the first families, and in the highest ranks of civil and military employment. But the sentence was the reverse of sanguinary. Only five were put to death in St. Petersburg, the remainder were chiefly sent to Siberia. But Siberia is now by no means the place of horrors which it once was. It is now tolerably peopled; it has been partially civilized; the soil is fertile; towns have sprung up; and, though the winter is severe, the climate is healthy. Many of the families of the exiles were suffered to accompany them; and probably, on the whole, the exchange was not a calamitous one, from the whole, the anxieties of Russian life, the pressure of narrow circumstances in Europe, and the common disappointments to which all competitors for distinction, or even for a livelihood, are exposed in the crowded and struggling population of the west, to the undisturbed existence and sufficient provision, which were to be found in the east of this almost boundless empire.

Among the anecdotical parts of these volumes, is a slight account of the appearance of the Duke of Wellington as ambassador to Russia, in the beginning of a new reign. Count Nesselrode, on the accession of the czar, had sent a circular to the European courts, stating his wishes for amicable relations with them all. But England dreaded to see a collision with Turkey, and Canning selected the duke as the most important authority on the part of England. The duke took with him Lord Fitzroy Somerset as his secretary. On his arrival at Berlin, he was treated with great distinction by Frederick William. Gneisenau, at the head of the Prussian general officers, paid him a visit in his hotel; and he was fêted in all directions. General officers were sent from St. Petersburg to meet him on the Russian frontier. The emperor appointed a mansion for him, beside the palace of the Hermitage, paid him all the honors of a Russian field-marshal (he was then the *only* one in the service, placed him on a footing with the princes of the imperial family, and was frequently in his society. The people were boundless in their marks of respect.

But the duke is evidently not a favorite with the Frenchman—and we do not much wonder at this feeling in a Frenchman, poor as it is. Without giving any opinion of his own, he inserts a little sneer from the work of Lacretelle on the "Consulate and the Empire." On this authority, Wellington is "a general of excellent understanding, *phlegmatic* and *tenacious*, proceeding not by *enthusiasm*, but by *order*, *discipline*, and *slow* combinations, trusting but little *to chance*, and employing about him all the popular and vindictive passions, from which he himself is *exempt*." By all which, M. Lacretelle means, that the duke is a dull dog, without a particle of genius; simply a plodding positive man, who, by mere toil and time, gained his objects, which any Dutchman could have gained as well, and which any Frenchman would have scorned to gain. With this French folly we have not sufficient time, nor have we sufficient respect for the national *failing*, to argue.

But the true view of Wellington's character as a soldier would be *brilliancy* of conception. What more brilliant conception than his first great battle, Assaye, which finished the Indian war? What more brilliant conception than his capture of Badajoz and Ciudad in the face of the two armies of Massena and Soult advancing on him from south and north, and each equal to his own force; while he thus snatched away the prize in the actual presence of each, and left the two French generals the mortification of having marched three hundred miles apiece, only to be lookers-on? What more brilliant conception than his march of four hundred miles, without a stop, from Portugal to Vittoria; where he crushed the French army, captured one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and sent the French king and all his courtiers flying over the Pyrenees? What, again, more brilliant conception, than his storming the Pyrenees, and being the first of the European generals to enter France? and, finally, his massacre of the French army, with Soult, Ney, and Napoleon at their head, on the crowning day of Waterloo?

But all this was mere "pugnacity and *tenacity*," and sulkiness and stupidity, because it was not done with a theatrical programme, and with the air of an opera-dancer. Yet M. Lacretelle's sketch, invidious as he intends it to be, gives, in-

voluntarily, the very highest rank of generalship to its object. For, what higher qualities can a general have, than trusting nothing to chance, being superior to enthusiasm—which, in the French vocabulary, means extravagance and giddiness—and acting by deep and effective combinations, which, as every man knows, are the most profound problems and the most brilliant triumphs of military genius? Let it be remembered, too, that in the seven years' war of the Peninsula, Wellington never had twenty-five thousand English bayonets in the field; that the Spanish armies were almost wholly disorganized, and that the Portuguese were raw troops; while the French had nearly two hundred thousand men constantly recruited and supplied from France:—yet, that Wellington never was beaten, that he met either six or seven of the French field-marshals, and beat them all; and that at Waterloo, with a motley army of recruits, of whom but thirty thousand were English—and those new troops—and ten thousand German, he beat Napoleon at the head of seventy-two thousand Frenchmen, all veterans; trampled his army in the field, hunted him to Paris, took every fortress on the road, captured Paris, destroyed his dynasty, dissolved the remnants of the French army on the Loire; and sent Napoleon himself to expiate his guilt and finish his career, under an English guard, in St. Helena.

We need not envy the Frenchman his taste for "enthusiasm," his scorn of "science," his disdain of "profound combinations," and his passion for winning battles by the magic of a village conjurer.

M. Schnitzler disapproves even of the physiognomy of the duke. "His nose was too aquiline, and stood out too prominently on his sunburnt countenance, and his features, all strongly marked, were not devoid of an air of pretension." He objects to his appearing "without a splendid military costume, *to improve his appearance!*" And yet, all this foolery is the wisdom of foreigners. No man, however renowned, must forget "the *imposing*." Hannibal, or Alexander the Great, would have been nothing in their eyes, except in the uniform of the "Legion of Honor." His walking, and walking without attendants, through the streets, was a horror, rendered worse and worse by his "wearing a black frock-coat and round hat." Even when he appeared in uniform on state occasions, "he was equally luckless;" for the *costume* of a Russian field-marshal, which had been given him by Alexander, did not fit him, and was too large for his thinness. On the whole, the duke *failed*, we are told, to "gain any remarkable success in the Russian salons." The countesses could make nothing of him; the princesses smiled on him without his returning the smile; the courtiers told him *bons mots* without much effect; and the politicians were of opinion that a duke so taciturn had no tongue.

Still the emperor's attentions to him continued; and, on the day of distributing medals to the army, he gave Wellington the regiment of Smolensk, formed by Peter the Great, and of high reputation in the service.

But he succeeded in his chief object, which referred to Greece; and which ultimately, in giving independence to a nation, the classic honors of whose forefathers covered the shame of their descendants—and by a succession of diplomatic blunders, has turned a Turkish province into a European pensioner, enfeebling Turkey without benefiting Europe, and merely making a new source of contention between France, Russia, and England.

The career of Nicholas has been peaceable; and the empire has been undisturbed but by the guilty Circassian war, which yet seems to be carried on rather as a field of exercise for the Russian armies, than for purposes of conquest.

But all nations now require something to occupy the public mind; and an impression appears to be rising in Russia, that the residence of the sovereign should be transferred to Moscow. Nothing could be more likely to produce a national convulsion, and operate a total change on the European policy of Russia, and the relations of the northern courts. Yet it is by no means improbable, that the singular avidity of the Russian court to make Poland not merely a dependency, but an integral part of the empire, by the suppression of its very name, the change of its language, and the transfer of large portions of its people to other lands, may have for its especial purpose the greater security of Russia on the west, while she fixes her whole interest on a vigorous progress in the south.

There are some problems which still perplex historians, and will probably perplex them for many an age; and among those are, the good or evil predominant in the crusades, the use of a pope in Italy, (where he obviously offers, and must *always* offer, the strongest obstacle to the *union* of the Italian states into a national government,) the true character of Peter the Great, and the true policy of placing the capital of Russia in the northern extremity of the empire.

It appears to be now at least approaching to a public question—Whether Peter showed more of good sense, or of savage determination, in building a magnificent city in a swamp, where man had never before built anything but a fisherman's hut; and in condemning his posterity forever to live in the most repulsive climate of Europe? Some pages in these volumes are given to the inquiry into the wisdom of deserting an ancient, natural, and superb seat of empire in the south, for a new, unnatural, and decaying seat of sovereignty in the vicinage of the Arctic circle; of retarding the progress of civilization by the insuperable difficulties of a climate, where the sea is frozen up for six months in the year, and the rivers and land are frozen up for nine! The question now is, Whether Peter had not equally frozen up the Russian energies, impeded the natural prosperity of the empire and flung the people back into the age of Ivan I.!

Of course, no one doubts that the Russian empire is of vast extent and substantial power; but

its chief power is in its central provinces, and in its faculty of expansion into the south. Its northern provinces defy improvement, and can be sustained only by the toil of government.

The probable view of the case is, that Peter was deluded by his passion for naval supremacy. He had seen the fleets of Western Europe trained in their boisterous but ever-open seas; and he determined to have a fleet in a sea which, throughout the winter, is a sheet of ice, and where the ships are imbedded as if they were on dry ground. He had then no Black Sea for his field of exercise, and no Sebastopol for his dockyard. He touched upon no sea but the Baltic; and, under the infatuation of being a naval power, he threw the Russian government as far as he could towards the north pole.

Moscow should have remained the Russian capital. With an admirable climate, at once keen enough to keep the human frame in its vigor, and with the warm summer of the south, to supply all the vegetable products of Europe; its position commanding the finest provinces of Western Asia, Russia would have been mistress of the Black Sea a century earlier, have probably been in possession of Asia Minor, and have fixed a viceroy in the city of the sultans.

The policy of Catherine II. evidently took this direction; she made no *northern* conquests; she withdrew her armies on the first opportunity from the Prussian war, in which Russia had been involved by the blunders of her foolish husband; and though she engaged in that desperate act by which Poland was partitioned—an act which, though perfidious, was originally pacific—the whole force of her empire was thrown into southern war.

This policy is still partially maintained. The war of the Caucasus, an unfortunate and unjustifiable war, now exhibits the only hostilities on which Russia expends any portion of her power. The success of that war would evidently put the eastern, as well as the northern shore of the Black Sea, in her possession. The southern shore could then make no resistance, if it were the will of Russia to cast an eye of ambition on the land of the Turk. We by no means infer that such *is* her will; we hope that higher motives, and a sense of national justice, will rescue her reputation from an act of such atrocity. But Asia Minor, on the first crash of war, would be open to the squadrons of the Scythian. This policy was interrupted in the reign of Alexander only by the French war. When the providential time was come for the destruction of Napoleon, his rage of conquest acted the part for him which the false prophets were accustomed to act for the kings of Judah and Israel. It urged him headlong to his ruin, and all his distinguishing qualities were turned to his overthrow. His ardor in the field became precipitancy; his sagacity became a fierce self-dependence; the old tactic which had led him to strike the first blow at the capitals of Europe, urged him into the heart of the wilderness; his diplomatic confidence there exposed him to be baffled by the plain sense of Russia, and his daring reliance on his fortune stripped him of an army and a throne.

But, when Russia had recovered from this invasion, her first efforts were pointed in the old direction. She recommenced the Turkish war, seized Moldavia and Wallachia, crossed the Balkan, threatened Constantinople, and, with the city of Constantine in her grasp, retired only on the remonstrances of the European powers.

M. Schnitzler imagines that the direction of Russian conquest will be towards Germany, and contemplates the all-swallowing gluttony which is to absorb all the states from the Vistula to the Rhine. We wholly differ from those views. The condition of Europe must be totally changed before the policy of Russia will attempt to make vassals of these iron tribes. It would have too many battles to fight, and too little to gain by them. To attempt the absorption of any one leading German power would produce a universal war. Poland is still a thorn in its side; and it would take a century to convert its intense hostility into cordial obedience. Prussia and Austria are the political "Pillars of Hercules" which no invader *can* pass; and if Germany can but secure herself from the restless and insatiable ambition of France, she need never shrink from the terrors of a Tartar war.

If war should inflame the continent again, the Russian trumpets will be heard, *not* on the Elbe, but on the shores of the Propontis. Asia Minor and Syria will be a lovelier and a more lucrative prey; while probably Egypt will be the prize which will draw to the waters of the Mediterranean, the maritime force of the world.

On the whole, the volumes of this Franco-German are intelligent, and may be studied with advantage by all who desire to comprehend the actual condition of an empire, which extends from the Baltic to the Sea of Kamtschatka, which contain seven millions of square miles, nearly sixty millions of souls, is capable of containing ten times the number, and which is evidently intended to exercise a most important influence on the globe.

From the North British Review.

Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ. Daily Scripture Readings. By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Vols. I. II. Edinburgh, 1847–48.

WHEN, at the close of some long summer's day, we come suddenly, *and, as we think, before his time*, upon the broad sun, going down in his tranquillity into the unclouded west, we cannot keep our eyes from the great spectacle—and when he is gone the shadow of him haunts our sight: we see, everywhere—upon the spotless heaven, upon the distant mountains, upon the fields, and upon the road at our feet—that dim, strange, changeful image—and if our eyes shut, to recover themselves, we still find in them, like a dying flame, or like a gleam in a dark place, the unmistakable phantom of the mighty orb that has set—and were we to sit down, as we have often done, and try to record by pencil or by pen, our impression

of that holy time, still would IT be there. We must have patience with our eye, it will not let the impression go—that spot on which the radiant disk was impressed is insensible to all other outward things, for a time: its best relief is, to let it wander vaguely over earth and sky, and repose itself on the mild shadowy distance.

So it is when a great, and good, and beloved man departs, sets—it may be suddenly—and to us who know not the times and the seasons, *too soon*. We gaze eagerly at his last hours, and when he is gone, never to rise again on our sight, we see his image wherever we go, and in whatsoever we are engaged, and if we try to get quit of, or to record by words our wonder, and our sorrow, and our affection, we cannot see to do it, for the "idea of his life" is forever coming into our "study of imagination"—into all our thoughts, and we can do little else than let our mind, in a wise passiveness, hush itself to rest.

The sun returns—he knows his rising—

> "To-morrow he repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;"

but man lieth down, and riseth not again till the heavens are no more. Never again will he whose "Meditations" are now before us, lift up the light of his countenance upon us; he will be no more seen among men.

We need not say we look upon him, as a great man, as a good man, as a beloved man—*quis desiderio sit pudor tam cari capitis?* We cannot now go very curiously to work, to scrutinize the composition of his character—we cannot take that large, free, genial nature to pieces, and weigh this, and measure that, and sum up and pronounce—we are too near as yet to him, and to his loss, he is too dear to us to be so handled. "His death," to use the pathetic words of Hartley Coleridge, "is a recent sorrow; his image still lives in eyes that weep for him." The prevailing feeling is, HE IS GONE—"ABIIT AD PLURES—*he has gone over to the majority—he has joined the famous nations of the dead.*"

It is no small loss to the world, when one of its master spirits—one of its great lights—a king among the nations—leaves it. A sun is extinguished—a great attractive, regulating power is withdrawn. For though it be a common, it is also a natural thought, to compare a great man to the sun; it is in many respects very significant. Like the sun, he rules his day, and he is "for a sign and for seasons, and for days and for years," —he enlightens, quickens, attracts, and leads after him his host—his generation.

To pursue our image. When the sun sets to us, he rises elsewhere—he goes on rejoicing, like a strong man, running his race. So does a great man: when he leaves us and our concerns—he rises elsewhere; and we may reasonably suppose that one who has in this world played a great part in its greatest histories—who has through a long life been eminent in his generation for promoting the good of men and the glory of God—will be looked upon with keen interest, when he joins the company of the immortals. They must have heard of his fame—they may in their way have seen and helped him already.

Every one must have trembled when reading that passage in Isaiah, in which hell is described as moved to meet Lucifer at his coming: there is not in human language anything more sublime in conception, more exquisite in expression; it has on it the light of the terrible crystal. But may we not reverse the scene? May we not imagine, on a great and good man—a true son of the morning—entering on his rest, that heaven would move itself to meet him at his coming? That it would stir up its dead—even all the chief ones of the earth, and that the kings of the nations would arise each one from his throne to welcome their royal brother? that those who saw him would "narrowly consider him," and say, "Is this the man who moved nations—enlightened and bettered his fellows—who brought forth to his great Taskmaster an hundredfold?"

We cannot help following him whose loss we now mourn into that region, and figuring to ourselves his large, childlike spirit, when that unspeakable scene bursts upon his view, when, as by some inward, instant sense, he is conscious of God—of the immediate presence of the All-seeing Unseen—when he beholds "his honorable, true, and only Son," face to face, enshrined in "that glorious form, that light unsufferable, and that far beaming blaze of majesty," that brightness of his glory, that express image of his person—when he is admitted into the goodly fellowship of the apostles—the glorious company of the prophets—the noble army of martyrs—the general assembly of just men—and beholds with his loving eyes the myriads of "little ones,"* outnumbering their el-

* We cannot resist quoting a passage of great beauty from Dr. Chalmers' Lectures on Romans iv. 9, 15:—

"This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her —when all the converse it had ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it of a few months, or a few opening smiles which marked the dawn of felt enjoyment; and ere it had reached perhaps the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with his power, and at length to be overcome by him. Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant —nor, when carried to its early grave, what a tide of emotion it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind! On it, too, baptism was imprest as a seal, and as a sign it was never falsified. There was no positive unbelief in its little bosom—no resistance yet put forth to the truth—no love at all for the darkness rather than the light—nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach to all who perish because of unbelief—that their deeds are evil. * * * * * * And when we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner—the love that He manifested to children on earth—how He suffered them to approach his person—and, lavishing endearment and kindness upon them in the streets of Jerusalem, told his disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him —tell us if Christianity do not throw a pleasing radiance round an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof,

ders as the dust of stars with which the heavens are filled exceeds in multitude the other heavenly bodies—for of such is the kingdom.

What a change! a second birth—a new life, in the twinkling of an eye: this moment, weak, fearful, in the amazement of death—the next, strong, joyful—at rest—all things new! To adopt his own words:—all his life, up to the last, "knocking at a door not yet opened, with an earnest, indefinite longing—his very soul breaking for the longing—drinking of water, and thirsting again"—and then—suddenly and at once—a door opened into heaven, and the Master heard saying, "Come in, and come up hither!"—drinking of the river of life, clear as crystal, of which if a man drink he will never thirst—being filled with all the fulness of God!

DR. CHALMERS WAS A RULER AMONG MEN: this we know historically; this every man who came within his range felt at once. He was like Agamemnon, a native ανακξ ανδρων, and with all his homeliness of feature and deportment, and his perfect simplicity of expression, there was about him "that divinity that doth hedge a king." You felt a power, in him, and going from him, drawing you to him in spite of yourself. He was in this respect a *solar* man, he drew after him his own firmament of planets. They, like all free agents, had their centrifugal forces acting ever towards an independent, solitary course, but the centripetal also was there, and they moved round, and with, their sun —gracefully or not, willingly or not, as the case might be, but there was no breaking loose: they again, in their own spheres of power, might and would, have their attendant moons, but all were bound to the great massive luminary in the midst of them.

There is to us a continual mystery in the power any one man has over another. We find it acting everywhere, with the simplicity, the ceaselessness, the energy of gravitation, and this influence may be said to obey similar if not the same conditions; it is proportioned to *bulk*—for we hold to the notion of *larger* and *lesser* souls and hearts, as well as good and not so good in *quality;* and its intensity increases by nearness.

But when we meet a *solar* man, a being of large nature—soul, body, and spirit—when we find him from his earliest years moving among his fellows like a king, moving them whether they will or no—this feeling of mystery is deepened; and though we do not, like some men, (who should know better,) worship the creature, and convert a hero into a god, we do feel more than in other cases the truth, that it is the inspiration of the Almighty which has given to that man understanding, and that all power, all energy, all light, come to him, from the First and the Last—the Living One. God comes to be regarded by us, in this instance, as he ought always to be, "the final centre of repose"—the source of all being, of all life—the *Terminus ad quem* and the *Terminus a quo*. And assuredly, as in the firmament that simple law of gravitation reigns supreme—making it indeed a kosmos—majestic, orderly, comely in its going—ruling, and binding not less the fiery and lawless comets, than the gentle, punctual moons—so certainly, and to us moral creatures to a degree transcendently more important, does the whole intelligent universe move round and move towards the Father of Lights.

It would be well if the world would, among the many other uses they make of its great men, make more of this—that they are manifesters of God—revealers of his will—vessels of his omnipotence—and are among the very chiefest of his ways and works.

As we have before said, there is a great mystery in this power of one man over his fellows, especially when we meet with it in a great man. You see its operations constantly in history, and through it the Great Ruler has worked out many of his greatest and strangest acts. But however we may understand the accessory conditions by which one man rules other men, and controls, and fashions them to his purposes, and transforms them into his likeness—multiplying as it were himself —there remains at the bottom of it all a mystery —a reaction between body and soul that we cannot explain. Generally, however, we find accompanying its manifestation—a capacious understanding—a strong will—an emotional nature, quick, powerful, urgent, undeniable, and in perpetual communication with the energetic will and the large intellect—and a strong, hearty, capable body; a countenance and person expressive of this combination—the mind finding its way at once and in full force to the face, to the gesture, to every act of the body. He must have what is called a "presence;" not that he must be great in size, beautiful or strong; but he must be expressive, and impressive—his outward man must communicate to the beholder at once and without fail, something of indwelling power, and he must be and act as *one*. You may in your mind analyze him into several parts; but practically he acts in everything with his whole soul and his whole self; whatsoever his hand finds to do, he does it with his might. Luther, Moses, David, Mahomet, Cromwell—all verified these conditions.

And so did Dr. Chalmers. There was something about his whole air and manner, that disposed

and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot think that we venture too far, when we say, that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will then gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of him, who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

> O, when a mother meets on high
> The babe she lost in infancy,
> Hath she not then, for pains and fears—
> The day of woe, the watchful night—
> For all her sorrow, all her tears,
> An over-payment of delight?"
>
> *Lectures on the Romans*, vol. i., pp. 233-5.

you at the very first to make way where he went—he held you before you were aware. That this depended fully as much upon the activity and the quantity—if we may so express ourselves—of his affections, and upon that unknown combined action of mind and body which we call temperament, and upon a straightforward, energetic will—as upon what is called the pure intellect, will be generally allowed; but with all this, he could not have been and done what he was and did, had he not had an understanding, in vigor and in capacity, fully worthy of its great and ardent companions. It was large, and free, and mobile, and intense, rather than penetrative, judicial, clear, or fine—so that in one sense he was more a man to make others *act* than *think;* but his own actings had always their origin in some fixed, central, urgent, *proposition,* as he would call it, and he always began his onset with stating plainly what he held to be a great seminal truth; from this he passed at once, not into exposition, but into illustration and enforcement—into, if we may make a word, overwhelming insistance. Something was to be done, rather than explained.

There was no separating his thoughts and expressions from his person, and looks, and voice. How perfectly we can at this moment recall him as he went in and out before us! Thundering, flaming, lightening in the pulpit; teaching, indoctrinating, drawing after him his students in his lecture-room; sitting among other public men, the most unconscious, the most king-like of them all, with that leonine countenance, that beaming, liberal smile; or on the way out to his home, in his old-fashioned great-coat, with his throat muffled up, his big walking-stick moved outwards in an arc, its point fixed, its head circumferential, a sort of companion, and playmate, with which, doubtless, he demolished legions of imaginary foes, errors, and stupidities in men and things, in church and state. His great look, large chest, large head, his amplitude everywhere; his broad, simple, childlike, inturned feet; his short, hurried, impatient step; his erect, royal air; his look of general goodwill; his kindling up into a warm but still vague benignity when one he did not recognize spoke to him; the addition, for it was not a change, of keen speciality to his hearty recognition; the twinkle of his eyes; the immediately saying something very personal to set all to rights, and then the sending you off with some thought, some feeling, some remembrance, making your heart burn within you; his voice indescribable; his eye—that most peculiar feature—not vacant, but *asleep*—innocent, mild, large; and his soul, its great inhabitant, not always at his window; and then, when he did awake, how close to you was that burning vehement soul! how it infected you, and went through you! how mild, and affectionate, and genial its expression at his own fireside. But we may not enter there—a stranger may not intermeddle with the joys that are gone and remembered, and the sorrows that remain, and that refuse to be comforted. He was a man unlike many public and even great men, the nearer you got to him, the better, the goodlier, did he appear.

Of his portraits worth mentioning, there are Watson Gordon's—Duncan's—the Calotypes of Mr. Hill—Kenneth M'Leay's miniatures—the Daguerreotype, and Steell's bust. These are all good, and all give bits of him, some nearly the whole, but not one that τι θεμον, that *fiery particle*—that inspired look—that "diviner mind"—the *poco più*—the "little more." Watson Gordon's is too much of the mere clergyman—is a pleasant likeness, and has the shape of his mouth, and the setting of his feet very good. Duncan's is a work of genius—and is the giant looking up, awakening, but not awakened—is a very fine picture. Mr. Hill's Calotypes we like better than all the rest; because what in them is true, is absolutely so, and they have some delicate renderings which are all but beyond the power of any mortal artist; for though art is mighty, nature is mightier—"it is the art of God." The one of the doctor sitting with his grandson "*Tommy,*" is to us the best—we have the true grandeur of his form—his bulk—like one of the elder gods. Kenneth M'Leay's is admirable—spirited—and has that look of shrewdness and vivacity which he had when he was observing and speaking keenly—it is, moreover, a fine, broad, manly bit of art. M'Leay is the Raeburn of miniature painters—he does a great deal with little. The Daguerreotype is, in its own way, excellent, it gives the externality of the man to perfection, but it is Dr. Chalmers at a stand still—his mind and feelings "pulled up" for the second that it was taken. Steell's is a noble bust—has a stern heroic expression and beauty about it, and from wanting color and shadow and the eyes, it relies upon a certain simplicity and dignity;—in this it completely succeeds—the mouth is handled with extraordinary subtlety and sweetness, and the hair hangs over that ample brow like a glorious cloud. We think this head of Dr. Chalmers the artist's greatest bust.

In reference to the assertion we have made as to bulk entering into the formation of a powerful mind, Dr. Chalmers used to say, when a man of activity and public mark was mentioned, "is he weighty? has he weight?" "he has promptitude—has he power?" "he has power—has he intelligence? has he a discerning spirit?"

These are great practical, universal truths. How few if any of our greatest men have ever had all these three faculties large—fine, sound, and in "perfect diapason." Your men of promptitude, without power or judgment, are common, and are useful. But they are apt to run wild, to get needlessly brisk, unpleasantly incessant. A weasel is good or bad as the case may be—good against vermin—bad to meddle with;—but an inspired weasel, a weasel on a mission, is terrible indeed—mischievous beyond calculation, making up for want of momentum by inveteracy, killing like lightning by its speed; "fierce as wild bulls,

untamable as flies." Of such men we have now-a-days too many. Men are too much in the way of supposing that *doing*, *is being;* that theology and excogitation, and fierce dogmatic assertion of what they consider truth, is godliness; that obedience is merely an occasional great act and not a series of acts, issuing from a state, like the spring of water from its well.

"Action is transitory—a step—a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that;
'T is done—and in the after vacancy,
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed."
"Suffering" (*obedience*, or *being* as opposed to *doing*,)—
"Suffering is permanent————
And has the nature of infinity."

Dr. Chalmers was a man of genius—he had his own way of thinking, and saying, and doing, and looking everything. Men have vexed themselves in vain to define what genius is; like every ultimate term we may describe it by giving its effects, we can hardly succeed in reaching its essence. Fortunately, though we know not what are its elements, we know it when we meet it; and in him, in every movement of his mind, in every gesture, we had its unmistakable tokens. Two of the ordinary accompaniments of genius —Enthusiasm and Simplicity—he had in rare measure.

He was an *enthusiast* in its true and good sense; "he was entheat," as the old poets called it. It was this ardor, this superabounding life, this immediateness of thought and action, idea and emotion, setting the whole man agoing at once—that gave a power and a charm to everything he did. To adopt the old division of the Hebrew doctors, as given by Nathaniel Culverwel, in his "Light of Nature." In man we have—1*st*, πνευμα ζωοποιοῦν, *the sensitive soul*, that which lies nearest the body—the very blossom and flower of life; 2*d*, τον νουν, *animam rationis*, sparkling and glittering with intellectuals, crowned with light; and 3*d*, τον θυμον, *impetum animi*, *motum mentis*, the vigor and energy of the soul—its temper—the mover of the other two—the first being, as they said, resident *in hepate*—the second *in cerebro*—the third *in corde*, where it presides over the issues of life, commands the circulation, and animates and sets the blood amoving. The first and second are informative, explicative, they "take in and do" —the other "gives out." Now, in Dr. Chalmers, the great ingredient was the ὁ θυμος as indicating *vis animæ et vitæ*—and in close fellowship with it, and ready for its service, was a large, capacious ὁ νους, and an energetic sensuous, rapid, το πνευμα. Hence his energy, his contagious enthusiasm—this it was which gave the peculiar character to his religion, to his politics, to his *personnel*—everything he did was done heartily; if he desired heavenly blessings he "panted" for them—"his soul broke for the longing." To give again the words of the spiritual and subtle Culverwel, "Religion (and indeed everything else) was no matter of indifferency to him. It was θερμον τι πραγμα, a certain fiery thing, as Aristotle calls love—it required, and it got, the very flower and vigor of the spirit—the strength and sinews of the soul—the prime and top of the affections—this is that grace, that panting grace—we know the name of it and that 's all—'t is called zeal—a flaming edge of the affection—the ruddy complexion of the soul." Closely connected with this temperament, and with a certain keen sensation of truth, rather than a perception of it, if we may so express ourselves, an intense consciousness of objective truth was his simple, animating faith. He had faith in God—faith in human nature—faith, if we may say so, in his own instincts—in his ideas of men and things—IN HIMSELF; and the result was, that unhesitating bearing up and steering right onward—"never bating one jot of heart or hope" so characteristic of him. He had "the *substance* of things hoped for." He had "the *evidence* of things not seen."

By his *simplicity* we do not mean the simplicity of the head—of that he had none—he was eminently shrewd and knowing—more so than many thought—but we refer to that quality of the heart and of the life, expressed by the words, "in simplicity a child." In his own words, from his Daily Readings—

When a child is filled with any strong emotion by a surprising event or intelligence, it *runs* to discharge it on others, impatient of their sympathy; and it marks, I fancy, the simplicity and greater naturalness of this period, (Jacob's,) that the grown up men and women *ran* to meet each other, giving way to their first impulses—even as children do.

There was in all his ways a certain beautiful unconsciousness of self—an outgoing of the whole man that we see in children, who are by learned men said to be long in attaining to the Ego—blessed in many respects in their ignorance! This same Ego, as it now exists, being, we believe, part of "the fruit of that forbidden tree;" that mere *knowledge* of *good* as well as of *evil*, which our great mother bought for us at such a price. In this meaning of the word, Dr. Chalmers, considering the size of his understanding—his personal eminence—his dealings with the world—his large sympathies—his scientific knowledge of mind and matter—his relish for the practical details, and for the spirit of public business—was quite singular for his simplicity; and taking this view of it, there was much that was plain and natural in his manner of thinking and acting, which otherwise was obscure—and liable to be misunderstood. We cannot better explain what we mean than by giving a passage from Fénélon, which D'Alembert, in his Eloge upon him, as one of the members of the French Academy, quotes as specifically characteristic of that "sweet-souled" prelate. We give the passage entire, as it seems to us to contain a very beautiful, and by no means commonplace, truth:—

Fénélon, says D'Alembert, a caractérisé lui-même en peu de mots cette simplicité qui se rendoit si cher à tous les cœurs—"*La simplicité est la droi-*

ture d'une ame qui s'interdit tout retour sur elle et sur ses actions—cette vertu est différente de la sincérité, et la surpasse. On voit beaucoup de gens qui sont sincères sans être simples—Ils ne veulent passer que pour ce qu'ils sont, mais ils craignent sans cesse de passer pour ce qu'ils ne sont pas. L'homme simple n'affecte ni la vertu, ni la vérité même; il n'est jamais occupé de lui, il semble d'avoir perdu ce moi *dont on est si jaloux.*"

What delicacy of expression! how true, how clear, how clarifying! How little we see now-a-days, among grown-up men, of this straightness of the soul—of this losing or never finding "ce *moi!*" There is more than is generally thought in all this. Man in a state of perfection, would no sooner think of asking himself—am I right? am I appearing to be what inwardly I am? than the eye asks itself—do I see? or a child asks itself—do I love my mother? We have lost this instinctive sense—we have set one portion of ourselves aside to watch the rest, we must keep up appearances, and our consistency—we must respect ourselves, and be respected, if possible; we must, at all events, be respectable. As Carlyle quaintly and strongly says of Balaam, when he went out to curse, and yet not to curse Israel, "nor to do anything so much as a nothing that would look like a something, and bring wages in"—"not that the man was dishonest, *much less honest*, only he had been, was, and ever must be, *respectable.*"

Dr. Chalmers would have made a sorry Balaam; he was made of different stuff, and for other purposes. Your "respectable" men are ever doing their best to keep their status, to maintain their position. He never troubled himself about his status—indeed, we would say *status* was not the word for him. He had a *sedes* on which he rested, and from which he spoke; he had an *imperium*, athwart which he roamed as he listed; but a *status* was as little in his way as in that of a Mauritanian lion. Your merely "sincere" men, are always thinking of what they said yesterday, and what they may say to-morrow, at the very moment when they should be putting their whole self into to-day. Full of his idea, possessed by it, moved altogether by its power—believing, he spoke, and without stint or fear, often *apparently* contradicting his former self—careless about everything, but speaking fully his mind. One other reason for his apparent inconsistencies was, if one may so express it, the largeness of his nature. He had room in that capacious head, and power in that large, hospitable heart, for relishing and taking in the whole range of human thought and feeling. He was several men all in one. Multitudinous, but not multiplex—in him odd and apparently incongruous notions dwelt peaceably together. The lion lay down with the lamb. Voluntaryism and an endowment—both were best.

He was *childlike* in his simplicity:—though in understanding a full-grown man—he was himself a child in many things. Coleridge says, every man should include all his former selves in his present—as a tree has its former years' growths inside its last—so Dr. Chalmers bore along with him his childhood, his youth, his early and full manhood into his mature old age—this gave himself, we doubt not, infinite delight—multiplied his joys, strengthened and sweetened his whole nature, and kept his heart young and tender, and in tune—it enabled him to sympathize, to have a fellow-feeling with all, of whatever age. Those who best knew him, who were most habitually with him, know how beautifully this point of his character shone out in daily, hourly life. We well remember long ago loving him before we had seen him—from our having been told, that being out one Saturday at a friend's house near the Pentlands, he collected all the children and small people—the *other* bairns, as he called them—and with no one else of larger growth, took the lead to the nearest hill-top—how he made each take the biggest and roundest stone he could find, and carry—how he panted up the hill with one of enormous size himself—how he kept up their hearts, and made them shout with glee—with the light of his countenance, and with all his pleasant and strange ways and words—how having got the breathless little men and women to the top of the hill, he, hot and scant of breath, looked round on the world and upon them with his broad benignant smile like the *αναριθμον κυματων γελασμα*—the unnumbered laughter of the sea—how he set off his own huge "fellow"—how he watched him setting out on his race—slowly, stupidly, vaguely at first, almost as if he might die before he began to live—then suddenly giving a spring and off like a shot—bounding, tearing, *vires acquirens eundo;* how the great and good man was *totus in illo;* how he spoke to the big "fellow," upbraided him, cheered him, gloried in him, all but prayed for him—how he joked philosophy to his wondering and ecstatic crew, when he (the stone) disappeared among some brackens—telling them they had the evidence of their senses that he was in; they might even know he was there by his effects, by the moving brackens, though himself unseen; how plain it became that he had gone in, when he actually came out! how he ran up the opposite side a bit, and then fell back, and lazily expired at the bottom—how to their astonishment, but not displeasure—for he "set them off so well," and "was so funny"—he took from each his cherished stone, and set it off himself! showing them how they all ran alike, yet differently; how he went on, "making," as he said, "an induction of particulars," till he came to the Benjamin of the flock, a *wee wee* man, who had brought up a stone bigger than his own big head; then how he let him set off his own, and how wonderfully IT ran! what miraculous leaps! what escapes from impossible places! and how it went further up the other side, and by some fine felicity remained there.

HE WAS AN ORATOR in its specific and highest sense. We need not prove this to those who have heard him—we cannot to those who have not. It was a living man sending living, burning words into the minds and hearts of men before him, radi-

stung his intense fervor upon them all; but there was no reproducing the entire effect when alone and cool; some one of the elements was gone. We say nothing of this part of his character, because upon this all are agreed. His eloquence rose like a tide, a sea, setting in, bearing down upon you, lifting up all its waves—"deep calling unto deep"—there was no doing anything but giving yourself up for the time to its will. Do our readers remember Horace's description of Pindar?

> "Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
> Quem super notas aluere ripas
> *Fervet, immensusque ruit*, profundo
> Pindarus ore:
> ——'*per audaces nova dithyrambos*
> *Verba devolvit numerisque fertur*
> *Lege solutis.*'"

This is to our mind singularly characteristic of our perfervid Scotsman. If we may indulge our conceit, we would paraphrase it thus. His eloquence was like a flooded Scottish river*—it had its origin in some great and exalted region—in some mountain-truth—some high, immutable reality; it did not rise in a plain, and quietly drain its waters to the sea—it came sheer down from above. He got hold of some simple truth—the love of God, the Divine method of justification, the unchangeableness of human nature, the supremacy of conscience, the honorableness of all men; and having got this vividly before his mind, on he moved—the river rose at once, drawing everything into his course—

> "All thoughts, all passions, all desires,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

things outward and things inward, interests immediate and remote—God and eternity—men, miserable and immortal—this world and the next—clear light and unsearchable mystery—the word and the works of God—everything contributed to swell the volume, and add to the onward and widening flood. His river did not flow like Denham's Thames—

> "Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
> Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull."

There was strength, but likewise rage; a fine frenzy—there was, owing chiefly to its rapidity and to its being raised by his affections, often in the stream of his thoughts, some confusion; some overflowing of the banks; some turbulence, and a certain noble immensity;—*but its origin was clear and calm*, above the region of clouds and storms. If you saw *it*; if you took up and admitted entirely his proposition—his starting idea, then all else moved on; but once set agoing, once on his way, there was no pausing to inquire, why or how—*fervet—ruit—fertur*, he boils—he rushes—he is borne along; and so are all who hear him.

To go on with our figure—There was no possibility of sailing up his stream. You must go with him, or you must go ashore. This was a great peculiarity with him, and puzzled many people. You could argue with him, and get him to entertain your ideas on any purely abstract or simple proposition—at least for a time; but once let him get down among practicals, among applications of principles, into the regions of the affections and active powers, and such was the fervor and impetuosity of his nature, that he could not stay leisurely to argue; he could not then entertain the opposite; it was hurried off, and made light of, and disregarded, like a floating thing before a cataract.

To play a little more with our conceit—The greatest man is he who is both born and made—who is at once poetical and scientific—who has genius and talents—each supporting the other. So with rivers. Your mighty world's river rises in high places, among the everlasting hills; amidst clouds, or inaccessible clearness. On he moves, gathering to himself all waters; refreshing, cheering all lands. Here a cataract, there a rapid; now lingering in some corner of beauty and strength, as if loath to go. Now shallow and wide, laughing in his glee—now deep, and silent, and slow—now narrow, and rapid, and deep, and not to be meddled with. Now in the open country; not so clear, for other waters have come in upon him, and he is becoming useful; no longer turbulent—travelling more contentedly; now he is *navigable*, craft of all kinds, big and little, coming and going upon his surface forever; and then, as if by some

* We have called our Chalmers a *Scottish* river. He was thoroughly *national* in look, in feeling, in heart, in *perfervor*. In connection with this, we remember, many years ago, when we were, as youngsters are, more o'erinformed with phantasy, with some few of our companions setting ourselves to compare the great poets to musical instruments. Milton was an organ, with a trumpet *obbligato*—a "loud, uplifted, angel trumpet"—with ever and anon, and shutting up his passages, a "seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies,"—"bringing all heaven before our eyes,"—"the thunderous throne,"—and making us conscious of him "who sits thereon."

Shakspeare was a violin—and all who know what it can do and be, under the fingers and soul of a master—how it can unbind the hidden springs of harmony—knows this is the only not unfit emblem of him, "who, in our wonder and astonishment, hath built himself a livelong monument,"—clear, spiritual—powerful, but not by reason of its loudness—human in its speech, in its sorrow—angelic in its singing—quiring to the young-eyed cherubim—this moment touching us to the quick, the next soothing, and then down into the depths of despair, of wrath, of gentleness. Nimble, self-possessed, possessing everything—like Ariel, circling the world, and unlike him, through it, and the hearts of men—quick, lambent, devouring, shooting up as flame—fresh, insinuative, liquid as water.

We came to Burns; all were at a loss. At last "B——," our beloved "B——," who is now long since dead and gone—a *socius*, "a fellow of infinite humor, of most excellent fancy"—but of too deep and keen affections, and too frail a form, for this rough, coarse, wearing, tearing world—suddenly said, "Burns was a great Eolian harp, played on by a Scottish mountain air;" adding, (for he was an inveterate wag,) "and playing it over again with variations." We felt it to be true—an Eolian harp and a *Scottish* mountain air. Strong, shrewd, native—whispering now, thundering now, laughing, as who could laugh? then wailing, heart-broken, like a lamb seeking at night her lost mother; now running races in his mirth—and like "an unseen laborer whistling at his work;" now visiting and refreshing the crimson tips of the daisy; now filling the daffodillies' cups with tears; wayward—coming and going as he listed, or as the place he moved along or down might shape his way; now lifting madly his voice against the heavens; now singing the praises of their Eternal King.

gentle and great necessity, "deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face," he pays his last tribute to the *Fiscus*, the great exchequer, the sea—running out fresh, by reason of his power and volume, into the main for many a league; not lost, when he dies.

Your mere genius, who has instincts, and is poetical, and not scientific, who grows from within—chiefly by increase, not accrease—he is like our mountain river, clear, wilful, odd; running round corners; disappearing it may be under ground, coming up again quite unexpectedly, and quite strong, as if fed from some unseen spring, deep down in darkness; rising without warning, and coming down like a lion; often all but dry; never to be trusted to for driving mills; must at least be tamed and led off to the mill; and going down full pace, and without stop or stay, into the sea.

Your man of talents, of acquirements, of science—who is made;—who is not so much educed as edified; who, instead of acquiring his *vires eundo*, gets his *vires eundi*, from acquirement, and grows from without; who serves his brethren and is useful; he rises often no one knows where; has perhaps no proper fountain at all, but is the result of the gathered rain water in the higher flats; he is never quite clear, never brisk, never dangerous; always from the first useful, and goes pleasantly in harness; turns mills; washes rags—makes them into paper; carries down all manner of dye-stuffs and omnigenous feculence; and turns a bread-mill to as good purpose as any clearer stream; is docile, and has, as he reaches the sea, in his dealings with the world, a river trust, who look after his and their own interests, and dredge him, and deepen him, and manage him, and turn him off into docks, and he is in the sea before he or you know it—indeed, the sea comes up to him.

Though we do not reckon the *imagination* of Dr. Chalmers among his master faculties, it was powerful, effective, magnificent. It did not move him, he took it up as he went along; its was not that imperial, penetrating, transmuting function that we find it in Dante, in Jeremy Taylor, in Milton, or in Burke; he used it to emblazon his great central truths, to hang like luminous clouds on the skirts of his illustration; but it was too passionate, too material, too encumbered with images, too involved in the general *mêlée* of the soul, to do its work as a master. It was not in him, as Thomas Fuller calls it, "that inward sense of the soul, its most boundless and restless faculty—for while the understanding and the will are kept as it were *in libera custodia* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, it is free from all engagements—digs without spade, flies without wings, builds without charges, in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world by a kind of omnipotency, creating and annihilating things in an instant—restless, ever working, never wearied." We may say, indeed, that men of his temperament are not generally endowed with this power in largest measure—in one sense they can do without it, in another they want the conditions on which its highest exercise depends. Plato, and Milton, and Shakspeare, and Dante, and Wordsworth, had imaginations tranquil, sedate, cool, originative, penetrative, which dwelt in the "highest heaven of invention," "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth." Thus it was that Chalmers could personify or paint a passion; he could give it in one of its actions; he could not, or rather he never did, empassionate, create, and vivify a person—a very different thing from personifying a passion—all the difference between Byron and Shakspeare.

In his impetuosity, we find the rationale of much that is peculiar in the style of Dr. Chalmers. As a spoken style it was thoroughly effective.* He seized the nearest weapons, and smote down whatever he hit. But from this very vehemence, this haste, there was in his general style a want of correctness, of selectness, of nicety, of that curious felicity which makes thought immortal, and enshrines it in imperishable crystal. In the language of the affections he was singularly happy; but, in a formal statement, rapid argumentation and analysis, he was often, as we might think, uncouth, and imperfect, and incorrect; chiefly owing to his temperament, to his fiery, impatient, swelling spirit—this gave his orations their fine audacity—this brought out hot from the furnace, his new words—this made his numbers run wild—*lege solutis*. We are sure this view will be found confirmed by these "Daily Readings," when he wrote little at a time, and had not time to get heated—and when

* We have not noticed his iterativeness, his reiterativeness, because it flowed naturally from his primary qualities. In speaking it was effective, and to us pleasing, because there was some new modulation, some addition in the manner, just as the sea never sets up one wave exactly like the last or the next. But in his books it did somewhat encumber his thoughts, and the reader's progress and profit. It did not arise, as in many lesser men, from his having said his say—from his having no more in him; much less did it arise from conceit, either of his idea or his way of stating it; but from the intensity with which the sensation of the idea—if we may use the expression—made its first mark on his mind. Truth to him never seemed to lose its first freshness, its edge, its flavor; and Divine truth, we know, had come to him so suddenly, so fully, at mid-day, when he was in the very prime of his knowledge, and his power, and quickness—had so possessed his entire nature, as if, like him who was journeying to Damascus, a Great Light had shone round about him—that whenever he reproduced that condition, he began afresh, and with his whole utterance, to proclaim it. He could not but speak the things he had seen, and felt, and heard, and believed; and he did it much in the same way, and in the same words, for the thoughts and affections and posture of his soul were the same. Like all men of vivid perception and keen sensibility, his mind and his body continued under impressions, both material and spiritual, after the objects were gone. A curious instance of this occurs to us. Some years ago, he roamed up and down through the woods near Auchindinny, with two boys as companions. It was the first burst of summer, and the trees were more than usually enriched with leaves. He wandered about delighted, silent, looking at the leaves, "thick and numberless." As the three went on, they came suddenly upon a high brick wall, newly built, for peach trees, not yet planted. Dr. Chalmers halted, and looking steadfastly at the wall, exclaimed most earnestly, "What foliage! what foliage!" The boys looked at one another, and said nothing; but on getting home, expressed their astonishment at this very puzzling phenomenon. What a difference! leaves and parallelograms—a forest and a brick wall!

the nature of the work, the time at which it was done, and his solitariness, made his thoughts flow at their "own sweet will,"—they are often quite as classical in expression, as they are deep and lucid in thought—reflecting heaven with its clouds and stars, and letting us see deep down into its own secret depths—this is to us one great charm of these volumes. Here he is broad and calm—in his great public performances by mouth and pen, he soon passed from the lucid into the luminous.

What, for instance, can be finer in expression than this? "It is well to be conversant with great elements—life and death, reason and madness." "God forgets not his own purposes, though he executes them in his own way, and maintains his own pace, which he hastens not and shortens not to meet our impatience." "I find it easier to apprehend the greatness of the Deity than any of his moral perfections, or his sacredness;" and this—

One cannot but feel an interest in Ishmael—figuring him to be a noble of nature—one of those heroes of the wilderness who lived on the produce of his bow, and whose spirit was nursed and exercised among the wild adventures of the life he led. And it does soften our conception of him whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him, when we read of his mother's influence over him, in the deference of Ishmael to whom we read another example of the respect yielded to females even in that so-called barbarous period of the world. There was a civilization, the immediate effect of religion, in these days, from which men fell away as the world grew older.

That he had a keen relish for material and moral beauty and grandeur we all know—what follows shows that he had also the true ear for beautiful words, as at once pleasant to the ear and suggestive of some higher feelings:—"I have often felt, in reading Milton and Thomson, a strong poetical effect in the bare enumeration of different countries, and this strongly enhanced by the statement of some common and prevailing emotion, which passed from one to another." This is set forth with great beauty and power in verses 14th and 15th of Exodus xv.—The people shall hear and be afraid—sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina. Then the Dukes of Edom shall be amazed—the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold of them—the inhabitants of Canaan will melt away. Any one who has a tolerable ear and any sensibility, must remember the sensation of delight in the mere sound—like the colors of a butterfly's wing, or the shapeless glories of evening clouds, to the eye—in reading aloud such passages as these: Heshbon shall cry and Elealeh—their voice shall be heard to Jabez—for by the way of Luhith with weeping shall they go it up—for in the way of Horonaim they shall raise a cry. God came from Teman, the Holy One from Mount Paran. Is not Calno as Carchemish? is not Hamath as Arpad? is not Samaria as Damascus? He is gone to Aiath, he is passed to Migron; at Michmas he hath laid up his carriages: Ramath is afraid; Gibeah of Saul is fled—Lift up thy voice, O daughter of Gallim; cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth. Madmenah is removed; the inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee. The fields of Heshbon languish—the vine of Sibmah—I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh. Any one may prove to himself that much of the effect and beauty of these passages depends on these names—put others in their room, and try them.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Calm was all nature as a resting wheel." The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field-gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sun-light—vast, dim melancholy, like a sea: everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, "sprinklings of blithe company;" the country-side seemed moving to some one centre. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

"He had a hardness in his eye,
He had a hardness in his cheek."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different it looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised, and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little, and look much, and at far off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a "big one of ourselves," he looking vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity;—how he let the light of his countenance fall on us. He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now

and then the theme—the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," —he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier! —who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling towards men in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder—the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse,* and how alone we could escape—we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted—but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the abolisher of death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came—we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice—"that tremendous necessity."

Were we desirous of giving to one who had never seen or heard Dr. Chalmers an idea of what manner of man he was—what he was as a whole—in the full round of his notions, tastes, affections, and powers—we would put this book into their hands, and ask them to read it slowly, bit by bit, as he wrote it. In it he puts down simply, and at once, what passes through his mind as he reads—there is no making of himself feel and think—no getting into a frame of mind—he was not given to frames of mind—he preferred states to forms—substances to circumstances. There is something of everything in it—his relish for abstract thought —his love of sounding depths and finding no bottom—his knack of starting subtle questions, which he did not care to run to earth—his penetrating, regulating godliness—his delight in nature—his turn for politics—general, economical, and ecclesiastical—his picturesque eye—his humanity—his inherent courtesy—his warm-heartedness—his impetuosity—his sympathy in all the wants, and pleasures, and sorrows of his kind, past, present, and to come—his delight in the law of God, and his simple, devout, manly treatment of it—his acknowledgment of difficulties—his turn for the sciences of quantity and number, and indeed for natural science and art generally—his shrewdness —his worldly wisdom—his genius;—all these come out—you gather them like fruit—here a little and there a little. He goes over the Bible, not as a philosopher, or a theologian, or a historian, or a geologist, or a jurist, or a naturalist, or a statist, or a politician—picking out all that he wants, and a great deal more than he has any business with, and leaving everything else as barren to his reader as it has been to himself—but he looks abroad upon his Father's *word*—as he used so pleasantly to do on his *world*—as a man and as a Christian; he submits himself to its influences, and lets his mind go out fully and naturally in its utterances. It is this which gives to this work all the charm of multitude in unity, of variety in harmony; and that sort of unexpectedness and ease of movement which we see everywhere in nature and in natural men.

We give at random a few extracts:—

SABBATH EXERCISES.

What a damper to spirituality—what a rude extinguisher on all its feelings and contemplations is sin! An unforeseen gust of anger will put them all to flight; and the objective truth is lost in that disturbed and so darkened medium by which the subjective mind is encompassed. There is one lesson, however, to be gathered from the connection which obtains between obedience and spiritual discernment on the one hand, between disobedience and spiritual dimness or obscuration on the other. A strict and conscientious perseverance in the walk of known duty may at length conduct to those manifestations after which we aspire—or, in other words, the humble doings of our every-day obedience may prove a stepping-stone to the higher experiences of the divine life. Certain it is, that to cast off this obedience is to cut away the first round of the ascending ladder; and so to make a commencement impossible.—p. xix.

Enlighten me, O God. Open the eyes of my understanding. Deliver me from the power of fantasies in religion. Let mine be a solid faith, exercised on those stable realities which are sought for and discovered only in the medium of thy word. I would learn of thy holy oracles. I would take the sayings of the Bible simply and purely as they are, and exercise myself on the trueness of these sayings.—p. xx.

In my aspirations after spiritual light, let me remember that it sufficeth not to look objectively at the truths which are without me—if subjectively I have nothing to look with but a dim or diseased organ of perception. It is not enough that there be steadfastness of gaze. There must be singleness of eye—insomuch that on this last condition it turns that the whole body is full of light.—p. xx.

Many attempts have I made to obtain more adequate notions than I possess of the deity; but there

* "And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."—Rev. vi. 8.

is none in which I better succeed than when I aim at an intense recognition of the subject and filial relation in which I stand to him when simply regarded as my Maker. It is not on the strength of any remote or recondite contemplations that I expect to grow in fruitful acquaintance with him—but by the stepping-stone of such thoughts as might be apprehended by babes—but still which neither babes nor philosophers will apprehend to any practical effect, till the spirit brings them home.—pp. xxiii., xxiv.

Let me apprehend the truths of Scripture simply—let me believe them surely; and the mind, when thus occupied, will be rightly set. I am restless and dissatisfied without God.—p. xxiv.

Let me conform myself more and more unto the *mediatorial* economy of the gospel. Let my fellowship be with the Son as well as with the Father.—p. xxix.

I know no passage in Scripture that gives a clearer and more decisive warrant to a simply objective faith, than Heb. vi. 17—20. The hope is grounded, not on aught that is within, but on that which is independent of us, and external to us—the truth of God, the immutability of his counsel, the faithfulness of his promise, strengthened by this double guarantee that he has not only said it, but sworn it. We do not steady a ship by fixing the anchor on aught that is within the vessel. The anchorage must be without the vessel; and so of the soul, when resting, not on what it sees in itself, but on what it sees in the character of God—the certainty of his truth, the impossibility of his falsehood. Thus may I cast the anchor of my hope on the foundation which God himself hath laid in Zion—laying hold and taking refuge, not in the hope that I find to be in me, but in the hope that is set before me. I know that there is a legitimate hope, too, in the consciousness of a work of grace within me; but the primary hope, the beginning of our confidence, is of altogether an objective character, and respects God in Christ reconciling the world, and not imputing unto them their trespasses. Simplify and strengthen this confidence; and make it every day more sure and steadfast, O my God.—pp. xxx., xxxi.

In solitude and stillness—but with a heart sadly prone to wander from the fountain of light and life—made sad exhibitions of my natural infirmity—impatience in opposition to the long-suffering of the spirit under the manifold interruptions of Edinburgh. Where is my slowness to wrath?—where the approach in the way of resemblance or imitation to the characteristics of Godhead? and where, alas! a prevailing sense of God, so as to make him the guide, and the master, and the arbiter of all my doings?—p. xxxvi.

I find it easier to apprehend the greatness of the divinity, than any of his moral perfections, or his sacredness; yet even the former were an elevating thought; and let us be thankful if at any time, and according to any view of him, if just, we can attain to a realizing sense of God.—p. xl.

DAILY SCRIPTURE READINGS.

Let me make this use of the information that God made man in his own image. Let it cure me of the scepticism which distrusts man's instinctive beliefs or perceptions. Let me recollect that in knowledge or understanding we are like unto God—and that in his light we see light. He would not practise a mockery upon us by giving us constitutional beliefs at variance with the objective reality of things, and so as to distort all our views of truth and of the universe. We were formed in his image intellectually as well as morally; nor would he give us the arbitrary structure that would lead us irresistibly to believe a lie. When men deny the objective reality of space or time, I take refuge in the thought that my view of them must be the same in kind at least, though not so perfect in degree, as that of God—or of him who sees all things as they are, and cannot possibly be the subject of any illusion.—pp. 2, 3.

The flood was miraculous; but it is remarkable that God is sparing of miracles, and seems to prefer the ordinary processes of nature, if equally effectual, for the accomplishment of his purposes. He might have saved Noah and his family by miracles; but he is not prodigal of these, and so he appointed that an ark should be made to bear up the living cargo, which was to be kept alive, on the surface of the waters; and not only so, but he respects the laws of the animal physiology, as he did those of hydrostatics, in that he put them by pairs into the ark, male and female, to secure their transmission to after ages, and food was stored up to sustain them during their long confinement. In short, he dispenses with miracles when these are not requisite for the fulfilment of his ends; and he never dispenses with the ordinary means, when these are fitted and at the same time sufficient for the occasion.—pp. 10, 11.

Mark here, as in many places of the Bible, the free and fearless ascription of a righteousness to Noah of which we should most naturally and readily conceive that it was a personal righteousness, and in consideration of which God saved him from the flood that came upon the world of the ungodly. This should not be explained away, as it often is by an ultra and over-anxious orthodoxy.—p. 11.

The approval and the reward which Abraham met with from God for his obedience, should relax the antipathies of that ultra-rigorous orthodoxy which looks frowningly on works, and would almost seem to forbid the performance of them. I fear that the effect of controversy and system in theology has been to work a mal-adjustment between our minds and the representations of Scripture, which will not be compelled into an accommodation with the artificial compends or creeds of any denomination. A remarkable example is the jealousy wherewith the disciples of the evangelical school look on service, lest faith should suffer derogation thereby. In what perfect harmony do these two elements meet in the character of Abraham, who may be said to have personified the composition of the two, and is accordingly claimed and appealed to alike by two apostles—by one when he is setting forth the part which faith, and by the other when he is setting forth the part which works have in our salvation.—pp. 38, 39.

I have long been impressed with the dignified politeness of the patriarch as laid before us in this passage—with the discourses he made to the people of the land, and the repetition of which, as given in verse twelfth, falls on my ear with the cadence and effect of high poetry. There is nothing in the etiquette of courts and parliaments, or in any of our forms of highest breeding, which so powerfully expresses the respect of man for his fellows. This, too, would make an admirable subject for the pencil.—pp. 39, 40.

The various particulars of this transaction evince very considerable progress at that early period in economics, in commerce, in law. There is money, and of a given denomination or coin—balances for

weighing it—a standard thereof, such as was current with the merchant—a superiority therefore in the methods of trade above the way of barter—forms in the conveyance and exchange of property before witnesses, as here in the audience of the people of Heth—the terms and specifications of a bargain, by which its several particulars were made sure to Abraham in the presence of and before many witnesses;—all serving to confirm the doctrine that the progress in these days was from an original civilization down to barbarism—the civilization being coeval with the first and earliest revelations, or with Adam himself. A thorough attention to these early chapters of Genesis confirms our belief in this tenet—supported as it is by this very strong negative argument, that a nation was never known to emerge simultaneously and unaided from the savage state—the civilization thereof having always, as far as is known, originated in or been aided by a movement or influence from without.—pp. 40, 41.

The death of Abraham:—

The death of this truly magnificent personage—whose biography is altogether worthy of the father of the faithful—is recorded in suitable terms of venerable simplicity, quite in keeping with his character as the greatest of the patriarchs. He gave up the ghost, died in a good old age, an old man full of years, and, most touching of all, both in simplicity and force—was gathered to his people. I feel convinced, from the effect of my now more special attention, in sections and piecemeal, to the Bible, that I become far more intimate than before with the character of its recorded personages; and have no doubt that the biography of Scripture, if more fully studied, would be found not only replete with moral instruction, but would contribute to build up a distinct evidence for the truth of the Scripture.—p. 46.

How I love the cadence of such descriptions as are given in the instances both of Abraham and Ishmael of their respective latter ends—gathered unto his people!—p. 47.

Then follows the announcement of that great and solemn interview, when, from the flaming top of Sinai, the tokens of a present divinity were held forth in the sight of all Israel. Moses acted the part of a messenger or mediator between God and the people—conveying to them the words which he had heard, and carrying back their promises and engagements of obedience. This coming of the Lord in a thick cloud, was expressly for the purpose of their hearing the voice which issued therefrom, and so believing in Him forever—the honest purpose of God, though afterwards frustrated by the perversity of man; and thus another exemplification of that mystery which will never be dissipated in this world—a declared and ostensible purpose of the Almighty coming short of its fulfilment. Let not our inability to scan the hidden counsel turn us away from the palpable lesson here given of the Divine sacredness—in that the people had to sanctify themselves for this great and solemn occasion, and dare not overpass the prescribed barrier, or come too near to that awful majesty of God, which, within certain limits, was unapproachable.—p. 146.

On the true keeping of the Sabbath—how full of meaning this little sentence is—how well the theological world would do to take this to heart:

Let my sabbath not be a working-day; and even in the things of sacredness, let me not so exercise myself as to violate its character as a day of rest.—p. 182.

It is delightful to be told, as we are here, of the sufficiency, nay, exuberance of the voluntary principle for the object assigned to it. No argument, however, for an exclusive voluntaryism. It is in striking conformity with human nature that for the erections, as in this instance, of the tabernacle, God should not have imposed a levy upon his worshippers, but drawn on their free-will—whereas, for the maintenance of the ecclesiastical laborers a legal provision was instituted. It was thus that we aimed at the prosecution of church extension—subscriptions for the places of worship—an endowment for their officiating ministers.—p. 186.

Speaking of the tabernacle, and the minute directions for its fabric and furniture:—

In the description of these various articles, it is well to observe that there are parts not for use only, but parts which serve no discernible purpose, save that of ornament. The candlestick would practically have answered all its mere utilitarian purposes as well as though there had been neither knops nor flowers; and so too might our vegetable structures without so rich an efflorescence of gay and variegated blossoms. It is pleasing to contemplate such exhibitions of beauty, as designedly set forth by God to regale the taste and the eye of man. Even our Saviour dignifies this object of the Divine workmanship—when he says of the lilies of the field, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—p. 188, 189.

But the most noticeable thing here is the contribution made by women of their looking-glasses—which in these days were made of polished brass. One likes to meet not only with the characteristic zeal of the sex in things pertaining to sentiment; but with the countenance given to it, and the record made of it.—p. 189.

There is a contempt for externals which I hold to be both unscriptural and unphilosophical. Materialism is instinct with sentiment; and there is a power of expression even in dress and drapery, which makes the question of priestly vestments to be not insignificant. And certain it is, that deformity of person is still more revolting than homeliness or shabbiness of attire.—p. 231.

To make the Sabbath observance a duty which should terminate in itself, and without regard to its moral influences, is a specimen of the same senseless superstition which would attach a mysterious virtue to the mere *opus operatum* of sacraments and church forms. And the same is true of the imposition of fringes—good as memorials of duty, but utterly superstitious and vain if the mere wearing of them were made the *terminus ad quem* of the observance. It is in kind accommodation to our corporeal nature that such an institution was devised; but separated from its end, it is but an empty ceremonial—even as the Sabbath is when separated from its end.—Let us not forget, O Lord, that the flesh is unprofitable and vain, and that all Thy words are spirit and life.—p. 281.

It were well for a philosophical and learned jurist to confront the civil law of the Hebrews given by inspiration, with the laws and usages of the most enlightened nations, and also with the principles of his profession. The principle of prevention by example, as well as of correction and removal in the particular instance, is here adverted to; and the way in which the rule of capital punishment is given forth, along with that of the minor punishment, speaks strongly against those who oppose the penalty of death in all instances whatever.—p. 356.

We now come to the last scene in the history of the great Jewish legislator, who fills so mighty a space in the Old Testament—a noble character, in which great power and great sensibility were most gracefully blended. The glory of God and the good of Israel were the paramount desires and principles of his heart; and such, in particular, was the strength of his patriotic affection for his own countrymen, that it could not be overborne by all their provocations. There must, I should think, have been a miraculous showing of the land to Moses; as, optically, I doubt it must be impossible for any ordinary person to reach such an extent of vision from the top of any hill on the east of Jordan. And yet, as in many other instances, the natural is made to help the miraculous—for if wholly miraculous, why ascend to the top of a mountain at all? The line of demarcation between these two is by us unknown. The contest of Michael with Satan about the body of Moses, has been theorized upon; but it, too, is an unexplained mystery. * * * The government now passed into delegated and inferior hands; and the book closes most appropriately, with a testimony to the greatness of Moses, and the honors by which he was signalized. We have now described one great department of Holy Writ—the Pentateuch.—pp. 382, 383.

We must here take leave of good old Joshua, with whom we have companied for many days. May I meet him in heaven! The people of that generation were faithful to the Lord, and might have transmitted their own loyalty to their children, had they been more observant of Joshua's purpose, that not only he, but he *and his house*, should serve the Lord. The decay of family religion is the sure precursor of national degeneracy. * * It is interesting to observe the religious fidelity wherewith they executed the charge which Joseph left behind him respecting his bones. * * So it was competent for Phinehas to have a property, and that, too, in a territory not assigned to the sons of Aaron.—p. 422.

We have merely looked into the second volume of the Scripture Readings. They extend to the end of Job, and, as might be expected, are quite equal to, and quite in harmony with, the first. That wonderful production of inspired genius—the Book of Job, is here carefully analyzed, its high argument carefully completed, and its interlocutors painted to the life. What a simplicity, depth, and grandeur about that most ancient of dramatic poems! In it, tragedy is found to be, as Milton said it ought always to be—"The gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all poems—being of power, by raising pity, and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions." Besides its being inspired, and its having in it so much of the mind and the will of the Almighty—where will your men of letters find more, or as much of the "mens divinior," of the very highest attributes of human genius, as in this story of the Arabian patriarch?

We give a few extracts:—

Then comes another of the endless rebellions of this people. It is truly instructive to find in their history the verification of the important lesson—the power and ascendancy of an individual mind over the masses. How often do we find both the character and prosperity of the nation to flourish with the presence of a good judge or ruler; and how often their decline in both respects to be associated with the absence of these functionaries. It is true that the regal part of their history, when the monarchy was never vacant, their degeneracies, and consequent adversities, were associated, not with the want of a prince, but with the rule of a bad one, which confirms all the more a law of vast importance in human affairs—the power of single men over large aggregates of their species.—p. 21.

Thus terminates the dark and tragical history of Saul. One's heart bleeds for him. There were good sensibilities about him, distempered as he was; and carried by the influence of his morbid jealousies and fears to fearful atrocities of conduct. Yet his delinquencies and crimes were the result more of impulses and brooding imaginations than of aught like deep or deliberate villany. His sun set in darkness on Mount Gilboa, where the sorely wounded man put an end to his own life, and with his own hand made over his dead body to the wanton outrage of his enemies. What a degradation to Israel, to have the mangled relics of their monarch set forth in triumph from the wall of one of their own captured towns, now in possession of the idolatrous Philistines! * * * Jabesh-gilead stands signalized now for the third time in Scripture history. It here repairs the disgrace which had fallen upon it from not joining with the rest of Israel in wiping off the national scandal that had been inflicted by the tribe of Benjamin. Their present exploit was a high act of patriotism and honor. * * * What a catastrophe for poor Jonathan—one of the most truly lovable of our Scripture characters! Had his life been spared, it might have told on the future history of the nation, and certainly not so as to harmonize with the designs of that wise Providence which withdrew him from the scene.—pp. 89, 90.

In the clothing of his neck with thunder, the very indefiniteness of the image adds to the immense power; nor can we figure a more gorgeous and impressive picture than is here given of this noble creature—it must be left to speak for itself; and the argument passes on to other exemplifications, as the hawk poising herself in the air, and cleaving it with a power which man is unable to comprehend, and far less to imitate. The description closes with the eagle, king of the birds, and with whom there stands associated so many lofty and commanding images—as the elevated crag in which it builds its nest, the munition of those rocks where it dwells and rears up its young, the pride of its superiority over all other tenants of the air, whom it holds in perpetual subjection and terror, and seizes upon for its prey. The force of her far-seeing eye, and the ravenous appetite both of herself and her young ones for blood, are here powerfully depicted—all serving to enhance our view of the littleness of man in comparison with the God who made all and sustains all.—p. 473.

And having affirmed all things to be his, he returns to the leviathan; and we are here presented with a truly magnificent description of him. It is most interesting to mark this delighted contemplation by God of his own works—thus stamping a warrant of sacredness on our tasteful admiration of them—as of the parts, and the power, and the comely proportion of this noble creature. Who can approach or come so near as to put the bridle into him? * * * What a *vis poetica* in the trait of his laughing at the shaking of a spear! So impenetrable is the lining of his body that he can

lie with ease on the sharp stones that are under him, or as if in ostentation of his hardiness, is represented in spreading them beneath him upon the mire. And the effect of his movement in the waters is given with great strength of imagery and expression—raising such a commotion there as to make the sea like a boiling pot. The electric luminousness that is excited by these agitations is here again adverted to; and there is immense power in the feature that "one would think the deep to be hoary." It is made white and foamy, like curled and white hair, by the number of bells which ascend from his path, and by which, though himself unseen, one might trace his progress through the deep. Altogether he is unrivalled, and stands in fear of nothing—the proudest of the proud, or one so superior in strength and greatness to the proud ones of the earth that they might well be humbled in the contemplation of him. There are various conjectures respecting leviathan, whether he be whale or crocodile. It is truly a gorgeous representation that is here given of him; nor is the last trait the least impressive, where he is represented as looking down upon all things, and as king over all the children of pride.—pp. 476, 477.

We leave our readers now, recommending them all to get this book—if they have families, to get several copies. They will not find in it a museum of antiquities, and curiosities, and laborious trifles; nor of scientific specimens, analyzed to the last degree, and all standing in order, labelled and useless. They will not find in it an armory for fighting with and destroying their neighbors. They will get less of the physic of controversy than of the diet of holy living. They will find much of what Lord Bacon desired, when he said, "We want short, sound, and judicious notes upon Scripture, without running into common-places, pursuing controversies, or reducing those notes to artificial method, but leaving them quite loose and native. For certainly, as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and common-places." They will find it as a large, pleasant garden—like the first and best garden—natural; no great system; not trim, but beautiful, and in which there are things pleasant to the eye as well as good for food—flowers and fruit, and a few good esculent, wholesome roots. There are Honesty, Thrift, Eye-bright, (Euphrasy that cleanses the sight,) Heart's-ease. The good seed in abundance, and the strange mystical Passion-flower; and in the midst, and seen everywhere, if we but look for it, the Tree of Life, with its twelve manner of fruits—the very leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. And, perchance, when they take their walk through it at evening time, or at "the sweet hour of prime," they may see a happy, wise, beaming old man, at his work there—they may hear his well-known voice; and if they have their spiritual senses exercised as they ought, they will not fail to see by his side "one like unto the Son of Man."

From the Spectator, 19 Feb.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM CANADA.

This week's news from Canada has attracted scarcely any attention. It is very important nevertheless; and we are much mistaken if coming events in the colony do not soon obtain for it the serious attention of statesmen in this country. For the questions to which this intelligence gives rise are not colonial merely, but of grave imperial concern. It is in the latter point of view only that we intend to examine them at present.

Notwithstanding the ignorance of colonial matters which generally prevails here, most people are aware that the United Province of Canada possesses representative institutions purporting to resemble those of the mother-country. The resemblance, indeed, is very far from exact; but at any rate the colonists have a house of commons (assembly) and parliamentary elections. A general election has just taken place. This measure was adopted by the executive government as a means of gaining strength in the assembly, where Lord Metcalfe's sufficient majority had gradually dwindled into a small one, not to say a minority. The result has totally frustrated the object of Lord Elgin's government. It appears by the returns, (which we have carefully examined with the aid of persons intimately acquainted with Canada,) that nearly two thirds of the newly-elected members belong to the opposition; the government has been thoroughly beaten. It follows as a matter of course, that there must be a total change in the composition of the executive council or colonial cabinet. We say "as a matter of course," because we take for granted that Lord Elgin will not attempt to deprive Canada of that very important British institution which has been termed "responsible government," and which provides that the principal executive offices shall be filled by persons enjoying the confidence of the representative body. A new provincial ministry is therefore inevitable. And so far there seems nothing to excite uneasiness, or even to call for remark here. For, apparently, what matters it to this country, whether the party of the Smiths or the party of the Johnsons prevail in the colonial parliament and government? And that, indeed, would be a point of total indifference out of Canada, if constitutional government like that of the mother-country had been long and fully established in the colony; it would be a colonial question exclusively, about which nobody out of the colony would care any more than people out of these islands care whether we have a Russell, or a Peel, or a Stanley government. But, unfortunately, constitutional government has not been well established in Canada. The practice, down to a recent period, was representation in parliament with a mode of carrying it into effect, or rather utterly frustrating it, similar to the means by which Charles the Tenth lost the crown of France: the chief executive officers were persons enjoying the confidence, not of a majority, but of a small minority of the representative body. This strange mode of government

produced the rebellions; nobody denies that now. It produced, moreover, (and nothing sufficient has yet been done to destroy the effect,) a revolutionary spirit, hatred of the imperial state, and leaders of the disaffected, who, by that habit which is a second nature, are demagogues rather than politicians. By the union of the two Canadas into one state, this party acquired a large majority in the representation. Lord Sydenham managed to keep them down by all sorts of unjust and cruel means, which preserved and perhaps strengthened their hostility to British rule. Sir Charles Bagot, choosing between that and another rebellion, disarmed them for a time by investing their leaders with the powers of government. But those leaders, being demagogues and not politicians, had the folly to quarrel with Lord Metcalfe; and they managed by indiscretion and violence to put themselves so much in the wrong, that upon his "appeal to the people" their party fell into a minority; and they have been out of office ever since. The time that has elapsed since Messrs. Baldwin, Lafontaine, and Hincks, broke up their own government under Lord Metcalfe, was a time which the imperial power should have most diligently and carefully employed for the purpose of forming a party in Canada, strong enough in numbers and ability to carry on the government by constitutional means, and with none but constitutional objects. The task was by no means difficult; but nothing of the sort was attempted. Lord Metcalfe fell ill, and retired; and his successor, Lord Elgin has hobbled on anyhow till events have taken the cards completely out of his hands. The new house of assembly, in which he seems to have expected a stronger majority than Lord Metcalfe had against Messrs. Baldwin, Lafontaine, and Hincks, contains a large majority of devoted partisans of those gentlemen. It also contains *the* Mr. Papineau, who is to lead the party. The new ministry—for *United* Canada, observe—must be a Papineau ministry. Let us repeat, that we take for granted that such a ministry has ere now been constituted by the governor-general. Speaking from much private information in addition to what the Canadian newspapers furnish, we cannot doubt that this step has been already taken. No other course was left open to Lord Elgin, supposing him to be in his senses and not trammelled by the colonial office; for it is certain that the only alternative was a complete stoppage of ordinary government, and a revolutionary struggle between the assembly and the governor-general, with every prospect of humiliating defeat for the representative of the crown, or of an appeal to arms, with totally inadequate means on the part of the governor, and with abundance of American "sympathy" on the popular side.

It does not surely follow, however, that the leaders of the popular party, *being in office*, will pursue dangerous or inadmissible objects. Being indulged with the enjoyment of that power which necessarily belongs to the trusted chiefs of the majority under really free institutions, they may settle down into diligent administrators of ordinary government, and discreet reformers of the manifold defects and abuses which the ordinary government of Canada still exhibits. May it so turn out; but there are two sets of reasons why in this matter we fear more than we can hope. In the first place, it is hard indeed for persons whom a long course of injustice and oppression has nurtured in revolutionary wishes and the ways of the demagogue, to adopt suddenly the moderation and prudence of statesmanship. In this case, power over their enemies falls suddenly into the hands of men long exasperated, and now flushed with signal victory. They are men, too, (we speak of the well-known leaders,) who, with the exception of Mr. Papineau, have once proved themselves incapable of holding office without continuing to act as if they were still in opposition, and who may be expected to revive under Lord Elgin the demand of wholly unconstitutional pledges from the governor which Lord Metcalfe refused to give. They are men likely to enter at once with Lord Elgin into the very quarrel with Lord Metcalfe which deprived them of power for several years. Since Lord Metcalfe left Canada, nothing has been done to make them reasonable; and many things have been done (with good intentions, we doubt not, but with a lamentable want of political tact) to exasperate them, and to make them feel that the imperial power has a rooted dislike to them. And this brings us to the second set of reasons. Lord Elgin is supposed to have done all in his power to keep them out of office. Whether or not in fact he did so, he has so managed as to make them believe that he resorted to a general election for the purpose of diminishing their minority, and with an anxious individual wish for their defeat. He passes, therefore, for their personal foe; and they deem their victory over the opposite party a victory over him. If they are disqualified by feeling and habit for constitutional statesmanship, he has in a great measure spoiled his own position as the sovereign of a constitutional system, by acquiring the character of a partisan zealously inimical at heart to the now overwhelming majority. The prospect, therefore, is but gloomy at best. Nor is it mended by any hope that irritable and changeful Lord Grey may give wise counsel to his subordinate; for, at all events, Lord Elgin's position requires a perfect command of temper, and the undeviating pursuit of a complete policy carefully adapted to the very trying circumstances in which he is placed. Our own view of what that policy ought to be, is founded on no slight acquaintance with the affairs of Canada, and may be briefly expressed. We believe that he cannot escape troubles of the most serious nature, except by letting parties in Canada fight it out between themselves, and taking no more share in their contests than the queen of England does in the rivalry of parties here. Under actual circumstances, there is nothing else left for him to do. And even this, to have a chance of success, must be done very completely; that is, without the

least reservation either real or apparent, and with a perfect cordiality towards those, be they who they may, in whom the majority of the assembly shall choose to place confidence. It is just possible that in this way Lord Elgin might render a Papineau-Baldwin-Lafontaine ministry tolerable, and even very useful.

INFLUENZA.

The Quarterly Report on Mortality, just issued by the registrar-general, is a very interesting document; giving many important statistical facts in a compendious form, and presenting some theoretical opinions on the subject of infection in their newest aspect. We extract some of the more interesting parts of the report.

57,925 deaths were registered in the last quarter. The average number of deaths deduced from the returns of the corresponding quarter of nine preceding years, and corrected for increase of population, is 46,549. There is consequently an excess of 11,376 deaths in the quarter. The deaths registered in the December quarters of 1845, 1846, and 1847, are 39,291, 53,093, 57,925; the mortality in the first is to that of the last quarter nearly as two to three. The mortality was below the average in the autumn quarters of the five years 1841–5, and above the average in the five years 1838–40, 1846–7.

Scurvy prevailed in the beginning of the year; but in the summer the public health appeared to be slightly improved. Epidemics of typhus and influenza, however, set in, and made the mortality in the last quarter of 1847 higher than in any quarter of any year since the new system of registration commenced.

The deaths in the year 1845 were 166,000; in 1847, 215,000. The excess in 1847 is 49,000, or not less than 35,000 over the corrected average of 1839–45. The districts from which the quarterly table is made up have hitherto returned less than half the deaths in England; but it is not probable that the country districts have suffered to the same extent as most of those in the return.

In London, the deaths registered in the quarters ending Dec., 1845–6–7, were 11,838, 13,221, and 18,533, (thirteen weeks.) The greatest number registered in any quarter of the nine previous years was 14,686, in the severe winter of 1845.

The approach of the influenza is described:—

The wind had generally been blowing S. S. W. and S. W., since the first week of October; the weather was unusually warm; a brilliant aurora was observed, and shook the magnets on October 24; it appeared eight times during the quarter; on Tuesday, November 16, there was a remarkable darkness; the wind changed to N. W., and amidst the various changes still blew from the north over Greenwich at the rate of 160 and 250 miles a day. The mean temperature of the air suddenly fell from 11° above to 10° below the average; on Monday it was 54°, Friday 32°; the air on Friday night was 27°; the earth was frozen; the wind was calm three days, and on Saturday evening a dense fog lay over the Thames and London for the space of five hours. No electricity stirred in the air during the week. All was still, as if nature held her breath at the sight of the destroyer come forth to sacrifice her children. On Sunday the sky was overcast, the air damp, the wind changed in night to S. by E., and passed for four days over Greenwich at the rate of 200 and 300 miles daily; the temperature suddenly rose, and remained from 2° to 9° above the average through the week ending November 27.

Influenza was now epidemic:

11,339 persons died in six weeks, and altogether the epidemic carried off more than 5,000 souls over and above the mortality of the season. The epidemic attained the greatest intensity in the second week of its course; raged with nearly equal violence throughout the third week; declined in the fourth, and then partly subsided; but the temperature falling, the mortality remained high, not only through December, but through the month of January. The epidemic was most fatal to adults and to the aged.

The epidemic of influenza killed twice as many people in the insalubrious parts of London as it did in those less unhealthy; its fatality in Lewisham and St. George-in-the-East was, as we have seen, one to four.

Our knowledge of the progress of the epidemic in other countries is necessarily imperfect, as no weekly tables are yet published in any of the great continental cities. We learn, however, from the medical and other journals, that the *grippe*, which had prevailed for a week, was at its height in Paris about December 4, when one fourth or one half of the population was laid up. ("Un quart si non la moitié de la population est couchée."—*Gazette Médicale.*) It is stated that 50,000 of the inhabitants of Madrid were in bed, suffering from influenza, on January 11. The epidemic still prevailed on the 19th, and was exceedingly fatal. London was probably attacked a few days before Paris; Madrid a month later. In the former epidemic (1782) influenza attacked London at the end of May, France in June, Italy in July, and Spain in August. It travels faster now.

Dr. Laval, a member of the Council of Health at Constantinople, states that influenza broke out in that city towards the end of August, 1847, and prevailed, though not to a very great extent, for a month or six weeks. A slight epidemic of cholera broke out in October, and still reigns in Constantinople. Respecting the influenza epidemic in Germany, Russia, and Italy, no authentic information has come to hand.

The English physicians of the eighteenth century agreed in pronouncing influenza contagious. By this they did not mean that it was propagated by contact, but that it was introduced into cities, institutions, and houses in England, by persons actually affected by the disease. This notion is, however, too exclusive; the word "contagion" applied to influenza or cholera is apt to mislead, and to have practically a bad effect.

The matter of infection appears to be material; but it is more or less diffusible, in some instances highly so.

From the Spectator, 12 Feb.

THE FUTURE OF THE WEST INDIES.

The West Indies, Anti-Slavery, Cheap Sugar—where will they be in a few years? Those phrases represent ideas now current; they have been plentifully used in the contests of faction—in the intrigues of politicians who made tools of the "enthusiasm" and cant of the day; but the *things* that the words represented, who cared for

them? Nobody in power, it seems. The phrases have served their turn, the course of humbug takes another direction, and the dream is almost over. The enthusiasm that has been cajoled may cool itself in the chills of mortified neglect, professional agitation may seek some more fashionable topics, the West Indies may be content to exemplify the decay of nations, and broad-brimmed philanthropy may leave off asking Exeter Hall whether the negro is not a man and a brother. The West Indies are thrown into the lumber-room, with other apparatus of departed projects; and the notion of establishing a commercial nation of free blacks for the eventual emancipation of their race may be counted among obsolete romances.

Every one who has so far forgotten himself as to doze in company knows the strange sound which the surrounding voices acquire—hollow, remote, and unreal: so sound the speeches in the late debates on the West India question—a drowsy semblance of discussion that pertains not to the dawning morrow nor to the real business of life. The day is gone when men really aspired to achieve the emancipation of the negro race, or to found the emancipating empire in the West Indies. The West Indians, indeed, who are actually suffering, speak with the accents of living interest. But who responds to them? Not official persons. Instead of applying themselves to the actual state of the West Indies, rival statesmen, like Lord Grey and Lord Stanley, are incriminating and recriminating about the legislation of 1846 and 1833; instead of combining to repair and compensate, they are squabbling over the idle retrospective question, who is to blame? A few "measures" are propounded by the gentlemen in office, just to save appearances, until the West India question shall have blown over a little more; and generalizing essays are welcomed as harmless and showy contributions to the counterfeit consultation.

It is a pity that the official indifference cannot at once be avowed. If it were to go forth, that the emancipation experiment is abandoned—that the West Indies are no longer valued—that the maintenance of the sugar-supply in that quarter is no longer "an object"—there might be a chance for the colonies. If they were simply cast off, left alone, and forgotten, they might be of use to somebody. They might take their own means to replenish their labor-market, to economize expenditure, and realize profits. But it is not so. The West Indies are remembered just enough to hold them to the subjection of allegiance without its supports; their connection with the mother-country is remembered so far as the bondage goes; they are still to feel the privative part of the alliance.

It needs no great gift of prophecy to obtain an insight into the future of colonies so bound. While economists are arguing, prize-essay fashion, on the comparative cheapness of free-labor and slave-labor, the West Indies are steadily and rapidly assuming the character which they will possess in the next stage of their existence. English economists have been looking for an English style of industry in a tropical country; the expectation *might* have been fulfilled if the tropical community had been placed in thoroughly English circumstances—with an English density of population, English vagrancy-laws, English capital protected by an English good faith in the fulfilment of contracts; but not one of those circumstances has been secured to counteract the inevitable tendencies of tropical life. It may almost be said that pains have been taken to relieve labor from all incentives to industrious exertion.

Social theorists have recognized but three classes of such incentives—the lash of slavery, the pious good-will of coöperation, and the moral spur of competition for subsistence. Slavery we have abolished; Lord Grey and Lord John Russell would be the last men to inculcate the doctrines of Owen or Fourier; and yet they have been active in preventing the growth of circumstances to bring about the third incentive. The consequence is, that the laboring classes of the West Indies are emancipated, not only from slavery but from industry. The "blessed change" foreseen by Lord John Russell has been completed, but in such fashion as it necessarily would be in a community so different from our own. The negroes are a vigorous and lively race, prone to physical enjoyment; they are under a climate to them luxurious; they possess a fertile soil; existence is easy, pleasure to be had for nothing; and if some vanity induced the laborer to exertion, in order to earn the means of dressing like a "gent," of keeping a gig, and living like an hotel-waiter, even that novelty has worn off. In all warm and fertile countries, the inhabitants are indolent, gay, and industrious only in holiday-making. Even so far north as Spain or Italy, the peasant plays at industry, and the year is a round of half-holidays—excepting an immense number of whole holidays. So it is with the black West Indians. Lord John Russell's "blessed change" was to have established a thriving community of small traders and laborers at wages, such as we have in England; but Lord John omitted the circumstances of England, and the result is what we see—a fool's paradise of half-civilized blacks, who have more wages than they need for a modicum of work, have no need for much trading, little regard for their own future interests, no consideration for the present credit of political economy. Eventually, such planters as remain will learn to fall in with the humor of the good-natured black children, and will turn work as much as possible into sport, like the agriculturists in southern Europe—making periodical games as baits to the industry of the passing season. But what will become of the exportable produce—what of the commercial value of the colonies—what of their ties with England?

These questions point to the further future, distant, but scarcely out of sight. Worthless to us, neglected, inhabited by a race morally and politically feeble, the West Indies will be a prey to the strongest power of the western region; on the

first war they will fall into the hands of the United States, and then our painstaking process of destruction will be probably inverted: slavery may be reinstituted; African immigration may be encouraged, only *not* free; free trade may impartially admit to our ports the slave-grown sugar of the newly "annexed" archipelago; and the historian will moralize over the vain projects of emancipation which once engaged the fancy of the English people.

From the Examiner, 19 Feb.

SICKNESS OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Italy, a twelvemonth back, presented the curious picture of a museum of old and various despotisms. There was the sacerdotal, the military, the epicurean, the *polizey* regime, (as the Austrian may be termed,) with the narrow villany and big pride of the *principiculi* of Modena and Lucca.

A magic wand swept almost all of them away. And in lieu of the crowned, tiara'd, or bonneted autocrats, these sovereigns appeared like the Doge in our *Othello*, surrounded each by an assembly of "most potent, grave, and reverend signors." In other words, they had imagined the theatrical trick of cheating the demand for popular freedom by the semblance of a senate, or, as they termed it, a *consulta*. Austria, like a witch in a pantomime, looked on very angry at this metamorphosis; shaking her head and wand, and threatening to bring back the solitary thrones and their old grim occupants.

The new year, its festivities and magic, brought, however, quite another change, opposed to the necromantic effects of the Mother Goose of Vienna. At the sound of a stage-whistle, *consultas*, senates, and senators disappeared; and a crowded popular chorus hurried the monarchs on the stage to sing with them the hymn to the constitution. Representative government is its burden, which has been shouted and proclaimed from the Alps to the Bay of Palermo.

The immediate question with every spectator was, what will the malign witch do now? Will Austria suffer this momentous change? Will she put up with the nullification or reversal of all that she has been framing, preaching, and enforcing for the last third of a century? If Austria does so, not only is Italy free, but the *prestige* of despotism, the belief in the unconquerable power of the autocratic states will be destroyed. And the German monarchs will soon have to quell and combat, at home, that rising tide which they could not keep down in Italy.

And yet the language of Austrian diplomacy has been bland. The tone in which it anathematized the humble Swiss was abandoned, and a far more conciliatory one adopted with respect to the Italians. Prince Metternich, to be sure, told the Italians that theirs was merely a geographical, not a political existence, and that all which Austria was anxious about was its Lombard frontier. The fact is, that Austria seeks to assume a disinterested position, and to represent the progress of revolution in Italy, as not more her affair than that of European monarchs in general. This seems to be the meaning of Prince Metternich's language to France, to Prussia, to Russia. She implores them all to interfere, and stop the flames, with which

Proximus urit Ucalegon.

But Prussia is lukewarm in support of Austria in Italy. France is lukewarm in support of the liberals, but support them in some degree M. Guizot must. England is frankly for them. Thus beset and thwarted, Austria is said to have made an appeal to the czar. But Nicholas is no longer what he was, the Quixote ever ready to embark in an anti-liberal crusade. At the commencement of his reign, Nicholas had chords of sympathy with despotism in the remotest parts of Europe. But of late years he has lost this unamiable sensibility, and, like Saturn, has retreated into a kind of remote and shadowy existence, lost in his snowy Olympus, and caring less and less for the interests of southern latitudes. Moreover, the czar has

"For a good old gentlemanly vice,
Bethought him to take up with avarice."

In other words he has turned usurer; and thinks more of augmenting his store of gold roubles, than of expending them in "National Defences."

When Prince Metternich's envoy, therefore, went to St. Petersburg for an active alliance and coöperation against the Italians, the czar is said to have held out his purse, and offered to loan any reasonable amount of gold at the current rate of interest in the east of Europe. Austria should have money on mortgage; not as a subsidy, no; and as to alliances, or war, or mutual guarantee of territory, all these were by-gone ideas, incompatible with the progress even of the north in 1848.

The result of this change of character and language in the once young and chivalrous Bruin, has created a marvellous change at Vienna also, where the war party has been obliged to hide its diminished head. And Prince Metternich has assured M. Guizot that the Italians may make "ducks and drakes" of their monarchs and monarchies for all that he cares. He will defend Milan and Venice; but further will not attack the Jacobinism of Pio Nono, or the constitution-mongering of that hero of the Trocadero, Charles Albert of Piedmont.

Lord Palmerston's serious announcement of this in the house of commons has marvellously dispelled the disquietude of our diplomatic and political circles.

From the Examiner.

PEACE AND WAR PARTIES IN AMERICA.

On the score of direct taxation the Americans have very decided opinions. They refuse altogether to authorize any tax-man to make such a levy. Let the custom house supply all the exigencies of the state. Such is the financial creed

of Yankee land, being in this respect the antipodes of Lancashire. But direct taxation, which as a medicine brother Jonathan abhors, he is not only zealous to recommend, but even to thrust down his neighbor's throat. Thus, whilst President Polk is enacting Lord George Bentinck in augmenting home tariffs, General Scott acts free trader in Mexico, abrogates half a dozen duties on transit and consumption, and replaces all by quadrupling the land tax, to be directly levied on the farms or *haciendas*.

We have no doubt that the Mexican gentlemen will protest against General Scott's budget, even more fiercely than our country party against a property tax; and that however advanced and philanthropic may be the idea of General Scott, in sparing the poor and ransoming the rich, nevertheless the latter very influential part of the community will league against him and his fiscality, and unless a peace be speedily patched up, will soon raise guerillas to rid themselves of General Scott's property-tax commissioners.

Altogether, Mexico conquered seems to puzzle the Americans even more than Mexico independent. It resembles the floating carcass of a huge whale, which a hardy band of seamen had harpooned, and then began to quarrel about. Some were for cutting the blubber out and letting the monster drift off to rot, and perish piecemeal. Others were for taking the prey in tow, and making the most of it, anatomizing it and appropriating every element of value, from the teeth to the tail.

The quarrel in congress on the subject was fierce beyond example. The thorough-goers were for declaring Mexico a *territory* of the United States, which the president was to govern as he liked, appointing authorities, levying taxes, keeping it, like a large Ireland, by a standing army, but making it, unlike Ireland, pay the piper or paymaster of that army. Congress, however, was afraid this would make a king of their president, and elevate him from the good republican position of being eternally snubbed by them, to the dangerous power of snubbing them. So that, when President Polk asked for more regiments to gendarme Mexico, the senate said, take as many volunteers as you like, and manage them as you can—but regular regiments and commissioned officers, no; it would give Mr. President too much patronage, and make him too proud.

Never was such a dispersion of interests, such a splitting of parties. Mr. Polk, who affects to be the successor of Jackson, is puzzled by the application of old Hickory's principles. These were to bully and to war when there was an opportunity, but to keep down and crush financiers, capitalists, and public creditors. Now Mr. Polk has gone to war, but has found that it is war, precisely and especially, which begets and feeds financiers, and bankers, and public creditors. And in fact, military passions and predominance necessitates financial arming and the great wealth of the loan-contractor. War created Rothschild. So that Andrew Jackson made a great mistake. American democracy has thus been cutting its own throat; it has been rearing up a moneyed class by its military expenditure, as well as by the high and necessarily protective duties, levied for the mere sake of revenue.

Thus astray, the democratic party know not where to look for a new president. They are completely by the ears. Calhoun is against the war; Van Buren is defunct; General Cass is a frantic statesman. The successful generals, Scott and Taylor, are both whigs; whilst their lieutenants, who are democrats, are disgracing themselves by squabbles and insubordination. Worth and Scott, Pillow and Twiggs, Fremont and Kearney, are impugning and impounding each other. This quarrelsome set of heroes have even published bulletins of the war, threatening and belying each other. To decide between them is puzzling courts martial at present, and will no doubt puzzle posterity as to the conduct and merits of the conquest.

At the commencement of the war, Webster deprecated it in a splendid oration, in which he foretold the prevalence of the military spirit, resulting in a dispute for the presidency, and for almost absolute power, between the conqueror of Mexico and the conqueror of Canada. The latter has not yet made his appearance. The former, far from being popular, is scouted as a whig, and clapped in arrest by the government. And altogether, the public, instead of being fascinated and carried away by the war spirit, has grown rather sick of, and indifferent to it; whilst civilians are just as popular as ever, and stand a better chance than usual of succeeding at the presidential election.

From the Spectator.

THE CHANGELING.

WANT of capital in proportion to the trade attempted to be carried on was a main cause of the failures of 1847, and the deficient novel interest of *The Changeling* originates in an analogous source. The book is too big for the story: much that is in the book in the shape of scenes and persons contributes nothing directly to the furtherance of the plot: but resembles the masquerade or fête scenes of a modern drama, which are made to have some sort of connection with the hero or heroine, though their principal purpose is to exhibit the "strength" of the establishment in dancing, singing, and decorations.

The story, too, such as it is, comes from the circulating library. The whole plot is based upon the stale idea of the right heir to a large property being stolen away in youth, and brought up in poverty and a disguised condition, by the wicked uncle who usurps the estate. An effort, indeed, has been made to avoid the triteness of this rather vulgar theme, by sinking the formal proofs and "explanations" of the common novel, passing rapidly over the particulars, and leaving improbabilities as they are. In an artistical point of view,

however, this is rather disappointing than effective. The missing papers—the absent witnesses—the scent now warm, now cool, now at fault—with the varying interest as the hopes of the rightful heir seem about to be realized, or the villany of the usurper to triumph in security—may have too much the air of a recipe; but, like the forms of a law-deed, or the critical rules for an oration, they can only be advantageously dispensed with by rising above them, not by falling below them. As the author and the usurping uncle both admit in *The Changeling*, towards the close, that there was a marriage, and is an heir-at-law, we are bound to believe them; but there is no evidence of the fact, even in a well-worn certificate most providentially preserved and produced in the nick of time; nor do we see very clearly how the last of the O'Hallarans got married at all. However, as Mr. Whaley, the uncle, confesses by silence as soon as his highminded daughter tells him what she has heard, and they both die of grief, the reader must allow its truth.

It is a greater failure for the purpose of effect, that the injured inspire little sympathy; the wishes of the reader going the other way, in fact. The real O'Hallaran having learnt from a half-crazed peasant girl who he is, leaves the island where his uncle had sent him to live and die a peasant; embarks with a smuggler for France, where he lives alternately as clerk, soldier, and French littérateur. At the opening of the story, restlessness and a vague longing have driven him back to Ireland, whither his sister Rose Dillon has also come in search of the brother, who was stolen in his infancy. But little use is made of this, nothing at all as between brother and sister. The true O'Hallaran has no plan; does nothing but disguise himself as a Ribandman and a travelling Frenchman; and is only righted at last by an accident. The author's metaphysical skill is here injurious to the work. The hero is far too like what an Irishman, with vehement passions, a peasant training, and the irregular education of a French adventurer, would become, to be at all an agreeable personage. The second heroine, Miss Dillon, is a pretty amiable girl, but by no means equal to her original and intellectual cousin: in truth, the English reader will be apt to think it a pity that Mr. Whaley, the uncle, did not thrust his nephew into the sea, instead of merely tumbling him down the rocks when they meet at midnight, preliminary to ending the book.

These defects render the story very slow in its progress, and somewhat heavy in the perusal. The true aspect of *The Changeling*, however, is not so much that of a romance, as a novel of character and manners. The avowed object of the author has been to preserve a certain social state in Ireland which is now in the act of changing, and before long will vanish altogether and become of the past. The gentilities of a small Irish provincial town, mingled with the only visiters they seem ever to receive, the officers of the regiments quartered there, form one subject; the other is the Irish peasantry in their virtues of territorial fidelity and hospitality, in their vices of lying and fraud for objects they consider justifiable. These classes are exceedingly well sketched—lively, true, and effective without exaggeration, while the individual persons are distinctly marked; but, being generally made a mere vehicle for introducing the actors of the story, instead of directly contributing to carry it on, they have a rather literal air. Read as separate sketches, they would produce a better effect than as part of a three-volumed novel; for the mind is so constituted that it does not confine itself to what is immediately before it, but unconsciously judges by the bearing which the parts have upon the whole. "To what end does this contribute?" is the question ever present; and when the mind only sees a very remote purpose, a feeling approaching dissatisfaction ensues.

The object of the ladies of the anonymous town of Connaught is husband-hunting or match-making; and parties are introduced with the view of developing their respective characters by means of their discourse. At the head of the match-makers is Mrs. Flanagan, whose abilities are known through the county, and whose authority on matrimonial topics is supreme. The following samples of her ideas are from the opening tea-party, when one regiment has just marched out of the town and another succeeded it.

MRS. FLANAGAN ON OFFICERS.

"I hear this is a very nice regiment, Mrs. Flanagan," Kitty continued; "loads of single men in it."

"I desire, Kitty Daly," replied the person addressed, a tall, sinewy woman, with a face which wanted only the appendage of a beard to exclude its owner from all female privileges—"I desire that you'll never open your lips to me again about officers—any of you—the longest day you live! They are a shabby, spunging set—all of their cloth ever I seen! that will eat your dinners, drink your wine, dance out your carpets, and then some fine day march off, without ever having the manners to make any return for all the civility they have been treated with! I'm heartily sorry I ever let one of them darken my doors!—a parcel of idle vagabonds, dressed out at the expense of the nation—and for what? I declare, latterly, I don't see any use in an army at all! To the last, I thought we would have made something of that confounded—5th. After the way they went on, who could dream they would have the assurance to march without 'with your leave' or 'by your leave!' My hearty curse after them, the schemers! wherever they go."

MRS. FLANAGAN ON HUSBANDS.

"Pooh! nonsense, my dear ma'am," cried Mrs. Flanagan, "it 's neither peace or war that make men plenty or scarce. Since ever I can remember, and that 's a good fifty years, husbands were hard to be had; and if left to themselves, 't is few of 'em ever you 'd see, take my word for it! No; but I 'll tell you what done it all: the men have gone to the bad entirely, ever since they left off drinking and fighting."

"Would n't one think it ought to be quite the other way?" timidly asked a pretty, fair-haired girl, who sat a little behind the last speaker, half-buried beneath her huge sleeves.

"Would n't one think!" repeated Mrs. Flanagan, deridingly—"would n't one think trash. Don't talk of what you don't understand, and I 'll be obleeged to you, Anna Maria."

Mrs. Flanagan proceeded in her former oratorical and oracular style.

"I say 't is leaving off drinking and fighting that done it; and I tell you why. A man when he 's drunk says many a thing he 'd think twice of before he 'd say it sober; and that he 'd take good care to forget in the morning, if he was 'nt reminded by a father or brother: there 's nothing in the world equal to a pistol for refreshing a man's memory."

"I declare then, of all things, I 'd hate a man that could be frightened into marrying me!" exclaimed Kitty Daly.

"May be so, dear; talk 's cheap, at any rate," rejoined Mrs. Flanagan. "But for my part, who am not so nice, I 'd be glad every girl I wish well to—and yourself among the number, Kitty—had a good husband apiece, no matter how you came by him. Believe it from me, who am old enough to be your grandmother, Kitty, there never was a man yet married a girl who was n't frightened or bamboozled into it. Take your choice. Coax, if you 're able; why not? But faith, my dear, if you can't manage him one way, you must try the other. All I 'm sorry for is, they 're grown too crafty to say anything a girl's family can take hold of. There 's the devil of it, ladies; God forgive me for cursing!"

MRS. F.'S BASIS.

Mrs. Flanagan's favorite maxim—*the* maxim—the grand leading maxim upon which all others hinged, was this—"There never was a man yet who was not the devil itself for vanity; and the ugliest creature that ever brathed, who flattered him, would have a better chance of getting round him than an angel from heaven who would take him asy: and there 's no flattery equal to seeming dying for love of him."

MEMORY OF THE POOR.

In a word, Isidore M'Clintock did not look upon his tenantry merely as a machinery to procure him the luxuries of life, while he sat with his arms folded looking on; but as members of an extended family circle, over whom he was called to exercise a patriarchal sway—for such almost it is among the primitive of that district to which we refer; whose ardent attachment to the lord of the soil, when he at all deserves their love, is so touchingly exhibited, surviving, in some instances, the effects of long absence, and even death. Still do they dwell with a freshness and accuracy of recollection on the manners and the sayings and the peculiarities of those they loved while living, treasuring up each word and act of kindness with a tenacity of memory we would seek elsewhere in vain. The rich soon cease to remember the companion of their social hours, however agreeable, however courted; his place is soon filled up. But the poor seldom forget him who has relieved their wants. The brilliant sally may be forgotten, or be attributed to a rival wit; but the kind expression is carefully held in remembrance, and has always its right owner. The place of him who has amused the rich will not long remain unoccupied; for pleasure and vanity can never lack votaries. But the man who has served the poor is not likely to be speedily replaced. He surely will leave a gap after him.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE TRAPPERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A work called "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," forms two parts—but very unequal parts—of the Home and Colonial Library.* One describes a journey through Mexico, by a route that has hitherto been little if at all traversed by Europeans; yet, owing to the sameness in the character of the people, and position of the country, it is but little different from the narratives of former travellers. Our author, however, shows that the obvious arrest of social progress in Mexico is in a great degree owing to physical causes; the fertile table-lands of the central region being cut off from easy traffic with the coast, and the entire population of 8,000,000 scattered over an area of 1,312,850 square miles, being distributed in isolated departments, distinct in interests, and insecure in intercommunication. The people, he tells us, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and cowardly by nature, yet have that brutish indifference to death which is altogether distinct even from mere animal courage. He never observed a single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican—that is, of the male animal; for the women, singular as it may seem under the circumstances, are, for kindness of heart, and many sterling qualities, an ornament to their sex and to any nation.

The second, and by far the more valuable part, contains the passage of the Rocky Mountains, and the route thence to New York. There is much in this portion of the work which will be new to British readers, and probably useful in correcting the pleasant delusions of such writers as Cooper. Take the following scenic view to begin with:—

The view from this point was wild and dismal in the extreme. Looking back, the whole country was covered with a thick carpet of snow, but eastward it was seen in patches only here and there. Before me lay the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak lifting its snowy head far above the rest; and to the south-east the Spanish Peaks (Cumbres Espanolas) towered like twin giants over the plains. Beneath the mountain on which I stood was a narrow valley, through which ran a streamlet bordered with dwarf oak and pine, and looking like a thread of silver as it wound through the plain. Rugged peaks and ridges, snow-clad, and covered with pine, and deep gorges filled with broken rocks, everywhere met the eye. To the eastward the mountains gradually smoothed away into detached spurs and broken ground, until they met the vast prairies, which stretched far as the eye could reach, and hundreds of miles beyond—a sea of seeming barrenness, vast and dismal. A hurricane of wind was blowing at the time, and clouds of dust swept along the sandy prairies, like the smoke of a million bonfires. On the mountain top it roared and raved through the pines, filling the air with snow and broken branches, and piling it in huge drifts against the trees. The perfect solitude of this vast wilderness was almost appalling. From my posi

* By George F. Ruxton, Esq. Published by Harpers and Brothers.

tion on the summit of the dividing ridge I had a bird's-eye view, as it were, over the rugged and chaotic masses of the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast deserts which stretched away from their eastern bases; while, on all sides of me, broken ridges, and chasms, and ravines, with masses of piled-up rocks and uprooted trees, with clouds of drifting snow flying through the air, and the hurricane's roar battling through the forest at my feet, added to the wildness of the scene, which was unrelieved by the slightest vestige of animal or human life. Not a sound either of bird or beast was heard; indeed, the hoarse and stunning rattle of the wind would have drowned them, so loud it roared and raved through the trees.

Even the lowlands in such a region are not without their terrors:—

The black threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals towards the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hail-stones, beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard; and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the timber were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or rather being blown, after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent it being blown away; and although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would in some degree shelter me at night from the snow. In half an hour, the ground was covered on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time before the animals stopped.

The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me, with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stones in the memoranda of my journeyings.

But we must now come to the most interesting portion of the work—a description of the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who, according to our author, appear to approximate more to the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilized man. Their lives are spent in the remote wilds of the mountains, and their habits and character exhibit a mixture of simplicity and ferocity, impressed upon them, one would think, by the strange phenomena of nature in the midst of which they live. Food and clothing are their only wants, and the pursuit of these is the great source of their perils and hardships. With their rifle habitually in their hand, they are constantly on the watch against danger, or engaged in the supply of provisions.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple, and as freely, as they expose their own. Of laws human or divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and, to attain it, they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and a blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of calling hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards, (when the wherewithal is to be had,) gamblers, regardless of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*—in fact, "white Indians." However, there are exceptions, and I *have* met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the "far west" but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the west, from the frozen regions of the north to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country.

Trappers are of two kinds—the hired and the free: the former being merely hired for the hunt by the fur companies, while the latter is supplied with animals and traps by the company, and receives a certain price for his furs and peltries.

There is likewise a third trapper "on his own hook," more independent than either. He has

animals and traps of his own, chooses his own hunting-grounds, and selects his own market. From this class, which is small in number, the novelist may be supposed to select their romantic trappers, who amuse their leisure with sentiment and philosophy.

The equipment of the trapper is as follows :—

On starting for a hunt, he fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading-forts, or from some of the petty traders—*coureurs des bois*—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the others for packs—and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather called a *trap-sack*. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deer-skins for moccasins, &c., are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo-skin, called a "possible-sack." His "possibles" and "trap-sack" are generally carried on the saddle-mule when hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The costume of the trapper is a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt-hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm hang his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher's-knife in a sheath of buffalo-hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel; which also supports a little buckskin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is also often added, and of course a long, heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipe-holder, which hangs round his neck, and is generally a *gage d'amour*, and a triumph of squaw workmanship, in shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine quills.

Thus furnished with everything that is necessary, and having chosen the locality of his trapping-ground, he sets out on his expedition to the mountains, sometimes alone, sometimes with several more in company, as soon as the breaking up of the ice permits.

Arrived on his hunting-grounds, he follows the creeks and streams, keeping a sharp look-out for "sign." If he sees a prostrate cotton-wood tree, he examines it, to discover if it be the work of beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. The track of the beaver on the mud or sand under the bank is also examined: and if the "sign" be fresh, he sets his trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a bush or tree. A "float-stick" is made fast to the trap by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carry away the trap, floats on the water, and points out its position. The trap is baited with the "medicine," an oily substance obtained from the beaver. A stick is dipped into this, and planted over the trap; and the beaver, attracted by the smell, and wishing a close inspection, very foolishly puts his leg into the trap, and is a "gone beaver."

When a lodge is discovered, the trap is set at the edge of the dam, at the point where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always under water. Early in the morning, the hunter mounts his mule and examines the traps. The captured animals are skinned, and the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully packed into camp. The skin is then stretched over a hoop or framework of osier-twigs, and is allowed to dry, the flesh and fatty substance being carefully scraped, (grained.) When dry, it is folded into a square sheet, the fur turned inwards, and the bundle, containing about ten to twenty skins, tightly pressed and corded, and is ready for transportation.

During the hunt, regardless of Indian vicinity, the fearless trapper wanders far and near in search of "sign." His nerves must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle eye sweeps round the country, and in an instant detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of the wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in nature's legible hand and plainest language. All the wits of the subtle savage are called into play to gain an advantage over the wily woodsman; but with the natural instinct of primitive man, the white hunter has the advantages of a civilized mind; and thus provided, seldom fails to outwit, under equal advantages, the cunning savage.

Yet sometimes the precautions of the white hunter are vain. The Indian, observing where he has set his traps, creeps towards them in such a way as to leave no trail, and crouches patiently in the bushes till his victim comes. Then flies the arrow; and at so short a distance it rarely flies in vain. The whiz is hardly in the ear of the victim when the point is in his heart, and the exulting savage has a white scalp to carry home for the adornment of his lodge. But the balance of spoil of this kind, it must be said, is greatly in favor of the trappers, whose camp-fires, at the end of the hunt, exhibit twelve black scalps for every one their comrades have lost.

At a certain time, when the hunt is over, or they have loaded their pack-animals, the trappers proceed to the "rendezvous," the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them, with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market, not unfrequently to the value of a thousand dollars each, the produce of one hunt. The dissipation of the rendezvous, however, soon turns the trapper's pocket inside out. The goods brought by traders, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at enormous prices:—Coffee, twenty and thirty shillings a pint-cup, which is the usual measure; tobacco fetches ten and fifteen shillings a plug; alcohol, from twenty to fifty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint-cup; and all other articles at proportionably exorbitant prices.

The "beaver" is purchased at from two to eight dollars per pound; the Hudson's Bay Company alone buying it by the pluie, or "plew"—that is, the whole skin; giving a certain price for skins, whether of old beaver or "kittens."

The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, and brawling, and fighting, as long as the money and credit of the trappers last. Seated, Indian fashion, round the fires, with a blanket spread before them, groups are seen with

their "decks" of cards, playing at "euker," "poker," and "seven-up," the regular mountain-games. The stakes are "beaver," which here is current coin; and when the fur is gone, their horses, mules, rifles, and shirts, hunting-packs, and *breeches*, are staked. Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging each other to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw, (if he have one,) and, as once happened, his scalp! There go "hos and beaver!" is the mountain expression when any great loss is sustained; and sooner or later, "hos and beaver" invariably find their way into the insatiable pockets of the traders. A trapper often squanders the produce of his hunt, amounting to hundreds of dollars, in a couple of hours; and, supplied on credit with another equipment, leaves the rendezvous for another expedition, which has the same result time after time; although one tolerably successful hunt would enable him to return to the settlements and civilized life, with an ample sum to purchase and stock a farm, and enjoy himself in ease and comfort the remainder of his days.

An old trapper, a French Canadian, assured me that he had received fifteen thousand dollars for beaver during a sojourn of twenty years in the mountains. Every year he resolved in his mind to return to Canada, and, with this object, always converted his fur into cash; but a fortnight at the "rendezvous" always cleaned him out, and, at the end of twenty years, he had not even credit sufficient to buy a pound of powder.

These annual gatherings are often the scene of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles, at twenty paces, settle all differences; and, as may be imagined, the fall of one or other of the combatants is certain, or, as sometimes happens, both fall to the word "fire."

We have already given some specimens of our author's skill in painting from nature; but the following scene, though often sketched, has rarely been treated with a freer and firmer touch. It is a scene far from unfamiliar to the trapper:—

A little before sunset I descended the mountain to the springs; and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of the cold water, I lay down on the rock by the side of the water and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set; but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked as the flame, reaching them, ran up their trunks, and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long, waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched ropes, were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had not time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long, dry grass was soon a sheet of flame; but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides, I dashed him at the burning brush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting mule, singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close behind her.

On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar-bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the banks were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backwards into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little further down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the mules, dashed through the fire, and got safely through the line of blazing brush.

Upwards of 100,000 buffalo robes find their way into the United States and Canada every year; and besides those killed by the Indians, innumerable carcases, left to rot untouched on the trail, attest the wanton brutality of the crowds of emigrants to California, Columbia, and elsewhere. Still the numbers of these animals are countless; and it will probably be many years before the reckless whites accomplish the feat of stripping the boundless prairies of their ornament and pride, and depriving the traveller of a meal. We have now only room for the following masterly description of the death of a buffalo, which will serve as an appropriate tail-piece to a more faithful portrait of the trapper of the Rocky Mountains than has probably ever before been drawn.

No animal requires so much killing as a buffalo. Unless shot through the lungs or spine, it invariably escapes; and, even when thus mortally wounded, or even struck through the very heart, it will frequently run a considerable distance before falling to

the ground, particularly if it sees the hunter after the wound is given. If, however, he keeps himself concealed after firing, the animal will remain still, if it does not immediately fall. It is a most painful sight to witness the dying struggles of the huge beast. The buffalo invariably evinces the greatest repugnance to lie down when mortally wounded, apparently conscious that, when once touching mother earth, there is no hope left him. A bull, shot through the heart or lungs, with blood streaming from his mouth, and protruding tongue, his eyes rolling, bloodshot, and glazed with death, braces himself on his legs, swaying from side to side, stamps impatiently at his growing weakness, or lifts his rugged and matted head, and helplessly bellows out his conscious impotence. To the last, however, he endeavors to stand upright, and plants his limbs further apart, but to no purpose. As the body rolls like a ship at sea, his head slowly turns from side to side, looking about, as it were, for the unseen and treacherous enemy who has brought him, the lord of the plains, to such a pass. Gouts of purple blood spurt from his mouth and nostrils, and gradually the failing limbs refuse longer to support the ponderous carcass; more heavily rolls the body from side to side, until suddenly, for a brief instant, it becomes rigid and still; a convulsive tremor seizes it, and with a low, sobbing gasp, the huge animal falls over on his side, the limbs extended stark and stiff, and the mountain of flesh without life or motion.

From Chambers' Journal.

HISTORY OF A DESERTED SAILOR.

On the morning of Saturday, the 5th of May, upwards of a century ago, a ship belonging to the Dutch squadron came in sight of Ascension Island. Anchoring at some distance off shore, she put off a boat, which, under the efforts of an active crew, made rapidly for the island. The boat contained, beside the crew, an individual heavily manacled, and a guard. The prisoner, seated at the stern between the two soldiers who guarded him, sat with his head buried in his hands; but gave no further sign of emotion until he was disturbed from his position by the sound of the boat grinding on the white shore of Ascension; when, with an agonized look at his comrades, and at the vessel, he silently rose, and in company with his guard, left the boat, and stepped on to the beach of *his prison*. A sailor's chest, some bedding, and sundry other articles, were taken from the boat; the prisoner's chains were removed in silence, and the crew and guard reëmbarked, leaving him alone on the beach; and nothing moved by his now frantic entreaties to them to return and take him with them, they pulled hard to the ship, apparently anxious to take leave of a scene so painful. Arriving on board, the anchor was presently heaved, all sail set, and the vessel stood out to sea, leaving the unhappy man sunk on the sand in the most abject despair. Before noon, she was out of sight; and in every direction nothing was visible but the blue and desolate waters tossing up their heads to the sky. The nature of the crime which was visited by this dreadful punishment we are not permitted to divulge; but that it was of great heinousness, may be gathered from his own confessions. Some mercy mingled with the sentence, as was manifest in the numerous little articles which were left for him on the shore. Among these was a limited supply of provisions, consisting of a little rice, onions, peas, and meal. He had also a cask of water, two buckets, an old fryingpan, and a fowling piece, but no ammunition. Some paper, a Bible, a few clothes, and some unimportant sundries, completed the list of his possessions.

The island itself was of a nature so savage and repulsive, as was well calculated to impress with horror and despair the stoutest heart condemned to so vast a dungeon. Being of volcanic origin, its surface was strewed with broken rocks, ashes, and pumice; here and there a little red soil, scorched and sterile, peeped from between masses of rock upon which the traces of fire yet existed. Its shores on one side were frightful to approach: horrid precipices of black lava seemed to fringe the island with mourning, and threaten intrusion with death, while at their base were deep chasms, eaten out by the insatiable wave. Further on, the wildest confusion of rocks, whose jagged summits added to the desolation of the spot, was occasionally relieved by small patches of a glittering, naked beach, white like snow, composed of fragile coral, and frailer shells ground to dust against the iron bulwarks of the island. The other side of the island was more hospitable, possessing a less frowning coast, a good bay, and a tamer sea-shore. Inland, a few acres of plain stretched away between the gloomy-looking hills; but even these were either wholly barren, or scantily covered with a weak growth of innutritious plants, such as grass, ferns, purslain, a few thistles, and a convolvulus. Not a shrub was there on the whole island; and the only spot refreshing to the eye, wearied with so long a glance at desolation, was a tall mountain called the Green Mountain, whose verdant sides gave the promise, which they did not fulfil in reality, of supplying something that might support the outcast during his stay there. The spot was, on the whole, somewhat like a vast cinder, spotted here and there indeed with green, but otherwise as dry and burnt as if it had just been vomited from the depths of some vast volcano. Yet the place was the habitation of a legion of wild goats, and populous nations of rats and mice overscampered it; and one or two tribes of melancholy insects awoke with its morning sun, and went to sleep at an early hour in the afternoon. Its shores, fierce-looking though they were, were more lively: flocks of "boobies" strutted along its glittering sands, in all the impertinent independence consequent upon unacquaintance with mankind; a vast turtle or two, six or seven hundred pounders, now and then, crawled from the blue waters, and after taking a short walk for the benefit of their health, crawled in again, walking over possibly hundreds of enraged crabs on their way back; and the waters themselves were livelier still, for they abounded in eels, old wives, and rock-cod. The extreme length of the island was a little more than seven miles, its extreme breadth about six, and its general form was oval.

Such were the miserable and most unpromising circumstances under which this unhappy man was left to take his chance of perishing utterly, or the more remote one of being discovered and rescued by some passing vessel. As his journal, which he regularly kept from the first day of his landing, has been preserved, we are able to proceed with the rest of his history. After recovering in some measure from the shock of being left alone, and after watching with an aching heart the ship's snowy topsail sink beneath the waves of the horizon, he addressed himself to his first labor, which was the

construction of a tent. The spot he selected for its site was sufficiently gloomy, for it was beneath one of the dismal overhanging black rocks of which mention has been made; but it assisted to cover his tent from the weather, and it was close to the beach upon which he, and all he possessed, had been left. By the close of the first long and weary day, a temporary tent was raised, into which he brought his chest, bedding, and all his other chattels; and here, heavy and sick of heart, he spent the first night. Rising early the following morning, after partaking of his lonely meal, he set forth to explore the island. It was the Sabbath, and around was more than the stillness of that sacred day—it was the silence of the grave. No "church-going bell," no faint notes of a village hymn, no quiet tumult of a departing congregation, came to the outcast's ear—the wind was asleep, the waters were at peace; but in his heart there was no peace, and he himself was alone unquiet amid surrounding quietude. He searched in vain for some green thing which might promise him food; he then returned to his tent, and, to beguile the dull hours, set about some alterations in its arrangements; he also covered it with a tarpaulin, which he fastened down with stones, thus securing himself from rain. Towards evening, the solitude of the beach was broken by bustling flocks of boobies; on approaching them, he found them so tame as to permit him easily to seize several, which he afterwards killed, skinned, and salted, laying them in the sun to dry. His eyes were ceaselessly directed to the horizon; but, viewed from whatever eminence, it revealed nothing but the same hopeless, unbroken blue line. Hoping it might catch the notice of some distant vessel which might escape his eyes while searching for food, he made a white flag with a portion of his linen; and fastening it to his almost useless fowling-piece, he planted it in the most conspicuous position he could descry. Sauntering afterwards along the beach, he had the good fortune to overtake a fine turtle, which he killed by beating it on the head; and this supplied him with provision for a little time. As the terrors of his lonely situation grew upon him, he began to fear lest the threatening, overhanging rock, under which he had placed his tent, should suddenly fall and overwhelm him: he therefore removed his dwelling to a less alarming position. He was by this time in a very miserable and disconsolate state of mind: often, after a long day's fruitless search for water and food, returning home with torn feet and an aching heart, he would pray, with one of old, that he might die. But he would by no means be accessory to his own death, as, in the constancy of hope, he still looked to his signal being seen, and himself delivered out of "that terrible place." Conceiving it singular that he had met as yet with no beasts upon the island, he searched carefully for footmarks on the beach and inland, but without success; the unbroken surface declared to him, again and again, that he was alone. The contents of his water-cask also daily reminded him that, unless he shortly succeeded in finding water, the most terrible fate awaited him. On one of his excursions he met with a little purslain, which he boiled with the boobies, and thus made a tolerably palatable dish for one in his condition. The few other herbs which that niggard desert afforded he was afraid to eat, nor were they sufficiently inviting to induce him to make the attempt. Every day saw him now anxious and careworn leave his tent, bucket in hand, seeking for water; and every day saw him return in the evening almost fainting, and with an empty vessel. His supplies of food also grew short; boobies became scarce—turtle were not seen. He then used to boil a little rice in a little water, of which he made most of his meals. Many, many times, and with a gaze made intense by the struggle in his mind between hope and despair, were his eyes bent upon the lonely waters, but no ship appeared. It was fortunate that, as yet, his bodily health continued good. Thus were his days spent at this time: in the morning, the spring of hope poured its assuaging waters over his soul, and he set forth fully expecting success of some sort; in the evening, those waters were cut off, and he beguiled some of the tedium of the night by reading until his eyes were weary, and then, as a diversion, he would set to mending his clothes. Finding no promise of native esculents, he thought to increase his stock by planting a few of those he had with him. He therefore set some onions and peas in a patch of soil near his tent. Finding a number of nests of sea-fowl, many containing eggs, he plundered them, and made his principal food of their contents. He was for some time much at a loss for a light at night; at length he hit upon the expedient of melting down some of the turtles' fat; and thus, with a saucer for his lamp, and a bit of rag for the wick, he had a tolerable light, which he used to keep burning all night. Thus passed a fortnight of his life in this great prison.

All his search for water had proved unavailing, and he was under the painful necessity of daily diminishing his stock, without the means or the prospect of being able to replenish it. He explored the island in a new direction, looking narrowly into every cranny of the rock, and searching every spot covered with a little fresher-looking herbage than the rest; but no bubbling waters appeared. Bethinking him, then, of his fishing-tackle, he repaired to the rocks to try his fortune in a fresh direction; he spent several hours in this employment in vain, which was somewhat remarkable, as the waters were unusually prolific of fish. Meanwhile a sad accident had occurred. Turning homewards, what was his surprise to behold a dense volume of smoke rising up to the skies in the direction of his tent! Deeply alarmed, and dreading the worst, he flew with the utmost speed to the spot: he found the presage too true; his tent was on fire! Hastily snatching up his buckets, he ran to the sea; and thus, by considerable efforts, he was enabled to quench the consuming element. It appears that the origin of the fire was attributable to his having carelessly left his tinder-box, with some lighted tinder in it, upon his quilt. By this calamity he lost a shirt, a handkerchief, and a part of his quilt; and his Bible was much singed. Yet he felt thankful to God for what he had saved. He then knelt down, and earnestly intreated God to "give him the patience of holy Job" under his accumulating sufferings. The spirit of his journal at this time is one which betokens a degree of humble acceptance of his punishment, severe as it was, and of patient submission to the Supreme Will. Thus the month of May passed away—his provisions diminishing, his barrel of water failing, his hopes growing fainter, and the future full of the gloomiest anticipations, in consequence of the rapidly-increasing heat of the weather.

On the 1st of June, there is this touching entry in the journal:—"It would be needless to write how often my eyes are cast upon the sea to look for shipping; and every little atom in the sky I take

for a sail; then I look till my eyes dazzle, and immediately the object disappears. When I was put on shore, the captain told me it was the time of year for shipping to pass this way, which makes me look out the more diligently." At the end of the first week in this month, he had but two quarts of water left in his cask, and this was so muddy, as only to be drinkable after straining through a handkerchief. He then thought of digging for water. After digging to the depth of seven feet, he found not so much as a trace of moisture, and he desisted from his labor with feelings easier conceived than described. At this time deep considerations of his apparently approaching death filled his mind, and he spent many hours in prayer and in solemn meditations upon a future state. On the morning of the 10th of June, faint and sick with thirst, he drank his last portion of water to the very dregs, and in the strength of it he went out on a fresh search for some of this precious fluid. After four hours' tedious walking under a burning sun, he at length became so weary and faint, as to be unable to proceed any further, and he lay down wishing he might die. His situation was that of the fainting Hagar in the wilderness, and his deliverance was to prove as signal. Rising at length from the earth, he walked slowly over the rocks towards his tent, as he thought to die. But not so: his eye was led to a hollow place in a rock, toward which he eagerly sprang. Who can paint his joy, or describe his gratitude, on finding that it contained a little silver rill of water, pure, cool, and fresh! The poor fellow cast himself on the earth, and drank most immoderately of the delicious fluid. In the intoxication of his joy he sat down by its side, and drank again and again of its life-giving draught. The treasures of the whole earth were poor and mean in comparison with that tiny streamlet. Evening was closing in, and taking care to mark well its position, he returned to his tent with a step more elastic than he had yet known, and a heart brimful of gratitude and joy. Thus one source of his deepest anxiety was, for the time at least, diminished. He was now able to use the water freely; but whether from previous excessive over-fatigue, or as the consequence of a long disappointed hope, cannot be said, but it is evident that now symptoms of delirium began to appear, and of these he was himself conscious. Strange fancies filled his mind at times, which disappeared at other times. At this period there occurs the following remark in his journal:—"It makes me very melancholy to think that I have no hopes of getting off this unhappy island." The sharp volcanic rocks, which were like so many broken glass bottles, cut his shoes to pieces, and wounded his feet so severely, that he was scarcely able to stand upright. Now also a terrible adventure befell him. Awaking from sleep, he heard a dreadful noise around his tent. Listening more attentively, he recognized the voices of either men or evil spirits in loud conversation close to him. This continued all night, so that he awoke in the morning unrefreshed. The next day, and for several days subsequently, he speaks of having been repeatedly accosted by an apparition, which assumed the form of one of his old comrades. Greatly to his relief, it at length departed. Although it is manifest the unhappy man firmly believed all these supernatural events, we are safe in ascribing one and all to the inroads of delirium upon his understanding. Possibly, from the free use of water, these symptoms, which might have taken a part of their origin in the want of that fluid, disappeared; and the entries in the journal resume their usual simple character. For some time past his supply of wood for fuel had failed him, and, as we have before mentioned, that not so much as a shrub existed in the island, he began to despair of again tasting cooked food, when one day, as he paced along the beach, a good-sized tree was cast ashore. This he cut in half, and was thus resupplied with fire materials for a little time. Another difficulty then opposed him: he was quite unable to procure any fresh food; and with a "raging hunger" preying upon him, he wandered about the island seeking it in vain. As if to heap misfortunes on his devoted head, the increased power of the sun, the heat of which blistered his face, dried up his well. Previously to this he had filled his cask, and, for convenience' sake, had removed most of his things to a cave near to the well. Thus were all his first anxieties renewed again, while there remained to him less energy of body and mind to struggle against them. One day as he wandered along the shore, he was startled at the appearance of a rude cross in the distance. On approaching it, he found it the grave-mark, as he conjectured, of some one buried in that spot. This was the first token he had perceived in the island of a previous visit by his fellow-men; and while it kindled hope, it was also full of melancholy promptings upon his own condition. He, too, appeared to be cast there as one dead, yet with this difference—as one deserted in his death. This brings us to the close of another month. In spite of the most diligent search, water was not to be found. On the last day in June he writes with mournful brevity, "There is now not one drop!"

July opened upon this miserable man with all the intense heat of the season in that latitude. In one of his water-seeking expeditions, he saw, for the first time, large flocks of goats, to the amount of several hundreds. He vainly endeavored to pursue them; but they proved far too swift for his decaying strength, and bounded away, leaving him in his desolation. Great flocks of sea-fowl were often visible in the strand, in such numbers, that, when they took wing at his approach, they appeared like a dense cloud, which, coming between him and the sun, completely intercepted the light. Once he found a brush on the shore, and early in August he discovered other traces of the visits of previous voyagers, finding in a rock—which, at a distance, looked something like a rude cottage—some old nails, and pieces of broken glass bottles, and also a piece of a broken oar. He now called to mind his early attempt at horticulture, and set out for the spot where he had planted his peas and onions, near to the place where he had first pitched his tent. He saw from a little distance, to his joy, that some green plants appeared on the spot, and on drawing near, he found that a few had sprung up; but as if the withering hand was upon him in all things, the rest had been utterly devoured by vermin. For the period of three months there had not fallen a half hour's rain on the island. At this period of his history, with his miseries increasing upon him, he thus writes:—"My heart is so full, that my pen cannot utter it. I now and then find a little water, which the goats have left me. I always scoop it up to the last drop, and use it very sparingly." On one of his visits to his old tent, while inside it, he was much alarmed at hearing a great noise, as if a "hundred coppersmiths were at work." His alarm continued until he resolved to search for the cause of this commotion, and ascending a hill, he discovered its origin in the chattering of a vast flock

of birds, which whirred into the air as soon as they perceived him. This little discovery greatly relieved his mind, which, under the horrors of his situation, was become much enfeebled. He measured the contents of his water-cask, and found he had but six gallons left. He drank by measure, and eked out his allowance as much as he could, abstaining from boiling his food. The entries in his journal preserve a melancholy monotony—"Went out to search for water, but in vain," is the only memorandum for many days. How earnestly he now lifted up his prayers and his eyes to the heavens, may well be imagined! But that saying was true of them which had its primary reference to another race, "The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron." "I looked up," he writes, "to the heavens all round me, to see if the sky was overcast, that I might have some hopes of rain; but all, to my sorrow, was very clear." He was now frequently out until evening looking for water, and many times was far from home, as the shades of night approached. On one of these occasions, the sun having set, he was compelled to sleep away from his cave: having lain down, his slumbers were soon disturbed by new tormentors; such a prodigious number of rats surrounded him, as put him in considerable jeopardy of being devoured alive. He took good care after this to return to his cave before dark. Despair was now rapidly seizing his mind, resisted only by a few feeble struggles of expiring hope: he had now "given up all hopes of finding any water," and wandered on the strand lost in distraction. Here he espied a turtle, which he succeeded in killing; and he slaked his burning thirst with the greatest avidity in the creature's blood. At a later period, he found some relief in drinking the fluid contents of the eggs of the sea-fowl; but both proved ill substitutes for water, and he was seized with an illness, which he ardently hoped might end his sufferings. His head swelled, he became dizzy, and was frequently delirious: he could no longer walk, and could only crawl from place to place. He often crawled up to a turtle, which, with his razor, he killed, and then the poor fellow lay by its side quenching his thirst in its life-blood. And now approaches the close of this mournful history. Burnt up with thirst, he drank, in desperation, a quantity of salt water; but this had nearly proved immediately fatal to him. Now, in a few affecting words, he scrawls, "I am so much decayed, that I am a perfect skeleton, and cannot write the particulars, my hand shakes so." Further on—"My wood is all gone!" "I hope the Lord will have mercy upon my soul." The last entry is on the 14th of October, when the unhappy outcast records the short and simple words, "All as before!"

Thus perished the deserted sailor, after the endurance of bodily and mental agonies, for upwards of five months, a part of which only would have sufficed to unseat the reason of many men. We believe the facts here narrated may be considered genuine and authentic. They are contained in a tract preserved in the Harleian collection, which states, in addition, that some months after the poor fellow's death, a ship touched at Ascension, and found his journal, and his body, and possessions there. Yet this unhappy man need not have died: a little knowledge of the first principles of chemistry would have saved him. We were struck recently with the expedient of some sailors in procuring fresh water from salt, which, though perfectly familiar to us before, deserves notice. The apparatus was an iron pot, a wooden lid, and a musket barrel. By this means a good supply of pure fresh water was obtained by distilling the salt water. So might our outcast have saved himself from death. How easy to make a still of the teakettle which he had, and a worm of the musket barrel! Two or three hours thus spent every day, might have supplied him with sufficient fresh water for all his necessities, and preserved him from the dreadful death which overcame him. Not knowing into whose hands these pages may fall, we have thought it worth while repeating this homely suggestion here. How different now is the aspect of this once melancholy island! Many acres of the Green Mountain are under cultivation; esculents of all kinds grow in abundance; roads have been made; a plentiful spring of water has been discovered, whose contents are conveyed by iron pipes to a large tank in the English fort. Cattle, and sheep, and livestock enliven the hills, where wild goats still wander in immense numbers. An importation of terriers has exterminated the rats. Fruits of various kinds adorn and enrich the gardens. A safe anchorage has been found, in which many a gallant ship has ridden; and a government establishment gives Ascension its laws and orders. Thus have the united efforts of men caused this "wilderness to smile and blossom as the rose," where all the energies of one unhappy individual proved insufficient to deliver himself from the combined terrors of thirst and hunger.

THORWALDSEN—BY ANDERSEN.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome: but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate Thetis, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride; he took an honest, open-hearted farewell, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me; if you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated; and they met again, many, many years afterwards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence—when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning—there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window: it was she.

THE FIRST COMMISSION.

It was in April, 1801, that his return home was fixed, in company with Zoega. It was put off until the autumn. During this time "Jason" occupied all his thoughts. A new, a larger figure of the hero was formed—an immortal work; but it had not then been announced to the world, nor understood by it. "Here is something more than common!" was said by many. Even the man to whom all paid homage, the illustrious Canova, started, and exclaimed, "Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese è fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled. "It is bravely done!" said he. The Danish songstress, Frederikke Brunn, was then in Rome, and spoke enthusiastically of Thorwaldsen's "Jason." She assisted the artist, and he was

enabled to get this figure cast in plaster; for he himself had no more money than was just sufficient for his expenses home.

The last glass of wine had been already drunk as a farewell, the boxes packed, and the vetturino's carriage was before the door at daybreak; the boxes were fastened behind. Then came a fellow traveller, the sculptor Hagemann, who was returning to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not ready. Their departure must be put off until the next day; and Thorwaldsen promised, although the vetturino complained and abused him, to remain so long. He staid—staid to win an immortal name on earth, and cast a lustre over Denmark.

The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but, in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us and our land's greatness, thee, Albert Thorwaldsen! an Englishman it was who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires; who cast more honor and glory around the nation's name than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth—it was the Englishman Thomas Hope.

In the little studio which the artist was about to leave stood Hope, before the uncovered "Jason." It was a life's moment in Thorwaldsen's, and consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and gigantic style.

Thorwaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began.

THE END.

On Sunday the 24th of March, 1844, a small party of friends was assembled at the residence of Baron Stampe, in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen was there, and was unusually lively, told stories, and spoke of a journey he intended to make to Italy in the course of the summer. Hahn's tragedy of "Griseldis" was to be performed for the first time that evening at the theatre. Tragedy was not his favorite subject, but comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new he was to see, and it had become a sort of habit with him to pass the evening in the theatre. About six o'clock, therefore, he went to the theatre alone. The overture had begun. On entering, he shook hands with a few of his friends, took his usual seat, stood up again to allow one to pass him, sat down again, bent his head—and was no more. The music continued. Those nearest to him thought that he was only in a swoon, and he was borne out: but he was numbered with the dead.

The Children of the New Forest. By Capt. MARRYAT, R. N. Two vols. Hurst.

WE congratulate Capt. Marryat heartily on this admirable commencement of a series of stories for children. These two volumes combine all the excellences of *Masterman Ready* and *The Settlers in Canada*, with some that are peculiarly their own.

The *Children of the New Forest* is a tale as simply truthful, graphic, and elegant as those which we have named; and derives a greater degree of reality from the scene being laid within the range of English history, instead of in imaginary settlements. Humphrey Armitage reclaims fields from the waste; tames wild animals, and makes them domestic; uses saw and hatchet as effectually as his predecessors; but amid circumstances which young readers can realize to themselves. And his brother, with some of the other characters, leads the young mind onward by easy steps, from scenes of mere domestic to scenes of public or political interest.

The historical element in the *Children of the New Forest* is conceived in a tone sufficiently liberal to reconcile the independent thinker, with sufficien deference to conventional opinions to repel no one There is a really healthy tone of moral feeling about all Captain Marryat's writings, rendered evident in many ways, and especially by an air of manly candor, and freedom from anxious reserves. His style, too, from its sterling simplicity, is admirably adapted to children. In short, we strongly suspect him to be our best existing writer for young people. He gives them what they really feel interested in; and his tone, in these books written for nursery libraries, is such as to inspire boys with frank manliness, girls with firm womanliness. If, as we hope, the *Children of the New Forest*, which is issued in a very elegant form as the first book in a *Juvenile Library* to be written by Captain Marryat, prove the first of a long series of kindred tales, many honest little hearts will have reason to be thankful.—*Examiner.*

JERUSALEM.

BY WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

THOU City of the Lord whose name
The angelic host in wonder tells;
The halo of whose endless fame
All earthly splendor far excels—
To thee, from Judah's stable mean,
Arose the prince from Jesse's stem,
And since hath deathless glory been
With thee, Jerusalem!

What though thy temples, domes, and towers,
That man in strength and weakness made,
Are, with their priests and regal powers,
In lowly dust and ashes laid!
The story of thine ancient time
Steals on us, as it stole on them,
Thrice hallowed by the lyre sublime
Of thee, Jerusalem!

We see within thy porches, Paul
Uplift the arm, the voice command,
Whose heaven-taught zeal, whose earnest call,
Could rouse or paralyze the land—
Though gold and pomp were his, and more,
For God he spurned the glittering gem,
And cast him prostrate all before
Thy gates, Jerusalem!

Even from the Mount of Olives now,
When morning lifts her shadowy veil,
And smiles o'er Moab's lofty brow,
And beauteous Jordan's stream and vale,
The ruins o'er the region spread,
May witness of thine ancient fame,
The very grave-yards of thy dead—
Of thee, Jerusalem!

The temple in its gorgeous state,
That in a dreadful ruin fell,
The fortress and the golden gate,
Alike the saddening story tell,
How he by Hinnom's vale was led
To Caiaphas, with mocking shame,
That glad redemption might be shed
O'er thee, Jerusalem

Fast by the Virgin's tomb, and by
These spreading olives, bend the knee,
For here his pangs and suffering sigh
Thrilled through thy caves, Gethsemane;
'T was here, beneath the olive shade,
The man of many sorrows came,
With tears, as never mortal shed,
For thee, Jerusalem!

Around Siloam's ancient tombs
A solemn grandeur still must be;
And oh, what mystic meaning looms
By thy dread summits, Calvary!
The groaning earth, that felt the shock
Of mankind's crowning sin and shame,
Gave up the dead, laid bare the rock,
For fallen Jerusalem!

Kind woman's heart forgets thee not,
For Mary's image lights the scene:
And, casting back the inquiring thought
To what thou art, what thou hast been,
Ah! well may pilgrims heave the sigh,
When they remember all thy fame,
And shed the tear regrettingly
O'er thee, Jerusalem!

For awful desolation lies,
In heavy shades, o'er thee and thine,
As 't were to frown of sacrifice,
And tell thy story, Palestine;
But never was there darkness yet
Whereto His glory never came;
And guardian angels watch and wait
By thee, Jerusalem!

The lustre of thine ancient fame
Shall yet in brighter beams arise,
And heavenly measures to thy name
Rejoice the earth, make glad the skies;
And, with thy gathered thousands, then
Oh! Love and Peace shall dwell with them,
And God's own glory shine again
O'er thee, Jerusalem!

Blackwood's Magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Feb. 3, 1848.

Louis Philippe is wrong in not changing a ministry notoriously obnoxious to the nation. M. Guizot, in braving unpopularity, and haughtily proclaiming that no concessions can be made to the opposition, works the ruin of the government. His dynastic antagonists in the chambers wax desperate or indifferent. In a crisis probably near, they will scarcely attempt to sustain the monarchy.

Feb. 10.

Upwards of sixty banquets, over the surface of France, in *centres* of population and opinion, have been allowed; the principal speeches, enunciating all adversary sentiments and plans, have appeared in both the Paris and provincial journals. The example of such manifestations is irresistible for the metropolis. How can the government contrive to prevent the undertaking here? The exhumation of an old tyrannical law of 1790 only aggravates the danger and difficulty. We shall see a hazardous struggle.

Feb. 12.

Nothing more improvident and harsh than the use of the epithets *blind or hostile* in the king's speech, as spite to the opposition deputies who attended the banquets. It drove them into the scheme of a Paris banquet—into a league with the radicals—when they were utterly averse to extremes. Their irritation and their dilemma were seen; a sensible conservative in the chamber of deputies proposed a modification of the address, which would have mollified and relieved; the king and ministry were themselves so *blind* or hostile as to persist in the repetition of the stigma; the studied omission of the king as a toast, at the banquets, rendered him and his family and courtiers vindictive. All was then lost.

Tuesday preceding that of the popular outbreak, I went to the stated *soirée* of M. Guizot, under the persuasion that his fate was to be decided soon, and with some curiosity about his looks and his company. His mien indicated a degree of anxiety and dread such as I never expected to see there; his face was habitually cheerful or placid at his receptions; the spacious salon was thinly attended; dismalness pervaded the whole affair. My mind received presentiments so engrossing, that, in crossing the Place Vendome, I was insensible to the approach of a carriage, the pole of which knocked me down, fortunately in a way to hurt me but little. My family prepared the next day cards of invitation for a hundred and twenty persons, to a *soirée* in celebration of Washington's birth-day. On Friday I became sure of the beginning of a revolution on that day, which was selected for the banquet, and accordingly caused the invitations to be suppressed.

Feb. 29.

On Monday, the 21st, I repaired to the *soirée* of Gaultier de Rumilly, the intimate friend of Odillon Barrot, and one of the heads of the Gauche in the chamber of deputies. There I first learned that the ministry had resolved on the employment of force to prevent the banquet, and that the opposition deputies had in consequence renounced it for themselves, and thus left the strife exclusively between radicalism and royalty. They and the government thus committed fatal mistakes. *They* rendered themselves impotent; the *government*, if it succeeded one day in repelling the multitude, who were resolved on some manifestation, could not do so without a great suffusion of blood, which would infuriate the whole body of the people. An exterminating contest was doubly impossible, because the soldiery would not persevere, and the National Guards would finally side against the court. I stated these considerations when questioned by some deputies on my views of the case: they heard me repeat my prediction, uttered to several persons a week or more previously—"the evacuation of the Palace of the Tuileries on the 24th, Thursday"—with a singular mixture of alarm and half-incredulity. I calculated that the preliminary movements of predetermined and arranged revolution would be made on the 22d, by the parading of comparatively small bodies of rioters, and the quiet assemblage at different points

of large bodies of idlers and workmen, to be followed by general turn-out on Wednesday, with barricades, and a final grand march, by different routes, on Thursday, to the Tuileries. All this I witnessed in my rovings during the three days—exactly the same as those of July, 1830.

An exact, systematic political fraternity, by various modes of mutual intelligence, has long existed between the multitudinous divisions of the mechanics and other laborers in and out of doors throughout the capital and its environs. A hundred thousand men and lads could be thus set in political action, in strategic array, within less than twenty hours. Whoever traversed the streets of the different quarters on the 25th, must have beheld *works* called *barricades*, which might be supposed to have required the efforts of fifty thousand sturdy operatives. They were chiefly formed during two nights. The committee of freemasons, who have just tendered their aid to the provisional government, announced that the *ateliers* (work-shops and factories) contained forty thousand.

It was on the square at the south end of the Palais Royal that the bloodiest and most obstinate engagement between the mob and the municipal guard took place. The edifice called the Water-castle, (from being over a public fountain,) in which the guard defended themselves, is totally defaced by shots and missiles. This body of city troops, between five and six thousand, consisted of picked troopers, from the regular army, was skilfully distributed, and did considerable execution. It alone proved steadily faithful to the government. Not more than a fifth or sixth, however, perished. The survivors are disbanded officially, and remain hidden in town or country. It was truly a harrowing sight that of the brave fellows flying, when overpowered by numbers, before their exasperated assailants, throwing aside their arms, ammunition, and helmets, and here and there cut down with sabres or pierced through with bayonets.

The windows and balcony of my apartment, on the Rue de Rivoli, embrace a prospect of the palace and gardens of the Tuileries, the quay on the other side, the whole street, part of the *Place de la Concorde*, the bridge, and the palace of the deputies—theatres of special vivacity and grave incidents in the insurrection. Squadrons of cavalry galloped under us with drawn swords, to charge the multitude on the place between the ministry of marine and the Egyptian obelisk. On the 23d we looked down, rather amused than otherwise, on the process of barricading the opening of the Rue d'Alger: about twenty *gamins*, or street-lads, and two or three ruffian adults, were engaged in placing across several *cabriolets* and *coupés* which they had seized in the street and the yards. The owners and their drivers were superior in number and strength, and might have pitched the patriots into the Rue de Rivoli, but they contented themselves with a scolding-bout. Some fifteen soldiers stood near, laughed at or with the boys, and when these retired to enjoy the same fun elsewhere, quietly assisted the carriage-owners in raising and removing their property Before and after the reduction of the palace, our attention was arrested by the *fraternizing* (the technical term) of hundreds of the regular infantry with the workmen, combatants in blue *smock-frocks*, some with swords merely, others with knives or bludgeons, and numbers with muskets which had been plundered from the shops or thrown away by the municipal guard. I observed that not a few of the heroes and the soldiery kissed each other, and that the latter generally and gladly transferred their arms and ammunition. It was when the National Guards, called out the second day—too late for their pride or efficiency—put forth cries of "*Long live Reform!*" and the troops before the palace refused to listen to Marshal Bugeaud, that Louis began to feel himself in extreme danger, that he consented to abdicate in favor of his grandson. Whenever the regulars, who were despatched to the neighborhood of the palace, to the number of at least twenty-five thousand, (infantry, dragoons, artillery,) came into sight of the bodies of the National Guards stationed at many points, and of the masses of the people near them, a universal shout of *Vive la Ligne* rose, and seemed to be kindly felt by all except the officers. No spectator could fail to perceive that all inclination to fight each other was wanting; and no government that may be installed for years to come will set reliance on the army for defence against the faubourgs of Paris.

We contemplated, with our *lorgnettes*, and could distinctly see with the naked eye, the royal family leaving the palace, with few attendants. The king and queen, and the princesses and children, on foot, halting a little before the first basin—hearing the triumphant uproar of the multitude, masters of the side-gates and the entrances of their splendid castle—and then hastening to escape by the distant opening into the *Place de la Concorde*, afforded a picture and lesson of the freaks of fortune, not easily to be forgotten in any of its strange details. I do not think that Louis Philippe and his queen were half way to the opening, before the flags of the *gamins* were waving from the balcony in which they sat in all pomp on the 1st of May last, the king's anniversary, while a monster orchestra, a vast illumination, gorgeous fireworks, and hundreds of thousands of citizens, delighted them as evidence of the majesty and security of the throne. The London papers abound with narratives of the perils and sufferings which they underwent in their flight to the coast. We could not discover the least inclination of the victors in the palace to follow or molest them. Not an individual was in pursuit; it is not ascertained that they met any obstruction, or were really exposed to any risk of violence or outrage, in any portion of their journey. The possessors of the chateau were too busy in exploring the sumptuous apartments, so new to their vision, and the well-stocked kitchens and larders, to think of catching or annoying the royal fugitives. Louis XVI. on the scaffold, and Charles X., conducted as he was to Cherbourg, made exits more flattering, in regard

to official and personal importance, than Louis Philippe, as he trudged, without molestation, along the great avenue, and entered safely the one-horse shabby vehicle, near the obelisk shining with his name in golden characters. No indication was given of either pity or fear; and those who held high stations, or most frequently attended his levees, speak of the revolution indeed with regret, looking to its probable or possible sequel, but not of the monarch or the dynasty.

The tri-colored flag on the palace was quickly supplanted by the red streamer—symbol of blood and vengeance. For two days every one wore a piece of red ribbon in the button-hole, in humble conformity. The provisional government relieved the moderate world by reinstating the old banner of glory. We all carry, now, tri-colored badges of republicanism. In the evening of the 23d, the occupants of the palace fed two huge bonfires, near the walls, and within our ken, with the rich furniture of the interior. Until nearly one in the morning, beds, chairs, sofas, curtains and so forth, were thrown from the windows into the flames. I had thrown myself on my bed, having taken off only my coat; every hour, the flaring on my window was such that I moved to it, supposing that torches had been applied to the edifice itself. The inmates, however, found so much to eat and drink, that they stopped with the furniture, and put themselves at table or at rest. Between three and four in the morning, the ordinary silence reigned; more light than usual came from the windows, and belonged, I presume, to the wassail. As the wind was a gale from the west, if the extensive structure had been fired, the devastation must have been most awful on the other side, comprehending the gallery of the Louvre and its inestimable contents. On the Rue de Rivoli we should have been exempt from flakes and flames; yet the scene would have been appalling, and the excitement enough to beget other frantic excesses. The orgies might have travelled far and wide. There was abundant destruction of window-glass on both fronts; the window-frames are partly shattered; and portions of the roof are damaged, apparently from fire. On the 25th, hosts of the inhabitants and visitors of the capital hied to the garden of the Tuileries, and were allowed to survey the apartments of the palace, under their wonderfully changed aspect, and such hosts too, for the motley myriad of guests. No disorder occurred. At night, both silence and solitude prevailed on our side of the Tuileries; lights appeared here and there in the windows. At three in the morning, the same stillness *honored* the adjacent streets. The miracle of miracles lies in the quick subsequent restoration of order and old appearances throughout the capital, and the personal security with which it may be perambulated night and day. No pillage; no affrays; no annoyance of any individuals; prodigious processions, and other assemblages, without the least disturbance; the *working*-classes, however, are not, as yet, what they are called; business is stagnant; credit moribund, and dread and doubt rife in every reflecting mind.

The downfall of the Orleans dynasty was, doubtless, precipitated by the blindness and obstinacy of the court and cabinet; but it was to happen sooner or later. This belief prevailed for months, in my mind; it had been often expressed long before the proximate causes arrived. France is essentially democratic in all circumstances; the government moved constantly in opposition; it royalized to the utmost—abridged all liberties, relied on packed electoral colleges and bought majorities; it thought itself safe, whatever its policy internal or external, with a large standing army spread over the realm, a garrison of thirty thousand, and a picked municipal guard of six thousand for the capital. It distrusted, seemed to defy, and utterly disaffected, the national guards. Disgust, moreover, with the rottenness laid open in the trials of dignitaries for peculation and bribery, and the traffic in offices acknowledged by M. Guizot in the chamber of deputies, reached even the lowest of the working classes—pervaded all ranks; and this penetrative sentiment appears to have reconciled many of the old conservatives, not only to the fate of the Orleans monarchy, but to the perpetual exclusion of all monarchy. You would be astonished at the numbers, who, three weeks ago, repelled and derided the very idea or imagination of a republic in France, that now readily proffer allegiance and every aid to the provisional government. It is because all, except the inveterate legitimists, regard royalty as stone dead—resuscitation as hopeless in any division of the country. The readiness and enthusiasm with which the rural districts, equally with the towns and cities, hailed the proclamation of the republic, manifests that the removal of pression alone sufficed to accomplish its establishment. There are, however, serious grounds of apprehension in respect to the nature of the future institutions, and the maintenance of internal tranquillity. The last hope of royalty in Europe is prolonged anarchy in France. We may presume that from without all engines of mischief will be set in motion, though war should be avoided. The national convention to form a constitution, is to be elected by universal suffrage; to consist of nine hundred members; and to open its session in Paris, on the 20th of next month. By that time, a hundred political clubs, of extreme complexion and doctrine, will have been formed here, and a thousand schemes of government will be urged with passion. The legitimists are elate with hope; their committees exert themselves incredibly. A poor chance that of Henry V., undertaking to propitiate and govern the iconoclasts of the faubourgs.

[*Extract from the letter of another correspondent.*]

The stirring events of the past fortnight have kept every mind on the *qui vive*. When we rise in the morning our first thoughts are, "What may this day bring forth?" and our last thoughts at night are those of thankfulness for protection from

violence. It seems like a dream—the troubled visions of the night, "as deep sleep falleth on man"—when we look abroad on the deserted palace and gardens of the Tuileries, and ask, where are the great, the gay, and the beautiful, who, fifteen days ago, thronged the saloons, and wandered through the avenues of this vast inclosure? Echo will answer, "Where?" This will not continue; a new state of things has taken the place of what *has been*, and a purer, a better form of government will furnish to the world an example that elegance, refinement, and taste, are not restricted to monarchies, or dependent on courts.

We have heard many anecdotes connected with the plebeian occupation of the ancient palace of the Tuileries; some very creditable to the French as a people, while others convince us that mobs in all countries are composed of the same elements. The apartments of the Duchess of Orleans were respected by the throng in a manner to do them honor. The table of herself and her two sons was arranged for their mid-day repast, when they were compelled to leave the castle; on it were the little silver cups, forks, spoons, &c., of the children, and around, on the floor, were scattered their various toys. The latter were carefully gathered by a man in a *blouse*, or working-frock, put into a corner, and carefully covered. The silver, with the diamonds and other ornaments of the duchess, and a considerable sum of money, were also collected and thrown into a bath-tub, a man seating himself upon it, and not suffering any one to touch it, until a detachment of the Polytechnic School, escorted by the national guard, carried all these valuables to the government treasury.

The night of the attack the mob chose a king and queen, and feasted in the hall of the palace upon the wine and viands found in the cellars and kitchens—a very pretty young woman, by no means remarkable for the neatness of her attire, was placed in the chair of state, called the throne, and there received the obstreperous homage of her compeers. Boys of thirteen and fourteen years were marching about on the balconies and roofs, and dancing in the garden, in the long red liveries of the late king, and were greeted on all sides with bursts of merriment.

On the *Place de le Concorde* during the fierce struggle between the municipal guard and the people, a man, standing near a lovely young peasant girl, said to her quickly, "Save that man!" turning to a municipal officer. "How shall I do this?" "Say he is your father." The girl threw herself into the officer's arms, crying, "Spare him!—spare my father!" He was saved! This is truly noble, and worthy a place in Roman annals.

During the height of the popular fury, and while the people were constructing barricades in every part of the city, an old and respectable lady wished to enter the hotel of her son. The crowd was dense, and she was about to give up the attempt, when a young man of the middle class said to another, at the same time giving him a little knock with the *back* of his sabre, "Don't you see the lady, Pierre? Do you forget you are a Frenchman? Give way there for the lady;" and immediately a lane was made with great respect and she passed safely through. At another house the mob mounted the stairs to ask for arms. "My friends," said the owner of the hotel, "do not come up stairs; you will frighten the women; they will think you wish to rob." "How, sir! We are not thieves!" They then went quietly down, and waited till the gentleman sent to them all the arms he could muster. They then retired, well satisfied.

The consul of the United States thought it well, after conversation with Mr. Rush, to send to the provisional government, as an offering for the walls of the Hotel de Ville, three fine American engravings, viz., the large Daguerreotype of the Senate, a full-length portrait of Mr. Polk, and another of Washington at the age of forty. His main object was the greater security of American persons and interests. The consular protection seems to be much prized as well by the French and English as the Americans. The secretary of his office and a valet accompanied the engravings to the Hotel de Ville. They were received within and without, with repeated shouts of *Long live the American republic—vive le consul des Etats Unis!* and formal thanks being expressed by Mr. Garnier Pages, one of the government, proces verbal of the transaction was drawn up and recorded. The pictures will be hung when the formal substitution of republican images for the royal is undertaken.

The consul is preparing, in French, for the use of the constituent assembly, a comprehensive view of the principles, forms, practice and results of our American constitutions. God grant that the French theorists may comprehend and properly apply them!

From the Newspapers.

THE provisional government has issued the following proclamation:—

Citizens,—The government which has just fallen systematically led the finances of the country towards an abyss. In spite of the warnings of its friends, of its enemies, and even of those who were indifferent, it exhausted the sources of the public fortune. At the day of its birth, the French republic received the heavy inheritance; it accepted it with a resolution to bear it without flinching. The work is doubtless immense, but the provisional government is not disconcerted at it. The issue of the will of the people, and supported by it, it knows that its strength is equal to all present difficulties, as well as those which may arise. The coöperation of all citizens has saved liberty; it will save the public fortune. The provisional government has provided for all; it seeks with activity the means of largely diminishing the expenses of the state. It is certain of being able to effect it. The rest regards the citizens; their fate, that of commerce, industry, the future, and the prosperity of national labor, are in their hands. The government adjures them to think of the means. At the same time it does not demand any extraordinary sacrifice from them. To provide against all financial difficulties, of which

prudence commands the prevision, a simple anticipation in the receipts of the taxes will suffice; let all citizens immediately, and by anticipation immediately, pay into the treasury whatever remains unpaid of their taxes for the year, or at least for the first six months, and all financial difficulties will be removed. The financial state of affairs will immediately reäct on the political one; the credit of the state, manifestly firm, secures private credit; the circulation, for several years insufficient, increases in large proportion; labor resumes its course on the best condition, and the amelioration of the lot of the working classes founds the tranquillity of the state on the immutable basis of justice. The provisional government therefore makes an energetic appeal to all citizens. It is not their personal interest which it invokes; it only wishes to cause to vibrate in the heart of the country patriotism and devotedness. Profoundly devoted to the interests of the people, the provisional government waits, with firm confidence, the result of this appeal to the patriotism of France.

(Signed by members of provisional government.)

The Archbishop of Paris, attended by two vicars, has presented himself to the provisional government, expressing himself in the following terms:—

I come not to make any solemn manifestation to you. You already know my sentiments, for I have declared them by my public acts. But I am happy in telling you that you may be assured of the loyal concurrence of all the clergy of Paris. This is not a protestation of which I am not certain. I have seen the ecclesiastics at all points of my diocese manifest the most ardent desire to join in preserving public order, so far as their functions will allow them.

M. Dupont (de l'Eure,) president of the provisional government, replied:—

The provisional government receives with the most lively satisfaction your adhesion to the government of the French republic. Liberty and religion are two sisters equally interested in living well together. We rely upon your concurrence and upon that of your clergy, as you and they may rely upon the sentiments of good will of the provisional government.

A deputation of the central republican society was received, at the Hôtel de Ville, by M. de Lamartine. M. A. Blanqui presented an address demanding the suppression of all the laws which might impede the right of association, and the liberty of the press, and intimating the propriety of dismissing all the law authorities who were in power on February 24. M. de Lamartine replied as follows:—

Gentlemen—The determinations of the provisional government, relative to the first of your demands, have anticipated your present proceedings. We have swept away unanimously those laws of September in which were written down the restrictions enacted against the liberty of the press. When a revolution is effected in the name of what is most holy and most noble, the first duty of that revolution is to free from impediments the material organs of thought. In consequence, the provisional government is preparing for the National Assembly, after having effaced from our codes the laws of September, a series of enactments of the widest tenor to ensure the most complete liberty of thought under every form. As to the right of association, there is a circumstance to be remarked on that point which cannot escape your intelligence. There is something in it which relates to action, and action ought to be subjected to regulations—in that respect it differs from the expression of thought. But the future legislation will be wide, and will only apply to the right of association such restrictions as are necessary for public order; that will, no doubt, suffice for all well-intentioned citizens, who ought not to desire to carry out their individual will over the rights of the nation.

M. A. Blanqui said:—

We had also to present to the provisional government an address, praying it to postpone the period of the election, which appears to us too close at hand, but probably it is not too late.

M. de Lamartine replied:—

You ask the government to go back on a decision which it has come to for the general interest. I shall not enter into any discussion with you on the subject, for it would be a dialogue without result. My colleagues and myself have considered that our first duty, after what we have done to sanction the liberty of the country, was to restore as speedily as possible to the nation itself, the powers which we had seized for the common safety, and not to prolong the kind of dictatorship which we had assumed under the empire of circumstances.

We read in the *Presse*:—"The meetings and deputations of workmen increase in number, but not in turbulence. This is a fact which all must take pleasure in remarking. Yesterday, 2,000 workmen went to the Luxembourg and desired to see M. Louis Blanc. At 3 o'clock, another meeting was held in the Place du Carrousel, and in the evening there was to be a very considerable one in the Rue Madame. Besides these, all the public places have, for several days, presented the serious but peaceable spectacle of assemblages of workmen having only the common object of the *immediate* amelioration of the lot of those who labor. We dwell upon the word 'immediate,' because, in our minds, there lies the great difficulty; that is a point in the question which may render it insolvable. But we will not anticipate observations upon embarrassments with which the future threatens us, but which, possibly, the same futurity, fecund in patriotism and energy, will know how to overcome, or at least to render innocuous. All the workmen who at this moment are agitating appear to be guided by one sentiment—that of having the rates of wages fixed by means of a tariff to be drawn up by the government, and converted into a law by the approaching legislature."

The *Presse* has the following on the recent decrees of the provisional government:—

It costs us pain to find fault, wishing only to warn and stimulate; but it affords us pleasure to praise. We therefore eagerly give our approbation to the three decrees which were published yesterday in the *Moniteur*. The first, which establishes in all commercial and manufacturing towns a national discount bank; the second, which creates in Paris a

national discount bank, with a capital of 20,000-000fr.; the third, which raises the interest upon the deposits in the saving's bank from 4 to 5 per cent. Just are the motives on which this last decree are founded, and laudable are the intentions of the two others, which associate, on equal terms, the state, the towns, and the subscribers. Our only fear is that the capital of 20,000,000fr., at which the capital of the Paris discount bank is fixed, will prove but a drop of water in the ocean of commerce and manufacture, in that vast ocean which may carry everything away.

The *Union*, which was lately the organ of the legitimist party, exhorts to union, and counsels the public to avoid alike blind confidence and groundless fear. It says:—

We have to fly from two dangers, a blind security, an unreasonable fear. Some amuse themselves by exaggerating fear, others take pleasure in affecting security; let us maintain a medium of reason and justice between these two extremes. It is evident that France is in a crisis of revolution which imprudence or temerity would render fatal; but we shall be able to get out of it by firmness and by wisdom. After all, it is only a small number who take pleasure in confusion; the immense majority of the nation desires liberty with order; and is it given to some men to beat down the will of all? There are some politicians who would require fear to become contagious, because, from a state of universal alarm, they could create circumstances propitious to their ambition. These politicians are the able men of yesterday, who have pushed their fine *régime* into an abyss, and who think that the world continues to believe in their genius. No! their counsels of fear will not be listened to; France has the instinct of her perils, but she is also conscious of her strength. Others would desire the security to be profound, that is to say, without foresight and senseless. That would be the prelude to a sort of fatalism, in which society might perish. Let us avoid these two contrary dangers. We point them out to our friends, we point them out to the men of the provisional government. All ought fully to study the situation of France. Let them keep from those who frighten them—let them keep from those who lull them into security. It is by courage, by wisdom, by a reasonable, calm, and sustained confidence, that they may overcome difficulties, and thwart the hideous hopes which would attach to anarchy.

9th March, two o'clock.

The leading articles of the Paris journals of this day are not of a very interesting character taken generally, but some of the extracts are worth giving. We begin with the *National* on the probable position of France as regards foreign powers:—

Our previsions relative to the foreign powers appear likely to be confirmed. We learn by the English journals that the Prussian ambassador at London has declared to Lord Palmerston that his government would remain a neutral, if not indifferent, spectator of the revolution which has been accomplished in France. Information which we have received from a person who arrived yesterday from Berlin authorizes to believe that in fact peace will not be troubled in that quarter. The news of the events at Paris, of the adhesions of the departments, and of the calm which everywhere prevails have thrown the court of Prussia into great agitation. The enthusiasm of the population of Berlin did not permit Frederick William to change his disquietudes into menaces. He comprehended that, and has resigned his mind to leave us undisturbed. The liberal opposition, become more powerful and more determined, calls for new concessions, and thus occupied at home, it is impossible for the King of Prussia to think of renewing the wild attempt of 1792. Were he even inclined, he would not be able probably this time to induce his people to march against us. The affair of Neuchâtel could alone excite his anger; but that question is not a popular one in Prussia. Public opinion has already had occasion to declare itself on that point; it is unwilling that the king should engage the whole nation in the defence of an interest, of but little importance in itself, and altogether personal to himself; much more would it disapprove at present of the conduct of Frederick William in commencing a war, destined certainly to become general. Thus, whatever may be the regrets, the fears, and the anger of the Prussian court, it is almost without arms against us: it must be satisfied to curse France in secret, without attacking us. Austria on her part is too much occupied with Italy to think of us.. Russia alone remains, but reduced to her proper strength, separated from us by Poland and Germany, in want of money, she will probably postpone her plans, if she entertains any hostile ones. We continue, consequently, to think that none of these powers will be tempted to interfere in our affairs. They are aware, besides, how France is accustomed to receive troublesome visitors of that kind, and the perfect security which prevails here will be to them a sign of the little disquietude which their plans cause.

We learn from Toulouse that a band of from 1,500 to 2,000 malefactors, all armed, had descended from la Barousse, (Hautes-Pyrénées,) and pillaged and devastated the villages in the arrondissement of Saint Gaudens. M. Joly, the commissary of the provisional government at Toulouse, sent a commissary to Saint Gaudens, who ascertained that new devastations had taken place. The brigands had occupied the communes of Estenos, Bagiry, Bertren, and Luscan, and had entered houses by force, completely pillaging and sacking them. The house of M. de Goulard, an ex-deputy of the Hautes-Pyrénées, was sackod, the most valuable furniture taken away, and a sum of 3,000fr. extorted from a domestic. In some villages several landowners had been seized by the brigands, and obliged to pay ransom for their release. Strong detachments of troops and national guards had been sent against them. A conflict took place between them and a detachment of the national guard, in which the former had four men killed and several wounded, and were eventually driven to the mountains. Twenty-five of them were captured; the national guard sustained no loss. The judicial authorities of Toulouse immediately ordered an investigation to be commenced. The inhabitants of different places had taken arms to resist attacks which they expected these malefactors would venture to make on various towns.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in *each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 2d DEC., 1848.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the expression only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind to the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 205.—15 APRIL, 1848.

From Tait's Magazine.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON; OR, THE "COMING MAN."

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

AMERICAN LITERATURE has been long a "mountain in labor," and might have been expected to bring forth either a mouse or a monster. Many will deem the mouse aptly typified by the numerous small poets and essayists who abound in that country; and some will see the monster in the strange, eccentric, and untamable son of the wilderness before us. It is not, however, in this light that we regard Emerson. We look on him as a genuine man, whose mistakes as well as merits unite in stamping on his character the ineffaceable marks of sincerity, dignified simplicity and independence, as well as of a peculiar and powerful genius.

Elsewhere we have spoken shortly, but sincerely, of Emerson, and, even at the risk of egotism, we must say, that we have been not a little amused at the treatment which our remarks have met with from the press of America. So far as we can judge from periodicals and newspapers, from Baltimore to Boston, a cry of universal reprobation has assailed that article. It has fallen between two stools—on the one hand, Emerson's detractors are furious with us, for placing him at the head of American literature, and so far they are right—though a most national writer, to American literature he does not belong. He is among them, but not of them—a separate state, which no Texas negotiation will ever be able to annex to their territory. On the other hand, the school of Transcendentalists contend that we do him less than justice, that our lines are unable to measure or to hold this leviathan; and the opinion of one American author to this effect, deeply humiliated us, till accidentally falling in with her own criticisms, and finding that, among other judgments of the same kind, she preferred Southey, as a poet, to Shelley, we were not a little comforted, and began to think that, perhaps, we had as good a right to think and speak about Emerson as herself. "Verily, a prophet hath honor, save in his own country, and among those of his own house"—an expression containing much more truth than it at first seems to imply; for, indeed, the honor given in one's own country is often as worthless as the neglect or abuse; and, notwithstanding the well-known French adage, the vilest and commonest of hero-worship is that of valets and parasites, who measure their idol by the standard of his superiority to their own littleness. Hero-worship, however, even in its worst form, is preferable to that spirit of jealousy which pervades much of the American press in reference to Emerson, which, at the mention of his name, elicits in each journal a long list of illustrious-obscure, (like a shower of bats from the roof of a barn on the entrance of a light,) in its judgment superior to him—as though a Cockney insulted by a panegyric on Carlyle, as one of the principal literary ornaments of London, were to produce and parade the name of the subordinate scribblers in the *Satirist*, *Literary Gazette*, &c., as the genuine galaxy of her mental firmament. With occasional exceptions, the great general rule is—how does a name sound afar?—does it return upon us from the horizon?—what impression does it make upon those who, unprejudiced either for or against the author personally—uncircumscribed by clique or coterie—unaltered by adverse, unsoftened by favorable criticism, have fairly brought his works to the test of their own true-feeling and true-telling souls?

This has been eminently the case with Emerson. To him Britain is beginning to requite the justice which America, to her honor, first awarded to Carlyle. Sincere spirits, in every part of the country, who have, many of them, no sympathy with Emerson's surmised opinions, delight, nevertheless, to do him honor, as an earnest, honest, and gifted man, caught, indeed, and struggling in a most alien element, standing almost alone in a mechanical country, and teaching spiritual truth to those to whom Mammon—not Moses—has become the lawgiver, and Cant—not Christ—the God, but as yet faithful to the mission with which he deems himself to be fraught.

Alike careless and fearless of the judgment which may be passed by any party here or in America, on our opinions, we propose now to extend our former estimate of Emerson—an estimate which has at once been strengthened and modified by the volume of poems he has recently issued.

And first of his little volume of poems. They are not wholes, but extracts, from the volume of his mind. They are, as he truly calls some of them, "Woodnotes," as beautiful, changeful, capricious, and unfathomable often, as the song of the birds. On hearing such notes we sometimes ask ourselves, "What *says* that song which has lapped us in such delicious reverie, and made us almost forget the music in the sweet thoughts which are suggested by it?" Vain the question, for is not the suggestion of such sweet thoughts saying enough, saying all that it was needed to say? It is the bird that speaks—our own soul alone can furnish the interpretation. So with many of the poems of Emerson. They mean absolutely nothing—they are mere nonsense-verses—except to those who have learned their cipher, and whose heart instinctively dances to their tune. It is of-

ten a worldless music—a wild wailing rhythm—a sound inexplicable but no more absurd or meaningless than the note of the flute or the thrill of the mountain bagpipe. Who would, or who, though willing, could translate into common, into *all* language, that train of thought and emotion, long as the life of the soul, and wide as the curve of the sphere, which one inarticulate melody can awaken in the mind? So some of Emerson's verses float us away, listening and lost, on their stream of sound, and of dim suggestive meaning. Led himself, as he repeatedly says, "as far as the incommunicable," he leads us into the same mystic region, and we feel that even in nature there are things unutterable, which it is not possible for the tongue of man to utter, and which yet are real as the earth and the heavens. Coleridge remarks, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm, and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. Mere no-meaning will not wed with sweet sound. We do not profess to be in the secret of some of the more mystic poems in this volume, such as "Uriel" and the "Sphynx." Nor can we think that there is much *room* behind the mystic screen—where the poet stands—between his song and the "Oversoul;" but we are ready to apply the old Socratic rule in his behalf—what we understand is excellent, what we do not understand is likely to be excellent too.

A man is often better than his theory, however good and comparatively true that theory be; and this holds especially true of a poet's creed, which, however dry, hard, and abstract, flushes into beauty at his touch, even as the poet's cottage has charms about it, which are concealed from the vulgar eye; and the poet's bride is often by him prodigally clothed with beauties which niggard nature had denied her. What Mr. Emerson's creed is, we honestly say we do not know—that all we can confidently assert concerning it is, that you cannot gather it like apples into baskets, nor grind it like corn into provender, nor wind and unwind it like a hank of yarn, nor even collect it like sunlight into a focus, and analyze it into prismatic points, whether five or seven—nor inclose it within all the vocabularies of all vernacular tongues; and yet that it is not so bad or unholy, but that *in his mind*, Beauty pitches her tents around its borders, and Wonder looks up toward it with rapt eye, and Song tunes sweet melodies in its praise, and Love, like the arms of a child seeking to span a giant oak, seeks to draw into her embrace its immeasurable vastness. It is such a creed as a man might form and subscribe in a dream, and when he awoke receive a gentle shrift from wise and gentle confessors. Why criticise or condemn the long nocturnal reverie of a poetic mind, seeking to impose its soft fantasy upon the solid and stupendous universe! We will pass it by in silence, simply retorting the smile with which he regards our sterner theories, as we watch him weaving his network of cobweb around the limbs of the "Sphynx," and deeming that he has her fast.

This, indeed, is the great fault of Emerson. He has a penchant for framing brain-webs of all sorts and sizes; and because they hang beautifully in the sunbeam, and wave gracefully in the breeze, and are to his eye peopled with a fairy race, he deems them worthy of all acceptation, and we verily believe would mount the scaffold, if requisite, for the wildest day-dream that ever crossed his soul among the woods. It was for visions as palpable as the sun that the ancient prophets sacrificed or perilled their lives. It was for facts of which their own eyes and ears were cognizant that the apostles of the Lamb loved not their lives unto the death. It was not till this age that "Cloud-land," nay, dreamland—dimmer still—have sent forth their missionary to testify, with rapt look, and face inflamed, and surging eloquence, his belief in the shadows of his own thoughts.

Emerson, coming down among men from his mystic altitudes, reminds us irresistibly at times of Rip Van Winkle, with his grey beard and rusty firelock, descending the Catskill mountains, from his sleep of a hundred years. A dim, sleepy atmosphere hangs around him. All things have an unreal appearance. Men seem like trees walking. Of his own identity, he is by no means certain. As in the "Taming of the Shrew," the sun and the moon seem to have interchanged places; and yet, arrived at his native village, he (not exactly like honest Rip) sets up a grocer's shop, and sells, not the mystic draught of the mountain, but often the merest commonplace preparations of an antiquated morality.

In fact, nothing is more astounding about this writer than the mingled originality and triteness of his matter. Now he speaks as if from inmost communion with the soul of being; Nature seems relieved of a deep burden which had long lain on her bosom, when some of his oracular words are uttered; and now it is as if the throat of the thunder had announced the rule of three—as if the old silence had been broken, to enunciate some truism which every schoolboy had long ago recorded in his copy-book. The "Essay on Compensation," for example, proves most triumphantly that vice is its own punishment, and virtue its own reward; but, so far as it seeks to show that vice is its own *only* punishment, and virtue its own *only* reward, it signally fails. The truth, indeed, is this—vice does punish, and terribly punish, its victims, but who is to punish vice? How is it to be gibbetted for the warning of the moral universe? Can a mere under-current of present punishment be sufficient for this, if there be such a thing as a great general commonwealth in the universe at all? Must it not receive, as the voluntary act of responsible agents, some public and final rebuke? The compensation which it at present obtains is but comparatively a course of private teaching; and does not the fact, that it is on the whole unsuccessful, create a necessity for a more public, strict, and effectual reckoning and instruction?

Thus, what is true in this celebrated essay, is not new; and what is new, is not true. This is

not unfrequently the manner of Mr. Emerson. To an egregious truism he sometimes suddenly appends a paradox as egregious. Like a stolid or a sly servant at the door of a drawing-room, he calls out the names of an old respected guest, and of an intruding and presumptuous charlatan, so quickly and so close together, that they appear to the company to enter as a friendly pair. Of intentional deception on such matters, we cheerfully and at once acquit him; but to his eye, emerging from the strange, dreamy, abnormal regions in which he has dwelt so long, old things appear new, and things new to very crudity appear stamped with the authority, and covered with the hoary grandeur of age.

Emerson's object of worship has been by many called nature—it is, in reality, man; but by man, in his dark ambiguities and inconsistencies, repelled, he has turned round and sought to see his face exhibited in the reflector of nature. It is man whom he seeks everywhere in the creation. In pursuit of an ideal of man, he runs up the midnight winds of the forest and questions every star of the sky. To gain some authentic tidings of man's origin—his nature—past and future history—he listens with patient ear to the songs of birds—the wail of torrents—as if each smallest surge of air were whispering, could he but catch the meaning, about man. He feels that every enigma runs into the great enigma—what is man! and that if he could but unlock his own heart, the key of the universe were found. Perhaps nature, in some benignant or unguarded hour, will tell him where that key was lost! At all events, he will persist in believing that the creation is a vast symbol of man; that every tree and blade of grass is somehow cognate with his nature, and significant of his destiny; and that the remotest stars are only the distant perspective of that picture of which he is the central figure.

It is this which so beautifies nature to his eye—that gives him more than an organic or associated pleasure in its forms—and renders it to him, not so much an object of love or of admiration, as of ardent study. To many, nature is but the face of a great doll—a well-painted insipidity; to Emerson, it has sculptured on it an unknown but mighty language, which he hopes yet to decipher. Could he but understand its alphabet!—could he but accurately spell out one of its glorious syllables! In the light of that flashing syllable, he would appear to himself discovered, explained; and thus, once for all, would be read the riddle of the world!

This, too, prevents his intercourse with nature from becoming either tedious or melancholy. Nature, to most, is a gloomy companion. Sometimes they are tired of it—more frequently they are terrified. "What does all this mean! what would all this teach us! what would those frowning schoolmasters of mountains have us to do, or learn!" are questions which, though not presented in form, are felt in reality, and which clear, as by a whip of small cords, the desecrated temple of nature. A few, indeed, are still left standing in the midst alone! And among those few is Emerson, who is reconciled to remain, chiefly through the hope and the desire of attaining one day more perfect knowledge of nature's silent cipher, and more entire communion with nature's secret soul. Like an enthusiastic boy clasping a Homer's Iliad, and saying, "I shall yet be able to understand this," does he seem to say. "Dear are ye to me, Monadnoc and Agiochook, dear ye Alleganies and Niagaras, because I yet hope (or at least those may hope who are to follow me) to unfix your clasps of iron—to unrol your sheets of adamant—to deliver the giant truths that are buried and struggling below you—to arrest in human speech the accents of your vague and tumultuous thunder."

As it is, his converse with creation is intimate and endearing. "Passing over a bare common, amid snow puddles, he almost fears to say how glad he is." He seems (particularly in his "Woodnotes") an inspired tree, his veins full of sap instead of blood; and you take up his volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf. He is like the shepherd (in Johnson's fine fable) among the Carpathian rocks, who understood the language of the vultures; the sounds—how manifold—of the American forest say to his purged ear what they say to few others, and what even his language is unable fully to express.

Akin to this passionate love of nature is one main error in Emerson's system. Because nature consoles and satisfies him, he would preach it as a healing influence of universal efficacy. He would send man to the fields and woods to learn instruction and get cured of his many wounds. These are the airy academies which he recommends. But, alas! how few can act upon the recommendation! How few entertain a genuine love for nature! Man, through his unhappy wanderings, has been separated, nay, divorced, from what was originally his pure and beautiful bride—the universe. No one feels this more than Emerson, or has mourned it in language more plaintive. But why will he persist in prescribing nature as a panacea to those who, by his own showing, are incapable of apprehending its virtue? They are clamoring for bread, and he would give them rocks and ruins. We hold that between man and nature there is a gulf, which nothing but a vital change upon his character, circumstances, and habits, can fill up. Ere applying the medicine you must surely premise the mouth. Man, as a collective being, has little perception of the beauty, and none of the high spiritual meaning, of creation. And as well teach the blind religion through the avenue of the eye as teach average man truth or hope, or faith or purity, through a nature, amid which he dwells an alien and an enemy.

On no subject is there so much pretended, and on none so little real feeling, as in reference to the beauties of nature. We do not allude merely to the trash which professed authors, like even Dickens, indite, when, against the grain, it is their cue to fall into raptures with Niagara, or the

scenery of the eternal city, but to the experiences of every-day life. How often have we travelled with parties of pleasure (as they are called) whose faces, after the first burst of animal excitement, produced by fresh air and society, had subsided, it was impossible to contemplate without a mixture of ludicrous and melancholy emotions. Besides, here and there, a young gentleman, with elevated eyebrow, and conceited sidelook, spouting poetry; and a few young ladies looking intensely sentimental during the spoutation; the majority exhibited, so far as pleasure was concerned, an absolute blank—weariness, disgust, insipid disregard, or positive aversion, to all the grander features of the scenery, were the general feelings visible. Still more detestable were their occasional exclamations of forced admiration, nearly as eloquent, but not so sincere, as the enthusiasm of porkers over their provender. And how quickly did a starveling jest, or a wretched pun, jerk them down from their altitudes to a more congenial region! A *double entendre* told better than the sight of a biforked Grampian. The poppling of a cork was finer music than the roar of a cataract. A silly flirtation among the hazle-bushes was far more memorable than the sudden gleam of a blue lake flashing through the umbrage like another morning. And when the day was over, and the party were returning homewards, it was dismal, amid the deepening shadows of earth and the thickening glories of the sky, to witness the jaded looks, the exhausted spirits, the emptied hearts and souls of those vain flutterers about nature, whom the mighty mother had amused herself with tiring and tormenting, instead of unbaring to them her naked loveliness, or hinting to them one of the smallest secrets of her inmost soul. Specimens these of myriads upon myriads of parties of pleasure, which fashion is yearly stranding upon the shores of nature—to them an inhospitable coast—and proofs, that man, as a species, must grow, and perhaps grow for ages, ere he be fit, even "on tiptoe standing," to be on a level with that "house not made with hands," of which he is now the unworthy tenant. Surely the beauties of nature are an appliance too refined for the present coarse complaints of degraded humanity, which a fiercer caustic must cure.

Emerson may be denominated emphatically the man of contrasts. At times he is, we have seen, the most commonplace, at other times the most paradoxical of thinkers. So is he at once one of the clearest and one of the most obscure of writers. He is seldom muddy; but either transparent as crystal or utterly opaque. He sprinkles sentences (as divines do Scripture quotations) upon his page, which are not only clear, but cast, like glow-worms, a far and fairy light around them. At other times he scatters a shower of paragraphs, which lie, like elf-knots, insulated and insoluble. Hence reading him has the stimulus of a walk amid the interchanging lights and shadows of the woods, or it is like a game of hide-and-seek, somewhat like the unlearned reader of Howe and Baxter when he comes upon their Latin and Greek quotations. You skip or bolt his bits of mysticism, and pass on with greater gusto to the clear and the open. Whether there be degrees in biblical inspiration or not, there are degrees in *his*. Now he rays out light, and now, like a black star, he deluges us with darkness. The explanation of all this lies, we think, here—Emerson has naturally a poetic and practical, not a philosophic or subtle mind; he has subjected himself, however, to philosophic culture, with much care, but with partial success; when he speaks directly from his own mind, his utterances are vivid to very brilliance; when he speaks from recollection of his teachers, they are exceedingly perplexed and obscure.

He is certainly, apart altogether from his verse, the truest poet America has produced. He has looked immediately, and through no foreign medium, at the poetical elements which he found lying around him. He has "staid at home with the soul," leaving others to gad abroad in search of an artificial and imperfect inspiration. He has said, "If the spirit of poetry chooses to descend upon me as I stand still, it is well; if not, I will not go a step out of my road in search of it; here, on this rugged soil of Massachusetts, I take my stand, baring my brow in the breeze of my own country, and invoking the genius of my own woods." Nor has he invoked it in vain. Words, which are pictures—sounds, which are song—snatches of a deep woodland melody—jubilant raptures in praise of nature, reminding you afar off of those old Hebrew hymns which, paired to the timbrel or the clash of cymbals, rose like the cries of some great victory to heaven—are given to Emerson at his pleasure. His prose is not upon occasion, and elaborately dyed with poetic hues, but wears them ever about it on its way, which is a winged way, not along the earth, but through the high and liquid air. Why should a man like this write verse? Does he think that truth, like sheep, requires a bell round its neck, ere it be permitted to go abroad? Have his thoughts risen irresistibly above the reaches of prose, and voluntarily moved into harmonious numbers? Does he mean to abandon—or could he, without remorse—that wondrous prose style of his, combining the sweet simplicity of Addison with the force of Carlyle? Is he impatient to have his verses set to music, and sung in the streets or in the drawing-rooms? Let him be assured that, exquisite as many of his poems are, his other writings are a truer and richer voice, their short and mellow sentences moving to the breath of his spirit as musically as the pinecones to the breeze.

In calling him the truest poet of America, we are not forgetful of the claims of Longfellow. His "Excelsior" goes up, like one of those gods who left the earth when man fell—with such mournful dignity and lingering steps does the hero and does the poem ascend. Poor Nathaniel Rogers, of Lynn—that brave, gifted spirit, of whom America was not worthy—died singing "Excelsior" to his

children. "Hyperion," again, is a prose poem, (such as, *longo intervallo*, we hope ourselves one day to execute,) containing the history of the progress of an ardent soul, moving, "Hyperion-like, on high." It is written with infinite grace and beauty, a play of fancy which is wonderful, and in a style which—lingering, pausing, rushing, sleeping, or sounding on—can be likened to nothing save a river or a breeze. But in two points we deem Emerson superior to Longfellow—in originality, and in nationality—two points which, indeed, run into one. Longfellow is rather a German than an American. He is Jean Paul, with the madcap and the creative elements omitted. His fancy is richer than his imagination is powerful. Emerson, on the contrary, has grafted his Germanism upon a strong gnarled trunk of aboriginal power, and his mind is often intuitive into principles, as well as fermenting with golden imagery.

When we take into account this author's poetic tendencies and idealistic training, we are astonished that he should be often the most practical of moralists. And yet so it is. His refined theories frequently bend down like rainbows, and rest their bases on earth. He often seeks to translate transcendental truth into life and action. Himself may be standing still, but it is as a cannon stands still; his words are careering over the world, calling on men to be fervent in spirit, as well as diligent in business. There is something at times almost laughable in the sight of this man living "collaterally or aside"—this quiet, wrapt mystic standing with folded arms, like a second Simon Stylites, and yet preaching motion, progress—fervent motion, perpetual kindling progress to all around him. Motionless as a finger-post, he, like it, shows the way onwards to all passers-by. He is, in this respect, very unlike Wordsworth, who would protect the quiet of his fields as carefully as that of his family vault, or as the peace of his own heart; who, in love for calm, would almost prefer pacing the silent streets of a city of the plague to the most crowded thoroughfares of London, and who hates each railway as if, to use the Scripture allusion, its foundation were laid on his first-born, and its terminus were set up over the grave of his youngest child. Emerson, standing on the shore, blesses the steamers that are sweeping past, and cries, "Sweep on to your destination with your freightage of busy thoughts and throbbing purposes, and, as you pass, churn up the waters into poetry;" perched on Monadnoc, he seems to point a path into the cloudland of the future for the rushing railway train, which affects him not with fear, but with hope, for he looks on the machinery of this age as a great scheme of conductors, lying spread and ready for the noble influences of a coming period. He feels that the real truth is this: railways have not desecrated Nature, but have left *man behind*, and it were well that man's spiritual should evertake his physical progress.

The great lessons of a practical kind which Emerson teaches, or tries to teach his countrymen, are faith, hope, charity, and self-reliance. He does not need to teach them the cheap virtues of industry and attention to their own interest; certain distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, right and wrong, even he has failed to impress upon their apprehension. But he has been unwearied in urging them to faith—in other words, to realize, above the details of life, its intrinsic worth and grandeur as a whole, as well as the presence of divine laws, controlling and animating it all; to hope in the existence of an advance as certain as the motion of the globe (a feeling this which we notice with pleasure to be *growing* in his writings;) to love, as the mother of that milder day which he expects and prophesies; and to self-reliance, as the strong girdle of a nation's, as well as of an individual's loins, without which both are "weak as is a breaking wave."

To a country like America, whose dependence upon Britain too often reminds us of an upstart hanging heavily, yet with an air of insolent carelessness, upon the arm of a superior, of what use might the latter lesson be? "Trust thyself. Cut a strong oaken staff from thine own woods, and rest sturdily, like a woodland giant, upon it. Give over stealing from and then abusing the old country. Kill and eat thine own mutton, instead of living on rotten imported *fricassées*. Aspire to originality in something else than national faults, insolences, and brutalities. Dare to be true, honest—thyself, indeed, a *new* country—and the Great Spirit, who loved thee in thy shaggy primeval mantle, will love thee still, and breathe on thee a breath of his old inspiration." Thus, substantially, in a thousand places, does Emerson preach to his native country.

In judging, whether of his faults or merits, we ought never to lose sight of what is his real position—he was, and shall soon return to be—a recluse. He has voluntarily retired from society. Like the knights of old, who left the society of their mistresses to meditate in solitary places upon their charms, he, in love to man, has left him, and muses alone upon his character and destiny. His is not the savage grumbling retreat of a black dwarf, nor the Parthian flight of a Byron, nor the forced expulsion of a Shelley, who, seeking to clasp all men to his warm bosom, was with loud outcries repelled, and ran, shrieking, into solitude—it has been a quiet, deliberate, dignified withdrawal. He has said, "If I leave you, I shall, perchance, be better able to continue to love you—and perhaps, too, better able to understand you—and perhaps, above all, better able to profit you." And so the refined philanthropist has gone away to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, among the blackberry vines, or by the "leopard-colored rills," or up the long dim vistas of the forest glades. A healthier and happier Cowper, his retreat made, at the time, as little noise as that of the solitary of Olney. Huge, howling London knew not that one, soon to be the greatest poet of that age, and the most powerful satirist of its own vices, was leaving for the country, in the shape of a poor,

timid hypochondriac. None cried "stole away" to this wounded hare. So Boston nor New England imagined that their finest spirit had forsaken his chapel for the cathedral of the woods—and they would have laughed you to scorn had you told them so.

In this capacity of recluse he has conducted himself in a way worthy of the voice which came to him from the heart of the forest, saying, "Come hither, and I will show thee a thing." By exercise and stern study he has conquered that tendency to aimless and indolent reverie, which is so apt to assail thinking men in solitude. By the practice of bodily temperance and mental hope, he has, in a great measure, evaded the gloom of vexing thoughts and importunate cravings. His mind, has, "like a melon," expanded in the sunshine.

"The outward forms of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

Still we cannot say that he has entirely escaped the drawbacks to which the recluse is subject. He has been living in a world of his own—he has been more conversant with principles than with facts—and more with dreams than either. His writing sometimes wants the edge and point which can be gained only by rough contact with the world; as it is, it is often rather an inarticulate murmur as of a brook, careless whether it be heard or understood, or not, than the sharp voice of a living man. He has contracted, too, some pet prejudices and crotchets, which he values beyond their proper worth. Perhaps, also, like most solitaries, he has formed and nursed an exaggerated idea of himself and his mission. In despite to the current of general opinion, he sometimes throws in rugged and crude absurdities, which have come from some other source than of the "Oversoul." And, altogether, through the mist of the sweet vision, which seems the permanent abode of his own mind, he has but imperfect glimpses of the depth and intensity of that human misery, which is but another name for human life.

There is another subject where, we humbly think, his views are still more egregiously in error. We refer to human guilt. We agree with him in thinking that there is a point of view from which this dark topic may be a theme of gratulation. But we deem him premature and presumptuous in imagining that he has already reached that high angle of vision. If Foster's discolored sight, on the one hand, gave "hell a murkier gloom," and made sin yet uglier than it is, Emerson refines it away to nothing, and really seems to regard the evil committed by man in precisely the same light as the cunning of the serpent and the ferocity of the tiger. Who has anointed his eyes with eye-salve, so that he can look complacently, and with incipient praise on his lips, upon the loathsome shapes of human depravity? What genius of the western mountains has taken him to an elevation, whence the mass of man's wickedness, communicating with hell, and growing up toward retribution, appears but a molehill, agreeably diversifying the monotony of this world's landscape? The sun may, with his burning lips, kiss and gild pollution, and remain pure; but that human spirit ought to be supernal which can touch and toy with sin. And if, in his vision of the world, there be barely room for guilt, where is there space left or required for atonement?

It was once remarked to us of John Foster, "pity but he had been a wickeder man." The meaning of which strange expression was this—pity but that, instead of standing at such an austere distance from human frailty, he had come nearer it, and in a larger measure partaken of it himself; for, in this case, his conceptions of it would have been juster, mellower, and less terribly harsh. Without fully coinciding with this sentiment, we may parallel it by saying, pity almost but Emerson had been a worse and an unhappier man; for thus might he have felt more of the evil of depravity, from its remorse and its retribution, and been enabled to counteract that tendency, which evidently exists in his sanguine temperament, to underrate its virulence.

Like every really original mind, Emerson has been frequently subjected to and injured by comparison with others. Because he bears certain general resemblances to others, he must be their imitator or feebler alias. Because he is as tall as one or two reputed giants, he must be of their progeny! He has been called, accordingly, the American Montaigne—the American Carlyle—nay, a "Yankee pocket edition of Carlyle." Unfortunate America! It has been so long the land of mocking birds, that when an eagle of Jove at last appears, he must have imported his scream, and borrowed the wild lustre of his eye! A great original standing up in an imitative country looks so sudden and so strange, that men at first conceive him a forced and foreign production. We will, on the contrary, cling to our belief, that Emerson is himself, and no other; and has learned that piercing yet musical note to which nations are beginning to listen, directly from the fontal source of all melody. We are sure that he would rather be an owl, hooting his own hideous monotone, than the most accomplished of the imitative race of mocking birds or parrots.

We think that we can observe in many of Emerson's later essays, and in some of his poems, symptoms of deepening obscurity; the twilight of his thought seems rushing down into night. His utterances are becoming vaguer and more elaborately oracular. He is dealing in deliberate puzzles—through the breaks in the dark forest of his page you see his mind in full retreat toward some remoter Cimmerian gloom. That retreat we would arrest if we could, for we are afraid that those who will follow him thither will be few and far between. Since he has gathered a large body of *exoteric* disciples, it is his duty to seek to instruct, instead of perplexing and bewildering them.

Of Emerson's history we have little to tell. He

was one of several brothers—all men of promise and genius—who died early, and whose loss, in one of his little poems, he deplores, as the "strong star-bright companions" of his youth. He officiated for some time as a clergyman in Boston. An American gentleman, who attended his chapel, gave us lately a few particulars about his ministry. Noted for the amiability of his disposition, the strictness of his morals, and attention to his duties, he became, on these accounts, the idol of his congregation.* His preaching, however, was not generally popular, not did it deserve to be. Our informant declared, that while Dr. Channing was the most, Emerson was the least, popular minister in Boston, and confessed that he never heard him preach a first-rate sermon till his last, in which he informed his congregation that he could conscientiously preach to them no more. The immediate cause of his resignation was his adoption of some peculiar views of the Lord's Supper. In reality, however, the pulpit was not his pride of place. Its circle not only confined his body, but restricted his soul. He preferred rather to stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity! He went away to think, farm, and write (as the Hutchisons so sweetly sing) in the "old granite state." Thence, save to lecture, he has seldom issued, till this present pilgrimage to Britain. One trial, he has himself recorded, to have shot like lightning through the haze of his mystic tabernacle, and to have pierced his soul to the quick. It was the death of a dear child of rare promise, whose threnody he has sung as none else could. It is the most touching of his strains to us, who have felt how the blotting out of one fair young face (albeit not so nearly related) is for a season the darkening of earth and of heaven.

Mr. Emerson is at present to Scotland the "coming man." Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Edinburgh, are expecting his arrival with much interest. We have been watching with considerable attention his progress in England. It has not disappointed us, though it has disappointed many. We know, on the best authority, and were prepared for knowing, that he has not been generally appreciated. In some cases he has mesmerized, in others mystified, his audiences. Perhaps he has been partly himself to blame. Some of his expressions have been imprudent, and even outrageous. What, for example, did he mean by this: "Why blasphemest thou, O Seer! (Swedenborg he means.) Man on the *gallows*, or in the *brothel*, is always on his way *upwards*." (There can be little doubt as to the *gallows*, that he is!) Such escapades as these are certain to be misunderstood by one class, and to disgust another; and we can assure Mr. Emerson that they are unworthy of his genius—that they tend to injure his object—that in Scotland they will not be endured—and that these are the things which have made, to our knowledge, some of his best and oldest friends tremble lest his visit should be productive of more evil than good.

Apart from this, he is sure of a candid and a kindly reception in Auld Caledonia, whether he comes, we understand, in February. His works are now widely known among us. Five or six years ago we read what we believe was the second copy of his essays which had reached Scotland. Now his name is a household word. Somewhere about the year 1825 or '26, he visited Edinburgh, and preached, without any remarkable impression, in one of its chapels. Now, at the distance of twenty years, he comes—let Americans say what they please—as their truest and strongest spirit; and we blend our feeble voice with that of a large section of our intellectual community, in bidding him welcome.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS.* By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. 1847.
2. *The Workes of the Most High and Mightie Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.* Published by JAMES, Bishop of Winton, and Dean of His Majesty's Chapel Royal. Printed by Robert Barker, anno 1616.
3. *The Progresses of James the First.* By JOHN NICHOLS.
4. *The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury, in Prose and Verse, with Memoirs of his Life.* Tenth edition. London, 1751.
5. *Winwood's Memorials.*
6. *Sir Antony Weldon's Court and Character of King James the First.* 1650.
7. *The Almanacs of* 1611–12.

"Shine, Titan, shine,
Let thy sharp rays be hurled,
Not on this under world;
For now, 't is none of thine—
No, no, 't is none of thine.

"But in that sphere,
Where what thine arms enfold
Turns all to burnished gold,
Spend thy bright arrows there.

"O! this is he!
Whose new beams make our spring—
Men glad, and birds to sing
Hymns of praise, joy, and glee—
Sing, sing, O this is he!"

SUCH was one of the least extravagant of the poetic welcomes, albeit ending with the assertion, "Earth has not such a king," proffered to "the high and mighty James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland," when he took his "triumphant passage," on the 15th of March, 1604, from the Tower, through the city, where Theosophia, in "a blue mantle seeded with stars;" Tamesis, with a crown of sedge and reeds; Eleutheria, in white; and Soteria, "in carnation, a color signifying cheer and life," and a host of quaintly-dressed personages, classical, legendary, and allegorical, stood ready with speeches in choice Latin, and most euphuistical, English, all in honor of the monarch who had succeeded to the sceptre of the great Elizabeth. And

looking back on the unmatched glories of her reign, and the disgraceful rule of her successor, we feel disgust at the outrageous eulogies lavished on so worthless an object, and indignation at the short-sighted ingratitude which turned so soon from the setting splendors of "that bright occidental star," to the murky north, expecting a glorious sunrise.

We must, however, bear in mind, that the dark pages of Stuart history, on which *we* dwell, were a sealed book to the men of that generation—that the whole record of England in the 17th century was as yet unrolled; and too heedless of the past, and indulging in exaggerated expectations of the future, the nation, in its joyful welcome of King James, gave but another illustration of the vanity of human expectations. But if, on the day of his triumphant entry into that city which of yore had welcomed her nobler Plantagenets, some prophet hand could have lifted the veil, and shown the eager multitudes the clouds and darkness, where hope pointed to a sun-burst of glory, how deep and prolonged a wail would have mingled with their exulting pæans.

Although at the first glance it seems difficult to account for the general delight of the people at the accession of James of Scotland, on closer view we shall perceive the motives that swayed many minds. While with some, the honors and emoluments which a new reign always offers—while with others, that natural love of what is new, prevailed—with many, the accession of James was hailed as the advent of better days for religion. The high church policy which may be traced in the councils of Elizabeth, from the death of Lord Burghley, certainly went far to weaken her popularity during the last years of her reign. Now, from the king who had been brought up under the tutelage of George Buchanan, the friend of Calvin, and Beza, and Knox—the king in whose dominions alone the Genevan discipline was established—surely to him, beyond all others, might they confidently look for relief from the yoke of a rigorous conformity, and the crushing tyranny of the ecclesiastical courts. And then, too, the pupil of Buchanan, the fierce denouncer of regal, no less than priestly tyranny, could not but have imbibed principles more in unison with old English feeling than those of the haughty Tudors; and, all unconscious of the right royal manifestoes enshrined in his precious "Basilicon Doron," they prepared to view in the new monarch a maintainer of their ancient liberties.

But perhaps the chief cause of his short-lived popularity may be found in the fact that James of Scotland was the candidate for the English crown, to whom that idol of the people, the Earl of Essex, had proffered his warmest service, and for whom he suffered the severe displeasure of the queen, which eventually cost him his life. The extreme popularity of this, the last and most unfortunate favorite of Elizabeth, Essex, has scarcely been duly estimated. We were much struck when lately turning over the collection of the "Roxburgh Ballads," to find that, while in the whole these are scarcely a score of ballads referring to political events, two are lamentations over the untimely fate of "our jewel," the "good earl of Essex." We need scarcely remark that much mystery hangs over the circumstances of his so-called treason; and it is curious to see in these ballads how earnestly this crime is disclaimed. "Count him not like to Champion," says the writer of the one entitled, "The Earl of Essex's last good-night:"—

> "Those traitorous men of Babington;
> Nor like the Earl of Westmoreland,
> By whom a number were undone;—
> He, never yet, hurt mother's son,
> His quarrel still maintains the right,
> For which the tears my face down run,
> When I think of his last good-night."

Now we think in this there is a covert allusion to his efforts to obtain the recognition of James as the queen's successor. Westmorland and Babington's plots were expressly to place Mary on the throne; but Essex, in his "quarrel," maintained the right—the right of a Protestant prince, as well as next heir to the crown, *after* the death of its rightful possessor. In the other ballad, which laments that,

> "Sweet England's pride is gone!
> Welladay, welladay,—
> Which makes her sigh, and moan
> Evermore still"—

after a recapitulation of his many gallant services in the Low Countries, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and hints of the jealousy with which he was regarded, the balladist goes on to say:-

> "But all could not prevail,
> Welladay, welladay,
> His deedes did not avail,
> More was the pity.
> He was condemned to die
> For treason certainly—
> But God that sits on high
> Knoweth all things."

And probably the thousands by whom these ballads were sung knew much more than history has handed down to us.

But however highly the anticipations of the people had been originally raised, much had been done already, in the short space of eleven months, by the perverse self-will of the monarch who arrogated to himself that most inappropriate of all titles, "the British Solomon," to disabuse their credulity. The "mock conference at Hampton Court," and the elevation of Bancroft to the archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury, had proved to the Puritan party the fallacy of their hopes; while the favors lavished on Lord Henry Howard, the betrayer of Essex, and especially upon Robert Cecil, his direst and most inveterate enemy, showed that grateful remembrance had little place in the heart of King James. It is probable, too, that this "triumphant passage" itself aided the waning popularity of the monarch; for, although on this occasion he ambled along on "a dainty white jennet," beneath a canopy borne by eight splendidly-

dressed attendants, yet his awkward figure, rendered more awkward by "his doublets stuffed stiletto proof," his tongue too large for his mouth, his eyes large, and ever rolling about, and his peculiarly ungraceful mode of riding, stooping almost as though to clutch the mane, must have rendered him, as to his personal appearance, an object of contempt to the populace, who remembered the stately self-possession and queenly dignity of the aged Elizabeth. With greater penetration than he evinced on more important subjects, James soon discovered that he had not the qualities to befit him for a popular monarch; so, after this procession, he kept himself—far more than our former kings—from appearing in public on solemn occasions; and from henceforward the outrageous compliments which Dekker and Beaumont, and especially Ben Jonson, awaited to lay at his feet, were pronounced at Whitehall, or Theobald's, instead of being chorussed with loud music at Aldgate or Temple Bar.

James, in withdrawing thus from the irreverent gaze of his subjects, did not, however, intend that he should be forgotten. On the contrary, perhaps no monarch ever took such pains to keep himself in the minds, though certainly not in the hearts, of all men. Never, from the time of the Gowrie conspiracy, to that of the journey of Prince Charles into Spain, did any reign present so many strange and mysterious episodes. To one of these—in its relation both to the king and to the peculiar superstitions of the time, the most important of all—we shall have occasion to refer; we must, however, ere passing, take a slight view of the court and court manners. Here, the state of things was not greatly dissimilar to that of his grandson at the Restoration. Just as the sober state of the protectorate was succeeded by the license and frivolity of Charles the Second's court, so the solemn magnificence, the stately and formal observances of Elizabeth's court, gave way to a license of speech and conduct, a taste for extravagance, and an endless round of dissipation, at which the learned queen and her decorous ladies in waiting, and her grave ministers of state, would have stood aghast. The chief agent in this change was the queen, a woman of weak mind and strong will; whose eager love of dissipation had been whetted by the privations to which she had been subjected in Scotland, and who seems, from her inordinate love of expense, to have really believed that "London streets were paved with gold." Unfortunately, scarcely a nobleman of Elizabeth's days remained to teach, by his example, a better way. The old courtiers of the queen had almost all grown old with their aged mistress, and had preceded, or swiftly followed, her to the tomb; while to them had succeeded the young courtiers of the king, whose character is so minutely and truthfully described in the well-known old ballad of "The Old and the Young Courtier." For the swift and general deterioration of manners which the court of James exhibited, we think we may refer to the influence of France—an influence which, from that period to the present day, has ever been productive of mischief to our land. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, our relations with France were too precarious to allow of our young nobles making any lengthened stay there, while the characters of Catherine de Medicis and of the Guises prevented their cautious fathers from desiring it. With the accession of Henry of Navarre, however, all danger seemed to have ceased; England and France joined in a steadfast league; and because popish machinations, and massacres of St. Bartholomew were no longer to be feared, even our wariest statesmen seem to have been blinded to the consequences of their sons becoming familiarized with the open profligacy of a court which still retained its bad preëminence of being the most licentious in Europe.

It was from thence that the greater freedom of speech and manners, the endless round of frivolous, though expensive amusements, and the darker crimes of plots that scrupled at no means for their attainment, of secret poisonings—most abhorrent of all to true English feeling, came.

A court presided over by a woman as vain, as extravagant, and as eagerly devoted to pleasure as Anne of Denmark, presented necessarily great attractions to the young nobility, and afforded likewise a favorable arena, in which the aspirants for royal favor could struggle into notice. Although King James evinced but little taste for the masques and revels on which Inigo Jones lavished so much expensive machinery, and Daniels, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, so much fine poetry, he was yet flattered by the compliments which invariably formed the conclusion. He was also gratified by the opportunities thus afforded of arraying himself in kingly state, and surrounding himself with a splendid *cortege;* in short, enacting, as his subservient chaplains declared, "Solomon in all his glory," to the admiring gaze of his countrymen, who pressed to behold him in numbers that bade fair to create a famine in the land. Thus the queen continued without restraint in her course of dissipation; while the people cast many a wondering gaze at a court, where the noblest ladies, even the queen herself, took part as actresses in the masques, although, to the time of the Restoration, no woman had appeared, even on the public stage, and where the nobles vied with each other in gaming and hard drinking, while, to obtain means for their extravagant expenditure, places were openly set up for sale, and bribes received almost as openly from foreign powers.

No wonder was it that the people soon began to look back with fond recollections to the memory of Elizabeth; more especially, when the king, who certainly in his policy more resembled Rehoboam than his wiser father, began to assume a power, and to advance his prerogative, far beyond whatever she had attempted. But the popular feeling must have something to cling to—some hope of better days, although as yet far distant; and this feeling found an object, this hope a stay, in the heir apparent of the crown, Prince Henry Frederick, who, although a mere boy, was already

distinguished by no ordinary gifts and attainments. The important part which this boy might eventually take in the affairs of Europe seems to have been early recognized by the continental powers, for even in the year 1606, when he had but just attained the age of twelve years, we find, in a letter of John Pory, that "the old Venetian, Lieger, presented a new Lieger, called Justinian, to the king and the prince; I say to the prince, for they delivered a letter to *him*, from the seignory, as well as to the king." During the same year, we find the French ambassador, Borderie, thus writing:—"None of his pleasures savor in the least of a child—he studies two hours in the day, and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike, leaping, shooting with the bow, throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of the kind, and he is never idle." The reader will bear in mind that all these athletic exercises were the favorite and time-hallowed sports of the English people. Borderie, however, goes on to say, that with great kindness to his dependents, he exhibited such zeal and energy, exerting "his whole strength to compass what he desires, that he is already feared by the Earl of Salisbury, who appears greatly apprehensive of the prince's ascendancy." Now, when we remember that this description is not the eulogy of an English courtier, anxious to gain the smiles of the future monarch, but the confidential report of a foreign ambassador, pledged by his office to give a faithful account of the state of things here; when we remember, too, that the republic of Venice, then so feared and honored, so wary too, would scarcely have risked the displeasure of the father, by complimenting his heir, unless that heir were well known to be no common character, we may well perceive that Prince Henry was destined, had he lived, to take a commanding part in swaying the destinies of Europe.

James the First never exhibited any of the domestic affections; of him it might be said, in the words of Madame Geofrin, respecting a French philosopher, that "Heaven had given him a morsel of brains, but not a bit of heart." The "morsel of brains" which fell to the British Solomon's share was indeed a modicum, but of natural affection he seems to have been utterly destitute. No wonder was it, therefore, that he soon began to view his gifted son with an hostility that in a few years deepened into hatred. But although love of wife or children could not be charged upon James the First, no king, except, perhaps, Edward the Second, ever became more the victim of favoritism. From the time of his arrival in England, to the day that he drew his last breath, one royal favorite after another swayed him at their will, and exhibited to the world the spectacle of a king ever boasting of his absolute power, but in reality the very servant of their caprices.

The first favorite was Sir Philip Herbert, afterwards Earl of Montgomery, whose claims on the king's partiality consisted of "comeliness of person," and "a knowledge of horses and dogs;" but the star of his ascendant soon waned before the influence of a young Scottish adventurer, of whose early life, and family, scarcely anything is known. This was Robert Carr, subsequently that Earl of Somerset, whose participation in the Overbury murder led to "the Great Oyer of Poisoning." Even the latest researches cannot determine the exact time when Carr first appeared at court, nor the circumstances under which he was first introduced to the king. Perhaps the generally received story may be correct, that some time during the year 1606, while engaged as page to some Scotch gentleman at a tilting-match, when about to present the shield and device of his master to the king, he fell, and broke his leg; that James moved at his suffering, and struck with his fine person, ordered his own surgeons to attend him, visited him daily, and took him into such high favor in so short a time, that popular opinion could only believe that witchcraft must have been employed. The personal appearance of this youth was, however, his only claim on the king's favor. He was miserably deficient in education, and from his after conduct he appears to have been, if not weakminded, certainly possessed of a very moderate share of capacity, and of very little energy. It has been generally believed that James took upon himself the office of tutor to his favorite; but that he appointed a gentleman of the court to that duty is more correct; and that gentleman was "the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury."

Not the least strange and melancholy view which this period presents, is the awful prostitution of fine talents and splendid abilities. No other court, save that of James the First, could exhibit a Williams openly acknowledging the meanest subserviency, exulting in the most degrading servility, merely that he might obtain that favor which his acuteness, and shrewd business talents would have undoubtedly procured him at the court of Elizabeth; and no other period could have shown the sad spectacle of the wisest man of his age, Bacon, supplicating, in language absolutely revolting, for the smiles and patronage of that pedant king whom he must have loathed in his inmost heart. And thus we find the poets of that day; indeed, almost all the writers, although often dwelling on pure and lofty themes, yet ready, at the command of the king, or the wish of his profligate courtiers, to indite the grossest ribaldry, or enshrine in graceful numbers the most outrageous falsehoods. What contrasts do the more serious poems of these writers present, not excepting Donne, to the shameless eulogies on courtly patrons, to the more shameless intrigues for place, in which nearly all of them were involved! Here are "the Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury," the tenth edition, published more than a hundred years after his death; and here is his melancholy, intellectual face, with sad, earnest eyes, that seem to ask our pity. And what a startling contrast do his works present to his character—his character as developed by later researches: the accomplished but false-hearted courtier, who "exercised, for several years

the extraordinary vocation of imparting ideas and language to the Earl of Somerset, as to a puppet, who, by means of his secret suggestions, moved the inclinations of King James which way he would, and fascinated the beauties of the court," appears here as the exile from some pleasant country solitude, yearning after rural scenes and simple pleasures; dwelling fondly on reminiscences of country life—not idly "babbling of green fields," but sadly and longingly recalling their freshness and beauty; each minute recollection, too, of the shady lanes, the hedge-row flowers, "the scent of the new-made haycock." And how passing strange does it seem, to find the very writer of the Earl of Somerset's love-letters to that profligate girl, the Countess of Essex, finishing off with such minute and loving touches his graceful picture of "the fair and happy milkmaid," who, "though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, is decked in innocence, a far better wearing;" who "fears no manner of ill, because she means none; and is never alone, because still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers." How strange and sad it is, that a writer whose tendencies seem to have pointed so strongly towards the gentle and the pure, should have passed his days in such society, and been so deeply involved in that "mystery of iniquity"—even as yet not wholly fathomed, for the concealment of which his life was sacrificed! Forty pages of eulogistic verse, after the fashion of the day, and offered by as many admirers, lamenting "the untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the tower," prefixed to this volume, attest the sympathy and sorrow so generally felt for his hard fate; but little, indeed, did the writers imagine that the victim of the Countess of Essex was the victim of stern justice. For placing this point in a light, clear as evidence short of actual demonstration can make it, our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Amos.

The progress of the events to which we are about to direct the reader's attention, will be made clearer by our again referring to Prince Henry. While his royal father was engaged in heaping wealth and honors on the new favorite, in relieving the pressure of the laws against the Roman Catholics, and increasing their severity against the Puritans, and in making most marvellous speeches in the star-chamber on the government of the church and the planting of forest trees—not for the use of the navy, but for "our deer," and on the royal prerogative, which, in the speech in 1609, is coupled with the equally important question—a question which alone would prove to Mr. Grantley Berkeley King James' fitness for rule— the preservation of his partridges,*—while these, together with speeches and argumentations with his admiring chaplains, on

"Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge, absolute."

in which, like the original discussers of these deep questions, he

"Found no end, in wandering mazes lost,"

the son was steadily advancing in the affections of the people, and respect of foreign powers. Most singularly, the son of a catholic mother, and of a father who hated puritanism with a steadfastness which he never exhibited in better things, grew up serious, strictly moral, and with an evident leaning towards that very system which his father so detested. Ere his appearance in public life, the puritans exultingly told how Prince Henry commanded the strict observance of the Sabbath by all his household, and imposed penalties on profane swearing, and declared with eager vehemence his detestation of Spain, and catholicism. In addition to his love of athletic exercises, Henry took great interest both in engineering and shipping, and openly expressed his determination to patronize men of skill and enterprise. All this endeared him to the people in the same degree in which he became an object of increasing jealousy and dislike to his father. On Twelfth Night, 1610, Prince Henry made his first appearance as principal challenger at the Barriers, and we think the speeches recited on this occasion, and which were furnished by Ben Jonson, strongly show the jealous feeling with which the hero of the day was regarded by the court party. Throughout the whole, Prince Henry scarcely receives a compliment; his warlike tastes are alluded to almost with censure, while the king is held up, in extravagantly complimentary strains, as the sole object of imitation. The prince was now sixteen, and the time for his solemn inauguration as Prince of Wales had arrived. This ceremony was performed with great magnificence, just after the assassination of Henry of France had startled and shocked the whole nation. It has been argued, from the expense lavished on this festival, and from the great respect paid to the prince, that James was not hostile to his son, but anxious to give him due honor. We must, however, remember that James was a perfect master of dissimulation, and that refusal of the usual honors to the heir apparent—honors which had not been paid for more than a hundred years, would have irritated the spirit of a haughty youth, and of his many admirers, and probably precipitated that open rupture, which there was too much reason to fear would take place ere long. During these splendid festivals, Prince Henry was "the admired of all beholders;" his skilful management of the lance and sword, his noble bearing, his admirable horsemanship—all fixed the attention of the higher classes upon him; and when, just after, to do honor to that able shipwright, Phineas Peter, on whom he and already bestowed his patronage, he rode across Blackheath, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain, to Woolwich, and although

*This speech in 1609, which the reader will find in the works of the high and mighty king James, is quite a model of its kind, and in the earnestness with which he pleads the cause of his partridges, is quite pathetic. "Ye know my delight in hawking and hunting, and many of yourselves are of the same mind. I know no remedy for preserving the game that breeds in my grounds, except I *cast a roofe over all my ground*, or else put vervels to the partridge feet with my arms upon them as my hawks have, otherwise I know not how they shall be known to be the king's."

the day was so tempestuous, going on board the vessel which he was to name at her launching, his hardy spirit, his fearlessness, gave him equal attractions in the eyes of the commons. There is something very characteristic in the minute account Phineas Pette gives of this proud day to him. How his highness, when the huge hull had floated into the middle of the channel, took the standing cup, filled with choice wine, drank to the success of the good ship, and then, dashing the remainder at the head, named her "The Prince Royal." And how "his highness went down to the platform of the cook-room, where the ship's beer stood, and there finding an old can without a lid, went and drew it full of beer himself, and drank it off to the health of the lord admiral, and caused him, with the rest of his attendants, to do the like." When had the high and mighty James ever displayed the like *bonhomie*—when had ever his pampered minion Carr shown such hearty feeling!

That between two youths, placed as Prince Henry and Carr were, feelings of the bitterest hostility should spring up, was inevitable. The fondness which might have been gracefully bestowed on a son, James chose to lavish on his young favorite; and that young favorite well knew that the very qualities which had fascinated the father, had excited the contempt of that son. It is true, that Carr, by himself, as he eventually found, was almost powerless for good, or for evil; but, aided by his tutor Overbury, to whose political talents Bacon bears testimony, the king's favorite was scarcely to be despised even by the heir apparent. There were others, too, in the council hostile to Prince Henry. The Earl of Salisbury, whom he always disliked, was prime minister; and since the death of Lord Dorset, and the elevation of Salisbury to the office of lord treasurer, the Earl of Northampton, a statesman grown grey in plots and intrigues—one who, with true Machiavellian policy, scrupled at no measures, had become lord privy seal. With him was associated his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk—a nobleman more than suspected of having received bribes from Spain, and it was his beautiful, but most profligate and depraved, eldest daughter, who had been married, when a mere child, to the young Earl of Essex, but who was now, with scarcely an attempt at disguise, the paramour of Robert Carr. The story that Prince Henry was in this case a rival of the favorite, seems utterly apocryphal. The prince, who so vehemently and constantly protested against "a popish match," would scarcely have looked with much favor on a family of known popish principles; nor can we believe that a youth, always characterized by the strictest attention to moral and religious duties, would, of all the beauties of his father's court, have selected one, not only of most questionable conduct, but actually a married woman. But the close and familiar intercourse of Carr with that branch of the Howard family, in consequence of this intrigue, must have irritated Prince Henry greatly. The political skill, of which the favorite was utterly destitute, could now be aided by the threescore years' experience of that wariest and most unscrupulous of statesmen, Lord Northampton, who now joined with Overbury in the task of ruling him, who ruled their royal master.

We have gone over the foregoing particulars more minutely, because we think these political relations have been too much overlooked by writers who have taken up this portion of our history; and thus a contest in which, on the part of the favorite and his associates, all was to be gained, or all lost, has been viewed as a mere squabble of two self-willed boys. The character of the agents, too, has not been sufficiently estimated. "The unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury," the writer of graceful prose and verse, who, according to the received version, was committed to the tower by the intrigues of a revengeful girl, and there poisoned, was not the amiable, conscientious friend of Carr, who, shocked at his attachment to Lady Essex, endeavored to show him his guilt. Overbury was the main agent in the intrigue—writing in his pupil's name, and with all the skill and grace which he so well knew how to practise, the very letters that urged his suit. It is very probable that Overbury was bribed to this by Northampton, whom Weldon represents as having incited his niece to seduce Carr by her blandishments; and that during this time Overbury was most sedulously courted both by Northampton and Suffolk, we have the testimony of their letters.

The character of Prince Henry, too, especially in connection with continental politics, has, we think, been strangely overlooked. That he was a warlike, energetic, haughty spirit, we have already seen, and that his principles, too, verged closely on puritanism. Now, if we glance at the state of Europe in 1610, we shall perceive that a prince thus qualified could not but be an object of intense interest both to Catholic and Protestant. On the continent, Spain was still the ruling power; but the Dutch had just achieved their independence, and had concluded a truce for twelve years. In Germany, the feeble sway of Rudolph had encouraged the formation of the Evangelic Union, on the one hand, and of the Catholic League on the other, and preparations were openly making for a warfare, which, upon the death of the emperor—an event obviously not far distant—would rage with unexampled bitterness. In the formation of the Evangelic Union, the hopes of the Protestants had been fixed on Henry of France—but the dagger of Ravalliac had arrested those hopes, and that important kingdom was now under the feeble sway of a child but nine years old. Thus it was to England alone that the continental Protestants could look—even as fifty years before they had looked, and were not disappointed. And strangely providential must it have appeared to a marvelling age, that the heir of England's crown, whose mother was an avowed Catholic, whose father always leant towards Spain, and whose wavering counsels were in direct opposition to those of the great Elizabeth—that this prince should, from his earliest years, have so heartily taken up the cause

of Protestantism, should have already declared it his first and most cherished wish to fling down the gauntlet to hated Spain, and stand forth the champion of the reformed faith. And then his very name. Henry of Navarre, ere he had ascended the throne of France, how bravely had he fought the battles of Protestantism, and how had his life but as now, been sacrificed to Jesuit revenge! But here was another Henry, the future King of England, entering on the stage of public life, just as the other had been snatched away—endowed with every gift that should fit him for his high calling—surely *he* was to be their chosen leader—surely all combined to set a seal upon *him* for this very work!

In tracing the events of the two following years, we shall find Prince Henry gradually but firmly extending his influence. As the head of an immense household, we find him ordering and arranging its affairs, to use the words of Sir Charles Cornwallis, "more like a grave, wise, ancient, than a young prince;" and we also find him sternly opposing the proposals of his father for his marriage. The unexpected succession of Abbot to the chair of Canterbury, although it seems to have been entirely owing to the caprice of James, gratified the young prince, as we know, highly; but in the spring of 1611, he must have experienced much vexation at his father's creating his worthless favorite, Viscount Rochester. Another act of the king's, more fatal, we believe, to Prince Henry than aught beside, also took place this year, although probably scarcely noticed at the time;—this was the invitation of Theodore Mayerne, a physician of great celebrity in the French capital, to England, to become the king's first physician. We are not acquainted with the circumstances accompanying the invitation; could these be ascertained, we should probably obtain an important clue to the mysterious events that followed.

In May, 1612, the Earl of Salisbury died, just while negotiations were going on for the marriage of the king's children; and the Earl of Suffolk was advanced to the office of lord treasurer, while Viscount Rochester took the vacated place of lord chamberlain. To this he is said to have attempted to annex the post of secretary of state, but that from incompetence he was compelled to desist. We think it more probable that the influence of Prince Henry prevailed; for James was at this time on better terms with his son than usual, and Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Thomas Lake became joint secretaries. Meanwhile, the negotiations for Prince Henry's marriage with a French princess, to which he was very averse, and that for his sister with the young Elector Palatine, which he eagerly anticipated, proceeded. During the summer, he went on a progress with the king, and in autumn returned to London, where he welcomed the elector as a brother, and again openly expressed the joy he should feel in taking part in the coming struggle—indeed, according to a letter of Sir Robert Naunton's to Winwood, "that he had a design to have gone over with the Palsgrave, and have drawn Count Maurice along with him, and have done some exploit." But this was not to be. On the 15th of October he was first seized with illness, after dining at the king's table. He returned to his residence, at St. James', his illness not being considered dangerous until the 25th, when Dr. Mayerne was sent by the king to attend him, in addition to his own physician, Dr. Hammond. Dr. Aikin, as quoted by his daughter, in her excellent "Memoirs of the Court of James the First," declares the disease to have been putrid fever; and refers to Mayerne's opinion that there was no reason to believe that any poison had been administered. The value of Mayerne's opinion on this subject will be subsequently tested; it seems, however, an extraordinary piece of caution, that although he was secured by express certificate from the king, he should have torn out of his table-book every prescription relating to the illness of the heir-apparent, while, as Mr. Amos remarks, he carefully preserved one "for the queen's black horse."

On the 6th of November, Prince Henry died, having not quite completed his nineteenth year; and seldom has popular grief been deeper or more sincere than that which mourned the untimely fate of one who bade fair to emulate the prowess of our noblest Plantagenets, but in a far worthier cause. The exultation of the court party was scarcely restrained within the bounds of common decency; and widely did the opinion prevail that Prince Henry, like his namesake of France, had fallen a sacrifice to papist intrigues, carried on by those who had the chief management of public affairs. The conduct of the king, which, during his son's illness, had been marked with great insensibility, was, immediately upon his death, rather singular. He received this news, without any expression of sorrow, at Theobalds, to which, although it was winter, he had retired, when informed of his son's hopeless state; but within a few days we find him at Kensington, and soon after he left there, on the strange excuse, as recorded in a letter of one of his attendants, in Nichol's "Progresses," "that the wind came through the walls, and he could not lie warm in bed." So he next came to Whitehall. Here his stay was very short, and he returned again to Theobalds, from whence he went to Royston, some time before the funeral, which was performed with great magnificence, on the 7th of December. Now, had James been an affectionate father, the restlessness of violent grief would have supplied a reason for this ceaseless removing from place to place; but King James was not. Did his conscience accuse him, and suffer him not to rest?

No sign of sorrow was to be seen at the Christmas festivities. Mourning was expressly forbidden, although the prince had not been three weeks in his grave; and although Jonson does not appear to have been called upon to provide a masque for the occasion, still the splendid preparations which were being made for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave might have been the

cause. This marriage took place in February, and the royal entertainments lasted until an empty exchequer compelled their discontinuance. Within a few weeks after the departure of the young couple, Sir Thomas Overbury, who, as the "oracle of direction," to use Bacon's emphatic words, of the all-powerful favorite, was a person of no mean importance, was committed to the tower. Arbitrary imprisonment was one of the most cherished prerogatives of the Stuarts. When, therefore, it was reported that refusal to go on an embassy was the cause, little inquiry seems to have been made. Overbury's letters, addressed to his late pupil, however, make no mention of this, but refer his imprisonment to the machinations of "your woman," of whom he writes in the most insulting terms. But Overbury himself must have well known, that however hated he might be by that vindictive girl, whom he had thwarted in her design of a divorce, *she* could have no power to appoint his jailer, although he was one of her iniquitous associates; still less to remove the former lieutenant of the tower, and place Sir Gervase Helwysse in his stead. That Overbury knew he was in possession of important secrets is evident in his letters. "Is this the fruit of my care and love to you? Be these the fruits of *common secrets* and *common dangers?* Drive me not to extremities, lest I should say something that you and I both repent." Such is his threat in the first letter. The favorite, even at this time, seems to have been rather careless than hostile, and with this he bitterly upbraids him. In his other letter, he declares that he has written the whole story of his wrongs—"what hazard I have run, *what secrets have passed between us;*" and this he states, "On Friday, I sent to a friend of mine, under *eight seals*, and if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published." There are no dates to these letters, neither can we ascertain what answers were received. According to one statement, Rochester sent word that if Overbury would feign illness, he would endeavor, on that plea, to obtain his enlargement. However that might be, wine and pastry were sent to him by the Countess of Essex, but in her paramour's name, and that these were poisoned there is little doubt. The unhappy prisoner languished for several months in great pain and weakness, and at length, on the 15th of September, died. Overbury's death seems to have excited little attention. His brother, and brother-in-law, who were in London endeavoring to procure his release, appear to have had no suspicion, and full two years passed away ere "truth was brought to light by time."

The disgraceful proceedings in the Countess of Essex's divorce quickly succeeded. Obedient to the royal mandate, grave divines took the part of the profligate girl, who, although not nineteen, was already so old in wickedness; and King James signalized the Christmas of 1613-14 by raising his favorite to the dignity of Earl of Somerset, and giving away the bride with his own royal hand. All this, history has recorded, but it is not generally known that Bacon, with that melancholy servility which marked his public conduct, expended two thousand pounds on a splendid entertainment, presented by the gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn, and entitled, "The Masque of Flowers." These are the concluding lines:—

> "Receive our flowers with gracious hand,
> As a small wreath to your garland,
> Flowers of honor, flowers of beauty,
> Are your own, we only bring
> Flowers of affection, flowers of duty."

Affection and duty to the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and offered at the command of Bacon!

Somerset had now reached the culminating point of his greatness; but destitute of the "promptings" of Overbury, and soon after by the death of Lord Northampton deprived of his wise and wary guidance, he ere long sunk in favor both with the king and those around him. On his progress in the summer of the following year, James met at Apthorpe that new and more fortunate favorite, George Villiers, and from thenceforward Somerset seems to have foreseen his fall. The circumstance of his demanding of the king a pardon under the great seal for past offences, seems to corroborate the view that there was some secret which James was anxious, at all hazards, to keep.

Two years passed, and then a rumor spread that an apothecary's boy, at Flushing, had confessed having given a poisoned medicine to Sir Thomas Overbury, of which he died. The story became ere long so general, that Coke, the lord chief justice, was directed to make inquiries; and four persons, Helwysse, lieutenant of the tower, Weston, the gaoler, Franklin, an apothecary, and Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, were taken up; and soon after the earl and countess of Somerset were consigned to strict custody. There is scarcely need to enter on the particulars of the trial of the four subordinate agents, except to remark that Mr. Amos, in his valuable work, has proved how little dependence can be placed on the reports in the state trials, since, by a careful examination of the original documents in the state paper office, he has shown, that not only are the confessions and examinations garbled, but that there are many important examinations which are not even referred to in the printed account, and that these prove the existence of a *double* plot to destroy Overbury.

We have already remarked on the great unlikelihood that the Countess of Essex could have had any influence in appointing so important an officer as the lieutenant of the tower. We now find that Lord Northampton was chief agent in appointing him, and that there was continued communication between them. In a letter of Northampton's, addressed to the favorite, he states, "I yesterday spent *two hours* in prompting the lieutenant, with as great caution as I could, and *find him to be very perfect in his part.*" Would an aged and wily statesman have spent two hours merely to aid his great-niece in a clumsy attempt to poison a man whom she indeed hated, but who had been the depository of the most important state secrets?

In the fourth letter, he says, "The caution and discretion of the lieutenant hath undertaken Overbury—either Overbury shall recover, and do good offices between Lord Suffolk and you, *or else that he shall not recover at all*, which he thinks the most sure and happy change for all." But how was it that the prisoner was not to recover? The countess and her wretched assistant, Mrs. Turner, had already mixed rose-acre in tarts, and strewed mercury sublimate over them, but their victim yet lived; here, then, the confession of the apothecary's boy comes in, and the statement of one Edward Rider, who asserts that he spoke to one Lobell, a French apothecary, who acknowledged with great agitation that his son had sent an apprentice into France. But in the report in the state trial, no mention is made of any medical man being called in. In the suppressed examinations, we, however, find Paul de Lobell, the son of the before-mentioned, stating that he attended Sir Thomas Overbury in the tower, "but never ministered any physic to him, but *by the advice of Monsieur Mayerne, for which he had his hand*," and he further states, he gave "into the hands of the chief justice twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper," which contained the prescriptions, while, as though more fully to connect the guilty knowledge of the king with this murder, we have also a short note from Somerset, directing the lieutenant of the tower to allow "the king's physician" to visit the prisoner! On the death of Overbury, an inquest was held, although not a word of this appears in the state trials, and when we read the three notes addressed by Lord Northampton in the course of the morning, respecting this event, we perceive that it was looked forward to with much anxiety. Two of these letters, the first "entreating" that Lidcott and three or four friends "may see the body," and the other assuring "worthy Mr. Lieutenant" that Lord Rochester "desired all honor to be done to his deceased friend," are to be found in Windwood's "Memorials;" but the most important letter, evidently first of the series, has remained until now in the state paper office. This is it—

Noble Lieutenant—If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently: I 'll stand between you and harm; but if it will abide the view, *send for Lidcote*, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

NORTHAMPTON.

The inquest was accordingly held before "Robert Bright, Gent.," and a jury consisting of six warders, and six others; and Lidcott, Overbury's brother-in-law, was compelled to allow that the forms of law had been observed. Now wherefore should an inquest have been held, save to exonerate the medical attendants? and wherefore should so wary a statesman as Northampton have committed himself by so infamous a letter as the one just quoted, save that "reasons of state" peremptorily required the utmost secrecy? Northampton evidently hoped that the poison had done its work in the usual manner—turning the body to a mass of corruption; but a more skilful poisoner had completed the work of the two wretched women, and thus the excuse that the corpse was not fit to be seen could not avail. Of the evidence at this inquest we have no notes; doubtless a hasty survey and a hasty verdict were sufficient. But is it not most mysterious, that upon the trials of the four subordinate agents of the plot—as we may call it for distinction, of the Countess of Essex—not a word was said about an inquest, not a word that an apothecary—that even the king's favorite physician had been called in! Nor was "Robert Bright, Gent.," forthcoming, nor Paul de Lobell, nor, stranger than all, Dr. Mayerne. Would a physician, considered one of the most skilful of his day, and well known, too, as remarkably conversant with chemistry, have quietly kept out of the way, when the king and his council well knew that he had visited Overbury, unless he was conscious of deeds that would not bear the light? And would not the king, too, had it been his honest wish to have sifted this atrocious murder thoroughly, have compelled Mayerne to come forward, were it only for the important light he could throw, from his chemical knowledge, upon a trial named emphatically "the Great Oyer of Poisoning."

The trials of the four wretched accessories were hurried over, and their deaths swiftly followed. From the haste, there seems great reason to believe that James feared further disclosures. That hints of such were made, the *original* depositions, now first published, amply prove. "The king used an outlandish physician, and an outlandish apothecary, about him, and about the late prince deceased!" is one of the questions put to Franklin. "Therein lieth a long tale," is his answer. "I think, next to the gunpowder treason, there never was such a plot as this is." "I can make one discovery that should deserve my life," is another answer. In a letter addressed by Helwysse, the lieutenant to the king, at the beginning of the inquiry, he expressly refers to Mayerne being in attendance, and also the apothecary, "at the physician's appointment:" and the apothecary's boy also; "but who gave the bribe, who corrupted the servant, who told Weston these things, or what is become of the servant, I can give your majesty no account."

The acute mind of Coke seems early to have perceived that the murder of Overbury was but one link of, perhaps, a series of crimes. That it had especial connection with the death of Prince Henry, he is stated to have openly hinted, and we here find that, although in the thickest of these almost daily examinations, he found time to make inquiry respecting it. Mr. Amos has given two depositions, not of much importance in themselves, but valuable, as showing that the first lawyer of his age, with many sources of information denied to us, held the opinion that Prince Henry had been poisoned. We may here remark that the statement of Mayerne on the case of the prince is absolutely worthless, if *he* were the poisoner; and that the minute account of the appearance of the body is but

little to be depended upon, since, in cases of poisoning by arsenic—and many of the symptoms strongly resembled this—its presence could not be detected, save by chemical tests, which we know were not applied, and which, indeed, were most probably not known at this period.

When the higher criminals were brought to the bar, the same mystery which had marked the proceedings all along was even more evident. James was in anxious correspondence with Coke and Bacon, and as Mr. Amos remarks in respect to the latter, both the king and his attorney-general never seem to have troubled themselves with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, but seem solely anxious to get up a scene. That, on Sir Thomas Mounson's trial, was indeed one; and we think there is little doubt that fear lest he "should play his master's prize," was the reason that his trial was not proceeded with, but that he was remanded to the tower. The various documents in this volume of Mr. Amos go far to confirm the statements of a writer generally considered as very apocryphal, Sir Antony Weldon. The subsequent details of the trial of the two principals, the earl and the countess, also corroborate the same writer's account. We here find James anxiously urging Coke to "deal with Somerset to make submission to the king." Now what had submission to the king to do in a case of murder? Somerset, however, assumed the guise of an innocent man, and "requested to know what evidence or proof could be given against him?" and James, instead of ordering him at once to be placed on his trial, postpones it actually from month to month, and still sends messages urging his submission! That the public mind was intently fixed on these proceedings, we find many proofs; and that the death of Prince Henry was present to their thoughts, much to the displeasure of the court. We also find, in a contemporary letter, a statement, that "one, Mrs. Brittaine, is committed to the king's bench, for some speeches used of Prince Henry's poisoning, which she denies." It was the connection of the Overbury murder with this that gave such commanding interest to the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and kept the people in a state of violent excitement, until they were at length found guilty. But what would the people have said, although the old English spirit yet slumbered, had they known of Somerset's boldly refusing to go to his trial, and the king writing those three anxious letters, and the lieutenant setting off to Greenwich at midnight, to communicate confidentially with the king, and then his agitation all the next day, until the verdict was returned; surely they would have detected the dark secret that made James quail before his prisoner in the tower, and eventually grant him a pardon, liberation from prison, and four thousand pounds a year! Strange as is every part of this wretched couple's history, not the least singular is, that their only child, Anne, became the wife of the first duke of Bedford, and mother of the celebrated Lord Russell.

There is much in the episode we have just contemplated characteristic of the period. While it forcibly illustrates the debased state of court morals, it also brings before us most vividly the eager thirst for forbidden knowledge which then prevailed. Witches, astrologers, figure-casters, flourished during the reign of James the First, as they never did at any other period; and singular is it, that a monarch who signalized the year of his accession by a new and more stringent act respecting witchcraft, as well as by the republication of his delectable "Demonologie," should have been constantly surrounded by associates who openly patronized those wretches who pretended to supernatural knowledge. When, at the trial of the Countess of Somerset, "a black scarf full of white crosses, a piece of human skin, and a roll of devils' names," were produced, however the common people might shudder, there were few court ladies there but well knew they had dealt in similar charms. The details how Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, and Franklin, an apothecary, possessed of private property, openly professed correspondence with the powers of darkness, are appalling; and how a young girl, an earl's daughter, could go from place to place, seeking charms and spells, calling one of the most abandoned of his class, Dr. Simon Forman, "dear father," and eagerly supplicating his aid, gives an awful picture of the character of the female aristocracy. The visits to the cunning fortune-teller, the composer of "draughts to procure favor," were suitable preliminaries to visits to the more cautious practitioner, who dealt in "roseacre, mercury sublimate, and white arsenic." And how recklessly, how wantonly, as without one thought of its appalling wickedness, did these women go about their deadly purpose: Mrs. Turner desiring Franklin to buy "some of the strongest poisons he could get," and giving him four angels for the purpose. And these poisons tried by the young and beautiful countess on a poor dumb creature, to whom, with her own white hand she administered arsenic and other poisons, previously to mixing them in pastry to be sent to a helpless prisoner! "My son lived with a haberdasher near Temple Bar," says Weston, "and he brought the countess, feather fans, and such like and I saw in his possession a little bottle full of greenish or yellowish water, which he said was poison." Feather fans and poison! the young countess and the apprentice boy, partners in such deadly crime! In reading these details, we feel almost as though we could believe that the great author of evil actually put forth a greater and more direct power than in the present day; and that these wretched creatures believed this to their death is certain. Franklin confessed he had an evil spirit at his command; and similar confessions are abundant. Now, allowing this to be an hallucination, we must yet perceive that none but minds familiar with awful wickedness could adopt and maintain such a fancy. Still, that among the numbers, especially in the country, who were hanged for witchcraft during this reign, many were under delusion, brought on by sickness or poverty,

perhaps both, cannot be doubted. In the Roxburgh collection, there is a curious old ballad respecting a poor man in Essex, who, being in great want, and his children starving, goes to a neighboring wood to gather acorns. Here he meets a tall handsome man "in black," who pities him, and gives him a large purse filled with gold. He joyfully hastens home, but drawing it from his bosom, finds only a bundle of dead oak leaves. He rushes distractedly away, goes to the wood, and meets "the gentleman" again, who now scoffs at him, and bids him hang himself. The poor man has just power to offer a short prayer, and to fly, and he returns home quite distracted. Here a good neighbor comes in, provides the family with food, and the ballad ends by telling us that the poor man, after a severe illness, recovered. Now what was this, although told as a veritable story of Satan—the meeting the gentleman in the wood, and receiving the gold, but a waking dream, induced by strong agitation of mind, in which the oak-leaves had been picked up by himself, under the delusion that they were gold coin! This incident of gold being changed into dead leaves is of frequent occurrence in tales of witchcraft, and the reader may probably have met with it, pointing the moral of some fairy tales.

The reign of James was abundant in schemes for the discovery of gold and of hidden treasure by charms; and the general prevalence of such belief may be imagined, when we find that David Ramsay, known to our readers as the king's watchmaker, in the "Fortunes of Nigel," having been told that a large quantity of treasure was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, begged permission of Williams, then dean, to search for it. Williams, with the proviso that the church should have a share, gave his consent. Now, David Ramsay did not go to work in a common manner, but, under the direction of a cunning man, named John Scott, he, with "several others," entered the cloisters with hazel rods, and "played them." On the west side, the rods "turned the one over the other;" so, thinking that the treasure was there, they began to dig, but found only a coffin. Again and again they tried, but were disappointed, until David and his company, with "the half quartern sack, to put the treasure in," were compelled to return no richer than they came. As John Scott had prophesied success, a sufficient excuse must be found, so, as a very "blustering wind" arose before they had finished, the demons, who were unwilling the treasure should be discovered, determined their search should be in vain. These cunning men, who used the hazel rod, and crystal, were most indignant at being confounded with wizards, and "such slaves of the devil;" for they pretended to acquaintance with angels." Such was old Mr. William Hodges, under whom the aforesaid John Scott studied. John Scott at length took his leave of his master, "being to return to London," to get married. Probably anxious to test the skill of old Mr. William Hodges, he requested him to show him his lady in the crystal. Hodges complied, and bade him say what he saw. "A ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer," is the reply. "She must be your wife," said the owner of the crystal. "Never," replied Scott; "I am to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," was the oracular decision. Away went Scott, fully determined to take his own way; but when he arrived at the Old Bailey, he found the tall gentlewoman already married. Two years passed; and then on a journey, going into an inn at Canterbury, John Scott went by mistake into the kitchen instead of the sitting-room, and behold, there was a maiden in a red waistcoat drawing a can of beer! The stars had cértainly led him thither—and who in the seventeenth century could resist their influence? So John Scott "became a suitor" to red waistcoat, married her, and lived very happy ever after, as the old stories say. In this case, the prediction undoubtedly wrought its own fulfilment, and this was often the case when so much faith was joined to so much credulity. The belief in the power of the crystal to foreshadow future events, was held, however, by many a grave divine at this period. The bold and ambitious mother of James' last favorite was believed, when a mere humble dependent in a noble family, to have seen herself in this magic mirror, blazing with gold and gems, just as she appeared at Whitehall, when courted by the proudest nobles, and complimented by the king himself.

How singularly connected with dark marvels and mystery is every event of this reign; and how much more like a well-constructed fiction than a story of real life—more especially with the supernatural accessories which contemporary superstition threw around it—does the tale of George Villiers appear! The son of the obscure Leicestershire knight, scarcely heeded, as in childhood he played on the green slopes of Brooksby, but object of intensest interest to his mother, who, while she rejoiced in the horoscope that promised wealth and favor of princes to her new-born child, shuddered also at the ominous distich, muttered by some old crone, as the red and gusty morning heralded his birth—

"Red dawning, stormy sky,
Bloody death shalt thou die."

Sent over to France, but returning still unknown and unpatronized; and then introduced to the king himself, just when his wayward fancy was seeking a new favorite, just when Archbishop Abbot and the queen, those antagonist characters, and representatives of principles as antagonistic, compelled by a common danger, joined in a hollow reconciliation, and agreed in recommending the handsome young page to the king's notice; and then his rapid rise, his unexampled influence, his power over all men; insulting Abbot, by whose aid he had been raised; driving the sage and prudent Lord Keeper Williams about like a mere spaniel; passing contemptuously by that wisest, and, alas! meanest of men,

as he sat "in an outer room, where trencher-scrapers and lacqueys attended, on an old wooden box, with the purse and great seal beside him," vainly endeavoring to move that upstart boy's pity! —becoming lord paramount of the king, and filling the palaces with his relations and dependents, and a miscellaneous herd of serving men, waiting gentlemen, and a whole tribe of nurses and children; so that the king, who, as Welden remarks, never noticed his own children, was now surrounded by nurses and babies, while "little children did run up and down the king's lodgings, like little rabbit-starters about their warrens." No wonder that the people looked with blank amazement on this change, and firmly believed that the beauty which had gained the favorite the name of Steenie—because, as the doting king declared, and James, in the midst of all his iniquities, was never at a loss for a text, "his face was as the face of an angel" —was a gift from the author of all evil. Indeed, the strange partiality of James, not only to the favorite, but to all his family, and especially to the mother, an avowed papist, and a scarcely less openly avowed patroness of the wretched crew who pretended to supernatural knowledge, was astounding.

And that Buckingham was guarded by charm and spell, and aided by influences not of this world, seems to have been the view which his bold, bad, but gifted mother was actually desirous to impress on the popular mind. We think there can be little doubt that it was to her directions that he owed his first rise, and to her constant superintendence, his continued advancement; but there seems little doubt, also, that she actually believed in the power of spell and talisman to secure it; and hence her ceaseless applications to astrologers and figure-casters, and her anxiety to avail herself of every agency which should more firmly secure his triumphant good-fortune. It was this that deepened the popular hatred more than all the rapacious exactions, the crushing monopolies, of the favorite and his grasping relations. Aldermen complained that wretched women, sent to beat hemp in Bridewell, were set free by command of "my lord's mother;" and even the court intelligencers, ere they hunted out a Jesuit or suspected foreigner, were obliged to "work warily," lest they should lay hands on one of the Countess of Buckingham's "wizards." And strange were the tales told of the vain appliances sought with so much cost to secure the hated favorite. "Loadstones to draw favor," faultless agates to secure it; talismans of "angel gold," inscribed with holy texts, to ward off danger; and curiously graven jaspers, to guard against deadly violence; for, victim of her deep superstition, that rhyme which prophesied "bloody death" was ever present to the anxious mother. But years passed; the heir to the crown bowed to the spell of the all-commanding Buckingham, even as his father. And the old king died, and Charles succeeded; a dukedom graced the royal favorite, but still dark whispers told how his mother, more importunately still, sought after forbidden aid. At length, one of the wretches patronized both by mother and son, Dr. Lamb, "the duke's conjuror," was pursued by a furious mob into the Windmill Tavern, in the Old Jewry, and there "done to death." And then arose the second rhyme, carrolled exultingly by the common people, heedless of stocks or whipping-post:—

"Let Charles and George do what they can,
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb."

Little heeded the duke such threats; he had defied impeachment of the commons, and the hatred of the whole land; but two months only passed, and then "the white-handled knife" of John Felton avenged the nation, and awfully fulfilled the prophecy—

"Bloody death shalt thou die."

Can we wonder at the intense and unquestioning faith in supernatural premonitions that then prevailed, when we find even the course of events thus singularly encouraging that belief.

The period was fertile, too, in "signs from heaven." A comet heralded that severe visitation of the plague in London, of which George Withers has left us so curious, though so unpoetical, a description. A comet also appeared at the breaking out of the Palatine war; an eclipse of the sun took place in the May preceding Prince Henry's death; and that most rare appearance, a beautiful, well-defined lunar rainbow stretched across the palace of St. James when he there lay dying. With ominous eagerness was this sign pointed to by Dr. Mayerne, as an unquestionable proof that he *could* not recover. It is not surprising that almanacs at this period were in general use. Indeed, if the age of Elizabeth was the age of pamphlets, that of James the First may be called that of almanacs. We turned over, a short time since, a collection of these—above a score—for the year 1612; and truly no stronger proof of the "vanity of such devices" could be given than the various and conflicting opinions of their authors, as to coming events. The great eclipse of the 22nd of May is duly noted; but while one learned doctor determines that "by it we may foresee great robberies by the highways and burglaries," because "Mercury is in the ascendant," another declares that while its effects will not take place until "between the 12th of October and the 12th of January," the result will be, "jangling controversies between clergymen and lawyers." When the unexpected death of Prince Henry took place, doubtless men wondered that it had not been, if not foretold, at least darkly alluded to, especially with the marked prognostic of an eclipse of the sun! But the wily almanac-makers doubtless looked wise, and talked of constructive treason, and pointed significantly to the Star Chamber. It is in consequence, probably, of this fear of being supposed to meddle with "affairs of state," that these almanacs deal in no dark hints how "a certain personage, high in office, gets, about this time, into trouble;" or how "things look black in a certain quarter, and let those about court

beware." In the following reign, amid the strife of opinion and arms, almanac-makers were more out-spoken; and roundhead and cavalier, episcopalian and presbyterian, even the fifth monarchyman, thanks to Lilly, Booker, and Partridge, might each have an almanac just to his mind.

The almanacs of James the First's reign, however, abound with general warnings. There is in most of them a long list of "things to be done in the increase of the moon," and what is to be done in the wane. They also quite emulate Murphy in their exact prognostics of the weather; not hesitatingly, like Francis Moore, with his "rain more or less about this time;" but boldly, as though there were an actual "clerk of the weather," and his most efficient services had been procured—declaring that the 21st shall be rainy, and the 26th quite fair;—with a due intermixture of days neither cold nor hot, and some with "a smart shower" to finish with. But it was to the list of "lucky and unlucky days" that our forefathers turned with the greatest interest. Some of the directions for conduct on these days, in "Bretnors' almanac," are very curious. Thus, on the 3rd and 12th of January, the word is, "Presse for prefermente;" while for the 6th, it is "Please the old one." On February 20th, the oracle says, "Speake and speede;" while on the 25th of March, it is "Look about you;" and on the 2nd of April, "Be bold for it." The 27th and 31st of December give, "Presse on and prevaile;" while December 24th, Christmas-eve, too, most ominously points to "A rope and a halter!"

The various information contained in these little "Hand-books of the People"—for such, indeed, they then were—gives us on, on the whole, a favorable opinion of the general state of information. All of them have a sort of astronomical lecture prefixed; which, although certainly not Newtonian, is yet in accordance with the learning of the times. They have also "a table of distances of some of the most famous cities in the world, from the honorable city of London." Mexico, Quinzas, (whatever city that may be,) Jerusalem, and "Calicut"—scarcely known, we should have thought, then—the precursor of our eastern metropolis, Calcutta—and Nineveh! and Babylon! which is just 2710 miles off, and about forty others, figure in this table. The compiler is, however, strangely out in his calculations respecting cities nearer home, for he makes Edinburgh only 286 miles off. We must, however, not forget to mention, that there is also a table of remarkable events, "from the creation of the world."

In contemplating the general character of the people, we cannot but perceive that it was inferior to that in the reign of Elizabeth. The influence of so corrupt, so abandoned, a court was necessarily widely felt; and although its worst characteristics were confined to its immediate sphere, still greater profanity, greater extravagance, and less decorous manners were the result. The love of expensive dress seems to have increased so inordinately, that worthy mayors and aldermen, after the usage of the times, had constantly to promulgate newer and more stringent sumptuary laws, to prevent women "below the rank of an alderman's wife" from wearing "three-piled velvet," and such braveries; and to keep the apprentices to their old-accustomed kersey hose and blue gowns. The dramatists of the day afford us many traits of the almost unimagined luxury and state of the "city madams," who were determined, as far as they could, to imitate the pomp and show of the ladies of the court. Nor have we reason to think that these descriptions are exaggerated, when we remember the modest request of Lady Compton, for "twenty gowns, 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* for a pearl chain;" or the royal state of the Duchess of Richmond, who went to the chapel at Ely house—"three gentlemen-ushers, in velvet gowns and gold chains, going before with wands; six ladies following, and two to hold up her train."

The "pride of place" was stoutly maintained at this period by all who had claim to precedence of any kind. And this, sufficiently ridiculous in the court ladies, and source of endless squabbles, was emulated by the civic dames: nor when the daughter who has married a knight, in that amusing picture of London manners, "Eastward Hoe," tells her mother, with no little pride, "and my coach-horses, mother, must take the wall of yours," did the remark appear so very laughable to them as to us.

From the pictures of manners in the contemporary drama, so much frivolity and extravagance, so much destitution of high and noble feeling appear, that we marvel from whence the next generation derived their lofty views and stern principles. It could not be the mere reflection of the dramatist's *own* mind that bodied forth the fine characters of the Elizabethan school, and then the reckless, mean-spirited, or else Quixotic personages of the succeeding. No, it was the earnest religious spirit of the earlier period that gave even to the drama its elevated character; and its deficiency was the cause of the deterioration, not of dramatic literature alone, but of national manners.

With many who take their estimate of King James from the servile dedication still prefixed to the Bible, the age that witnessed its new translation, made with so much care, and under the especial auspices of the monarch, must appear religious. And so, if "forms and ceremonies" are the all in all, it certainly was. No prelate, indeed, uplifted his voice amid all the crying iniquities of the court; but many fought vehemently for, "the divine right of episcopacy;" and all inculcated the duty of church going, and of adherence in the minutest points to the rubric and canons. Moreover, the churches were adorned with splendid altar-plate, and the king's choristers ministered in rich copes. And with much unction do the compilers of "Hierurgia Anglicana" detail the "decent and orderly" array of church ornaments in Bishop Andrewes' private chapel. The two candlesticks with tapers, the basin for oblations, the canister for *the wafers*, "silver gilt, like a wicker basket,

and lined with cambric laced!" the flagon, the chalice covered with a napkin embroidered in colored silks; the tricanale "with screw cover, and three pipes for the water of mixture;" and the silver censer, "wherein the clerk putteth frankincense at the reading of the first lesson; and the navicula, out of which the frankincense is poured!" Can we wonder that the Puritans of King James' days were intractable as they had been in Elizabeth's, and that many preferred exile to ministering at altars thus decked!

Happily for religion, in many of the more remote parts of the land, some of these confessors found a secure asylum, and there kept alive the flame of religion, which but for their efforts would have died out. And despite of strict and severe search, many continued in London, sheltered as chaplains or tutors in the households of some "worshipful merchant," whose opportune loan to some nobleman purchased him court protection. The next generation, and even ourselves, separated by seven, owe no common debt to those worthy laymen who sheltered and patronized the persecuted ministers of that day. It is delightful, turning from the disgusting details of court profligacy, to contemplate these worthies. Master John Temple, of Stowe, who had always some "grave and learned silenced minister" in his house, and who so instructed his son-in-law, Lord Saye and Sele, in "church matters," that he stood nobly forth to bear his "testimony" in the following reign—and Sir Henry Mildmay, of the Graces, whose mansion was a secure asylum to the persecuted Puritans, and whose worthy lady, with her sisters, Mistress Helen Bacon and Mistress Gurdon, are so heartily praised by that "powerful preacher" of that day, Master John Rogers, of Dedham—and Robert Bruen, Esquire, of Stapleford, too, "who caused the desert to blossom as the rose;" bringing the light of the gospel into the most obscure parts of Cheshire, and proving to the country round that the best Christian will also be the truest gentleman. We had frequently seen the account of this worthy in compilations of religious biography, but were never much interested, until we took up the original memoir. Here we see him to the life;—the true old English gentleman of the seventeenth century—exercising a power, and an influence far beyond aught in the present day, but using them—

"As ever in his great taskmaster's eye:"—

adopting the stately and formal usages of a time when even the internal regulations of a household were marshalled with the strict etiquette of the Heralds' College; but looked up to with affectionate reverence by his dependents, for the gentle and considerate care that kept watch over their interests, as though they were his own.

And delightful is it, too, to contemplate those confessors, who, although not called upon to endure the pillory, and the branding-iron of the next reign, "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and sustained long and severe imprisonment. In the same Tower of London where Sir Thomas Overbury languished and died, a nobler prisoner, almost at the same time, endured a far sterner captivity, almost deprived of air and light—Andrew Melville. But his buoyant spirit, his heavenward hope, dwelt with him there, and the master whom he served enlightened the darkness, and he beguiled the long, but not weary hours, by writing graceful Latin verse on the walls of his cell. It was with a refinement of cruelty that James consigned his illustrious countryman to the tower Had Melville been sent to the Counter, the Marshalsea, or Newgate, there were numberless "pious citizens" who would have rejoiced to have visited and soothed him. In the before-mentioned play, "Eastward Hoe," two profligate young men are sent to prison; they become penitent, and display their penitence by psalm singing. "They will sit you up all night, singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison," says the jailer, "so that the neighbors cannot rest for them, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have." How characteristic is this of a time of persecution, and the brotherly love that always prevailed:—the inquiry after the "godly prisoners"—strange term to us—and the sympathy, and the gatherings, and the visits of the kind-hearted women, upon whom the duty of visiting the prisoners mostly devolved, and the interchange of good wishes, and prayers. There was much quiet heroism in the religion of those times, which we, in our days of platforms and speeches, have lost sight of. And then there were the exiled brethren, towards whom those who remained at home cast many an anxious look. And on these did the government also cast an anxious look, as though conscious of the distinguished talents of their leaders, and the wide influence their principles would eventually command. It is curious to observe how often these, although under the general name of "puritan," are referred to in the writings of this time. The Brownists, indeed, must have been still rather numerous in England, to have attracted the notice of Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson.*

The reign of James the First is, indeed, a dark period in our history—darker still from succeeding

* All the puritans whom he holds up to contempt in his plays, are Brownists. In his "Alchemist," written about 1610, Ananias is represented expressly as "one of the holy brethren of Amsterdam;" and Tribulation is the pastor, deputed by the brethren abroad to visit the brethren at home. In like manner, Zeal of the Land Busy, in "Bartholomew Fair," is represented as a baker of Banbury, who has left his oven to turn preacher, and been "chosen by the brethren." His hostess is an "assisting sister of the deacons," and the "woman," who inquires at the Staple of News for intelligence, asks for news of "the brethren of the separation." That all these characters should be exhibited in disgusting caricature might be expected, but it is curious to observe the unconscious testimony Jonson bears to their talents and learning. The Banbury baker, while he eschews Latin, maintains the preëminence of Hebrew, and marshals his arguments in a scholastic form. Even the "she Brownists" express interest in questions which would have been unintelligible to most women of that day. We seldom attack what we do not fear—surely Jonson must have deemed the Brownists no common foemen, in these often repeated notices.

the "golden days" of Elizabeth. But darkness, no less than the light, has its appointed use, and the period just contemplated formed part of the needful discipline through which the nation had to pass. Thus, the ultimate effects of James the First's reign were beneficial to the public mind. The *prestige* of a court was no longer influential, when men were compelled to behold what wretches were the honored and courted ones there; the old nobility could no longer maintain their ancient honors when a Northampton, a Somerset, a Buckingham claimed them; and monarchy itself came to be regarded with widely different views than in the reign of Elizabeth, after James had "played his fantastic tricks." "The divinity that doth hedge a king" had long ceased to awe the people, ere king and commons met on the battle-field. And each disgraceful event of this reign exercised the minds of the people, while the strong efforts to put down all free speaking chafed that proud spirit, which but required a stimulus to arouse it. And then, an age cradled in warlike feelings could ill brook the state of inglorious repose in which "Jacobus Pacificus" delighted. Thus, when the Palatine war broke out, many a gallant spirit set forth to aid in the struggle for religious freedom, unconscious that within twenty years a nobler struggle would await him at home. Much does England owe to those "free companies," who set forth

"To fight for the gospel, and the good king of Sweden."

The lessons of warfare taught by the illustrious Gustavus, they in turn taught the parliament soldier, and a more important lesson still;—to view inevitable war as no mere game of pride or ambition, but as a last appeal, a solemn self-sacrifice, to be hallowed by psalm and prayer.

James the First died in his bed, surrounded by all that belongs to kingly state, and was duly interred with solemn obsequies, Laud declaring "that his rest was undoubtedly in Abraham's bosom;" and Williams, that to him this text might undoubtedly be applied—"The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up!" Popular opinion, however, whispered that his end was not peace; and that "the poisoned chalice" had been held to his own lip. There seems no reason to believe this was the case, although the mother of Buckingham kept constant watch over him, with diet drink of her own supply. That the wretched king feared it, seems probable, from his earnest supplication to Lord Montgomery, his first favorite, "for God's sake look that I have fair play!" This we believe he had; for Providence does not always in this life pursue crime with open punishment; but when the troubles of his son came on, when his grandson was exiled, those who could not consider James the First as guiltless in the mysterious cases to which we have directed the reader's attention, remembered the solemn threatening which pointed "even unto the third and fourth generation."

From Chambers' Journal.

INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON THE MIND AND BODY.

General experience convinces most people that the body and the mind are both liable to be affected by the "skiey influences." Some, indeed, like Dr. Johnson, may affect to treat this with ridicule, and the strong and robust may scarcely be sensible of any minute changes which the state of the weather may effect on their systems, but the more sensitive and susceptible again are fully alive to the facts; so much so, indeed, as to become in some measure living barometers. Who has not, in some part of his life at least, experienced the depressing effect of a dull rainy day on his spirits?—or who, on the contrary, has not felt the exhilaration of dry air and a bright glowing sunshine? At times, even in good health, a state of mind comes across us in which everything appears dark and gloomy; in which little ills are magnified into terrible evils; and in which casual annoyances seem as if they were to be perpetual, and never to be got over. All this may endure for a day, and we cannot account for it; but to-morrow's sun rises bright and cheerful; a wonderful change has come over our spirits; and hope and joy have suddenly taken the place of all our former sorrows. How much is man thus a creature of circumstances, and how apt is his mind thus to be unnecessarily agitated! It is right, however, that he should know this; and a few explanations of the effects of the weather on the animal system may not thus be without their use.

There are several circumstances which naturally affect the atmosphere as respects its influence on organized beings—such as its temperature, its moist or dry condition, its purity as respects admixture of other gases, and its electric condition. Hot air is always depressing and relaxing to the whole system; and as hot and highly rarefied air contains in the same bulk a smaller proportion of oxygen or vital air than cold and denser air, the lungs are thus defectively supplied with one of their chief stimulants of life. Cold air, on the contrary, is bracing and highly stimulating. Every one must have experienced the effects of these two extremes: the first in the languor, and lassitude, and oppressed breathing of a sultry summer day; the other in the exhilaration caused by a dry frosty day in winter, and the increased muscular activity and the ruddy glow of health which such weather causes. When the air is suddenly rarefied, or when a change of its constitution is about to take place, a corresponding impression is felt in the animal system; this is experienced before great storms, hurricanes, or heavy falls of rain or snow. Not only does man become sensible of this, but even the inferior animals, throughout all their grades of existence manifest by some outward indications their feelings of the approaching change. The cattle leave their pastures often with a loud bellowing, birds wheel about in the air, and even the leech, and other small animals

become unusually agitated. Air of an elevated temperature, and when loaded with moisture, has always a depressing effect on the spirits; dry air, on the contrary, has a stimulating, and, under ordinary circumstances, an exhilarating effect. A certain degree of moisture is absolutely necessary as a healthy condition of air; but extreme moisture or extreme dryness is prejudicial. The wind called the sirocco, which prevails at certain seasons of the year over those countries on the borders of the Mediterranean, exercises a very peculiar effect on the animal system. This wind comes from the arid deserts of Africa, and is extremely hot and dry. No sooner does it arrive on the shores of the Mediterranean, than it absorbs with avidity every particle of moisture up to its highest pitch of saturation; and while undergoing this change, its depressing and enervating effects are found to be most distressing. We experience something of the same kind in our east winds, which prevail along the eastern shores of Britain, especially in the spring months of the year. This east wind blows over the continent of Europe, as well as the northern parts of Asia, and is of low temperature, and deficient in moisture: as soon as it arrives on our island, it gradually absorbs both moisture and heat; and hence that peculiar dry, cold, shrivelling effect which it produces both on the bodies of animals and on all growing vegetables. This effect becomes more apparent when contrasted with a south or westerly wind. No sooner does the southerly wind gain the ascendency —which wind blows over a long tract of ocean, and is consequently of elevated temperature, and supplied with a medium degree of moisture—than its mild and invigorating influence is felt both by the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The *damp winds* of South America have been well described by Sir Woodbine Parish. To the north of Buenos Ayres is a very marshy district, while to the south-west lies the great chain of the Andes, separated only by the dry plains of the Pampas; and according as the wind blows from one or other of these quarters, the effects are very remarkable. By the time the north wind reaches the city, it has become so overcharged with moisture, that everything becomes instantly damp, books and boots become mildewed, keys rust even in the pocket, and good fires are necessary to keep the apartments dry. The effects produced in the human body by this humidity are a general lassitude and relaxation, opening the pores of the skin, and inducing great liability to colds, sore-throats, rheumatic affections, and all the consequences of checked perspiration. As a safeguard against this state of things, the inhabitants wear woollen clothing, even though the weather be very hot; and although Europeans would prefer wearing cool cotton clothing in such a climate, they soon learn that the native inhabitants are right in the plan which they pursue. This damp wind of La Plata seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill-humor which it excites in some of them, amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are much more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. In short, everything is deranged, and everybody lays the fault to one source; "Senor es el viento norte!"—"'T is the north wind, sir!" Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the south wind, blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes, set in, than health, and comfort, and peace are restored.

Physicians attribute, and with reason, the prevalence of many diseases to these different states of the atmosphere. Thus moist air gives rise to bilious affections, and in some localities and seasons, to agues; dry sharp airs, again, are inimical to all disorders of the chest and lungs. An irritable state of the nervous system, and even temporary insanity, may also occur from extreme conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. The effect of deleterious substances in the air, as influencing health, is well known; hence one cause of the unhealthiness of smoke-enveloped cities, where the air becomes contaminated with an excess of carbon, and with sulphureous and other gases. Crowded and ill-ventilated apartments are also thus inimical to health, from containing an excess of carbonic acid and a corresponding deficiency of oxygen or vital air. We know too little as yet of the effects of electricity, either in excess or deficiency, on the animal system, yet sufficient facts are apparent to convince us that health depends greatly on the electric condition of the air. A coming thunderstorm has a marked effect on the sensations of man and the inferior animals: and rapid charges of the electric condition, which always take place on sudden changes of temperature, or of states of moisture and dryness, have no doubt a great deal to do with many diseases, especially those called epidemical—such as influenza, and some kinds of fevers. The excellent reports on mortality now introduced into England, as given by Dr. Farr, and those given with such accuracy by Dr. Stark of Edinburgh, sufficiently exhibit the effects of climate on disease. The rate of mortality ranges almost with the range of the thermometer! our mild and temperate months exhibiting the least disease, while those either of extreme heat, or extreme cold, or of excess of moisture, invariably swell the lists of mortality.

Certain temperaments are more liable to be affected by the weather than others, and invalids, and all delicate persons are more "tremblingly alive" to its changes than the robust and healthy. While one shivers with the northern breeze, and can tell from his sensations, the moment he gets out of bed, from what quarter the wind blows, another, less alive to minute feelings, laughs at all such, and, like the renowned Tam o' Shanter, "never minds the storm a whistle." But let none

exult too much in their impenetrability, or despise the warnings or salutary precautions which are required as protection against the elements; nor, on the other hand, let the afflicted despair, or yield their thoughts too much to such depressions coming from without.

It will perhaps be of some use to the sensitive to be aware of the real nature and cause of their afflictions. They have only to call to mind that such are in many cases of a purely physical nature; that they are the lot of all flesh—the inferior animals, and even insensate plants, not being excepted; that the effects of the weather are to be met by salutary precautions, and by a resolute and resigned mind; that, like many other evils, they soon pass away; and that in such cases especially, "though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

The permanent influence of particular climates on the national temperature and disposition is also a curious subject of inquiry. There seem to be grounds for supposing that climate has some effect in this way; hence the superior excitability of the inhabitants of warm climates as compared to those of cold:

> "The cold in clime are cold in blood:
> Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
> Her human clay is kindled."

Even within the compass of Europe, marked differences of national character are to be observed, corresponding in a certain degree to difference of climate, though no doubt difference of race and natural temperament are also to be taken into account. Thus the inhabitants of the south are more irritable and more sensitive than the cold and phlegmatic natives of the north; the liveliness of the Frenchman differs from the sedateness of the German; and the proverbial dulness of the Dutch differs as much from the energy and vivacity of the Italian.

The effects of change of climate in the cure and prevention of disease are well known to medical men; and such changes, when judiciously made, are often productive of the best effects. Thus a mild, soft, and rather moist air, is found favorable to all complaints of the chest, while a dry bracing air acts like magic on the nervous and debilitated. Hence, too, the beneficial effects of travel, when change of air is conjoined with regular exercise of the body, and the amusement and occupation of the mind.

From the Spectator.

MR. TRENCH'S WALK ROUND MONT BLANC.

A FRIEND, in whose "doctrine, assiduity, and pastoral love" Mr. Trench could place the fullest reliance, having offered to take charge of his parish for a month, Mr. Trench determined to devote his holiday to "a walk round Mont Blanc." He calculated upon a week out, a week home, about a week for his grand walk, and the other odd days to minor excursions, resting invariably on the Sunday. This, by dint of railroads, guides, an active habit, and a sound constitution, he successfully accomplished; and he has published an account of his Alpine trip, to show others what can be done in a month, and without any great fatigue, if they are "capable of bearing a certain amount of bodily exertion." This "certain amount" every one must interpret for himself. Mr. Trench, it appears incidentally, can walk eleven miles before breakfast, keep up twenty miles a day, and bear a dozen or fourteen hours of railway travelling; but he found great physical as well as spiritual benefit from the Sabbath day of rest.

His route was by Ostend; thence to Cologne by railway; then up the Rhine; and finally, by diligence and the feet, to Martigny; where, properly, his circuit of the giant of the Alps began, though Chamounix was his true head-quarters and starting-point. On his return he varied his route so far as Cologne; but proceeded direct to Ostend by the fourteen or fifteen hours of railway.

The ground travelled over is common enough; but it derives a degree of interest and even of novelty from the distinct purpose of the author, as well as from his personal and professional character. If we put aside popery, Mr. Trench is a tolerant and good-natured traveller; always taking a fair-sided view of things, and too old a roadster to be ruffled by little difficulties or disagreeables, very often incident to the nature of the journey. His clerical position frequently brought him in contact with persons, both English and foreign, whom a mere tourist would have passed by from having no reason or vocation to address them. The professional feeling also gave a subject of distinct observation, and sometimes brought him into contact with the law or customs of the country. It was Mr. Trench's custom on the Sunday to get together such Englishmen as he could for the purpose of divine worship. At Chamonix, in a Romanist canton, he applied to the landlord of the hotel for a room; but, says Mr. Trench,

> To my great surprise, (for this was only the second time that such a thing had occurred to me during my travels in any land whatsoever,) my host said that this could not be permitted, and that it would bring upon him the most detrimental consequences. Nothing could be more kindly and civil than the manner in which he represented the matter; and I must say that he appeared very much to regret the circumstances in which he was placed. These I will now mention. He told me, that by the laws of the country it was generally forbidden to have *any meeting whatsoever for religious worship*, except that of the established, *i. e.* the Romish, church; and, therefore, that a special permission was requisite in order to allow even English travellers to meet for a religious service. In expectation of obtaining this permission, according to the principle admitted at Nice and Turin, and, as he himself quoted to me, even at Rome, he wrote to the proper authority, stating that the English travellers, who frequented his house in considerable numbers, were very desirous of meeting together to worship God on the Lord's day; and, I believe, also adding, that the prohibition of their doing so was a serious detriment to himself and to the place in general, as English travellers would avoid being at Chamonix

on Sunday, or hasten away from it on Saturday, in consequence of their inability to unite together in the place for that religious service which they considered obligatory upon them, and to which they were so much attached. Now what was the result of this? It will scarcely be believed, but it is perfectly true, that this permission was absolutely and decidedly refused. And the landlord informed me, that in case of his allowing any assembly for religious purposes in his house—even that of the English who were under the roof, without a single individual being invited or admitted from any other hotel or lodging in the town—he would be severely punished, and his house shut up by the police.

Of late years, the selfishness, and imposing, not to say dishonest, character of the Swiss have been freely commented upon by travellers. It is therefore but fair to look at the other side of the picture, and hear Mr. Trench, who has had some experience as a tourist.

PALACE HOTELS.

The "Three Kings" at Basle is one of those establishments on the continent maintained on the grand route of travellers to which I am indisposed to give any name inferior to that of *palaces;* so large, splendid, and attractive is their outward appearance and internal arrangement. There are four or five of the same description in Switzerland; for instance, the hotel of the "Three Crowns" at Vevay, and several at the German watering-places. They offer a page in the book of social life at the present day; and I therefore mention a few details in their appearance and character, as well as in the reception and entertainment of the guests who resort to them.

As to size they usually present a front of immense length. According to my paces, the balcony of the "Three Kings" fronting the suite of apartments and hanging absolutely over the deep stream of the Rhine, so that anything dropped would fall from thence perpendicularly into it, was 150 feet. Their position is often magnificent; so chosen as to combine every possible attraction of foreground and distant scenery. There is one, for instance, opposite the falls of Schaffhausen; the Hôtel de l'Europe at Manheim; Hôtel Royal at Cologne, and those at Basle on the banks of the Rhine; also those at Lucerne and Vevay, on the borders of the two lakes on whose bank they stand.

Their internal arrangements are of vast size, and adapted for the reception of a multitude of guests, being able to entertain from one to three hundred occupants, and often receiving above one hundred in the evening, who depart in the morning. In order to accommodate and attract these guests, there is usually in the largest hotels which I am now describing a long saloon, having the very best view attainable from its windows, with a long table down the middle, set ready for dinner, supper, tea, coffee, or any other sort of refreshment; while at the sides and in the corners of the room there are additional small tables for those who prefer comparative privacy or have a party of their own. Besides this vast apartment, there is frequently at one end of it a breakfast and tea-room, to which, if preferred as more quiet, the visitor may resort; and at the other end a reading-room, furnished with papers, in which the valued and valuable *Galignani's Messenger*, that real traveller's friend, is very seldom wanting, and in which there is sometimes a small collection of books.

At these establishments everything is conducted in the most complete and satisfactory manner. A porter is usually at the door, or in a small box adjoining, ready to give every information and aid to the traveller; while frequently the landlord of the hotel takes the superintendence of all that is going on, and comes to his guest on every occasion or inquiry in which he may prove useful. It is well known that, in Switzerland especially, persons of considerable wealth and position in the country embark their capital and employ their energies in the conduct of these hotels; and I have been myself at one whose owner at the time occupied one of the highest political situations which the country afforded.

I shall conclude this general sketch of these grand receptacles, in which the traveller finds himself (sometimes at the end of fatiguing journeys, and after two or three days of very different accommodation) most delightfully placed, by adding, for the satisfaction of the inexperienced, that the traveller need not apprehend finding all this sumptuousness put down to his account in the bill. The charges in these establishments are in general perfectly fair, and scarcely larger than those met with at the most ordinary inns of the country. Coming into one of them late, taking tea, a bed, and breakfast in the morning, I have often found my bill amount to no more than five or six shillings, in which sum a charge for servants was included.

We could easily extend these quotations by extracts descriptive of manners, religious feeling, or Romanist superstition and intolerance, as well as bits of scenery or incidents of journey; but we have done enough to convey an idea of the scope and character of the book. *A Walk Round Mont Blanc* will be found an agreeable volume for home reading, but its most useful feature is as a guide. Any one wishing to follow the plan of the author must carry this volume with him, as the best and most intelligent companion he could have on the journey.

HAYDN AND MRS. BILLINGTON.—Every real lover of music must like Haydn's expressions to Reynolds when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington: "Yes, like, very like, but you 've made a sad mistake!" "How?" "You 've made her *listening to the angels;* you should have made *the angels listening to her.*" Mrs. Billington sprang up, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

LUTHER AND THE BIRDS.—With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and thus moralizing over their habits:—"That little fellow," he said of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and *leaving* God to think for him."

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ONE-EYED WIDOW AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"He 's an old savage, that vile Monsieur Pascal Camus; he would do anything to destroy my peace."

"She 's an old one-eyed vixen, that Madame Marengo; nothing makes her so happy as to find means of annoying me. I know she wishes to put me in my grave; but I scorn and pity her."

Such was the nature of the criminatives daily uttered by two parties in regard to each other—the one an aged schoolmaster, and the other the widow of a sergeant, both of whom lived in the same tenement in one of the back streets of Paris. Let us introduce them to the reader. Madame Marengo was a tall, masculine sort of woman who had seen service. She had for years followed the *Grand Army* during Napoleon's wars, in which she had first lost an eye, and then lost her husband, a gallant sergeant, who had assumed the name of Marengo, in honor of the battle in which he had been promoted from the ranks. For her long and faithful services in attending on the wounded at the different engagements, as well as for the deprivation of her husband, Bonaparte had presented her with a cross of the legion of honor, which she greatly prized, and constantly wore suspended from her neck. Now somewhat broken down, but still animated with much of the old fire, she subsisted by carding and renovating wool mattresses—a great trade among the humbler classes in Paris. She did not derive much from her occupation of *cardeuse*, as it is called; but this little, joined to the trifling pension which accompanied her "cross," was enough for all her wants in her lofty and solitary attic.

M. Pascal Camus, who lived on the ground-floor, where he conducted a small school, was equally a curiosity in his way. While the cardeuse was tall and bony, and a little rough in manner, the schoolmaster was short, dumpy, and pompous; while she was all for the empire, and considered Napoleon to have been the greatest of earthly beings, he was fixed in his admiration of the Bourbons, detested Napoleon, and called him a usurper and a tyrant. There were here sufficient elements of discord; but more were not wanting. M. Camus hated the cardeuse, because she wore a cross of the legion of honor. The cardeuse hated M. Camus, because he persisted in wearing a queue and shoe-buckles—undeniable tokens of regard for the old régime. Differing in sentiment on so many things, these two personages had at least one point in common—they had respectively a very great notion of their own importance. Madame Marengo could never forget what she had seen and gone through. M. Pascal Camus secretly believed himself to be a genius. It is true that his genius had not been acknowledged by the world, but he rather liked that; great geniuses had all been unknown at some time or other; and even should his genius never be acknowledged during his lifetime, there was no small pleasure in reflecting how society would afterwards lament for not having encouraged and rewarded his merits. It was quite a feast to think how mankind would some day be sorry for having neglected him, and wish to do him honor when it was too late. "Perhaps," thought he—for the poor man was a widower—"my little daughter Annette may one day come in for a share of what can no longer benefit me."

Every one who thought anything of the subject, observed that no two persons could be more opposite in their notions than the cardeuse and the schoolmaster; but nobody could understand why they should live on such terms of hostility. They did not necessarily require to interfere with each other; though dwelling under the same roof, six floors separated them, and they did not even need to know each other. Why, then, did they quarrel so frequently? Why utter such terrible things of each other to their neighbors? The truth is, the good people who lived in the vicinity of the belligerents did not exactly comprehend their character. Both were, in reality, not ill-disposed; under an external eccentricity, each had a kindly heart. They, however, equally required a certain homage, which, if granted, all well and good; but if denied, then there was nothing but mischief. With two such persons a collision was inevitable. It is impossible to say on what occasion a mutual huff was created: but a disagreement once having taken place, the bristles of both were up; and soon was proclaimed an everlasting and mutual war. Henceforth they exchanged scowling glances when they met on the staircase, and the mutual hatred was intense.

Did this blow-up render the two unhappy? No such thing. They were of course kept on the fret; but somehow this was what they liked. It was meat and drink to them to have somebody to be at war with—somebody who, they imagined, was constantly persecuting them. They, in fact, required to live in one of two conditions of feeling; that is, either to feel that they were worshipped or hated. All who paid them any sort of respect, were the most amiable people possible; all who gave them any real or imaginary cause of offence, were demons. Having settled down in this voluntarily-embraced enmity towards each other, their tongues, on all suitable occasions, told of sufferings. Madame Marengo averred that M. Camus, whom she called an "old savage," an "old Cossack," and fifty other bad names, had no other earthly purpose in living but that of tormenting her. Some charitable persons wanted to persuade her that the good man might wish to live for his own sake, or perhaps for that of his little daughter Annette; but Madame Marengo only smiled incredulously: she knew better than that. It was a remarkable proof of the sympathy which will sometimes exist even between inveterate foes, that M. Camus was precisely of a similar opinion. He affected, however, to look upon Madame Marengo with calm contempt, and a certain degree of the heroic resignation which is generally found to characterize lofty spirits. It was not the cardeuse, he declared, who acted, but a hidden and mysterious power within her. He forgave her, for he knew she was not a free agent, but merely the instrument of that fatality which delights in persecuting genius. When people advised him to leave the house, he seemed to compassionate their ignorance, and informed them that Madame Marengo would follow him wherever he went; that he did not, however, blame her for this; she could not help herself. And he generally closed his remarks with a quotation from Corneille or Racine, in which the cardeuse was successively compared to Athalia, Agrippina, and Berenice, to all which poetical characters the one-eyed widow evidently bore a striking resemblance.

Thus it will be seen that the enmity of the cardeuse and the schoolmaster was rather a pleasant kind of affair after all. It was something to think of; and whenever they were afflicted with any little misfortune, they had the comfort of knowing that

it must come from the enemy's quarter. Of course it never signified whether there was proof that such was the case or not; M. Camus and Madame Marengo left proofs to the vulgar.

The parties were in the full enjoyment of their hatred, when a young working-man, named Paul Simoneau, about seventeen years of age, came to lodge in the house, and took one of the attics on the same landing with Madame Marengo. He was one of those joyous, contented-looking beings whose constant good-humor secures them universal goodwill. The world, after all, is generally disposed to be friendly with those who seem to be at peace with their own hearts. Though Paul was without relations or near friends, and though he earned but little in comparison with his wants, he was not merely resigned to his fate, like so many people, but perfectly satisfied with it, which was perhaps better still, and certainly more pleasant to himself. He soon became a great favorite with Madame Marengo. She had resolved at first to be exceedingly reserved; not approving of intimacies between neighbors, as such affairs—witness herself and M. Camus—never ended well. But this philosophy would not do when applied to Paul. In the first place, he had one of those clear, pleasant voices which are perfectly irresistible; so at least thought the sergeant's widow, when she heard him singing in the morning some popular strain of Béranger's, almost always referring to the *Grande Armée*, or to her darling emperor. Then, in spite of herself, her heart yearned towards him; for he reminded her of her youth, and of a son about his own age, whom she had lost many years ago, and who sang the very same songs. Listening to him thus morning after morning, the cardeuse could not help occasionally opening the door of her room, and thrusting out her head just to give him a good-humored nod as he went out to his work. Paul answered by taking off his cloth cap, and politely inquiring after her health. With all her roughness, Madame Marengo was a rigid formalist. She would have felt highly indignant had a man, no matter of what degree, addressed her with his hat on; and she was the more exacting of such homage, that she knew it was no longer paid to her personal attractions, but to her sex and military service. When Paul, therefore, stood before her with his cap in his hand, the good dame, smiling on him with gratified pride, could not but inquire if there was anything she might do for him? Should she give a look to his room, or feed his bird whilst he was out, or do any little thing of the kind? Paul generally accepted of her kind services; for he saw that Madame Marengo was never happier than when she had made his little room quite neat, sewed a loose button on his coat, or rendered him any other trifling service. In this manner, from mere acquaintances, they soon became friends. She loved the young workingman for his never-failing good-humor, which seemed to her to gladden the whole of the gloomy house for the few hours he spent in it; and he liked the cardeuse for her quaint sayings, old stories of long-fought battles, and the genuine kindness which, notwithstanding her outward roughness, still lived at her heart.

It happened that M. Pascal Camus, who was, however, far more exclusive than even Madame Marengo, was, like her, unaccountably mollified by the cheerfulness and good-temper of Paul Simoneau. It was this worthy gentleman's habit, when his pupils had retired for the evening, to sit on a chair near the threshold of his school-room, and thence mark attentively who went up or came down the stairs. The portress, whose office he thus usurped, was highly indignant at his presumption, which she ascribed to overweening curiosity; but M. Pascal Camus, like all true philosophers, delighted to observe human nature, and he declared that he had learned more by sitting at his door, with his little Annette working by his side, than from the reading of heavy folios.

It was thus he first saw Paul Simoneau coming home from his work in the evening, with his bag of tools thrown on his shoulder, and ascending the steep stair-case that led to his attic, with a step so free and elastic, that M. Camus, who averred he knew a man's temper from his tread, instantly saw that Paul was perfectly happy. The young man did not fail, on his part, to notice the schoolmaster's quaint and stumpy figure; but seeing him, evening after evening, in the same attitude—for either summer or winter, M. Camus was at his post—he began to think that he could not pass by him without some token of recognition. Not wishing, however, to make too free—there being nothing particularly inviting in M. Camus' solemn visage—he merely bowed as he passed the door of the school-room. Here was a proper concession. The schoolmaster acknowledged his bow by a condescending nod; but though it would not have looked dignified to be pleased, he was, say the truth, exceedingly gratified. There must be something truly delightful in natural courtesy, for it seldom fails to conciliate: the most rugged and stern are softened by it, because they feel that it is not a mere empty form; they see that it comes from the heart.

M. Pascal Camus, though a wise and learned man, was not above being pleased with the deference of those whom he considered his inferiors. Paul's bow showed the secret but respectful admiration which he felt for his—M. Camus'—character; his not venturing on any undue familiarity, also spoke in his favor; in short, the schoolmaster was so well pleased with the young working-man, that his nod became more condescending every evening, until he at last, one day, actually asked him to walk in. This interview so heightened his good opinion of Paul, that he frequently renewed his invitation; and the young man, who found the schoolmaster's conversation improving, though somewhat pedantic, neglected no opportunity of being in his company. It was not long before Madame Marengo discovered that Paul Simoneau was on friendly terms with her enemy; she was indignant at the schoolmaster's impertinence in presuming to entice away a person in whom she felt an interest, for she would never admit that M. Camus might love Paul for his own sake; everything was done to vex and annoy her. M. Camus entertained a similar opinion: "If Madame Marengo paid the young man any little attentions, it was because she knew that this was offensive to him." But they both agreed that such conduct was too contemptible to be worthy of the least attention, and determined to disappoint the enemy by taking no notice of this treacherous attack. Thus the two antagonists exulted in their imaginary triumph over each other, admiring their own wisdom, and pitying the blindness of their foe.

This dream, so soothing to the pride of the two antagonists, was unfortunately disturbed by Paul Simoneau; he did not, or would not, understand that their enmity was for them a very pleasant and comfortable feeling; and he actually took great pains to destroy it. In the first place, he com-

pletely undeceived them as to the belief each had so long entertained—that the other was always engaged in some dark plot against his or her welfare. He proved to M. Camus that Madame Marengo thought much more about her mattresses than about him; whilst he clearly showed her that she was of very secondary importance in the schoolmaster's opinion, by assuring her, when she wanted to know all the bitter things he had been saying of her, that M. Camus had not uttered her name to him for the last week. Of course madame could not believe this; it was said to spare her feelings; but Paul need not fear; she was accustomed to the "old Cossack's" hatred, &c. When Paul, however, assured her that this was actually the case, she felt exceedingly disappointed, and haughtily wondered whether M. Camus meant to insult her by such behavior? M. Camus felt himself equally aggrieved on learning from the young man that he was not the first object of Madame Marengo's thoughts. The two enemies now began to discover that the charm of their hatred was rapidly vanishing away; and as this was evidently Paul's doings, they would have quarrelled with him had the thing been possible. But he looked so unconscious of harm, and seemed so pleased when he had been saying something likely to reconcile them!

Matters went on thus for some time, until gradually, and in spite of themselves, the feelings of the two antagonists began to mollify. Paul had the art—if that could be called art which was so natural to him—of setting things in their most pleasant and kindly aspect. There was not a good trait in the character of Madame Marengo which he did not repeat to M. Camus, and *vice versâ*. This did not produce a very strong effect on the schoolmaster, whose heart was somewhat tough; but Madame Marengo's was of softer texture. Being what is termed a woman of strong affections, she could not remain in a state of indifference. Her hatred for the schoolmaster was fast melting away! evidently it would be replaced by a better feeling. All at once she began to discover that M. Camus was a remarkable man, and profoundly learned; then his daughter Annette was such a nice, pretty girl! in short, there were so many reasons for liking him upon the whole! One morning, when she was thus favorably disposed, the cardeuse chanced to perceive M. Pascal Camus standing at the door of his school-room; he looked so majestic, that her heart was touched; she could not resist the temptation of calling up an amiable smile on her weather-beaten features, gently nodding to him as she passed by. At first M. Camus was so much astonished, that, as he afterwards observed, he remained rooted to the spot: but as he knew nothing of Madame Marengo's favorable feelings, and considered her courtesy an audacious insult, he soon rallied, and eying the smiling cardeuse with a glance of unutterable scorn, he turned his back upon her with haughty contempt.

Madame Marengo was highly indignant to find her advances repulsed; her hatred now returned tenfold; and as she was going to work the very same day for a dyer's wife who lived next door, she did not neglect this opportunity of venting her spleen on M. Camus, by giving him every fault which a human being could possibly possess. On the evening of the next day, when Paul began speaking to her of M. Camus, the cardeuse immediately declared she would hear nothing about him.

"Ah, madame," deprecatingly observed Paul, "he is so unhappy just now. You know that he has not many scholars. Well, the dyer's wife, who lives next door, had promised to send her little nephew to his school; he was to get fifteen francs a month with him, and it would have just paid his next quarter's rent. If you were to know how glad he and Annette were about it—for though she is only thirteen, he tells her everything. As they were telling me of it this evening, the dyer's wife came in, and taking Monsieur Camus into the other room, told him that she could not think of sending her nephew to his school, as he was known to be such a shocking bad character; that she had good authority for what she said; but not liking to make mischief, would not name the person from she had learned this. She spoke so loud, that Annette and I could hear every word: poor Annette cried all the time. When the dyer's wife was gone—and she did not stay long—Monsieur Camus came out, looking so sad, that it made my heart ache. Poor man, he was thinking about his rent, and wondering what he should do!"

Every word that Paul uttered smote Madame Marengo to the heart. Instantly she underwent a revolution of feeling. Her hatred turned to compassion. She was evidently the cause of all this mischief, and bitterly did she repent ever having uttered a word against the schoolmaster. Whilst Paul remained with her, Madame Marengo laid her feelings under some restraint, but as soon as she was alone, she began wondering how she could repair the injury she had inflicted on M. Camus. This seemed difficult enough; but though hopeless of success, she resolved to speak to the dyer's wife the next morning. As she had expected, she failed; the boy had already been sent to another school; the dyer's wife was, besides, one of those persons who make it a rule never to retract a resolution, however absurd or erroneous it may be: Madame Marengo came home with a heavy heart. What was she to do? To throw herself on the tender mercies of M. Camus, and tell him all! But besides that the cardeuse wanted sufficient magnanimity for this, she knew that it would not restore the lost scholar. After mature deliberation, she at length resolved to make another effort to get reconciled to the schoolmaster, hoping to be able to render him some service, which might compensate for the harm of which she was the cause. The very same day Paul was charged to bear proposals of peace to M. Pascal Camus from Madame Marengo. In his present humbled condition, M. Camus found this exceedingly gratifying.

"You see, Paul," he observed with calm dignity, "the moral power of genius. I have at length compelled Madame Marengo to acknowledge, as she was bound to do, my superiority. I cannot, however, grant her request without certain restrictions. She has braved me too long for this, and it would not do to let people think they have only to ask my forgiveness in order to obtain it."

Accordingly, M. Camus clogged his consent by so many vexatious and haughty clauses, that Paul declared Madame Marengo would never submit to them. "I don't care, sir," replied the inflexible schoolmaster; "I did not make any friendly proposals to Madame Marengo; if she will not agree to the terms I offer, it is perfectly indifferent to me. But she will agree to them, depend upon it," he added with a complacent smile; "I saw it in her eye the last time she attempted to insult me; that woman's spirit is conquered, sir."

Though Paul somewhat doubted this assertion, he mentioned to Madame Marengo the conditions

on which the schoolmaster had agreed to receive her into his favor. To his great surprise, she agreed to everything. But M. Camus was not astonished; he had predicted that it would be so. When it was understood in the house that Madame Marengo and M. Pascal Camus were on good terms, the news was heard with that suspicious astonishment which might have been felt of yore if peace had been proclaimed between Rome and Carthage. The portress declared, for her part, that it was only a hollow truce, and most of the lodgers shared in this belief. Matters went on, however, much better than these charitable individuals had anticipated. M. Pascal Camus was all condescending kindness, and Madame Marengo much more submissive and respectful than could have been anticipated; but the truth was, that her soul was burdened with remorse, and she longed to repair the mischief she had occasioned by rendering her former enemy some signal service. M. Camus, however, would give her no opportunity of doing this; he was so exceedingly dignified, so reserved, and placed so many impediments in her way, that Madame Marengo fretted and fumed in the excess of her impatience. "This only increased," as the schoolmaster expressed it, "the strong necessity which existed for him to keep Madame Marengo at a proper distance. For you see, my dear sir," he would observe to Paul—he was always wonderfully polite—"it would never do to allow such people to be familiar with me, merely because they happen to be a little good-natured, and all that. Madame Marengo has good points, I allow; but I must confess that to me she always smells of the barracks."

Matters had gone on thus for about a month, during which Madame Marengo had more than once been strongly tempted to quarrel with M. Camus for not allowing her to serve him in some way or other, when, luckily for her, but, as it proved, rather unfortunately for him, she found an opportunity of displaying her zeal. The schoolmaster fell dangerously ill; and as the doctor declared that he had a contagious fever, the school was deserted in no time. Annette attended on her father with the greatest devotedness, but in a few days she was laid up with the same disease. Now was the time for Madame Marengo to show her friendship. Paul was very willing to do everything in his power for the poor schoolmaster; but the cardeuse declared that he was only in the way, and so manag'od, that the whole burden of waiting on M. Camus and his daughter soon rested on herself. She did everything; cleaned the rooms, prepared the necessary *tisanes*, attended on the two patients with unwearied zeal, paid the rent and the doctor without saying anything about it; in short, she would even have given the lessons to the pupils, if they had not been all gone away. And her zeal was so exemplary, that every one admired it, excepting the portress, who declared, with a wink, that she was as knowing as Madame Marengo, and could see through her arts; which meant that the cardeuse entertained matrimonial designs on M. Camus. If such was indeed the case, Madame Marengo's expectations did not seem likely to be realized, for though Annette was soon out of danger, her father grew worse every day. His mind, however, was perfectly sound; and it is only just to say, that if his heart had long been obdurate, it now seemed to be entirely softened in favor of his kind nurse. Though Madame Marengo had lived amongst soldiers, and in barracks, and though her manners were not irreproachably genteel, she had a true and honest heart; and with all her outward roughness, none knew better than she did how to render a service in a delicate manner. The schoolmaster saw all this, and he now wondered why or how he had ever hated Madame Marengo.

One evening, when the schoolmaster was revolving those thoughts in his mind, he suddenly turned towards the cardeuse, who was sitting at the head of his bed, and earnestly observed, "Madame, if I die, I think I can intrust Annette to your care. I know," he added, with a patronizing air, which even now he could not quite cast away, "that I might confide her to a more educated and accomplished lady, but I doubt whether I could find one with a kinder heart."

M. Pascal Camus spoke this in the tone of a man who confers a great favor; and though, after his death, Annette would be a portionless orphan, it did not occur to him to look on the matter in any other light. It will perhaps be saying more in Madame Marengo's praise than we might otherwise express, to state that she took precisely the same view of the subject. She only saw the moral trust reposed in her, and she was deeply affected. It was the first time, too, that the schoolmaster had ever addressed to her a word of praise: the tears rose to her eyes, and in the height of her emotion she begged M. Camus to forgive her all that she had ever done against him. Then she confessed to him that she had been the cause of his losing his pupil, and that numbers upon numbers of times she had called him, behind his back, "an old Cossack." This irreverent appellation rather shocked M. Camus; but he made a heroic effort, and as Madame Marengo was evidently deeply penitent, he declared that he forgave her. It was his duty, he said, as a Christian, for he felt his end approaching. Madame Marengo assured him that he was much better, but M. Pascal Camus persisted that he was dying. "All men of genius," said he solemnly, "foretell the hour of their death: it is not therefore astonishing that I should be able to predict mine. I shall die," added he, after a moment's pause, "at seventy seconds past eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Mind, Madame Marengo, at seventy seconds past eight!"

"Well, do drink some of your tisane; there 's a dear," interposed Madame Marengo, rather alarmed at the sick man's excited look. M. Camus was the most docile of patients; he took the drink, and as it was of a soporific quality, he soon sank into a deep sleep. Madame Marengo was not very superstitious, but she had heard of such things as deathbed predictions, and she had strong faith in her own presentiments. Now she happened to feel a particular presentiment, which told her that M. Camus would really die at the appointed hour—great, therefore, was her anxiety during the night. M. Camus never wakened once; this looked extremely suspicious; morning came, and still the patient slept; eight o'clock struck, and Madame Marengo's heart beat high; she watched M. Camus with feverish anxiety; the seventy seconds passed, and still he did not waken; in short, M. Camus did not open his eyes until a quarter past ten. Though rather pleased to find himself alive and well, he was exceedingly surprised; there must be some mistake; the clock did not go right; this was the first prediction of his which had not proved correct. At this moment the doctor came in. He declared that the patient was much better; a favorable crisis had occurred during the night. M. Camus immediately brightened up; this explained everything; he

was to have died at seventy seconds past eight, but a favorable crisis having occurred, the consequence was, &c. &c. Madame Marengo's presentiment admitted of a similar explanation, and both were perfectly satisfied.

M. Camus now recovered rapidly. In less than a month he no longer needed Madame Marengo's assistance, and was able to attend to his pupils. He then discovered that they had all left him. Their parents declared, much in the same language which he had once applied to Madame Marengo, that both himself and his school-room smelt of the fever. This was a sad blow for the schoolmaster; but it happened that, at that very time, Paul ascertained that the savings' bank, in which he had deposited a few hundred francs, saved from his earnings, was a remarkably unsafe place for money. He immediately expressed a wish to invest it in some safe speculation. In short, though not without much pressing, Paul induced M. Camus to accept of a loan, part of which was to be applied to his immediate wants, whilst with the rest the school-room was to be fitted up in style. This produced a wonderful effect: pupils immediately flocked in, the dyer's nephew among the rest; and in less than a year, M. Camus was able not only to return Paul's loan, but even to repay Madame Marengo the sums she had spent upon him during his illness.

Several years have passed away since the reconciliation of M. Pascal Camus and Madame Marengo. They have wisely abjured speaking on politics, and are now as stanch friends as they were formerly bitter enemies. They have learned, that though people may not agree on certain points, still there is no reason why they should be enemies. Though Paul was the instrument of their reconciliation, both the cardeuse and the schoolmaster declare that their friendship is simply owing to the excellent qualities which they have since then discovered in each other —qualities of which they could of course know nothing as long as they remained mutually hostile. It will serve to show the confidence which reigns between them to state, that they have lately agreed, but in secret, that a marriage between Paul and Annette would be a very eligible affair in a few years' time. But as both the parties are yet rather young, the elder ones have wisely determined, though they have long marked their secret attachment, to say nothing on the subject yet; and indeed it was premature to mention it even here.

There are a great many Madame Marengos and Monsieur Pascal Camuses in this world, who quarrel half their lives without knowing why. What a pity they will not try the other system, by way of change! They would find it much less troublesome, and ten times as pleasant, after all.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SLEDY CASTLE, AND ITS TRAGEDY.

In a secluded part of the county of Waterford (in the parish of Modelligo) stands the lonely ruin of Sledy Castle, which, though unnoticed by tourists and sketchers, has been celebrated in its day for a tragedy of real life, marked by the features of romance, and connected with the civil discords of Ireland in the 17th century, and which has given significant names to some places in the vicinity. It is a fragment of local history, hitherto unwritten, and now fast passing away from the failing memory of tradition. But the castle is not favorably situated for attracting attention, though within a few miles of the town of Cappoquin. It stands on a slight elevation, at a short distance from a little-frequented road leading from Cappoquin to Clonmel, in an uninteresting landscape, consisting simply of ground a little undulating and divided into fields, a sprinkling of plantation, a cabin or two, the shallow River Finisk winding beside the way, and peeps of low hills in the distance.

The tall, dark, square ruin, with its many gables and high chimneys, less resembles a castle than a bawn, as we call in Ireland a stone dwelling, strongly and defensively built, but not regularly castellated. It is a lone and naked object; there is no graceful veil of ivy, no umbrageous tree weeping near it, like some only surviving friend, that had seen its day of strength, and mourned its years of decay. The edifice is in the form of a double cross, the eight limbs being all of equal length, and each finished by a tall, large gable, crowned by a high chimney; of these gables, seven remain perfect—the eighth has fallen. The castle is placed diagonally on its site; a circumstance which added considerably to its defensive capabilities. It is of rough stone, plastered over, and every corner is faced with cut-stone. The walls are very thick, and still partially covered with a steep stone roof. The windows are irregularly placed—rather small, oblong squares, divided into panes by slight stone mullions and transoms. The entrance is completely demolished, but its two square flanking towers, one at each side, still remain; that on the left (as the spectator faces the castle) has a parapeted and battlemented platform, with a machicollation; the other is of inferior size, with the remains of stone stairs, midway in which is an opening—a small round arch of cut stone—as if intended for the convenience of looking down into the hall, to reconnoitre visitors. The broken stairs lead to a small, ill-lighted stone room, the "ladye's bower" of the olden times, and thence up to the turret top, where the fair lady might woo the summer evening air.

The interior of the castle is a mere shell, and the ground is covered with ruins and rubbish, overgrown with nettles and rank weeds; but it is still evident that there were four stories, with three floors, supported on plain stone corbels. On the ground-floor may be traced the kitchen, with its ample fire-place, and an arched recess beside it; this apartment adjoins the machicollated flanking tower. Of other rooms nothing can be distinguished. The whole building is very plain; solidity and security seem to have been the sole aim of the founder.

The entire was surrounded, according to tradition, by a moat, furnished with a draw-bridge Of these no vestiges remain, the moat having been long since filled up, to facilitate agricultural labors round the spot.

But it is time to pass from the description of Sledy Castle to its history, and that of its original possessors, the M'Graths.

In very early times, the ancient family of M'Grath* held large estates in the western part of the county Waterford. They richly endowed the Augustinian Abbey, at Abbeyside,† near Dungarvan; among the ruins of which, under a low window at the east end, is an ancient tomb, inscribed, "Donald M'Grath, 1400." For the defence of the abbey, this family built, beside it, a lofty square castle, some ruins of which still remain. Local tradition affirms that the M'Graths also built Fernane Castle, (of which scarce a fragment now exists,) near Sledy; and Castle Clonagh, Castle Connagh, and Castle Reigh; all near the boundary line between the counties of Waterford and Tipperary.

At the close of the 16th, and commencement of the 17th century, the most remarkable person of the family was Philip M'Grath, commonly called in Irish, *Philib-na-Tsioda*, that is, "Silken Philip," meaning polished, or elegant, which he is said to have been in an eminent degree. The country people relate that, at this period, one of the family estates comprised seven townlands, within a ring fence. Philip had two brothers, of whom, one named John, is said to have built the old, and now ruined, castle of Cloncoscoran, near Dungarvan; the other named (I think) Pierce, is stated to have built the old Castle of Kilmanehin, in the barony of Glenaheira.

The personal grace and accomplishments of Silken Philip found favor in the eyes of a noble maiden, Mary Power, or Poer, daughter of John le Poer, then Baron of Curraghmore. She fell violently in love with him, surmounted the opposition of her family, and married him; and Philip brought home his bride to the old castle of Fernane, where he then resided. "Omnia vincit amor," says Virgil; but in *this* instance love had *not* subdued all the pride of this highborn fair: she despised her husband's dwelling as soon as she saw it, and positively refused ever to enter it, saying that her father's stables would be a more befitting residence for a lady. She ordered dinner to be served on a rocky hillock that overlooks the river Finnisk; and when the repast was over, she returned to her father's seat, and there determined to remain till her husband should have built for her such an abode as she could esteem worthy of her presence; and she further required that it should be erected on her own jointure lands of *Curach na Sledy*, to secure herself in the use of the intended castle during her life. Philip at first refused to build the desired residence; but his wife insisted with such vehemence, that a serious misunderstanding took place between them, and the lady vowed never to be reconciled till she obtained her wish. The bridegroom seeing his domestic comfort at stake forever, yielded at length, and commenced the work. His friends and relatives came forward to his assistance; and the numerous tenants of his family and their connections not only gave voluntary labor, but also brought such large contributions of every kind, towards defraying the expenses of the building, that when the Castle of Sledy was finished, Philip M'Grath found himself much richer than when he commenced—a circumstance worthy to be recorded of an Irish gentleman; it being proverbial that a diametrically opposite result generally attends mansion-building in Ireland. A quantity of fine oak timber was used in the construction of the castle; but not a vestige of it now remains, having been all carried away piecemeal by the peasantry, subsequent to its desolation; and in one of the principal apartments was placed a handsome marble chimney-piece, with the name of the founder, and the date of the completion of the building, '*Philippus M'Grath*, 1628." That memorial was extant for about a century after the desertion of the castle, but is not now to be found. Tradition says that the building of Sledy Castle occupied seven years; during which period the lady of Philip M'Grath presented him with four children: the three elder were daughters, named (in the order of their birth) Margaret, Catherine, and Mary; the youngest was a son, named Donell (*Anglice*, Daniel.)

The castle being at length finished, and the lady's pride gratified, she came, with her husband and children, to take possession, and the now happy couple looked forward to many years of enjoyment. But the foundations of the dwelling had been laid in strife, and that of no trivial kind: there had been the loosening of the most holy ties, the endangering of the most sacred affections; that very home had arisen as a memorial of domestic discord; and when the walls were thus founded, it is not wonderful that blood and rapine subsequently smote them to their destruction.

Philip M'Grath and his wife, when the cause of discontent was removed, lived lovingly together, esteemed by their equals, and respected by their inferiors, and for a few short years comfort and happiness seemed to have fixed their abode at Sledy. But scarcely had five years elapsed from the completion of the castle, when Philip M'Grath was snatched away, in the prime of life, from his new-built dwelling, his now affectionate wife, and his youthful family.

On his death, the heir, his son Donell, a child, was removed by his guardians to Dublin, for his education; but the widow, with her daughters, remained at Sledy. She was a clever and notable woman; and all things that devolved to her management throve so well, that Sledy Castle, forlorn as it now looks, was famed for its ample stores of

*This name occurs in old records, with various orthographies; I have seen it written Cragh, Creigh, Creagh, M'Cragh, M'Craith, Magrath, and M'Grath: I have adopted the latter, as in use in the districts where the family flourished. Dr. Lanigan says: 'Our old writers allowed themselves too great a latitude in spelling proper names, so as often to excite doubts as to the identity of one and the same person. Hundreds of instances might be adduced."—*Ecclesiastical History*, Vol. ii.

†The remains of this building (the wall, tower, entrances and windows) show it to have been of great beauty; the light Gothic tower is sixty feet high, and the arch that supports it is greatly admired for the elegance and skill of its construction. The oak timber used in turning the arch is still is good preservation, after a lapse of six centuries, though much exposed to the wet.

rich plate and fine linen, handsome furniture, and well-filled money-chests.

Another sorrow, however, afflicted her not long after the loss of her husband. Her son, Donell M'Philip M'Grath (as he is styled in old records) died in his minority; but I cannot tell in what year between 1633 and 1641. The estate of Sledy, or at least a principal part, seems then to have vested in the next male heir, Pierce M'Grath (probably the brother of Philip;) but the widow still continued at the castle with her daughters, who were possessed of very large fortunes. The widow was endowed with many excellent qualities, notwithstanding the blemish on the outset of her matrimonial career; time, sorrow, and the exercise of a strong understanding, had chastened all her feelings, and her merits were universally acknowledged. She gave her daughters a good education, according to the fashion of the times, and they grew up to womanhood remarkably handsome and attractive, and had, as may well be supposed, innumerable admirers, not less on account of their beauty and accomplishments, than on account of their wealth. Tradition relates that the eldest, Margaret, was of the stately order of beauties, and had inherited the pride of her mother in her youthful days. The youngest, Mary, is said to have been a mild and winning creature; so kind, so gentle, so full of feeling, so lovable, that she was commonly called, in Irish, *Maire milis ni Philib na Tsioda*, i. e., Silken Philip's sweet Mary. The three sisters were fond of society, embracing every opportunity the neighborhood afforded of enjoying it; and they frequently visited Clonmel, which, being then, as now, a military station, the balls and parties there were enlivened by the presence of the officers.

The commotions of the seventeenth century were favorable to the gangs of outlaws who infested the rural districts, to which they were a pest and a terror, robbing and murdering by night, and taking shelter by day in bogs, or among rocks, or in the mountain recesses. The part of the county Waterford of which I write (the parish of Modelligo, in the barony of Decies without Drum) was frequented by a band of robbers, whose captain was a desperado, called in Irish, *Uaithne*, which being translatable into "Green," I shall term him by that name, for the convenience of such readers as are not gifted with the Irish tongue. This man had long and greedily desired the plunder of Sledy Castle; but all his plans for effecting an entrance were defeated by the caution of the widow, who, quite alive to the dangers of the times, kept garrison with an unrelaxing vigilance. The gate was always locked, and the keys in the lady's possession; the moat was always full, and the drawbridge never lowered without strict precaution; no ingress or egress permitted to any person whatever after nightfall; and when it happened that the matron Chatelaine was absent, a near relation, in whom she could confide, was appointed commandant for the time. To attempt swimming the moat would induce the double risk of being drowned, or espied and shot by the sentinel; but even were it effected, it would have proved useless, as the height and narrowness of the castle windows precluded escalade. But Green was not to be diverted from his purpose by difficulties: he knew that the pillage of Sledy would amply repay time spent and pains lavished, and he determined to await his opportunity.

At this period he had established his head quarters at a "Lis"* (a circular flat green mound, surrounded by an earthern grass grown ditch) on the borders of a stream, and lying four or five miles distant from Sledy. Experience had proved to him that he had little chance of succeeding in his design upon the widow's stronghold, without the aid of domestic treachery. The servants generally were faithful, being followers or fosterers of the family. There was, however, amongst them a kitchen-maid, on whom he hoped to work through the means of love and vanity—two dangerous sentiments for a weak female head, and a base female heart. The scullion was just the fit tool for a villain, being the meanest and least-cultivated person in the household, and the furthest removed from comprehending anything of loyalty or honor. Green had among his band a son, who acted as his lieutenant—a remarkably handsome young man; him the outlaw tutored to throw himself in the way of the kitchen-maid, as she went and returned from mass, and to profess himself her lover. They met thus, young Green and the scullion, on Sundays and holydays; and the fine words and fine person of the pretended suitor gained so much on the wretched woman, that she entered into all his views, and promised to watch the first favorable opportunity for his stealing into the castle, and make it known to him by a preconcerted signal. In consequence of this agreement, Green, the elder, moved his band nearer to Sledy, for their night-quarters, establishing them about a mile from the castle, at a huge rock, called in Irish *Carrig na Chodla*, i. e., Rock of the Sleep, and popularly termed in English, "the Sleepy Rock," which is a corruption of "the Sleeping Rock"—a name given to the place by the peasantry, from the circumstance of Green taking his repose there, while his sentinels were on the watch for the promised signal from the castle. The Sleepy Rock is the chief of a group of stratified conglomerate rocks, laid bare near the summit of a hill called Eagle Hill. These rocks lie on the site of the ancient road between Clonmel and Dungarvan, and present numerous shelves and recesses, shaded by superincumbent masses, and partially clothed with tufts of heath and fern, grass and wild flowers. It is about a mile from Sledy. Upwards of three miles from the rock is a kind of pass, called the *Dhu Clee*, i. e., the Dark Fence, which seems to have been a kind of fortified road

* Properly spelled *Lios:* these mounds are frequent, and are erroneously called Danish forts; but they were the abodes of the ancient Irish, whose wattled dwellings stood in the centre. The outer ditch served as a fortification, and was often planted with hawthorn trees. "Rath" is another name for these forts.

between two woods; from thence Green's "Lis" is a mile distant.

Among the wild crags of the Sleepy Rock, the outlaws made their midnight lair beside their watch-fire. The whole district was then densely wooded, and frequented by the wolf and wild cat, the fox, badger, hedgehog, and weasel, the eagle, raven, hawk, and kite, and occasionally visited by wild geese and ducks, cranes and seagulls. All of these, except the wolf and wild cat, are still denizens or visitors of the locality. The night scene at the Sleepy Rock must have been one well suited to a pencil such as Salvator Rosa's: the dark thick woods—the savage crags—the still more savage figures grouped amongst them, round their fire, with their wild glibs of hair hanging over their faces, their pointed barrad caps, their straight *trouse*, and rude brogues, and long frieze coats, with skirts divided into four—the pistols and skein (dagger-knife) in the girdle; and over all the ample frieze cloak, of which Spencer speaks so angrily—"The Irish mantle, a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, an apt cloak for a thief. * * The outlaw being, for his many crimes and villanies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house—when it bloweth, it is his tent—when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle." Wrapped in such serviceable mantles, the banditti at the Sleepy Rock reposed round their fire, while the wakeful sentinel kept watch for the long expected signal from their ally in the castle.

Leaving these worthies, we shall return to the fair sisters of Sledy. They had become acquainted at Clonmel with three English officers, whose names and whose rank tradition has not preserved, though one of them is said to have been a member of a noble family. The acquaintance between these officers and the young ladies soon ripened into mutual and warm attachment, which promised to terminate happily in the union of the three couples; for, upon the suitors laying their pretensions before the mother of the fair maidens, they were favorably received, and encouraged to hope for the hands of their ladye-loves. From this we may naturally infer that those military men were themselves persons of some consequence and property; for though daughters might be won by the gay trappings, and the masculine beauty and accomplishments of suitors, whose "all of wealth was love," parents (especially the parents of heiresses) are seldom so romantically inclined.

It was now the summer of the year 1641—a year unhappily memorable for the great rebellion in the month of October. Margaret, the eldest of the sisters, could not have been more than twenty, Catherine eighteen or nineteen, and "Maire milis"—the sweet Mary—about seventeen. The three officers received an invitation from the widow to become her guests at Sledy Castle, and consequently they obtained leave of absence for a few days. It may well be imagined that on the day appointed for their arrival, the happy sisters "the loving, lovely, and beloved," left from time to time their now desolate bower, and tripped deftly up the stone stairs to the turret top—

"Looking afar if yet their lovers' steeds
Kept pace with their expectancy, and flew."
BYRON.

At length the expected visitors came in sight, gallantly mounted, and in military apparel, for it is but in modern times that British officers have affected to be ashamed of their distinctive garb, and escape from it into "mufti" on all occasions, as if striving to conceal their position in their country's service, like something disreputable. Whether this arises from an idea of *bon ton*, or from a decay of chivalrous feelings, it is but a sorry compliment to the service, and is one of the peculiar phases of John Bull-ism. It not being yet the fashion in the seventeenth century for English officers to disguise themselves as civilians, the guests from Clonmel appeared in their military dress*—the heavy and encumbering portions of it, the cullets and vambraces, were laid aside, but the breast-piece gleamed beneath the stout buff coat, with its deep cuffs and collar, and silver buttons; the casque shone upon the head; the broad scarf crossed the figure from shoulder to hip; the trusty belt sustained the heavy sword; the gorget protected the throat, and the iron-fingered gauntlet the hand and wrist; and the high horseman's boot, with the spur on heel, encased the leg. After each officer, rode his servant, with his master's cloak-bag and valise, or small travelling mail. The horses' hoofs clattered merrily along the road; the welcome guests, galloping onwards, soon reached the drawbridge, that was lowered in an evil hour for *them*, and alighted from their panting steeds, that were never to bear them more.

I leave to imagination the joyous meeting—the courtesy of the stately matron, as she did the honors of her dwelling—the pleased, but fluttered, greeting of the blushing girls, and the glow of satisfaction in the bosoms of the lovers at their reception in the home of the beloved: it seemed as though certainty were giving a pledge for happiness to hope.

While thus

"All went merry as a marriage bell"

in the state apartments, there was no lack of rude revelry and hospitality in the servants' hall. The domestics of Sledy were sedulous to offer civility to the officers' servants, and, according to their ideas, the most proper way to welcome the

*It was Charles I. who introduced some uniformity into the dress and accoutrements of the English army. In his reign, the armor worn by the cavalry consisted of *cullets*, (pieces protecting the loins, and hooked on to the cuirass behind,) the musket-proof *cuirass*, *pouldrons*, (shoulder pieces,) *vambraces* (arm pieces,) *gussets*, (heart-shaped pieces for the inside of the arms,) *gorget*, *gauntlet*, and *casque*. The infantry wore pistol-proof *corslets*, *tassets*, (flaps of armor protecting the thighs, and hooked to the corslet,) *gorget*, and *head-piece*.

strangers was to treat them to whiskey at a public-house in the vicinity of the castle; for though good cheer in plenty had been ordered for the attendants of the visitors, still the Sledy servants considered *that* was the property of their mistress, and hospitality required they should do something from themselves. On this festive occasion the vigilance of the widow had relaxed, and she entrusted the keys to another hand; perhaps she thought the addition of six men, trained to arms, formed so strong a reinforcement to her garrison, that she need fear nothing during their stay. A faintly-remembered tradition states that Pierce M'Grath, (the inheritor of the entailed estates after the death of the minor, Donell,) who was present at this fateful visit, was the person to whom the matron confided her keys. The Sledy servants took a private opportunity of petitioning him to permit them a short absence to "treat" their new acquaintances, engaging that the kitchen-maid would carefully attend to the drawbridge during their temporary evasion. Pierce M'Grath suffered himself to be too easily persuaded; he unlocked the gates without the knowledge of the lady. The servants cautiously lowered the drawbridge, and, under cover of the night, all stole out to the neighboring public-house, leaving behind them only the perfidious kitchen-maid, who, with an affectation of good nature, had volunteered to watch the still lowered bridge till their return. But scarcely had they departed, when she hurried up to the top of the flanking tower that adjoins the kitchen, and there displayed a light in the manner preconcerted between her and young Green. The light was but too speedily descried by the sentinel at the Sleepy Rock, and Green the elder alarmed and collected his men, and favored by the darkness, they set out silently for the betrayed castle.

The lady and her happy little party had concluded the social supper, the favorite meal of those times, but were still seated at table; and having dispensed with the restraining presence of attendants, they were at the height of a light-hearted gayety, when suddenly the sound of stealthy, yet heavy footsteps, caused them all to turn their eyes towards the door—it opened, the ladies shrieked, the officers sprang to their feet—for the doorway and the passage behind were crowded with ferocious-looking ruffians, armed to the teeth, and seeming the more terrible from their indistinctness, as but partially revealed by the light of the candles on the supper table.

The officers attempted to seize their swords, but the banditti rushing forwards, overpowered and disarmed them, forced them back into their chairs, and held pistols to their heads. Amid the angry ejaculations of the officers, the oaths and threats of the robbers, and the screams of the terrified girls, the widow recognized Green, of whom she had so often heard, and she flung herself on her knees before him, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. Green! I know you, and I know your purpose; but I do not ask you to desist; I do not ask you to spare my property; take all—money, plate, jewels, all—all; strip Sledy from turret to foundation, if you will—I only make one prayer to you—oh! for the love of Heaven! harm not my daughters."*

"Madam," replied the outlaw, you are worthy to have your request granted, for you bear a good name; you have been good to the poor, and kind to your tenants, and it *shall* be granted, if your guests here remain quiet, and give us no trouble—but *not* else. Hark ye, boys!" (turning to the gang, and holding out a pistol) "if the best and bravest among you, or even my own son, dares lay a hand on that lady and her daughters, so long as these soldiers are quiet, he shall receive the contents of this through his brains."

The matron tottered to her chair, surrendering all her keys at the demand of Green, who, with his men, quitted the room to begin their pillage; but first leaving his son, with some of the fiercest of the band, to stand guard over the officers, whom they reduced to passiveness less by their cocked pistols, than by their threats to fire the castle, and spare no one, if their prisoners attempted any resistance.

And where, it will be asked, was Pierce M'Grath the while? Tradition says he was present during the whole scene, but does not state that he was noticed in any way by the robbers, or that he took any active part, or even offered any remonstrance, (which, however, would have been useless,) and this neutrality proved injurious to himself in the end.

There was a silence full of dread and suspense in that room so lately resounding with cheerful voices, where now was only heard the deep breathings of the indignant officers, and the low sobs of the sisters. How might that fearful night terminate? for who could rely on the forbearance of the outlaw?

After a lapse of time that seemed interminable ages, the heavy tread of the robbers was heard approaching—they entered laden with plunder; and Green, addressing the guards whom he had left behind, said: "Come, boys! it is time to return to our quarters; we have got as much as we can carry; so come away, and bring your prisoners along with you."

At these terrible words, the shrieks of the affrighted females filled the castle; the officers struggled to release themselves, but were grasped by hands like iron vices; the lady and her daughters fell at the feet of Green and his son, imploring them to release their prisoners, and offering large ransoms, which they promised should be left at any place the bandit would appoint.

"No, madam," said Green to the widow; "remember that the *one* request you made was granted; I did not bargain for anything further; and my own safety requires that I should take charge of these Saxon soldiers."

* The address of the lady to Green, and his reply, are figments of my imagination; I give them, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*—as related to me by an aged man, (the landlord of a rustic hostelry, a few miles from Sledy,) who states himself to be descended, in the female line, from the same stock as Philip M'Grath.

Again the weeping women besought the robber; and undertook that the officers should swear the most solemn and binding oaths of secrecy on the subject of that night's occurrences. Green was inexorable; and at length, bursting into a rage, he swore with a tremendous oath, that if he were thus pestered any longer, he would blow out his prisoners' brains, and hold himself freed from his promise to the widow.

The threat prevailed—the officers obeyed their captors' order, to rise, and prepare to depart. In the agonizing moments of such a parting as this, there was no room for feminine reserve; the unhappy girls fell upon the necks of their betrothed, and reciprocated the close, clasping, long embrace, as though they felt in their anguish it was too surely the last. It needed some force to divide them; and the robbers left the apartment with their captives in the centre of the band. The half-distracted sisters flew to the door, to catch a farewell glimpse—the military ornaments of the officers gleamed for an instant in the candle-light, and disappeared—they cried after the retreating banditti to act humanely towards their prisoners—crowding steps were heard descending the stairs, and tramping heavily without. The sisters hurried breathlessly up the stone stairs of their tower, and out on the top, to look down below; through the night gloom, they saw a dark compact mass crossing the draw-bridge; there was a halt when it had crossed; they heard the grating sound of a sledge, or sliding-car; there was some struggle, some altercation—it became evident that the outlaws were forcibly placing their prisoners on the car, and binding them upon it—the struggle ceased; the grating sound was again heard, and the heavy retreating steps—the close black mass was seen moving rapidly in the direction of the Sleepy Rock, and was soon utterly lost in the darkness.

Unspeakable indeed was the consternation of the officers' servant, on their return from the public-house with the other domestics, to find the ladies in an agony of alarm and sorrow, the castle plundered, and their masters carried off by ruthless miscreants. The kitchen-maid had disappeared. Tradition has told me nothing of her subsequent fate. Is it uncharitable to trust that it resembled that of her prototype, the traitress Tarpeia?

That was a miserable night at Sledy; they thought day would never dawn. At the first gleams of light the officers' servants mounted, and galloped back to Clonmel, to report their masters' misfortune to their corps. The strictest searches were instantly made, by both civil and military authorities, to discover the robbers and their prisoners; but the former had abandoned the Sleepy Rock and the "Lis," and could not be traced; and no ingenuity, no activity, not even the proclamation of a very large reward, availed to procure the least clue to the fate of the ill-starred officers.

For some time the sorrowing sisters tried to hope that their lovers were yet safe; that Green had only confined them in some remote and secret nook, till he could release them without danger to himself or his band. Though Sledy Castle had been pillaged of money, plate, and jewels, to an extent that seriously injured the family, they disregarded their loss in their anxiety for their absent friends. For hours those young girls sat watching on the turret-top; their hearts beat audibly at the appearance of a passing stranger—was it some one coming to treat for ransom? They started at every horse tramp—was it the lost returning? They were in that state of imaginative dreamy hope so well described by Miss Baillie, in her beautiful drama of "The Beacon:"—

"Wished for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering,
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumor catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long-lost be found."

At length, as days passed on, and still brought no intelligence of the missing officers, hope became weakened, and warm fancy chilled; and the sisters began to yield to the miserable conviction that their lovers had been murdered, and buried in some secret spot that defied discovery. The search relaxed, and was then given up as hopeless. A year had now elapsed; the civil war that had broken out in October, 1641, was raging throughout the country, and the family of Sledy were denounced by the government as rebels, on account of the outrage committed under their roof on English officers; they were suffering afflictions in many forms. At the close of this wretched twelvemonth, a cow-herd was in search of a strayed heifer, and in the course of his researches, he came to a dark and solitary glen, watered by a stream that rises in an adjacent turf bog, and falls into the Colligan river. There, in a deep pool in the bed of the stream, he perceived some unusual appearance, went to examine it, and discovered the bodies of the three ill-fated officers, still clad in their military array. He hastened off at once to Clonmel, declared his discovery to the authorities, and claimed the promised reward. A detachment was sent to the spot, from the garrison of Clonmel, guided by the cow-herd, to remove and examine the bodies, which being but little decayed,* were still capable of complete identification; and it was also clearly discernible that they had been barbarously murdered, but the particulars of the crime have never transpired. The bodies were removed, and consigned to a consecrated grave with due rites and honors; and the part of the stream where the mortal remains were found, is called to this day, *Ath na Soighidiura*, i. e., "the Soldiers Ford." It lies a mile from the "Lis" of Green, and upwards of six miles from Sledy. In its vicinity are two other places, still bearing names derived from some connection with the tragedy of Sledy Castle:

* Bogs have a preservative power over animal matter, and the rivulet above mentioned is a bog stream.

they are, *Cnoc Bhron*, i. e., "the Hill of Sorrow;" and *Muin na riagh*, i. e., "the Bog of Penance;" but the particulars of the reason why so named are forgotten. It is, believed, however, that at the bog, after the discovery of the murdered men, the servants of Sledy performed some penance for the act of levity and disobedience which had given rise to so much crime and so much suffering; and of the hill it can but be conjectured, in the silence of tradition, that the sisters made some mournful pilgrimage to weep and pray at the spot where their betrothed had lain so long unburied, and had sat down on that hillock to rest in the weariness of their sorrow. Not having been able myself to visit those scenes, I will give the description of them in the words of a gentleman resident near them, to whom I am indebted for much local information. Of "the Soldier's Ford," he says—"This sequestered spot is at the eastern side of Druid Mount. Here, where a large conglomerate rock still occupies the bed of the Moonaree stream, an ancient passage, which the eye may still define, crossed the ford, leading to Carrick-on-Suir and Clonmel. On the left bank of the ford stands a huge round boulder stone, based on the rock before named, and crowned with a beautiful tuft of blooming heather. Here the mountain-valley narrows quickly to a rocky glen, upon which the beetling hills to the east scowl darkly, as if in horror of its awful secret. The stream, too, frets and wanders mournfully along its stony bed, as if under similar influence, instead of rushing and roaring in all the joyous strength of its youth, now revelling in deep pools, anon gambolling wildly over foaming falls, as the old herdsman say it formerly did, which we may well believe from the traces of its frantic sport still visible. A saunter through this glen would afford much satisfaction to the lover of geology, as a dozen varieties of stone may be seen at almost every step. 'The Hill of Sorrow' (about three quarters of a mile from the ford) is very stony, and covered with grass and heath; its south-east side rising rather abruptly, seems likely to have afforded shelter for a *shieling*, or hut of some kind. 'The Bog of Penance' lies beneath the hillock, (at a quarter of a mile distance,) and is a large, hollow amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills, except at the south side, where a small stream, rising in its centre, discharges itself, and is thence called the Moonaree stream. The bog is a superior turbary of about one hundred acres, and has a depth of twelve feet of turf in some places. This was evidently a forest in ancient times."

Of Green and his comrades I have been unable to learn anything certain. Some assert that they escaped safely out of the country; others maintain that they were hunted down, and exterminated—some of them being shot, and others captured and hanged.

The tragedy of Sledy Castle, occurring as it did at the fatal era of 1641, gave rise to very serious charges against the M'Grath family. The outrage committed on royalist officers within the castle, in the presence of its owners, and by the treachery of the household, who not only afforded ingress to the assassins, but previously lured away the attendants of the victims, leaving the latter no helper in the hour of danger—the gates being unlocked by Pierce M'Grath himself—his non-interference, though the atrocity was proceeding before his eyes—a neutrality which was attributed not to dread of the ruffians, but to acquiescence with them—his own personal immunity—the horse and sledge which dragged the victims to the slaughter having been supplied from the offices of the castle—all these facts appeared condemnatory to the authorities engaged in the investigation, who considered the servants of Sledy and the outlaws as acting in concert with the heads of the family. It also appeared, in the course of examination, that on the day of the officers' arrival, the steward of Sledy was riding near Green's "Lis," when he was met by the robber, who asked was there anything new at the castle? The steward, whom perhaps fear compelled to appear civil, replied that three English officers had come to Sledy, and it was thought they would be married to the young ladies: he added, that he was then going to the wood of Graigue-na-gower to make some provision for the evening's entertainment. As he turned to depart, he heard Green say to a companion—"Then will *Uaithne* avenge himself on the soldiers of the Sassenach, (Saxon,) and rescue from them the fair daughters of Morya Philib," i. e., Mary Philip, for so the widow of Philip M'Grath was popularly called in Irish. It was asked why did the steward, after hearing this, permit the servants to leave the castle? No allowance was made for any plea of inadvertence, accident, or intimidation; all extenuating points were overlooked; the grief of the sisters was disregarded; the pillage of the castle was either disbelieved, or considered as got up by collusion for effect. Those were the days of passion and prejudice on all sides; and the whole occurrence was held to be a piece of deliberate treachery for the destruction of servants of the English crown, and was consequently adjudged to be an act of treason and rebellion. A decree of forfeiture went forth against the M'Graths, which affected all their property; the estates vested in Pierce, the widow's jointure lands, her daughters' inheritance, all were confiscated, and apportioned out by the government among strangers.

The lady and her children, on their expulsion from their residence, retired to a very humble cottage, little more than half a mile from the castle, and still in existence, though in a state of decay. They were reduced to a very low ebb of fortune, and were just saved from pauperism by some small resources, the fruit of the matron's former good management, which she now preserved from the general wreck; and they lived in their altered circumstances with a pious resignation, and an unostentatious exercise of virtues, that gave dignity to misfortune. Although they naturally led a life of great retirement, they were not forgotten,

and the fame of the sisters' beauty was enhanced by the admirable manner in which they sustained their trials. Part of the Sledy estate had fallen to the lot of the Osborne family, the head of which was Sir Richard Osborne, who had come over from England early in the seventeenth century, was created a baronet in 1629, and had acquired considerable property in various parts of the kingdom. His son, who became the second Sir Richard Osborne, (but not till long after the date of our narrative,) inspired with the generous wish of restoring one of the innocent sufferers of Sledy to a share of her lost affluence, resolved, with a rare disinterestedness, to seek a wife amid the impoverished but still respected family. And now I have to relate a most curious and unique wooing, in the recounting of which I shall indulge in no flights of fancy, but will, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*, "tell the tale as 't was told to me," by an aged man, who had received it from his mother, a relative of the M'Graths.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Mr. Osborne, attended by a single servant, set out from his residence at Cappagh, near Dungarvan, on his errand, and directed his course towards Curach-na-Sledy. When he approached the end of his ride, he sent his attendant to wait for him at an appointed place, and proceeded alone to the cottage that now sheltered the last M'Graths of Sledy Castle. It was just breakfast hour when he arrived there, and drew his rein; and the matron herself came out to the door, to invite him to dismount and enter.

"I thank you, madam, for your courtesy," he replied; "but I may not alight or enter till I know if I shall be a welcome guest. It is my ambition to be the husband of one of your daughters, but I come to woo as a plain man, in all sincerity, and without holiday phrases. Suffer me to prefer my suit to your eldest daughter in my own brief way —a few simple words will settle all. If I am accepted, it will then be fitting time for me to enter your habitation, but not before."

The widow smiled, but indulged the suitor in his eccentric fancy; and reëntering, she persuaded her daughter Margaret to appear to their visitor, and hear him. And he at once made the offer of his hand, simply, but earnestly and politely, declaring how happy and how much honored he should feel by her acceptance.

Margaret listened with downcast eyes and a pensive countenance; perhaps her thoughts reverted mournfully to the day when she was wooed and won by her murdered lover, and she felt that she could not so soon be unfaithful to his memory. When her new suitor awaited her reply, an expression of pride came over her countenance, and she drew herself up with all her natural stateliness in a manner that augured ill for his success. Firmly, but not ungraciously, she declined his proposal, alleging that blighted as her fortunes had been, she could not endure to enter his family a portionless bride. She had too much delicacy to allude to her former unfortunate engagement, or to urge any personal objection; but it is asserted that she afterwards acknowledged to her friends, that she refused Mr. Osborne because he was but a "new man" in the country.*

"I have sped but ill," said the gallant to the matron, when her daughter had retired; "yet, my desire of marrying into your family remains the same. Permit me an audience of your second daughter; perhaps I may be more successful with her."

The widow, who appreciated the value of the connection to her unprotected girls, complied, and led forward her daughter Catherine, to whom the gentleman addressed himself in much the same terms as he had used to her sister. But whether it was that Catherine's heart still retained too lively an impression of her soldier-lover—or that she was hurt at the want of etiquette in her present suitor, *she* likewise negatived his offer in nearly the same words as Margaret had spoken.

"Well, madam," observed the rejected wooer, "this is but sorry encouragement to a further essay, yet I have one remaining chance; allow me to try it with your youngest daughter."

The lady acquiesced, and presented Mary, who was addressed by the persevering gallant as her sisters had been. Mary was of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and apparently she thought she could more easily conduce to her mother's comfort as the wife of a wealthy man, whose disinterestedness demanded her gratitude, than as a helpless mourner over the irretrievably lost. She listened to the proposal with varying blushes, signs of good omen that had not appeared on her sisters' cheeks; and when the speaker had concluded, with all grace, and gentleness, and modesty, she accepted his proffered hand. Then, instantly springing from his horse, he caught her in his arms, and ratified the treaty with an energetic salute; thus terminating his suit as unceremoniously as he had commenced it. "And now in to breakfast," said he, "since I can enter in the character that I wished—that of one of your family." And he gallantly led in his promised bride.

What a strange courtship! how antipodal to Sir Charles Grandison's ceremonious proposals for Miss Harriet Byron, that our grand-dams delighted to peruse, with all the bowings, and the speeches, and the leadings in and out of the Cedar Parlor, and preliminaries, and references to grandsires, and guardians, and aunts, and uncles. Yet, the straightforward Osborne courtship on horseback, eccentric though it be, has in it so much of *bon hommie*, that though it raises a smile, it leaves a favorable impression—it reminds us of Shakspeare's delineation of Henry the Fifth's blunt wooing of Catharine of France. "I know no ways to mince in love, but directly to say, I love you; then, if you urge me farther than to say, do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your

* If tradition errs not in assigning this reason for Margaret M'Grath's refusal, the murdered officer, who was said to have been of noble family, must have been the one who was *her* accepted lover.

answer, faith do! and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?"

After "sweet Mary" became the wife of the wealthy Osborne, she had ample opportunities of indulging her natural benevolence; and to this day the country people dwell with fondness on many traditional anecdotes of her munificence and her charities, which were so unbounded, that her husband was often obliged to limit her powers of bestowing, otherwise her generosity would have exceeded even his ample means. She was often known to empty to the last grain the meal bins of the household, to feed the hungry, and to denude herself of part of her apparel during her walks, to clothe the naked who crossed her path. It is related of her, that in her affectionate zeal to give her mother consequence, she prevailed on her husband to pass to his Sledy tenantry receipts for their rents, in the name of her parent, in order to preserve for her a semblance of her authority, and a shadow of her former rights to deck her fallen fortunes.

In some time after Mary's marriage, Margaret M'Grath became the wife of a gentleman of her own country, and of sufficiently long standing to satisfy her pride of pedigree. She is remembered as a religious woman; and I have been shown by her descendants, a silver chalice which she caused to be made for the celebration of private masses in her house. Round the base is the following inscription:—"*Margaretha Cragh, uxor Joannis Power de Clashmore, Equitis, me fieri fecit in honorem sanctæ Trinitatis, Beatæque V. Mariæ*, A. D., 1668."*

The remaining sister, Catherine, was also married, but to whom I am unable to say with any certainty. To the romantic and sentimental it will appear, no doubt, quite a spoiling of the legend that the sisters should have ever married, after the tragical fate of their first loves. But they were very young when that melancholy circumstance took place; allowance must be made for the elasticity of the youthful mind, and for the healing powers of time. Besides, there are often amiable as well as valid reasons for second love; and it is creditable to the good feeling of those young girls, that their affections could be conciliated by the rare disinterestedness of those who sought them for their intrinsic worth alone, after they had lost the usually more prized gifts of fortune.

Sledy Castle was left deserted from the time of the forfeiture, and it fell to ruin by slow degrees. Occasionally some poor, houseless person took up his abode, unpermitted, yet unforbidden, among the empty chambers. The last lonely dweller there was a country schoolmaster, about seventy years ago, when the castle was much more perfect than at present; he taught his ragged scholars in the kitchen, but chose for his own use a room on the upper floor. He was the descendant of some old follower of the M'Graths, whose former greatness was his favorite theme. He wrote a book, being a kind of chronicle of that family,* and containing a great deal of local history, and some curious information, which tradition has now dropped from her loosened grasp. Some gentlemen of that period, who had seen the manuscript, were anxious it should be published; and the schoolmaster made several efforts to get it printed at Clonmel, (Dublin was then beyond the reach of men in his humble sphere,) but he was unsuccessful—that was not the age of literary enterprise, especially in Ireland. I have been unable to learn what became of the MS. after the death of its writer; but, as the Irish peasantry, in general, have great respect for manuscripts, especially if relating to old families, or to the histories of their own counties, it is, probably, still extant among the country-people; unless, indeed, it perished amid the commotions of 1798.

After the schoolmaster's decease, Sledy Castle remained wholly deserted, and progressing in decay. Short, indeed, had been the period of its palmy state; from the completion of the building, to the day of its desolation, by the decree of forfeiture, it had scarce numbered fully twice seven years. The ancient family of the M'Graths has passed away—their place knoweth them no more—their lands are held by other lords—their strongholds and mansions are in ruins—their very name has now but a legendary existence—

> "Omnia tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit;
> Omnia sede movit, nil sinit esse diu."

* "Margaret Cragh, wife of John Power, of Clashmore, knight, caused me to be made in honor of the Holy Trinity, and of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of our Lord 1668."

* The Irish, in the elder times, were very fond of preserving pedigrees, and writing family chronicles. Various books of this kind are still extant, in MS., written by the hereditary bards and annalists of ancient races, *e. g.*, "The Book of the O'Kellys of Hy-Maine," (a district that comprised the present county of Galway, and part of Roscommon,) compiled for that family, in whose hands it remained till 1757. Amongst a variety of other matter, it contains pedigrees and accounts of the chief races, derived from Nial of the Nine Hostages; a list of the princes of Hy-Maine, from Ceallach, the great ancestor of the O'Kellys, down to 1427; pedigrees of the principal families of Ulster; filiations of the races descended from Heber; many historical poems, &c. "The Book of Fermoy," containing accounts of the possessions of the Roches of Fermoy, with some historical tracts. "The Book of the O'Duigenans, or Annals of Kilronan," a family chronicle of the M'Dermotts, compiled by the O'Duigenans, hereditary historians of Kilronan. It begins at A. D. 1014, and ends at A. D. 1571. This work was supposed to be lost; but an imperfect copy was discovered by John O'Donovan, and is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. There is (or was) a "Book of Kilronan," a different work, being a chronicle of events written by the clergy of Kilronan church, and commencing at A. D. 900. "The Book of Ballymote," written under the patronage of Tomaltach M'Donagh, (chief of a district now comprised in Sligo, Leitrim, and part of Roscommon,) at his residence, Ballymote, containing, amongst a mass of other matter, pedigrees of the ancient families of Ireland—as the Hy-Briuin Heremonians, the O'Connors, Clan-Colla, &c. Early in the 17th century, Muireadach O'Daly wrote a poem on the Fitzgerald family, recording both the chief and the minor branches—the name of the head of each tribe that branched off from the main stock—the principal actions of the family—the castles, abbeys, and monasteries, they built, &c. At the same period, Mac Brodin, hereditary poet of the O'Gormans, wrote a poem on that family, tracing their pedigree, and showing the tribes that sprung from the same root.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

VISIT TO THE CENTRAL TELEGRAPHIC STATION.

We have seldom experienced more gratification in a visit to a scientific exhibition than we have derived from the inspection of the new building and telegraphic arrangements of the Electric Telegraph Company. The central telegraph station is in a position well known to those whose daily avocations lead them into the regions of wealth in the heart of the metropolis. It presents itself with a bold architectural front at the bottom of a *cul-de-sac*, known as Founder's Court, Lothbury; but its position will be more readily recognized by our informing the reader that it is just at the back of the Bank of England, and is surrounded by all the private repositories of wealth with which that plot of ground is so thickly studded. From the fact that the court or alley at whose termination the station stands is not more than twelve or thirteen feet in width, little room was left for architectural display. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the façade, though simple, has an imposing aspect, and the massive doorway, and handsome electric clock above, illuminated at night, are sufficiently striking objects to arrest attention, even in those domains where men rush along with an energy and speed themselves akin to the electrical. The pregnant words, "Central Telegraph Station," sculptured in bold letters above, inform us that here man's triumph over time and distance is practically demonstrated.

On entering, we found ourselves in a noble hall, whose elegant proportions and light effect are equalled by few public edifices of a similar kind. It is lit by a massive skylight roof, crossed by large beams transversely and longitudinally, so as to leave vacant spaces, which are glazed by large thick sheets of ground glass. The ornaments descend even to the minutest details; rich flowers, pendants, spirals, and elegant mouldings, appear in their appropriate places, with a profuseness one is almost inclined to call extravagant, were it not that, remembering the diminished frontage, allowance is to be made for a highly embellished interior. At the east and western ends of this wall, a handsome screen divides the space devoted to general business, from the counters and correspondence offices. Four Doric pillars supporting the gallery at each end form the lower division, and four Corinthian pillars the upper, of this screen. The counters to which the messages to be transmitted are brought, are beneath the gallery at each end. The counters on the west side are for correspondence with the northern and western districts; those on the east side with the eastern and southern districts. Immediately behind the counters are four large windows, on which the names of the districts corresponded with are painted in black letters, and arranged in alphabetical order, so that the applicant is at once directed by his eye to the proper place for despatching his message. Before leaving the hall and entering upon the scientific portion of our subject, we may stop to admire the general effect of the interior. The elegant rows of pillars and pilasters, painted so as narrowly to resemble porphyry in the lower story, and veined marble in the upper, are in glittering contrast with the very delicate green with which the walls are colored. Two massively supported galleries run round the upper portion, on the lower of which a tasteful rail supports a number of gas-lights. The trusses supporting these galleries are richly ornamented, and give the idea of great solidity to the structure they uphold. On the ground-floor, immediately opposite the entrance, is a handsome apartment, not yet completed, called the "Subscribers' Room;" and on the wall is a colossal map of England, streaked in a perplexing manner with a large number of red lines, showing the present extent and ramification of the electric telegraph lines belonging to the company. Two electric clocks, made by Mr. Bain, are placed on the wall opposite the entrance, the upper one being of very costly workmanship. The entire length of this noble structure is about seventy feet; its breadth about thirty-eight feet. The offices for carrying on the business of the company, the electric correspondence, &c., are conveniently arranged at the eastern and western extremities, and consist of a series of capacious apartments, admirably designed for carrying on a very large amount of business, and each having an electric clock, indicating London railway time, as is the case throughout the lines now.

Let us now descend into the vaults. As we went down, the hot air of the ventilating furnaces, the glare of the fires and gas-light, the bustle of workmen busy in completing the fitting-up of the lower offices, gave us a peculiar impression not easy to be conveyed in words. Passing several convenient but unimportant rooms, we were conducted into a small apartment containing the galvanic batteries for the service of the North-western line. On each side of these rooms are four shelves, upon which the batteries are placed; of these there are four pairs on each shelf, so that when in full work this room would contain sixty-four batteries of twenty-four pairs of plates each! The batteries are on the old and imperfect system, consisting of mahogany troughs lined with marine glue; the metals, copper and zinc plates, acted on by dilute sulphuric acid in sand. For equability or power they are not to be compared with some of the more recent improvements. We are persuaded that when the company is in full operation, expedition will necessitate some better source of motive influence than these. The wires proceeding from these instruments run along the side of the wall to the end of the room, where they are collected and conveyed up to the conversing apparatus of the building. Each battery is lettered and numbered, and the wires also. In fact, were it not for some contrivance of the kind, the smallest derangement would stop the whole business of the building. From hence, after wondering at the rude and simple source of that swift and silent

tongue, which, while we were examining the batteries, was delivering an express message at Birmingham, we were shown past two fiery furnaces into a larger vault. This apartment is fitted to contain a very large number of galvanic batteries. Shelf above shelf, battery after battery, stand there, each performing its part in this noble undertaking. Attendants are constantly engaged in supplying different parts of the apparatus with fresh acid, and in keeping all at the proper working intensity; earthern vessels, something like the old-fashioned china coffee-pots, being used for containing and supplying the acid and water. The batteries in this apartment are for the service of the apparatus speaking with all the other districts not supplied by the first. We have thus seen the electro-vocal organs of the metropolis by which she addresses her far-distant children in "merrie England," or her northern rivals, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

We were next ushered into a long vault lit by gas from the roof, along which tubes and pipes run in perplexing numbers to different parts of the building. A long, curious-looking oaken box, divided into three divisions, and connected with a square narrow trough, which we lost in the distance, was fixed on the wall. Just above the centre of it, an open pipe appears, from whence issues a stream of wires, which, flowing into the long box, divides into a multitude of single fibres, each connected with a brass peg at the upper part of the box. These are the nerves of thought; rather, we should say, for the transmission of thought, from, and conversely to, the cities and hamlets of Britain.

What a subject for admiration is this! What messages of life and death, of poverty and wealth, of health and disease, of success and ruin, of prosperous voyages and disastrous shipwrecks, fly along these wires! What messages of swift justice overtaking plunder and crime! What whispers of suspicion—what news of gloom—what vast commercial intelligences, dart along them to their distant destination! And the wonder is, all this while the metal channels give no outward sign of their office. Surely, thought we, here is Fame's trumpet—an iron pipe full of galvanic wires! But to descend into detail.

This box is called the "test box." The row of brass pegs at the top are connected, as has been seen, with the country wires; the row at the bottom, with a corresponding number of wires called the "house wires," which run from the box along the trough before mentioned, and thence spread out to supply the different machines on each side of the building. The connection between the upper pegs and the lower, that is, between the metropolis and the country, is by means of brass-loops, which go over one peg at the top and its fellow at the bottom; thus securing continuity of the current. A little incident which occurred during our presence in this apartment will indicate the utility of this apparatus. It had been signalled that a certain No. 11 wire was weak; this wire was laid down to a post in the Waterloo road. Thither a man was despatched, to endeavor to get at it and put it in repair; meanwhile, a little instrument called the "detector" was attached to the No. 11 wire peg in the box. After some delay, the wire was discovered, and instantly the needle of the "detector" deflected; the defect was remedied, and all went on as before.

The wires from the termini of the several railways connected with this company, being properly coated so as to secure their isolation, are conveyed along the streets in pipes underneath the pavement, the laying down of which must have been an enormous expense. Thus converging from all England, they enter a pipe which, running up the court, pierces the wall of the vault, and there pours forth its wonderful contents into the "test box," and from thence, by the connecting links, to the telegraphic apparatus. The large number of twenty-seven come from the North-western railway alone, in consequence of the highly important districts with which it is in connection; nine from the South-western; nine from the South-eastern; nine from the Eastern Counties; nine from the branch office in the Strand, and from Windsor; nine from the Admiralty; and nine are labelled in the test-box "Waste," intended to meet future demands, or casualties. Arrangements are not yet quite complete with a few of the railways, which still continue to reserve the use of their telegraphic lines to themselves; but, doubtless, these will shortly be effected, and thus every town of importance will have its own voice to the common ear of this great city.

Before quitting the vaults, we could not help smiling to ourselves as we noticed the familiar manner in which the men employed by the company both spoke of and dealt with the delicate and intricate duties committed to them. We have often been struck with the fact, that be the project ever so scientific, and let it demand from the meanest servant engaged in its execution ever so much intellect and tact, the mechanics and working-men of Great Britain will always readily supply the need out of their ranks. We confess that a jolly, good-humored-looking fellow, who would from outward aspect have made a capital bricklayer or farmer's laborer, speaking of the electric "wires," of "lead-contact," and "earth-contact," of "indicators," and "deflections," afforded us as pleasant a subject for thought as we have had for many a day. And a great comfort it is to reflect, to those who can take comfort out of the advancing intelligence of their humbler countrymen, that it is neither manner nor outside which makes the nineteenth century man.

Emerging at length, after this minute survey, from these heated and bustling regions, we shall now have the pleasure of conducting the reader with us consecutively through the remaining business in hand. We are once more in the spacious hall. A gentleman rushes in, posthaste, eagerly asks for the Birmingham counter, hastens there, and, seizing a pen, calls for the proper form for

sending an important message instanter to that town. He rapidly, and in as few words as possible, writes his message, when it appears in the following form :—

The Electric Telegraph Company. To BIRMINGHAM.

To the Clerk of the Central Station.

SIR—Please send the following uninsured message upon the terms above expressed.—A. B.

Number —		*Charges.*
Subject —	Message . . .	— — —
	Answer . . .	— — —
	Porterage . .	— — —
	Cab-hire . . .	— — —
From	*To* Total	£
Place.—London.	Birmingham.	

Name.—"A. B."
Address.—"D. C."

The message.

"A clerk of Z. & Co., Bankers, has just been robbed of £5,000 in bank notes. Suspicion falls upon a man dressed ——— named ———, who has left Euston Square Station by express at 12 this day. Stop him at Birmingham."

Forthwith flies the paper into an office behind the counter, called the "translating office." As this message relates to a felony, it is left in its original language, put into a pigeon-hole by the translating clerk, who then touches an alarum ringing in a room above. Up goes the paper with a winch, and it has now reached the hands of the telegraphist. Leaving the gentleman to pace the hall in feverish expectation of the answer, let us follow the paper upstairs. Long before we can arrive at the proper machine for Birmingham, the paper is there before us, and the telegraphist, sticking it on a couple of hooks at one side of the apparatus, was already actively employed in calling to his fellow at Birmingham to be on the alert for the message; then swiftly working the two handles* to and fro, with a rapidity to us quite astonishing, while the vibrating needles quivered and danced in all possible ways, the important news flew down the wires until it was completely rendered. The Birmingham telegraphist, in order to ensure the correctness of the message, repeats it to his fellow in London. Then comes the answer—

"He shall be stopped."

It is entered on a similar form to the foregoing, put into the box, wound down stairs, and handed to our anxious friend, who, after liquidating the charges, hastens away to his employers to devise means for recovering the stolen property. At the bottom of each form are the following words :—

Date. { Entered / Commenced at / Finished at } By me

These particulars are all duly entered into books kept for the purpose, corresponding in fact to the day-book of a tradesman. Thus a constant register is kept of messages sent, and of the exact time consumed in transmitting them.

We have mentioned the words "translating office." This is a department in which, for expedition's sake, the messages are converted into electric language, or in other words are put into the code of the company. But commercial messages chiefly are those which are thus abbreviated, such as ship lists, share lists, prices current, prices of corn, &c. We asked one of the telegraphists at what rate per minute the words of a message were transmitted. He answered that he *had* signalled so many as ten words in a minute, but that the average was four or five. Of course, therefore, the speed with which a message is sent varies according to the quantity of words it contains; and we may add, the charges have the same variability. We were also informed that the average amount of work done by one machine connected with the North-western lines equals 1,500 words in a day. Much, however, of this business is the "express" intelligence continually sent to and fro, for the supply of the "subscription rooms" of the company.

By the kindness of the obliging superintendant we were allowed to put one or two of their machines to the test. We therefore wished for a little conversation with Southampton. It was a bitterly cold morning in town, and we had had a slight fall of snow, so that our first question with our invisible correspondent was whether it was snowing at Southampton just then? Before we had time to think of the probable answer, the message was up, "No." "Had any steamers left port this morning?" With the same celerity came back the instantaneous "No." We then asked our Southampton friend *to ring the bell of the machine before our eyes?* The first reply was not so quick as usual. He was asked to do so again, and in *four seconds* the tinkle of the apparatus was heard! We had some curiosity to know the state of the weather also at Norwich, and proceeding to that machine, we put the same question, and with equal speed received the same answer. We were surprised at the expertness of the telegraphists, many of whom were mere youths of fifteen or sixteen; and could not help wondering at the facility with which they read off the (to us unintelligible) quiverings of a couple of blue needles. The other night the case we have imagined above really took place; a message was sent from Manchester to the following effect. "A woman named —— dressed —— has left Manchester for London by the night train, having eloped with a man named —— dressed —— and they have with them certain chests (described) which are stolen. Stop them at the Euston Square Station." A policeman was despatched to the station, and the unsuspecting pair were seized by the long and strong arms of the law. That such messages are far from uncommon, we ourselves were witness to, as we were permitted to read several which were in process of transmission, some of which were relative to

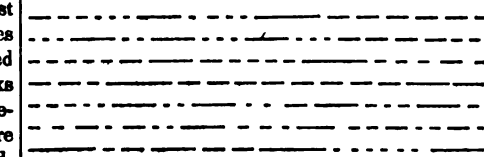
* The Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs are on Cooke and Wheatstone's principle.

commercial frauds of an extensive description. A curious illustration of the value of the invention occurred whilst we were in the building. An important trial was going on at Liverpool that day: its success actually depended upon some legal papers which were in London. A message had been sent the preceding day from Liverpool requesting that they should be immediately sent down. We presume they had not arrived, for whilst we were there, came up a hasty message from Liverpool, saying, "The papers have not arrived: what are we to do?" Other messages were, "Sell 100 Brightons at —." "Send up pots as per order;" and many more which forcibly demonstrated the immense influence the telegraph is destined to exert upon the conditions of social and commercial transactions. We left this floor, wondering at an invention which in the course of a few seconds enabled us to converse with places so widely remote as Norwich and Southampton. Attendance is given during the night, as well as during the daytime, and intelligence is forever flying to and from the great metropolis, indifferently by day and by night.

It may be asked, But are all these advantages within reach of all classes? Are not the charges so exorbitant as to confine the benefits to a few? We believe the answer we have to record will at once gratify and surprise the reader. The printed charges are as follows:—For a message under twenty words—to Birmingham, 6*s*. 6*d*.; Southampton, 5*s*. 6*d*.; Liverpool, 8*s*. 6*d*.; Manchester, 8*s*. 6*d*.; Edinburgh, 13*s*.; Glasgow, 14*s*. We are justified in stating that these prices, always remembering the costly corps of clerks, the original outlay, wear and tear, &c., are really very moderate. Would the dutiful son send a message of love to a sick parent, or an absent husband to an anxious wife, surely, five, six, or seven shillings is a sum that would be cheerfully given for the relief of such a message. And we cannot help feeling gratified that when, from the exclusive nature of their means of intelligence, it would have been easy to have asked and obtained a very large sum for the use of it, the truer and more honorable policy of moderation has been observed. The number of towns to which the wires of the company have access is at present about sixty. The extent of wires in miles, 2,500. The number of telegraphists in the metropolitan station, fifty-seven; and the number of men actually employed oy the company, upwards of one thousand.

The arrangement of the machines on the first and second floor is precisely similar. The sides of the building devoted to this purpose are divided into three or four compartments, where the desks for entering the messages are placed in the recesses, while the half-partitions contain the square tubes up and down which the papers are conveyed. Close by each partition is the apparatus, placed on a table at a convenient height for the signal-clerks to operate on them. The wires enter each story by one or two tubes which proceed up to the ceiling, and there give exit to a large number of wires which run along the ceiling, and at each partition descend to supply the machines. Just before entering the instrument, each wire is properly numbered, the numbers corresponding to those in the "test-box" before seen. We were delighted with the beautiful order thus necessitated; truly here there is "a place for everything and everything is in its place." We believe the whole of these arrangements are those of Mr. Holmes, the talented head of the office; and if we may look on them as expositions of his mind, we think it safe to affirm that ingenuity and method of no common character are its principal traits. The solid oak and mahogany fittings of these rooms convey an impressive idea of the unsparing liberality which has attended the construction of the entire building. This may be looked upon as the result of a well-founded conviction, that a work of long-lasting utility is here to be carried on.

At the top of the building is carried on a process of communicating intelligence in a wholesale manner, second only in ingenuity to the telegraphic apparatus itself: this is the *electrical printing machine* invented by the ingenious Mr. Bain. We were first shown a number of upright posts, on the top of which was placed a little punch acting with a spring. Paper cut into slips of a certain size is passed under these punches, and is thereby cut into holes and spaces apparently in the most confused manner. This paper is then rolled round a cylinder of metal, which is placed in electrical connection with another cylinder at Birmingham or elsewhere. A little spring presses the perforated paper on the first cylinder, and it is made to revolve; as often as the spring touches the cylinder through the little holes, electric contact is made with the Birmingham cylinder, which is again broken by the unperforated portion of the paper; and so on alternately contact is made and broken, the electric current is sent or stayed, to perform its recording duties at Birmingham. At the latter place is a similar mechanical arrangement, only that on the cylinder a strip of paper is placed, which has been previously dipped in a solution of prussiate of potash and sulphuric acid. Now the consequence of the successive arrival and intermission of the electrical currents is, that dark green dots, spaces, or lines are marked on the paper, corresponding to the strokes of electricity received by it. We had the gratification of examining one of these printed slips, and the following was its appearance as it issued from the electric press:—



He must be a magician indeed, thought we, who can make head or tail of this "proof." However like all other difficult enigmas, it has an easy solution. These dots and dashes represent letters, each letter having a certain number or combination

of them to represent it. The celerity with which this printing by electricity is carried on only finds a parallel in the facility with which it is perused by the learned in this language. It is stated that one thousand letters a minute are readily printed at stations hundreds of miles apart. Thus important intelligence—a queen's speech for example—as soon as ever the type is cut, can be printed with unexampled swiftness at Edinburgh, Glasgow, or any equally remote station. We may well ask, can the "force of human invention further go?" We were much amused with the tiny fount, so to call it, and lilliputian reading-desk of our electric compositors. We could have covered the whole machine for type-cutting with our hat!

The whole building is abundantly supplied with gas-light, much of which, in consequence of deficient opportunities for natural light, is burning all day long. It becomes, therefore, very necessary to carry off the foul air thus generated, which is done by the use of the ingenious and elegant lamps invented by Faraday. With one or two exceptions, the invention appears to succeed to perfection; but the present unfinished state of the building explains the causes of the exceptions. The structure is warmed by hot air; but in this particular there is room for improvement. At the top, on a level with the roof, the architect has found space for a series of rooms devoted to the engineer and superintendent's private uses. The architect was Mr. Hunt.

We have a word or two of remark to make upon the manner in which the business is to be conducted, before we conclude. The room called the "Subscribers' Room" is intended for the use of subscribers to the amount of two guineas per annum. Each day, expresses from different towns will show the state of the markets, or will communicate any news of importance to the gentlemen subscribing. There is also the proposed advantage of the use of a code of private signals, by means of which they can communicate with their correspondents in language intelligible only to themselves. We venture to prophesy a tremendous list of subscriptions among our city friends. We may here also mention that the Admiralty has now an uninterrupted communication between their department in Whitehall and the dockyards at Portsmouth. It is said that 1200*l.* a year is the sum paid for this valuable convenience. We presume it is generally known that the post office adopts a plan of insurance upon certain valuable letters. We were at first in some surprise at the expressions "Insured," and "Uninsured," messages by the electric telegraph. It was thus explained; that in consequence of the repeated transmission of commercial messages, in which mistakes would be of the most serious consequence—as, for example, if the message ran "Sell one *hundred* railway shares at—" and it was sent "Sell one *thousand*," &c.—it became expedient to charge a small percentage, by which the company would make themselves responsible for any mistakes up to 1000*l.* The insurance only amounts to 2*s.* 6*d.* per cent., and remains at the same sum per cent. for any amount above that sum. When an ordinary message of any consequence is sent, it is always advisable to have it repeated, by its being sent back from the station at which it is to be received. This security may be had upon payment of half the charge for the transmission. Of course there can be no insurance against delay from accidental derangements of the telegraphic apparatus; but these must always be very rare occurrences, as a number of spare wires have been laid down to meet such contingencies. The arrangements for the full performance of *public* business are not yet quite completed, as the building has only been open since the beginning of January.

We felt on leaving, that we were quitting the future post office of the metropolis; and the splendid building in St. Martin's le Grand had no more charms for us, after its smaller but most formidable competitor in Lothbury. We had seen the giant of our age. Heartily do we congratulate science on her bloodless victories, on her glorious triumphs over ignorance, apathy, superstition, distance, and time! Heartily do we praise Him from whom every good and perfect gift for the amelioration of the condition of mankind proceeds. And very heartily do we pray that the time be not far distant when all the earth shall be pervaded by these wonder-doing, civilizing instruments.

Madame Catalani.—Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, in his work, "Sights in Italy," lately published, gives an account of a visit paid by him to this celebrated lady a few months ago, at Florence. "We called," he says, "upon Madame Catalani, who leaves her palazzo on the side of the mountains in the winter months to reside with her son Volabreque, in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so much delighted us in England. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed that it was forty years since I first heard her at the opera in London. She instantly replied, 'thirty-nine. I was in Portugal in 1807; and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and by the aid of a handful of gold I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot, and, wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy, seven months old.' I was surprised at the vigor of Madame Catalani, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. 'Ah!' said she, 'I'm grown old and ugly.' I would not allow it. 'Why, man,' she said, 'I'm sixty-six.' She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it was this which endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE BROTHERS.

"In the shadow of the chancel wall,
Just where, when Morn awakes,
Gleams from the bright east window fall
Like severed rainbow-flakes,
A lonely grave it stands
With the dry earth black and bare,
It seems no loving hands
Were ever busy there.

"Nun-lilies cloistered in their leaves,
Violets like infants' eyes,
Myrtles embalming summer eves,
All these the unwilling earth receives
And buries, ne'er to rise;
For on that dreary bed
Grows not a living thing—
There comes a breath from the unseen dead
To blast them as they spring.

"Still and white is the spire aloft,
Still and white as the dead man's face,
And the quick clouds nod and whisper soft
The secret of the place.
The very Cross hath not
Its wonted pitying air,
Its gaunt arms wave me from the spot,
They tell me of despair!

"We were in youth's first bloom,
Two brothers, loving-hearted—
Oh! Memory, how thy faint perfume
Breathes of the Morn departed!
Like a calm river ran
The course of *his* pure will,
And from a child he grew a man,
But kept his childhood still.

"But I was full of wayward fears
And starts of angry feeling,
Loving the bitterness of tears,
Unconscious of their healing;
Mistrusting love that never failed,
For scorn mistaking sadness,
His very peacefulness availed
To lash me into madness!

"Yet could his love subdue
The tumult into rest—
The music of his presence drew
The demon from my breast;
Till once—the hour, the place,
Abide with me forever;
Seals on the burning wax that trace
An image, fading never!

"O softest twilight veil!
O shadows dim and dreary!
O stars, as tender and as pale
As eyes with weeping weary!
Ye were the witness of my crime,
Ye spake my condemnation;
Nature's fresh chorus for all time
Is made to me a funeral chime,
A knell of desolation.

"I mocked him for his tears
With cold and cruel wit;
His sweet 'Good night' rings in mine ears,
And I cannot answer it!
I rose, in wrath, at morn,
Still brooding, in my blindness,
How to encounter scorn with scorn,
And quell him by unkindness:
These bitter things, and more,
In my dark heart I said;
And they met me at my chamber door,
And told me he was dead!

"I did not see him where he lay
With his white lips apart,
I could not look upon the *clay*,
Though I could bruise the *heart!*
I kissed him not in brother-guise,
I did not stoop to see
How the lids upon those childlike eyes
Were settled heavily.

"But I heard them telling that his breath
Passed like a babe's in sleeping,
And yet that on his face in death
There seemed a trace of weeping;
And I fled, like Cain who fled
From vengeance unforgiving,
There came no pardon from the dead,
No comfort to the living!

"And I have watched his tomb
Through many a mournful night,
And watched my garland's waning bloom
With the waxing of the light.
Each living thing I touch must fade,
The bare earth has not even a blade,
I am accursed of Heaven!
What do I see? a bud—a leaf—
A green shoot, dear as hope to grief—
O Christ! am I forgiven?"

A still, pale form was found
Upon that cold grave lying,
His arms about the Cross were wound,
And so he smiled in dying;
Beside him grew the symbol flower,
It sprang and blossomed in one hour,
Out of the dry sod breaking.
We raised his head in silent fear,
For we knew the sleep was very near
Which knows no earthly waking.

Somewhat he spake of childlike eyes
That seemed to greet him from the skies,
And of a bright, calm face,
Then raised his arms like one who tries
To answer an embrace,
And died so softly, that we deemed
'T was but the quiet sleep it seemed

OUR APPOINTED TIME.

Bound down to earth, the weary soul complains,
And struggles to escape; panting to rise,
And wing its way back to its native skies.
But He whose breath it is, who ever reigns
Supreme, amid the light of light sustains
Its fainting strength, and giveth life new ties,
To make endurance sweet, and thence supplies
A ray of heaven's bliss to earth's sad plains.
Peace, weary one! thou hast a work to do,
Which being fitly ended, thou shalt soar,
And having gained it, quit thy home no more:
Then with firm constancy thy course pursue,
Until all knowledge open on thy view,
When life is love, and love is to adore.

From the Spectator of 4 March.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

SINCE our recent observations on Canadian affairs, we have received newspapers and letters from the colony. The further intelligence is upon the whole satisfactory.

The provincial parliament is summoned for despatch of business. No change in the ministry had yet taken place; nor was any expected until the assembly should pass a vote of want of confidence in the present government. That the representative body would pass such a vote instead of the address proposed by the cabinet, no sort of doubt was entertained; and a general conviction prevailed, that one or two of the leaders of the majority (probably Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine) would be immediately "sent for" by the governor-general. That majority will probably, when the election petitions are disposed of, reach about 60 to 24 in a house of 84; it is called, as we should call such a majority here, "overwhelming."

A circumstance comes to light, which may prove highly favorable to the cause of responsible government in Canada. It appears that there is a decided "split" among the French Canadians. Mr. Papineau, who is elected by two constituencies, (though, as some reports say, against his will, and in spite of his determination not to sit in the assembly,) has put forth opinions hostile to the present form of government in Canada and adverse to British connection. Those opinions, as we are assured by newspaper organs of the majority, as well as by a highly respectable member of the party, (whose letter we print elsewhere,) are loudly repudiated by Mr. Lafontaine. In short, Messrs. Papineau and Lafontaine are at daggers-drawn. This rivalry, which is of long standing, has ended in alienation, or rather in open hostility. Their present quarrel is on the question of adherence to the constitution and to British connection: Mr. Lafontaine takes that side which every governor must take in such a difference; and he is supported by the great majority of the French race, as well as by the Upper Canadian or English liberals to a man. It follows that the Baldwin-Lafontaine party, from whose ranks the government must be presently formed, are prominently exhibited as friendly to constitutional ways and imperial dependence. Mr. Papineau has rendered them an important service.

We of course assume, however, that they will be able to lead a majority of the assembly, notwithstanding their difference with him; for if he could persuade a majority to agree with him, the severance of British connection would at once become a practical question; and even if he prevented them from leading a majority, without leading one himself, there would be sad confusion amongst the parties and much difficulty in carrying on the government. Our correspondent, "A Canadian," supposes that Mr. Panineau will adhere to the party now in power, forming one of a minority constituting the future opposition; but we cannot see the possibility of any sort of alliance between him and the party who call themselves *par excellence* the friends of British connection. On the contrary, it seems to us probable that there will now be three parties in Canada—the "tories," being the party now in power; the anti-British, headed or prompted by Mr. Papineau, and constituting a small separate party in the assembly; and the "liberals," headed by Lafontaine and Baldwin, forming a large majority of the whole house, and furnishing the executive council or ministry.

Our correspondent, as well as Colonel Fitzgibbon, whose letter we published last week, objects to our view of Lord Elgin's position amongst the parties. But neither of us may be in the wrong, or both in the right. We are still confident that Lord Elgin has not concealed his hostility to a party in Canada calling itself "liberal;", but we now trust that the party with which he is so individually at variance, is that of Mr. Papineau, and not that of the majority in the new assembly. All depends, however, on the number of Mr. Papineau's adherents; for if they should be a majority, it will turn out that Lord Elgin is at personal variance with those to whom at all events the powers of government must be entrusted.

We will not discuss with our correspondent the vexed question of the dispute between Lord Metcalfe and his first ministry. The subject is worn out, or at any rate laid aside by the present state of things; and the recollection of it is good for nothing except as a lesson to the liberal party in favor of using power with moderation. It was in that light solely that we alluded to their long exclusion from office by the act of their leaders; and enough has been said about it for the purpose.

On the above suppositions, that the liberal anti-Papineau party is a large majority of the whole assembly, and that the governor-general has done and shall do nothing to displease *this* party, which must form the government probably for some years, the prospects of the colony are very satisfactory. There will, in that case, be one of the colonies of England really enjoying local self-government—that is, totally free from interference by distant secretaries of state. In the lords' debate on New Zealand, on Tuesday last, Lord Stanley supported Lord Grey's bill, because it was "a move in the right direction;" this right direction being the suspension for five years of *all* local self-government in a British colony. He declared that "the more the business of the colonies is left to the secretary of state and to the governors, the better will be the result." Well, we shall soon see by means of contrast; for, whatever else may happen, the present move in Canada is in a direction precisely opposite to that of the Lords Grey and Stanley, who substitute a constitution similar to that of Algeria, for another which, though fantastic and foolish enough in some of its parts, did not deprive Englishmen of what Lord Grey when in opposition used to call their birthright.

From the Spectator, of 4 March.

FRANCE, PAST AND PRESENT.

France, for the fifth time within little more than half a century, is engaged in the labor of trying to find out what is her governing influence. The government of a country always will be determined by that influence which is dominant; power will always be possessed by those who best know what is the balance of public opinion and how to use it. In the progress of nations, it happens that the influence which was once dominant ceases to be so, and is superseded by new influences; and most revolutionary troubles arise from uncertainty as to what is the paramount power. That influence may be in its nature permanent or transitory; but one great element of endurance is the comprehensiveness of its scope. That which is most partial in its bearing will be most liable to the broadest opposition, and can only exist by favor of a general ignorance. The absolute monarchy, under which the realm was a mere estate for the benefit of the sovereign and the favored few, was probably less intolerable to mere flesh and blood at the end of the last century than it had been in earlier times; but it had been tolerable only to dense ignorance and brute-like supineness, and as soon as the people knew the fraud put upon their dormant strength they shook off the burden. The absolute monarchy continued to exist by favor of a traditional opinion originating in the necessities of military chieftainship; as soon as that ceased to be the dominant opinion—or rather, as soon as it was *known* to be no longer the dominant opinion—the system of government was blown to the winds.

It was succeeded by a series of experimental governments, each failing because it was based on an opinion that passed away, and because it subserved only sectional interests. The republic, morally, socially, and politically, was based on a mere antagonism, bloody and fierce, and was essentially transitory. The empire, based on the victories of a fortunate military commander, tended to serve his interests. The empire failing, the nation beaten and out of heart, there was a reäction: the restoration was effected for the good of the Bourbons, with some reluctant and formal "concessions" to a new order of opinions—it was a practical anachronism. Once more, in 1830, the nation demanded a government for itself, but acceded to the proposal that some complimentary concession should be made to the old monarchical forms. In violation of the understanding which named him "King of *the French*," not "of *France*," Louis Philippe took advantage of those concessions to use the nation as a family estate: the constitutional monarchy was used for the benefit of Louis Philippe and his dependents. He went so far in this personal use of the nation as to violate the fundamental canon on which rests the safety of any constitutional throne—that the sovereign is incapable of wrong only so long as he abstains from personal interference in public affairs: he did interfere to the extent of being his own prime minister, and thus made himself *ministerially* responsible. Had it not been so, the late discontent would have been satisfied by the removal of ministers: the revolution went beyond that, and was virtually an impeachment of Louis Philippe as a minister.

The present state of Paris exhibits the actual conflict of influences each to ascertain its mastery. The progress of the contest has wakened up sleepy politicians with surprise; those who had dozed into such reliance on the late order of affairs as to regard the reform movement in the light of a wild sally, were astounded to see it become an insurrection—to see M. Thiers passed over—then M. Odilon Barrot; but the astonishment reached its climax when the general adhesion of the different classes, and of one provincial town after another to the metropolitan movement, developed the vast extension of republican opinions. There has been what may be called a slight reaction—the same provisional government which acquiesced in hoisting the blood-red flag of destructive democracy, has repudiated that piratical ensign; but the incident, trivial as it may seem, goes to show that truly republican opinions have obtained a sway among all orders of society; the flag is to be the flag of the people, the tri-color; and the government, thoroughly republican in its character—including among its actice secretaries, Albert, a working man—has not only refused to enter into any revolutionary excesses of violence, but has signalized its earliest acts by a degree of self-possession and clemency which marks a high standard both of morals and ability. The denunciation of capital punishment for political offences not only relieves the actual ministers from many odious fears of violence, so common with revolutionary bodies, and from much embarrassment in case any of the late ministers should fall into their hands, but also in the most emphatic manner stamps the present revolution with characters the very opposite of those which distinguished the revolution of 1789. The finding employment for the destitute—an expedient of dangerous policy, as a mere matter of economy—for the time annuls the great source of mob power, hunger; the enrolment of those republican "clients" into a movable national guard, will enable the government hereafter to march them away to "glory," or anywhere else. Foreign countries, north and south, will think twice before they assail a government which can thus dispose of its paupers. Heterogeneous as its composition appears, much as some of its minor acts infringe received political doctrines, there is vigor, ingenuity, and business-like ability, in the new government.

The provisional government professes to act "in the name of the people;" an authority more easily invoked than identified. It is equivalent to acting in the name of everybody; and everybody is proverbially nobody. A nation governed by everybody is in fact a nation without a head. A whole people is too cumbrous a power to be brought into action for any one purpose or at any one time. No other authority would be better, but none is more impossible to obtain for any effective object. You can-

not take the sense of a nation by any but a complicated and tedious process. And yet, for all purposes of real government, there wants an authority that is prompt, decided, and sufficient. All nations, therefore, have adopted some institution intended to supply that active initiative organ which serves as an originator and executor of action, in lieu of the nation itself—the vicegerent of the nation—a substitute *assumed* for the nation. To be complete, it should tally as closely as possible with the nation in feeling, opinion and capacity; in the long run, and speaking very broadly, it should respond to the *mean* opinions and feelings of the people, independently of special opinions in a state of temporary excitation, of class interests, or even of the highest intellectual advancement. The expression of those partial modifiers may be left to the elective body, which *should* represent the sections of the people, their interests, feelings, and opinions, in all forms and degrees.

The endeavor to supply this central agent has been made in various ways—by an absolute kingly power, by "limited monarchy," and by a republican presidency. The despotism fails on account of its strictly personal character, which makes the agency depend on individual disposition—corrupted, too, by the possession of unlimited power. Perhaps no "despotist" within the range of authentic history has been more "enlightened" than that of Leopold the First of Tuscany, who made surprising progress for his people in every branch of government—who freed commerce, reformed the church, purified the law, revivified the administration—did everything but endow his people with the power of self-government; his elevation to the Austrian throne prevented that; and the consequence was, that as soon as he was removed from a *personal* superintendence of his work, the whole structure fell to pieces as if by a pantomime trick.

Perhaps the English monarchy furnishes the nearest approach to the correct working of a national central authority. Kept by a variety of influences within the pale of what is strictly customary and decorous, denied active political exertion except through ministers responsible to the public for their share of the action, the English monarchy is directed to a course corresponding with the average state of opinion—is prompt in its action within certain recognized and defined limits, is neutralized beyond those limits, and by that process of negation is constrained to act, upon the whole, according to the feelings and opinions of the people calculated on a broad consideration both of classes and of periods. The English monarchy represents no particular class—perhaps it as little misrepresents any class.

The Anglo-Americans have attempted to improve upon the English monarchy, in the creation of a central authority directly elected by the nation; but the result is not altogether happy. The temporary duration of the presidency in various ways tends to make the president subservient, not to the enduring opinion and universal feelings of the nation, but to the transitory opinion of each day and to the feeling of the most active classes: the consequences are, that there has been a gradual deterioration in the chief magistrates of the union, from a Washington to a Polk; and that the central authority does not correspond to the nation of which it is the centre.

To discover a method of creating a central authority which should conform more exactly to the spirit of the nation, and yet be independent of transitory passions and sectional impulses, is still a desideratum, reserved possibly for the national convention which is to be held by our neighbors. They possess high qualifications, in their intelligence, their disposition to theoretical exactness, and their energy. We do not at present see that they possess men adequate to the work of constructing permanent institutions; and a still more certain counteraction is the highly military genius of the people—the machinery of military power always inclining to despotic authority.

It is not as a republic, but as a nation of military spirit, that France is a doubtful neighbor. If we recognize that fact, however, it is for the purpose of avoiding, not provoking, enmity. The inclination of the English people, we repeat again and again, is to maintain the most friendly relations with France. An extraordinary number of persons in this country just now concur in the wish to see republican institutions, if it is the will of France, fairly tried—a few from preference; others from a belief that France will not be satisfied without the excitement; others from curiosity. No ministerial act has given more general satisfaction in England than Lord John Russell's declaration that this country will not at all interfere in the matter. Thus far, even the present government in Paris has been recognized as "Provisional," and England at least is prepared to recognize any form of government authorized by the French nation. For that friendly disposition France has incurred a debt of confidence, and we see no disposition to repudiate it. On our side it is most necessary to keep on the best of terms with France. She is our nearest neighbor. We *cannot* fraternize with the absolute powers of Europe, whose every act is repugnant to our political convictions and opposed to our political conduct. Our government dares not evince a hostile antagonism to popular opinions which have admitted a representative of the working classes to a share of governing power; the Chartists can be safely kept down in no other way than by continuing to render their intervention unnecessary. There are therefore strong guarantees for mutual peace.

But the good understanding of the two countries must not altogether depend on the duration of a *general* peace in Europe, or it would be precarious indeed. The favorite topic of the Rhenish boundary has been postponed rather than abandoned; old ambitions clinging to the French in spite of their modern liberalism. Italian sympathies may provoke hostilities on another frontier. Either may involve an infraction of the treaties of 1815; and England would have a *casus belli*—as

she had in the instance of Cracow She waived her right then, and can scarcely now resort to the mischievous pedantry of reviving it on the opposite side. Lord Palmerston foresaw that contingency, and recorded the warning to the northern powers. The treaties of 1815 are obsolete; they do not apply to that totally new order of things which is just now opening: in that new order, national events and acts must be dealt with on their merits, and not on stipulations which have lapsed; it would, in future, be very bad statesmanship to base any large policy on the treaties of 1815.

CHOLERA AND INFLUENZA.

Few records of human power are more striking than that presented in the second report of the Metropolitan Sanatory Commissioners. They may be said to show that they have those terrible visitants Cholera and Influenza within their grasp, and to have rendered both amenable to authority. The medical reader will refer to the reports of the commissioners, and to the original documents which they quote: it would be out of place here to attempt scientific precision, and we shall only endeavor to explain, in popular fashion, the kind of results that the commissioners have attained, and what remains to be done. With an industry minute and comprehensive, they have collated evidence from all quarters, abroad as well as at home; and the results are most important. The intimate nature of the two diseases, like that of all others, will probably be forever hidden from our perception; but the commissioners have established the nature of the conditions which must be combined in order to the development of the maladies, and the still more important fact that some of those conditions are within human control; so that if requisite authority be granted, it would be quite possible in this country to forbid that combination of causes, and thus to prevent the existence of either of the formidable epidemics.

Cholera is by no means the sudden and irresistible disease which it is supposed to be; to describe it broadly and properly, it is no more than the common disease diarrhœa developed to a monstrous form by a peculiar state of the atmosphere—an accumulation of moist exhalations with sudden changes of temperature. In like manner, influenza may be described as ordinary catarrh or "cold," developed by similar causes to a fatal epidemic. Influenza visits the same spots as cholera, and has preceded, accompanied, or followed other great mortal epidemics. Influenza is more fatal than cholera.

Towards the latter end of November, influenza broke out, and spread suddenly to such an extent that it is estimated that within five or six weeks it attacked in London no less than 500,000 out of 2,100,000 persons. Altogether, the excess of mortality in 1847 over the mortality of 1845 is 49,000; and in the metropolis there were within eleven weeks 6,145 deaths above the ordinary number—an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by the cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it prevailed in the year 1832.

The frightful character of cholera is the rapidity with which it destroys: another cause of its fatal influence is that it often makes its approaches insidiously, *without pain*. But in its premonitory stage it is a disease that readily yields to medicine—to aromatics, opiates, and astringents. During the prevalence of cholera, the slightest manifestation of that premonitory disease should not for a moment be neglected; diarrhœa is inchoate cholera—cholera in its curable stage.

The predisposing causes both to cholera and influenza are humid exhalations and sudden alternations of temperature. Even the effects of temperature may be modified by human agency; but in most habitable spots the humid exhalations are greatly to be controlled. London, which has been so severely scourged by cholera and influenza, is dotted, intersected, and surrounded by an immense aggregate of bad drains, open ditches, stagnant pools, waste grounds, marsh and forest lands—all active sources of pestilential miasmata; all those sources may be abolished; and what is more, every improvement of that kind "pays," by the improvement of the neighboring property.

The general effect of the commissioners' report, then, is, that the march of cholera may effectively be resisted by medical treatment, administered at the earliest stage of the disease; that influenza may be mitigated; and that by diligence and comprehensive measures the predisposing causes of both epidemics may be removed. In order to such a combination, it is necessary that each district at least should be brought within one harmonious plan of proceeding; and that necessity applies with singular force to the metropolis. Some attempts are still made to exclude certain portions from the general authority; the city corporation for some old prejudices or some blind fear of expense, desiring to retain its privileges of exemption. A deputation waited on Lord Morpeth, last week, to petition for the abandonment of the bill which is to bring the city within the general authority: but we are glad to see that Lord Morpeth was firm. He should not have consented even to delay; time, tide, and cholera, wait for no man; and no time should be lost in filling up that great hiatus which the city as yet presents in the plans for opening the campaign against "death-dealing pestilence." At all events, the delay should be very brief; if the city demands a little longer enjoyment of its right to forego and obstruct the measures for rendering the metropolis more healthy, let the dangerous compliment be as much abridged as possible. It is to be hoped that Lord Morpeth's proverbial good-nature will not go so far as to concede any obstructive delay to the literally *pestilent* heresy of the city. The sanatory commissioners, to whose appointment he so much contributed, have shown that, terrible as the two epidemics are, it is within human and even within official power to grapple with them effectively; and the public will be very ill contented if the corporation, however worshipful, be permitted to hinder the advance of the public measures against those terrible enemies.—*Spectator*, 4 *March*.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compass or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind to the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EVANGELINE, A TALE OF ACADIE.*

THIS is an American poem, full of beauties of really indigenous American growth; and we hail its appearance with the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as it is the first genuine Castalian fount which has burst from the soil of America. The verse-writers who have arisen among our Transatlantic cousins have produced many very graceful and pleasing lines, and some animated and stirring strains; but still they have done little more than imitate favorite poets of the old country. Echoes of the notes of Mrs. Hemans, and in blank verse, of Mr. Wordsworth, have been the most poetic sounds which the western gales have brought to us. Nor are we surprised at this. Some persons, perhaps, would expect that the new conditions and prospects of man and of society in the United States should give rise to a new spirit in every branch of literature; but those who have reflected how deep in past history lie the roots of all literary excellence, will not expect that anything of value can soon be produced by Anglo-American poets, which does not draw most of its life-blood from the ancient national heart, the English poetry of past ages: and though this is true of modern English poetry also, English writers seem hitherto to have more completely incorporated the historical life of the national mind into their being, so as to be ready to go on to new stages and forms of poetical thought and expression. However this may be, it cannot, we think, be denied, that the poetry hitherto published in America has been strongly marked with a derivative and imitative character; and that its beauties have been rather felicitous adaptations of the jewels of the English muses than any new gems brought to light from the rocks of the Alleghanies or the sands of the prairies. To this general remark, we conceive the poem of Mr. Longfellow, now before us, to be a happy exception. Not only are the scenes and the history American—an interest which belongs to many preceding poems (though quite as much to English as to American ones, witness *Wyoming*, and *Madoc*, and *Paraguay*:) but the mode of narration has a peculiar and native simplicity; the local coloring is laid on with a broad and familiar brush, and heightened froquently by livelier touches which "stick fiery off," and light up the whole picture.

Indeed, if there be any general character of imitation in *Evangeline*, it is rather with reference to German than to English models. Some features of the story, or rather of the pictures, and of the mode of narration, bear so much of similarity to Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*, that we cannot doubt Mr. Longfellow to have derived suggestion and impulse from that exquisite poem. Nor is it at all an unworthy course for an American poet, to take for his model the most perfect of domestic epics, the Odyssey of the nineteenth century—the poem more likely to be familiar with our grandchildren than any other which the past generation has produced.

There is, as we have said, a considerable similarity in several of the pictures of *Herman and Dorothea* and of *Evangeline*. In both we have the details of a simple rural life, and the loves of dwellers in small towns presented to us; and, perhaps, the little village of Grand-Pré, in Acadia, "on the shores of the basin of Minas," had a closer resemblance in its names to the Rhine valleys, than could easily be found in England in modern times. In both the German and the American poem, the rural population is disturbed by the inflictions consequent upon a wide-wasting war:—that of the end and that of the middle of the last century. In both, the trials arising from this calamity bring into view the strength and beauty of the heroine's character. But in the course of the two stories there is a wide difference. In the German poem, it is the wanderings of the exiled villagers which bring Herman and Dorothea together; and after a few impediments and trials of temper, the narrative ends with their betrothal. The American legend commences with the betrothal ceremony of Evangeline Bellefontaine, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and Gabriel Lajeunesse, her neighbor, "the son of Basil the Blacksmith." Immediately after this event the lovers are separated by the public calamity of which we have spoken; and the rest of the poem is occupied with Evangeline's faithful endeavors to rejoin her lover, whom, after many years, she finds, only to tend him on his death-bed. This story, it will be readily imagined, interests rather by the successive scenes and traits of character which it presents, than by the progress of the action, which is only the general progress through a life of sorrow to the repose of the grave. Indeed, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Longfellow had found the history of his villagers consummated by some of the more ordinary and vulgar forms of earthly happiness; that we might have been left, as in the great German poem to which we have referred, with a cheerful impression at the end. However, we have no doubt that Mr. Longfellow has merely represented the facts; and he, probably, considers that the solemnity and resignation which hang about the catastrophe are more truly poetical than it would

*Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (Boston.)

have been if the pair had been left to "live happily ever after."

The description of Evangeline at the outset of the poem tells us how fair she was on week-days, by means of several rural images; and that she was still fairer on Sunday morn, when—

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walk'd with God's benediction upon her.
When she had pass'd, it seem'd like the ceasing of exquisite music.

The description of Evangeline after the calamity of her people, her father being dead and her lover lost, is naturally of a deeply saddened cast. The exiles were scattered to various quarters:—

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wander'd,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fāir was shē and yoūng: but, alas! *before her* extended,
Dreary, and vast, and silent, the desert of Life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered *before her*,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned;
As the emigrant's way o'er the western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

We have taken the liberty of marking one sluggish passage in the versification, and one somewhat ungraceful repetition of phrase. We must trace poor Evangeline to her concluding phase, when she had sought her Gabriel through long years, amid the tents of Moravian missions, or the camps of hostile armies, in towns and in hamlets, and all in vain:

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it broader and deeper the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grāy o'ĕr hĕr forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

As we have already intimated, this melancholy progression is, perhaps, likely to be felt as oppressive by common readers. But all, we think, must be pleased with the vivid pictures of rural scenes and incidents, which have generally a highly picturesque local character. Such, for instance, are these fine expressions which describe the Mississippi, where the exiles, among other dreary wanderings, roam—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

In another place, the descent of an American river is described, with its scenery:—

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current;
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the whimpering waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

Many of the peculiar traits of American external nature come out in the way of images of internal feelings; as in the following beautiful simile, descriptive of the sad and indistinct forebodings of the exiles at a particular period of their wanderings:—

As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So at the hoof-beats of Fate with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

Such images as these, so applied, are real additions to the ancient stock of poetical wealth.

Again, we must give another fine prairie scene:—

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending:
Full in his track of light, *like ships with shadowy canvass,*
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of cŏtton-trēes with cordage of grape-vines.

We have, perhaps, given sufficient specimens of the peculiar picturesqueness of this poem. Of the story, after what we have said, it will hardly be expected that we should give extracts. We may quote a passage where Evangeline with her

guide, Father Felician, once more discover their old friend, Basil the blacksmith, transformed into an opulent herdsman in the southern part of the course of the Atchafalaya :—

Just where the woodlands met the flowery *surf* of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, array'd in gaiters and doublet of doeskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.

Basil—for this was he—informs Evangeline that his son Gabriel, sorrowful and restless with the memory of her, had set out a few days before on a voyage up the river down which she had descended. It appears that they had missed each other only by taking opposite sides of one of the islands which lie in the river. The marring the happiness of the lovers by a mere accident like this (for, as we have said, their terrestrial happiness is finally marred) is felt by the reader as a perverse and vexatious stroke of fortune, or of the poet, as he ascribes it to the one or the other. Evangeline, however, is lured on by her hopes, and by the influences of nature, to follow the track of her wandering lover :—

"Patience!" whisper'd the oak from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Again, we have beautiful and characteristic descriptions of the scenery through which the journey lies; a picture of an Indian camp, where a Shawnee woman repeats the tales current in her tribe; a visit to a Jesuit mission, where it appears that Gabriel had been only six days previous; finally, however, the trace of the wanderer is lost. After years of grief, Evangeline becomes a sister of mercy in Pennsylvania. A pestilence falls on the city. Among the sick and dying she finds one whose aspect calls from her a shudder and an involuntary cry. It was Gabriel—

Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kiss'd his dying lips, and laid his head in her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All is over, and Evangeline is left to her meek resignation. The tomb of the lovers still exists, unknown and unnoticed, the poet tells us, in the heart of the city of Philadelphia.

We have given such specimens as our space allowed of the pictures of rural life and scenery, which are the peculiar charm of this poem; the reader will find many others of equal beauty. But in taking our leave of the poem here, we cannot help remarking the great advantage which Mr. Longfellow has derived from his use of the hexameter. This kind of verse has the privilege of liberating the poet from the conventions of the usual forms of versification, which cling so closely to modern writers, especially in descriptive poetry, and deprive them, in a great degree, of the simplicity and truth of reality. The images so presented seem as if they came fresh from nature. Moreover, this kind of verse requires, and in Mr. Longfellow's hands has, an idiomatic plainness of phraseology, which approaches to the narratives in the book of Genesis, and which prevents the most trivial details of ordinary life from being mean or ridiculous. In this respect, also, Mr. Longfellow has most happily followed Goethe, and many of his descriptions ring in our ears as echoes of things which are told of Herman's "good intelligent mother," and "the host of the Golden Lion." In general, Mr. Longfellow's hexameters are good. They have, without doing any violence to the pronunciation, the mixed trisyllable and dissyllable flow, which is the character of this kind of verse. We might, however, mark a few violations of this essential condition; for instance, in this line—

Whĕnĕvĕr neighbors complain'd that any injustice was done them.

Whenever is a bad dactyl; for the ordinary pronunciation (taking the accented syllable for the long syllable, which, of course, is what we must do) is certainly *whĕnĕvĕr*.

In this line :—

Loud, and sudden, and near, the note of a whĭp-poŏrwĭll sounded.

Whĭp-poŏrwĭll sounds somewhat strange to our ears as a dactyl, but this may be from our want of familiarity with the mode of pronouncing the word practised in its native country.

We might notice a few more such negligences, for so they appear to us; but we wish rather to take our leave of Mr. Longfellow with the expression of the pleasure we have received from the story of *Evangeline*, and of our hope that we may have from his country—and why not from him!—other strains of the same music.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

How wonderful is the nature of childhood! Inhale for a few minutes the subtle, etherizing reminiscences as they rise in your mind; and, when you are dead to all you have learned and felt since, tell us what you see. Is it not a mingled scene, like Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream?*—half fairy, half human;—but the fairy-land, the real *terra firma!* Strange wanderings and losings of our way! Earthly loves, and airy jealousies, and parents' harsh decrees; with elfish gambols and tricks between; communings with cobwebs and pease-blossoms, sucking with the bee, and fondling foolish asses' heads! All seen by a strange pellucid light, as if the brightness of heaven were reflected through the troubled waters of life. Such, at least, are the visions we behold

when we summon them from the depths of our memories, and bid them tell us what manner of children we were; now appearing in playful forms, advancing and retreating, and peeping at us from behind rosy clouds; now embodied in one lonely little earth-bound figure, looking fearfully around, with the black clouds gathering, and sometimes refusing to appear at all when we do call.

But are all childhood reminiscences thus? By no means. Some natures there are, gross and dense, seeing nothing in the depths of their lives for the mud and filth the stream is carrying with it. Some, hard, and cold, and common, who care not to look; and others, sinning or sinned against, who dare not. While a few happy beings have only to cast down a serene eye, fathoms deep, to see the smooth, pure sand, with grains of gold glistening in it, and not a weed or a bubble between that and their present selves.

But what is a child? That is the question. Is it merely what it appears to the outward eye—a lesser version of humanity, a weaker decoction of ourselves—who wears short frocks and eats egg-pudding, goes earlier to bed and sounder to sleep, has less sense, less strength, less knowledge, and ess of everything? No. A child is a deep mystery, which all our reminiscences cannot unravel, though they may give a clue to it—who has a hidden life of its own, which it instinctively knows to be foolishness to the world, and betrays to no one, not even to the fondest mother—who is the strongest natural guarantee for another state of being—for who shall cavil at a future existence he cannot understand, when he has already passed through one he cannot explain?—a creature, with the faith of a saint, the fancy of a poet, the senselessness of an idiot, and the subtlety of the very fiend himself—who reproves us with its innocence, and puzzles us with its wickedness—who is given to be our charge, and set to be our example. This is the real child; more different even from us in kind than it is less in degree; not even as the bud to the flower, for the analogy fails both ways, but rather like that undefinable material we know so little of—once vegetable, now mineral—the relics of another order of things—going through a mysterious and gradual process ere it issue upon the world in the form of common coal, or, rarely though it be, in that of the diamond. This is the real child; not to be confounded with many who are, in truth, only lesser specimens of our own dull or despicable selves—human small coal—with no other vocation than to wear longer frocks or tails, break bigger playthings, drink more wine, and spend more money, grow taller, wiser, and wickeder.

Have you ever thought of the immense difference of feeling with which different children inspire you? The real respect with which you watch some mysterious little shrine of the spirit, as it pursues its own butterfly thoughts, and basks in its own ethereal sunshine, feeling absolutely honored if it condescend to quit its inner fairyland, and bestow its sweet folly one moment upon you! Or the weary indifference with which you do the necessary civilities to some little machine for the senses, who bores you somehow with the mere sound of its innocent voice, and whose flat truisms you feel inclined to snub without mercy! Or, again, the positive hatred you take for some odious little incorporation of selfishness, all ripe for every vulgar end of our nature, whose very childhood is an unfair defence to it, and whom you long to get for one hour into your power, and feel that the most malicious castigation you could invent would be only a duty to your fellow-creatures, and a relief to your conscience!

It seems to us that there are two legitimate periods for deep parental anxiety at the very outset of their children's lives. First, when the child is born, to ascertain that it is provided with all the necessary mechanism for a healthy and active body; and, secondly, when the mind begins to show itself, to make sure that it be endowed with the requisite amount of childlikeness for the formation of a true and estimable character. Gifts and talents are another thing—capricious in the signs and times of their budding, the darkness of a late dawn often mistaken by common observers for the dulness of a dark day. But if the child be but childlike enough, if it have but enough of that sort of foolishness bound up in its heart, it may be destitute of brilliant parts or particular gifts, but the parents may rely, that, as the imperfection of this world goes, it will turn out a sound, if not an interesting character, in spite of the greatest mismanagement on their parts.

People talk such nonsense about precocity! As if it were only connected with genius and singularity. But genius is *not* precocity; if anything it is exactly the reverse. Genius, in truth, is something more childlike still than childhood—more foolish, more fanciful, and more faithful, and incorrigibly so for life. Instead of anticipating in childhood the mind of a man, it retains in manhood the heart of a child. Every genius is a child, and every child is a genius, morally, if not intellectually, or there is little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children, who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally antedate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead other children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid of. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket-money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and be probably held up in the family as a standard of circumspection and prudence, or, what is falsely called up to a certain age in juvenile life, of "goodness;" but let them not rejoice; they will have a son who will desert his father if he be unfortunate, grind his mother if she be a widow, bear a smooth character to the world, but a hard

heart to his own, turn against his parents in their old age the very character they falsely bestowed in his youth; and, in addition to this, have the strongest health and longest life of the family; for there is no life-preserver like the precocity of a narrow spirit and a cold heart.

Children are the fruits of the fall. Born, as it were, before sin had taken universal possession; as if the last lingering light of innocence had beamed upon them for a moment, and then sunk forever below the horizon. We see its smile impressed upon them, shining through all the sin that reigns in their members; making them easy of faith, and pure in heart, and fearless of the morrow; but waxing fainter and fainter, as their minds gradually strike deeper into the common soil of life, till they are ripe to receive that better light, which has been revealed to our understandings in lieu of that which was forfeited by our natures.

It is a fearful word pronounced by the Creator —"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception." Yet a marvellous mercy in it, as the sentence of Him who bringeth good out of evil. Have you ever considered what this world would have been had it been peopled in any other way? Had man been added to man without that mysterious tie of relationship running through the whole framework of society, uniting us, *nolens volens*, in the bond of peace and of all virtues, and ramifying into the most distant fibre of a Scotch cousin? Have you ever thought what would have become of mankind had the yoke of relationship not been laid upon us? Had we been free to hate many a one we are now bound to love? permitted to leave where we are now compelled to adhere? Has it ever struck you how we should have "chopped and changed *à la mode Germanorum*," had the selection of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, been left to us? What a vast crumbling ruin of inadhesive conglomerate the whole fabric of society would have become! As soon as man had fallen, the bond of relationship became necessary. Each individual was to have a number of his species apportioned to him, to love, or to bear with, whether he liked it or no. Each, in the infinite wisdom and goodness of his Judge, was to have an antidote to selfishness supplied in that which was nearest to himself. Relationship was to be a holy apprenticeship for that love of his kind, which without the love of his kindred is but a name. *Near* and *dear* were to be sacred synonymes, never to be separated without wickedness and suffering. No tie was to be optional except that which existed before the fall of our race—the Adam and the Eve—the man and the woman; and that, as if to prove to mankind how little they were to be trusted with the exercise of free-will, even in their dearest interests, was to be, too often, but a sorry substitute for the bonds of nature.

But let us enter the nursery now—that strange combination of the restraints of a prison with the freedom of liberty-hall. Windows are ironed, fire-place guarded, staircase fenced; and yet no beings are so absolutely monarchs of all they survey as those who dwell there. Every creature and thing within those enchanted precincts has to do them homage, either as playthings or playmates. They have rattled every handle, peeped through every keyhole, climbed every chair, dived into every hole; and if there be a corner forbidden, or hid from them, it pays double toll in a sense of mystery, which is the greatest delight of all. Here the familiar visitor, who is permitted, as the phrase goes, "to see the children," is welcomed with a chorus of little voices and a rush of little feet; while nurse holds up her hand, and rocks the cradle in double time.

The nursery is a wonderful world, and all that therein is; but baby is the greatest wonder of all. That little separate thing in the world— uncommunicating with others, unremembered by itself—that mysterious state of being before the deluge of memory sets in, lying there, like a hermit in its cell, as if gathering strength in passive contemplation for the world's encounter. Who says that a baby does not think or feel? Have they never seen that strange smile breaking "through clouds of infant flesh," and then passing away, as if it caught for a moment the harmonies of heaven? Or have they never heard that stranger sigh—the first spontaneous language of one who is "born to sorrow"—as if it heard from afar the growing jar of this earth—incognizant, to our apprehension, as it lies passively there, either of this world or that, yet stamped by that very smile and sigh, as the being who stands mysteriously between both?

But the noise and uproar have been too much! The round lustrous eyes are wide open, which, like the eyes of the divine child in the Sistine Madonna, seem to look at nothing, in gazing beyond all things; and baby is seated on nurse's knee. There it sits, the little stranger, who dwelleth so calmly amongst us, without speech or movement, though brothers and sisters are screaming and running around it, looking so serenely content, as if it knew how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

There is no model like a lovely baby for true queenly dignity—the wide open gaze, the hands' slow movement, the proud drawing up if the usual etiquette be transgressed—reminding us of the beautiful lines in the *Lyra Innocentium*:—

> Why so stately, maiden fair,
> Rising in thy nurse's arms,
> With that condescending air,
> Gathering up thy queenly charms?—

the round, portly form, moving slowly to and fro, imbedded in lawn and fine linen. And then, when a few months older, the truly royal impatience of opposition, the autocratic air with which spoon and rattle are dashed down, the haughty stare if some monitory voice exclaim, "Baby! baby!" and then the celestial smile, as if to forgive you for having been angry with her.

We have dubbed the baby feminine. Babyhood

seems so, with its beauty, its softness, its helplessness, and its waywardness—ladylike in each of its attributes. But look now at that little swaggering urchin, with scarcely more than two of our short years over its head, and it is a boy all over. The reign of dignity has been succeeded by that of impudence. Noise and movement are now his chief element. Up the chairs and down again. If you take him up he kicks and struggles; the more comfortable you try to make him, the less he likes it; restlessness is his rest. If he is not talking to you, he is talking to himself—stamping, hammering, rattling, clattering; whatever can make a noise is plaything to him. Like another Nero, he wishes all the bells in the house had but one string, that he might ring them altogether. Nothing but sleep can quiet him, and then, if the truth were known, he dreams of banging doors! Mischief and courage have begun together; he 'll take a dog by the tail or a bull by the horns; screams to be held upon a coach-horse he can't stride, and kicks the animal to make it go faster; is all ready to fire off a gun, and roars because you will not let him; struggles away from the maid to run after the sheep; tumbles down, is picked up with a mouthful of gravel, and a "Never no peace with you, Master John;" is held double tight by the maid all the way home, with an admonitory chuck, now and then, which almost dislocates his shoulder, but manages to put his feet into the puddles for all that! Bless the child! he is all right in his start for life, and plague and pleasure alike he will give.

The next age is full of ingenuity and clever devices, less noise, but not less mischief, only of a quieter kind. The mind and imagination more at work, at least in those children who have them, and that easily told by the simplest things. See those two little girls! You hardly know which is the elder, so closely do they follow each other. They were born to the same routine, and will be bred in it for years, perhaps, side by side, in unequal fellowship; one pulling back, the other dragging forward, to their mutual trial, and probably mutual good, for resistance is the lever that rolls the mind forward. Watch them for a few minutes as they play together, each dragging her doll about in a little cart. Their names are Cecilia and Constance; and they manage their dolls already as differently as they will their children. You ask Cecilia where she is going to drive her doll to, and with a little humdrum voice, she answers, "Through the dining-room, into the hall, and then back into the dining-room again;" which is all literally true. You ask Constance; and with a grave, important air, and a loud whisper, for doll is not to hear on any account, she answers, "I 'm going to take her to London, and then to Brighton to see her little cousin. The hall is Brighton, you know;" this last with a condescending look. You ask how the dolls are dressed. Cecilia laments over a dirty frock with a slit at the knee, and thinks that Mary the maid will never give her the new one she promised. Constance's doll is somewhat in the costume of the king of the Sandwich Islands, top-boots and a cocked hat, having only a skein of worsted tied round her head, and a strip of colored calico on her shoulder; but she is satisfied that it is a wreath of flowers and a fine scarf; bids you smell of the "rose-oil" in her hair, and then whips herself to jump over the mat.

In other matters the case is reversed. Where fear is concerned Cecilia's imagination becomes active, and Constance's remains perfectly passive. A bluff old gentleman passes through that same hall. The children stop their carts and stare at him, upon which he threatens to put them into his pocket. Cecilia runs away in the greatest alarm; Constance coolly says, "You can't put us in your pocket, 't is n't half big enough!"

Nor is she less practical in other things. They have some game with little stamped cards, all begrimed and sticky, however, with the frequent fondling of little fingers. "Let 's wash them," says Constance—but what with?—As an uncommonly bright thought, though a borrowed one from something Constance had said the day before, Cecilia proposes "Mamma's lavender-water," and runs off to fetch it. In a few minutes she returns with fretful face and whining voice, something about "Lavender-water bottle not there," and "Mary says;" and finds Constance, the little pig! vigorously at work with plentiful supplies of lavender water from the rosy fountains of her own sweet lips.

But Cecilia can tell you the days of the week, and months of the year; and repeat up to a hundred, and many other things; while Constance answers all at random, and runs to the window to count imaginary stars—"One, two, five, seven, eight, ten, eleven, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, twenty-one, a thousand;" and then turns about with a whole catechism, which you must be clever to answer, while Cecilia meekly informs you you are sitting on the sofa.

As for goodness, in the maternal sense of the word, there 's no comparison between them. Cecilia is always as good as gold, and you never thank her for it; while Constance has regular set tos with her nurse you would give the world to be present at.

Of all the various kinds of amusement that mankind have invented, bull-fighting included, we doubt whether there be any so intensely exciting as a thorough bout of naughtiness in a clever child. A well-organized troop of this kind to travel the country would be sure to answer. One grudges really the fine dramatic scenes that are wasted upon the desert air of some nurseries. We mean, of course, an honorable and spirited, not a mean or grovelling naughtiness—one that will kick nurse's legs openly, not pinch a little brother secretly; though we do remember a wonderful satisfaction in a sly manœuvre of that kind.

Next in interest to the active use of the limbs, comes the regular argument. This is the real school for declamation. Demosthenes had better

have betaken himself to the nursery. How magnificently will a child defend his rights!—head erect, kindling eyes, rising voice, the indignation of injured honor in every action and tone;—turning dexterously off when he finds his case is weak; appealing to your feelings when he finds he cannot succeed with your reason, with a fretful drollery quite as ready to laugh as to cry. Then shifting his ground, substituting one demand for another. If he may n't lean too far out of the window, he may surely come too near the fire. He should like to know what he may do. Is he never to climb the bedpost again?—never?—forever? Keeping it up, and beginning all over again when you think he has been finally silenced, and forcing you to some whimsical capitulation of his own at last, for mere peace.

There is an immense deal to be learnt, too, in the varieties of children's crying. Not only in the judgment of the child's individual character, but for sound instruction in the arts of passion and pathos. There is a good, earnest, open roar, quickly raised and quickly spent, which is of excellent promise—the explosion of a good heart, which clears the air without muddying the ground. And there is a patient, monotonous, wearing-out snivel, with no expenditure of strength or voice, which augurs a weak intellect, and one of those amiable dispositions which provokes you more than a decidedly bad one. Each of these is an excellent study—the one to intimidate, and the other to tire—rarely failing of their end on any stage, but neither of them succeed in touching the heart. For this, however, children are matchless as examples. There is a depth of helpless, prostrate affliction; sobs, and sighs, now hemmed in, now breaking forth again, with a sobbing kind of back-water stroke, which one could imagine the Babes of the Wood to have uttered at the very moment they laid down and died, that "no heart that breathes with human breath" could ever resist. And then again, there is a pale, hopeless look, with quiet, trickling tears, as if the little heart were driven to the last refuge of self-pity, or had caught the first glimmering of the meaning of despair, which is ten times worse:—

What is so shrill as silent tears?

Most children cry, and it is a safe and desirable sign. Some cry to please themselves, and some to please their mothers. There are only two sorts who abstain, as different as light and darkness, though often confounded. The one is the haughty spirit, the other the sullen temper. The first, with gentle usage and implicit trust, you need never despair of; the latter, alas! will tire out the fondest physician.

In contradistinction to the subject of naughtiness, there is a word we have alluded to before, which we must inquire a little into—one oftener taken in vain than any other in infant education, and which, in our recollection, was the enigma of the little vocabulary. We mean that magic word *good*. In children of sense and principle, the vagueness of this term is most distressing, implying as it does, first one thing and then another, and nothing long. Sometimes a strong exertion of the will; sometimes a total abeyance of every faculty, now a dryness in the atmosphere, which keeps their hair in curl; and now a letter by post, or a hamper from the country, which puts their mother in good-humor. With us this word is associated with very mixed feelings. Certainly it was a pleasure, as all rare surprises were; but still it always brought nervous misgivings, and fearful lookings forward to a long future, in which more would be expected from us, and less on our part likely to be fulfilled; for how were we ever to be sure of being good again, when we never know how we had contrived to be so in the present instance? From our own recollections, however, and much subsequent observation, we should say that the real maternal *beau idéal* of the term consists in a keen power of discrimination between the value of a stuff gown and a silk one, accompanied by a general constitutional slowness of circulation. And a reference to foreign languages confirms this view. The French synonyme is *sage*, wise; the German, *artig*, polite; neither of them in the least childlike, but both corresponding with the quality implied. Every wise child must know the difference between stuff and silk, and no polite child would ever think of trampling it under foot.

That 's why stories of *good* children, who are always prudent, prim, and precise, are so distasteful to children of any promise at all. They feel the misnomer, and their natural instinct rises against it. Parents give themselves much trouble and their children much torment in trying to enforce this many-headed term; but they may rely upon it, in nine cases out of ten, a good, open, honorable naughtiness, is a far better thing.

Where there is really a *good* child, let us watch and pray, for it is a fearful gift to a parent's heart. We have known one—meek, loving, patient—the unconscious pattern of every Christian virtue, with a conscience too tender for our coarse ones not to offend. Oh! what would we have given for more of those qualities which others take so much pains to repress? She was *good*, if you will—goodness personified—too good, alas! to live.

But though a child can neither naturally practise nor appreciate that real goodness which results from the ripened discipline of the mind, yet there is no period of our lives in which we have a more delicate sense of many beauties and refinements of character. The enthusiastic admiration children take for some plain faces is a puzzle to us, with our pride-of-the-eye and lust-of-the-flesh ideas, and may be invariably traced to some sweetness of expression, or gracefulness of action, or to something too subtle, perhaps, for us even to take cognizance of. Paleness and slightness they are usually taken by, and dress greatly guides their first likings and dislikings, as it does those of all sensitive, artistic minds. Their antipathies too are equally strong. Loud voices, and red faces, and boisterous manners, are ineffably disgusting to them, especially in

women, for they are great judges of what becomes each sex. We remember hating a good lady (and do so still) who clapped her chest, and switched her petticoats violently as she walked, and was perpetually performing the most fortissimo trumpet passages on her nose. In judgment whereof upon her, it was settled among us that she should be called Mrs. Pimlico—this being the ugliest name in the world to our ears—eat nothing but mutton skin and pork fat, and only walk two inches at a step. Accordingly, an experimental trial of this rate of progress was instantly made; a full hour was spent in getting across a small back-yard, and next day it was wondered why our little legs were so stiff.

It is strange that while volumes over volumes have been written to show the wonderful adaptation of this outer world to the wants and wishes of man, few have thought how tenfold more wonderful it is in the case of a child. Imagine what it must be to see the whole playground of this fair world spread before him, strewn all over with treasures, thicker and richer than in Aladdin's garden; novelty, wonder, and delight, in leaf, flower, and stone, and *play* in everything! Think of the boundless abundance above his head, beneath his feet, meeting his eye and courting his hand. Flowers growing for him to pluck and peep into; trees made with branches for him to climb, and fantastic roots for him to sit in; butterflies fluttering and dancing purposely to lead him on; cobwebs spread on a level with his eye; the spider laying its eggs in a tuft of wool on a green leaf, and the frost embroidering a crust of point lace over a dead one for his wonder; and then that *beau idéal* of his fancy—that paragon of his imagination, the bird's nest, with its exquisite speckled contents, which it would be hard to think was not built for him!

And not his Creator alone has thus ministered to the one prevailing craving of his nature; his fellow-man, in spite of himself, is always playing into his hands. Every stack he rears, every ditch he digs, every gate he hangs, is one word for himself and two for the child. Nothing comes amiss—new houses, and old ruins, and churchyards, and pigs and poultry, and lambs, and puppies, and kittens, and all sorts of furniture—everything natural and artificial, vegetable and animal, is all his own; to say nothing of those two grand primeval playthings, most desired and most forbidden, more exquisitely fascinating than every other, the alpha and the omega of all the rest—*fire* and *water!*

Playing materials are as plentiful as the air he breathes. You can hardly place him where they are not. The great difficulty with hard-hearted parents is to find some hole to shut him up in where he shall have, as the term goes, "nothing to play with;" for what seem bare and void to eyes which the cataract of age and prose has overspread, are full of beckoning, whispering fairies to his. But then comes the first, and great, and perpetual sorrow of his life—the difficulty of knowing what he may play with and what he may not—a difficulty, poor child! which he never overcomes to the end of his days.

One would think that the costly and ingenious playthings of the offspring of the rich would give them an undue advantage over those of the poor; but, no—play is too essential to a child to depend upon the amount of his father's income. Watch a little tattered urchin; a stick, a puddle, or the dust of the road, is all he needs; a piece of chalk and a flagstone is extra luxury. Country has most materials, but town has plenty. We have seen a little girl help a toddling two-year-old sister across the street, with "Meggy, come away, and feel of the bonny beast," and both stand fondling a raw calf, hanging head downwards at the butcher's door, as if it had been an ermine muff; while a child, of a year old, sat on the step, as happy with a dead herring as if it had been a wax doll.

Deprive the little being even of every outward sign of amusement, and you can't stop the inward impulse. Have you not seen some little fairy spinning round and round on the points of its toes, repeating the same silly jingle of words, with happy purposelessness, living in an atmosphere of spontaneous, self-sustaining enjoyment; not touching the outer world so much with its elastic spirit as the floor with its tiny feet? Or do you not remember a still more passive and independent mode of entertainment, shutting our eyes suddenly and seeing the phantoms of the last seen object dimly traced within our closed lids; or looking at the sun, and then enclosing a ball of fire, now red, now yellow, dilating and contracting, and at last exploding like a shell, in darkness visible; or pressing our eyeballs and seeing the lightnings playing on each side, or circles of lurid light revolving round on the uttermost horizon of our inward sight? or, when tired of these, making strange melody in our hearts with eyes wide open, dreaming and floating in a listless element, as in a state of self-mesmerism? Childhood was made to play, as man to mourn; children *do* gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.

As regards the manufacture of playthings expressly for children, it does seem, under these circumstances, something like sending coals to Newcastle. Still they are excellent devices for saving furniture, which was doubtless the origin of their invention. There is a delicate art, however, in their adaptation, which is too often neglected. Children are real poets in feeling. All they want is to have their ideas suggested; supply them too fully, and they stop. Playthings will often destroy play. They are to children what words are to music; the first condition is, that they should not express too much. There is something withering to a child's fancy in an elaborate toy, which leaves nothing for him to "make believe." An over-dressed doll, or an over-stocked doll's house, are never the objects of much real play, or not till the child has dismantled and destroyed them to such a degree as to clear away some space for his own contrivance.

The society of young children is, in a high de-

gree, softening and refining to the mind. You seldom see nurse-maids with vulgar, rough manners. They acquire a kind of sister-of-charity expression from the constant atmosphere of tenderness and simplicity in which they live. The French have a right name for them, as they have for most things. ' They call her "*la bonne.*" We can't help thinking, too, that in most cases she is a far better companion to the child in its first years than even its own mother. Her absence of intellect is more on a par with the child's dawn of it. She is not so perpetually probing for the young idea, to see whether it be shooting. She has a kind of passive patience and dumb fidelity, on which the child's nature can more easily repose. A child may actually learn but little from its nurse, though the reverse is often the case, but with her it is always *the child.* Even an unprincipled woman will be innoxious towards the children committed to her charge. She may be robbing the parents, but she will respect the child. There is something in the very tenor of her charge which brings out the tender maternal feeling dormant in every woman's breast, and the purer here for being unmixed with any of the vulgar cares of life. They are *bonâ fide* her children, without any of the drawbacks of anxiety for their future provision, or labor for their present wants. She lives in luxury with only the duties of a mother. Every own mother has many more.

A nursemaid is engaged upon a different footing to any other servant. A cook understands that she has so many dishes to send up, and a housemaid so many rooms to clean, but the chief duties of a nursemaid are not in the bond. Her sphere of action cannot be defined. She is to be mistress, servant, and playfellow, and to know the season for each. She is to learn a new language, understand signs unintelligible to every other, take interest in trifles, sympathize in nonsenses, rub his finger for imaginary pains, kiss his eyes to send him to sleep, weep when he does not love her, smile when he does, lie down and die when he wishes, come to life again when he calls her—and, in short, love her charge, or she won't do half her duty, nor even know it. And how does she love him! Have you never remarked the radiant smile with which she receives the puling babe from its lady-mother's arms—an humble, Madonna-like creature, we have often thought her, with her simple vestments, and her look of love chastened by respect! Have you not seen the bright affection with which she catches and hugs up to her some little urchin, glad to follow her, yet coquetting to be caught, and who, once on her shoulder, clings like an Old Man of the Sea!—the pride when her children are noticed, the pique when they are passed over, and then the patient watching (more than the mother's) if sickness enter the nursery, and the bitter sorrow (only less than the mother's) if death should follow!

The death of a child! The words are full of a strange and moving meaning: winter following spring, nightfall succeeding to dawn! Fanciful ideas crowd upon the mind hand in hand with solemn truths. That little being who knew nothing here, now to know the end of all things! That vacant intelligence which wondered at the ticking of a watch, now to understand the mystery of its own being! My own child, who was to hang upon my lips for instruction, now advanced where one word from its own would be a revelation to me! That helpless creature, borne from arm to arm, guarded by day and watched by night, too shy to bear the approach of a strange face, now launched alone in the "vast profound," escorted by intelligences divine but strange! Will there be one among that crowd of disfranchised spirits who will claim an early affinity with it? Will the little brother who departed a year ago recognize this as the babe who entered the bonds of flesh as he was leaving them? Or will it be one of the first signs of a better existence that the ties of blood are not needed in it?

Of all the sorrows in this world, that for the death of a young child brings with it the readiest healing. Would you grudge its having received promotion without paying the purchase-money?—the rights of citizenship without residence?—the certificate of humanity without the service?—the end and aim of life without this weary life itself? The death of a child is an enigma, but one which solves many others. The mind may dream and wonder, and form strange conclusions from the weakness of that life which has yielded to the strong arm of death; but two truths remain distinct, more plainly read on that cold marble cherub than on any other form of lifeless clay, and those are, the worthlessness of that breath which a child is summoned to render up, and the freeness of that grace which a child is able to inherit.

We remember a remarkable dream which occurred at a time when a little being came but to leave us again, whom we hardly thought could have claimed a place in our heart but for the void it left; and it always recurs to our mind when we hear of new life and old death meeting thus instantly on the threshold.

We dreamt that we were conveyed by some mysterious guide to the entrance of this earth. It was a kind of gallery, through which angelic beings, winged and beautiful, were rapidly passing, all towards the earth—some with grave, others with hopeful, aspects; their expressions as various as they were legible.

"What does this mean?" we said. "Who are the passing spirits who go all one way, and why are their countenances so various?"

Our companion replied—

"They are guardian angels, each on his way to take charge of a new-born infant. They know not its ultimate doom, but they know the sphere to which it is born, and the probable sins and temptations it will be exposed to.—Look at that angel," he said, "with the serious mien, as if a hard duty were before him! His charge is the child of the rich and noble of the land, who will bring him up in pride and luxury; and his heart will grow hard

and selfish, and selfishness in high places has few sorrows, and without sorrow the voice of his good angel will hardly be heard.

"And see that spirit who passes with eager, hopeful look! To him is committed the child of a vicious father, who is rioting at this moment that a child is born unto him. But open vices are not so baneful as specious virtues. The child's heart will be wounded and humbled in the sins of his father, and, in paying the penalty for another's guilt, he will himself seek the paths of virtue."

Then another spirit passed, with firm but peaceful aspect.

"His charge will be arduous. The child now born will have wilful and tumultuous passions, and his heart will be stubborn and perverse, and he will defy authority, and go far wrong, and the world will say there is no redemption for him, and even his father's face will be turned from him. But, in the silence of a sick chamber, a mother will plead incessantly for him, and the child of many prayers shall yet be brought home to the fold."

Then came one with anxious mien, and he was guardian to a genius who would win the applause and idolatry of thousands; and a second, with heavenly compassion, beautiful and moving to behold, and he was hurrying to the obscure offspring of sin and shame; and a third, calm and peaceful, summoned to preside over the even tenor of a poor orphan, who inherited the blessings of sainted parents; and a fourth, full of solemn anxiety, who hasted to receive his charge from a royal cradle; and a fifth, whose countenance of heavenly woe we dared not ask the cause of; and many more, all going to their varied posts—to the children of the good and the bad—the high and the low—the careless and the unbelieving, till we were tired of asking; when, suddenly, came one, distinguished from all by the radiance of joy upon him.

"What is his charge?" we said. "Surely it must be that of some future saint upon earth?"

"No," said our conductor, "he is the angel of a child who has died at its birth, and he is going to carry it straight to heaven."

And then we awoke and found it was only a dream; but ever since then we have never heard of the death of an infant without thinking of the joy on that angel's countonance.

It is a grave and momentous question, not whether little children should be taught religion, but how much they can bear to be taught. The present day sets little bounds to quantity, and many minds will sin and suffer much ere they recover from the disgust of over-repletion. Now and then a child is born with the shadow of death and the brightness of heaven both set on his brow, who lives in religious thoughts, as Mozart did in musical, and leaves us to be the joy of angels. But oftener much a little hypocrite is manufactured with the stamp of premature vanity of the worst kind upon him, who prates of holy things by rote, and lives to be the disgrace of men. But with children of good health and average understanding, the relish for religious things, although unfailing, is so exquisitely delicate, that the only rule we can observe is not to overdo. Long services and prayers, and strict Sundays, and all the routine of so-called evangelical teaching, are almost, without exception, vanity and vexation of spirit with them. Short prayers and beautiful hymns they will love; but even here, if we recall our own childhood, we shall remember that every child associates the ideas with some fanciful theory agreeable to his own imagination, or reduces the words to some jingling gibberish agreeable to his own ear—innocent, but absurd; for the whimsical ways of a child are foolishness to us, and wickedness to most Sunday-school teachers. We remember always saying—"We believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and *in* all things visible and invisible." We were ready to believe in anything in the world; and thankful we were, when time had rectified the mistake, that no one had ever cross-questioned us upon it.

But these things matter not. The form of sound words, as near as possible, is all we can give for the winged thoughts of religion, which blow where they list, to pause and nestle in; and not too much even of these. And, above all, we must forbear to question a child on its religious feelings. All high thoughts are indefinable to himself, and all indefinable thoughts shy to others; a child who can explain such is an impostor. Every germ of life, spiritual or material, is incomprehensible to us, and if brought prematurely into daylight perishes.

But a child is a praying creature, though he prays indiscriminately. We always prayed in distress. We remember praying when our mother was ill, and when we had dropped a sixpence and could not find it. We prayed in all earnestness upon occasions which we should think profane now; but we were a child then, and "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A child's ideas of what heaven is are among the deepest mysteries of our nature. The captive soul's involuntary conjectures of its native land—now rising into the sublimest poetry—now grovelling in the basest materialism, according as it strikes against the stones of its prison walls, or catches light through the chinks between them. This is sacred ground we should especially forbear to plant or trample in. General ideas of beauty, goodness, and happiness, in the presence of God, with joys at his right hand for evermore, and angels ever bright and fair, we may dwell on; but having thus lifted him up from earth, let us not presume to question him whither he wanders. Even with the best intentions we may err, whenever we seek to define what we know as little about as himself, and, perhaps, less. It is a mournful picture, and tells a sorrowful tale, that anecdote of the little Scotch girl who asked her mother what heaven was like.

"My dear, it is like a perpetual Sabbath."

"Oh, mamma," said the child, "how dreadful!"

As for tangible descriptions of heaven, whether in the shape of gold or light, or singing-birds, or green leaves, or playthings, or sweetmeats, they

should be carefully let alone, or a child's natural logic will soon puzzle his reason and ours too. Not that such descriptions are so absolutely *wrong*, but that upon your authority a child pins implicit faith. For we should never forget that there is that inconvenience in the intercourse with young children which troubles us in no other—namely, that they believe all we say.

There is a curious letter extant from Luther to his little son which bears upon this question, and which may interest our readers to see :—

To my dear little son, Hansigen Luther: Grace and Peace in Christ :—

My heart-dear little son, I hear that you learn well and pray diligently. Continue to do so, my son; when I come home I will bring you a fine fairing. I know of a pretty, joyous garden. Many children enter therein, and wear little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; and sing, and jump, and make merry; and have, also, beautiful little horses, with golden saddles and silver bridles. Then I asked the man whose garden it was—who the children were. And he said to me, "The children are those who love to learn, and to pray, and to be good." Then said I, "Dear man, I have also a little son, by name Hansigen Luther; may he not come into this garden, and have the same beautiful apples and pears to eat, and wonderful little horses to ride upon, and play about with these children?" Then said the man, "If he is willing to learn, and to pray, and to be good, he shall come into the garden—and Lippus and Justus too; and if they all come together, they shall have pipes, and kettledrums, and lutes, and music of stringed instruments; and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows."

And he shewed me then a fine meadow in the garden all laid out for dancing, where hang golden pipes, and kettledrums, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was too early, for the children had not had their dinner, and I could not stop to see the dancing. And I said, "Ah, dear sir, I will instantly go back, and write all this to my little son, Hansigen, so that he may pray, and learn, and be good, in order to get into this garden! And he has a little cousin Lena, whom he must bring with him." Then said the man, "So shall it be; go home and write to him."

Therefore, dear little son Hansigen, be diligent to learn and pray, and tell the same to Lippus and Justus, that you may all come together into the garden. Herewith I recommend you to the Almighty, and give cousin Lena a kiss from me. 1530.

This is a letter worthy of the founder of German protestantism—a Mahometan paradise, or the fairy-land of Tieck's Little Elves, and works of merit to bring you in! However, this is not the place to discuss this subject. As a description of heaven for young children, we deny that it is even suited to their natural hearts. They know it to be something not of this earth, earthy—no mere playground when their lessons are over. They have also an awe—half natural, half acquired—of the very name of heaven, unless we render it irreverently cheap, which withholds them from asking for close details; or, if a chance child persist in doing so, we may depend he is a little radical in embryo who will, never get there.

But it is time that we should leave our subject, and commit the children, whose rights and wrongs we have been thus desultorily considering, to the guardianship of their best friends or worst enemies —their natural protectors or unnatural tormentors namely, to their parents. To the outward eye there may seem to be an immense difference between the position of children in life. Some accident shows us a family of the rich and a family of the poor standing together—the one with feathers and plumes, dolls and whips, and bright cheeks—the other with bangled hats, and bare feet, and dirty faces, and, instead of a toy, some necessary burden, as a foretaste of a life of labor, in their hands; and a pang goes through us at the inequality of their fates. But this is a wrong view. It is not the inequality of fortunes that affects a child, but the inequality of parents. The parent is the child's *fate* —its good or evil genius—under whose auspices life will smile be the fortunes ever so low, or frown be they ever so high. The poor and tender mother will make her children happier, though dragging them up in poverty, than the rich and harsh one, though lapping them in luxury. Question many a memory what it envied other children most in the days of its childhood, and it will tell you, with painful tenacity, that it envied them not the toy, or the carriage, or the delicate fare, or the rich clothing, but the tender mother and the indulgent father; that it envied them the mother's *praise*—the word of encouragement in due season, and felt that this alone would have made a sunshine in a dark place.

Children may be neglected or spoiled; servants and governesses, uncles and aunts, may rule their fate to their present weal or woe; but there is no happiness and no misery which affect our future reminiscences so surely—which sinks so deep into the heart, to wither or gladden it in the trials of life—as that which we owe in the days of our childhood to our parents.

But this is a subject which deserves a chapter to itself. We would only add, that in asserting the inequality of a child's lot to consist not in birth or fortune, but in the nature of their parents, we have asserted the greatest inequality of all. Children are born of the tender and the harsh, the pious and the unbelieving, the thoughtful and the careless; and their trials will be accordingly. Their and our only part is to remember, that "the Lord is the Maker of them all."

From the Britannia.

LOUIS BLANC'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

The revolution of February, 1848, is not to be understood apart from the revolution of July, 1830. The one is the sequence of the other. The same ideas, the same hopes, the same personages, figure

* "Foreign Library." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall Strand.

in both. The progress of revolution has been stayed for eighteen years by the pacific policy of Louis Philippe, only to recommence at the very point at which he succeeded in arresting it. He smothered the flame, but did nothing to extinguish it. It has been smouldering during his prudent and careful reign, and now has burst out with fresh vigor. Blot out those eighteen years from memory, and nothing is altered; or, if there be a change, it is only that the revolution is a week or two older. The moderates have been swept from the scene, and their place has been usurped by violent republicans.

The movement of 1830 ended in the establishment of the monarchy of the middle classes. Before the people had time to declare their sentiments, and make their power felt, the bourgeoisie and their leaders filled the vacant posts of government, set Louis Philippe on the throne, and declared the revolution accomplished. This was as though Neckar and Roland, in 1789, had anticipated and defeated the designs of the Jacobins. Principles often sleep, though they do not die; and it impresses one with the very highest idea of the superior capacity, wisdom, and experience of Louis Philippe that he should have been able for so long a period to stay the course of that revolutionary movement, which the sagest heads thought must make rapid and irresistible progress from the moment that it began to triumph.

But the period of repose was treacherous. The revolution has been making way noiselessly. It has been gaining ground in the mind of the nation, though not in its places of authority. The constitutionalists of 1830 have either disappeared from the scene or have become republican. Latterly, the efforts of Louis Philippe to maintain a throne on revolutionary foundations has met with no support in popular sentiment. The pretended friends of his dynasty have been employed in undermining it. On the first attack it has fallen defenceless amidst a roar of acclamation.

Take up the history of France from the first of August, 1830, and what has happened but the overthrow of the *juste milieu* party by the ultra-radical party? What genius and what art were required to maintain order and the semblance of a monarchy for so long a time we all know. A new phase of the revolution is now presented to us. The ascendancy of the bourgeoisie has given way to the ascendancy of the workmen and the mob. There is no prospect, no hope, that the revolution can be fixed at its present point. It must advance with the rapidity of a torrent. All barriers which formerly stayed its course are broken down. The sovereignty of the people has been proclaimed. What that means we all know. There are some shallow persons who suppose that the revolution is purely political. They are incapable of discerning the most palpable signs of the times. Already it has taken a social shape. It is headed by communists, socialists, and St. Simonians. It must now traverse the road of the revolution of 1789; but let us trust that that road will be less ensanguined and less ruinous.

Louis Blanc is a member of the provisional committee; he has been a leading actor in the revolution of 1848, and a leading member of all the republican societies which have prepared the way for it. His eloquent history informs us of the failure of his party in 1830, and of their hopes, views, objects, and proceedings since that period. He may be accepted as a faithful exponent of the principles of those men who have so wonderfully, so boldly, and so successfully possessed themselves of the supreme power at a moment when Louis Philippe appeared firmly seated on his throne. The energy, courage, and talent of that small but energetic party to which he belongs has changed the aspect of Europe, and opened a blank page in the world's history. It is enough to say that those who know France and her parties best regard this change with the greatest apprehension.

The *Standard*, in one of those fearless and able articles which it daily sends forth, has justly noted a very important distinction between the two movements. In 1830 Paris rose in favor of the law; in 1848 against it. In the former case the insurgents had a majority of the deputies with them; in the latter against them. But it is remarkable that in each case the speech of the king on opening the session gave occasion for the commencement of the movement against the throne, and that the particular paragraphs of the two speeches were couched in nearly the same terms.

On the 2d of March, 1830, Charles X., addressing the chambers on their convocation, said:—

Peers of France, deputies of the departments, I entertain no doubt of your coöperation towards effecting the good I desire to do. You will reject with disdain the perfidious insinuations malevolence strives to propagate. Should culpable manœuvres raise up obstacles in the way of my government, an event which I cannot and will not anticipate, I should derive the necessary strength to surmount them from my resolution to uphold the public peace, from the just confidence of the French, and from the love they have always evinced for their king.

How like is this language to that of Louis Philippe on opening the session of 1848:—

Amidst the agitation that hostile and blind passions foment, a conviction animates and supports me, which is, that we possess in the constitutional monarchy—in the union of the great powers of the state—sure means of overcoming all those obstacles, and of satisfying all interests, moral and material.

The address to Louis Philippe we know was carried by a majority of the chamber. But in the case of Charles X. the celebrated majority of 221 members declared that no sympathy existed between the crown and the legislature:—

The charter has made the permanent concurrence of the political views of your government with the wishes of your people an indispensable requisite to the regular course of public affairs. Sire, our loyalty, our devotedness, compel us to tell you that this concurrence does not exist.

Charles X. at once resolved on abolishing the charter, exclaiming that he "would not suffer his crown to be flung into the mire." By the publi-

cation of the famous ordonnances he challenged opposition, and Paris rose against him.

Yet, perhaps, to the apprehension of the Parisian populace the distinction between the circumstances of 1830 and 1848 may be less palpable than to us. The presence of a few ministerial deputies more or less in the chamber is a matter of small moment to them. They have not our respect for majorities, nor our sense of submission to constitutional forms. Encouraged to display their power, they assembled; and the mushroom mockery of constitutional government perished the instant the streets declared against it.

The revolution of 1848 has been accomplished with comparatively greater ease than the revolution of 1830, though the means to resist it were in the former instance far greater. Charles X. had but 12,000 troops around Paris, yet for three days they made a determined resistance to the people, who gained their victory only after a fierce and sanguinary struggle. Louis Philippe, with 30,000 men within the walls of Paris, and an immense force additional within call, was compelled to surrender almost without striking a blow. The police of the city (the municipal guard) seem alone to have offered an effective resistance. The principle of revolt was consecrated by the three days of July, and the throne of the barricades had no sentiment of loyalty to enlist in its support.

In 1830 men regarded the prospect of a revolution with fear and trembling. The warning of 1789—1794 had not then been forgotten. It is stated in this history that a few days previous to the revolution M. Odilon Barrot said to some members of the *Aide-toi* society, "You have faith in an insurrection in the streets? Good God! if a *coup d'état* were made, and you were beaten, you would be dragged to the scaffold, and the people would look on quietly as you passed." The *National*, a paper then in the Orleans interest, held the same language, and loudly denounced the designs of the revolutionists. "When you resolve to have nothing more to do with the laws," wrote the *National*, "you have nothing left you but to throw yourselves upon the populace." So fearful was the liberal party of countenancing any revolutionary movement that, while it was in progress, they kept studiously aloof from participation in it, and only dared to show themselves and claim authority when the victory was won. While the fighting was in progress, all the deputies were extremely alarmed. M. de Remusat, at the office of the *Globe*, exclaimed, "No, it was never our purpose to produce a revolution. All we aimed at was a legal resistance." Even the most ardent of the republican party had little hope of the result, and feared the end must be either despotism or pillage. Armand Carrel, traversing the Boulevards with Etienne Arago, saw a man greasing his shoes with the oil of a broken street lamp. "There," he said, "you have the people—there you see Paris! Levity—recklessness—what represents great things applied to little uses." The historian adds as a commentary on this:—"He was mistaken in one half. The people was about to take part seriously in the fight; it was indifferent only as to the results of the victory." When rivers of blood were flowing through Paris on the 28th July, M. Guizot read to an assembly of the deputies his protest against the ordonnances. "It is a revolution we have to encounter," exclaimed M. Mauguin; "our choice lies between the royal guards and the people." Sebastiani and Charles Dupin answered, "Let us above everything remain within the bounds of the law." Casimir Périer, then the darling of the populace, accosted Laffitte. "We must try," he said, "to negotiate with M. Marmont. Four millions would not be ill-spent for such a purpose." The idea was caught at, but the courageous Arago had been before them. They found him in conference with the Duc de Raguse, vainly endeavoring to persuade the marshal to withdraw. "Must I tell you," he said, "the ill-boding phrases I heard as I came along among the crowd? They are firing grape among the people; it is Marmont paying his debts." The king was inexorable, and Marmont, against his will, continued to struggle to the last.

The three days of July were marked by all the peculiar characteristics which have distinguished the three days of February, the 22d, the 23d, and the 24th. In both periods mere boys took part in the fighting. As the troops withdrew from Paris in July they were assailed by children:—

More victims fell at Chaillot. Children started out unexpectedly at the corners of the streets and fired on the troops with a ferocity that was inexplicable. Here fell one of the most accomplished and gallant officers of the guards, M. Lomotheux. No one had more forcibly than he disapproved of the ordinances, and he was preparing to tender his resignation. He fell dead, struck by a ball discharged by an insurgent only ten years of age. Other officers received mortal wounds, and one was on the point of being made prisoner. Being separated from his regiment, he was obliged to pass the night at Chaillot, whence he escaped the next day in disguise. The disinterestedness and grandeur of the end aimed at, can alone absolve those who excite the thirst of blood among a people, for there is something in it epidemic. The revolution of July was, even to childhood, an encouragement to heroism, but it was also a provocation to cruelty. The battalions which had not taken the road by Cours la Reine had rallied at the Arc de l'Etoile, whence they extended as far as the Porte Maillot. They were close by the house of Casimir Périer. A major and some officers were asked in; they were politely received, and refreshments were set before them. Their distress of mind was poignant and profound. What terrible soldiers are these Parisians! said the major, pondering over all the gaps death had made in his regiment. There, as at Chaillot, a band of children assailed some soldiers with fire-arms, and the latter, pursuing their aggressors, entered a house where some workmen were drinking, and those they slaughtered in their blind exasperation.

Utterly reckless of life, the people then, as now, were eager only to take part in the combat:—

Such was the ardent spirit of the people, that

several of them rushed upon the suspension-bridge leading to the Place de Grève, in the middle of which a cannon was pointed against them. Several discharges of grape were sent amongst the assailants, and several times in succession was the bridge frightfully swept by the shot. M. Charras, of the Ecole Polytechnique, was on the left bank, sword in hand. A workman, who was shot down by his side by a ball through the chest, bequeathed him his musket, but ammunition was wanting. A lad of fifteen or sixteen, stepped up to M. Charras, and, showing him a packet of cartridges, said, "We will divide if you like, but on condition that you lend me your gun, that I may fire off my share." The musket was put into his hands, and he ran to have his shot. Just at that moment a body of guards advanced across the bridge; the insurgents vanished up the streets opening on the quay, and among them the intrepid boy. It was on this same field of battle that a young man who carried a tricolour flag, uttered the heroic exclamation, "My friends, if I fall, remember that my name is d'Arcole." He did fall; but the bridge that received his corpse has, at least, preserved his name.

On the capture of the Tuileries the scene was nearly the same as that witnessed on Thursday in last week:—

Many robberies evincing a cultivated taste were committed in this medley concourse. The articles which disappeared, and which have not been recovered, were generally rare books, sumptuous editions, elegant slippers, a multitude of charming trifles, all sorts of things calculated to tempt the cupidity of the refined and fastidious. With these exceptions little mischief was done. The rich man went up to the poor man and said to him, "My friend, you have a gun, keep guard over these splendid cases."—"Very well," replied the poor man, and he would have suffered death rather than have failed to fulfil the order. A young man had got possession of a royal hat, ornamented in a very costly manner; some of the people saw him and stopped him. "Where are you going with that? No stealing here!"—"It is only a token I am taking with me."—"All well and good; but in that case the value of the article is of no consequence." So saying, they took the hat, trampled it under their feet, and returned it to the young man. The people, therefore, kept perfect watch over themselves.

At the Louvre the people indulged their reckless humor by shooting at the effigies of royalty:—

The people broke statues of kings in the palace-halls, portraits of princes were torn with the points of pikes or bayonets, and workmen carried home, as the sole trophy of their victory, some strips of painted canvass. In the hall of the marshals the victors discharged their pieces at some portraits that awakened recollections of perfidy; but many a head was uncovered before the portrait of Macdonald, whom the falling fortunes of his benefactor had found faithful in 1814. A great number of working men had installed themselves in the hall of the throne, each of them sat on the throne in his turn, and then they placed a dead man upon it.

No robbery was permitted, the richest treasures being frequently guarded by the poorest of the combatants:—

About the same time two large chests, covered with grey cloth, arrived on the Place de la Bourse. M. Charles Teste, who then had the command of the Bourse, had them opened. They contained the silver plate of the château, and the most valuable ornaments of the chapel. Those who escorted and protected these rich articles had on their persons nothing but blood-stained rags.

That evening (the 29th July) the bourgeoisie kept armed watch for the preservation of their property. The sentiment of fraternity had abruptly given way among the prosperous to a distrust, composed in part of fear of the return of the troops, and of that of the people in a much greater degree Vigilant patrols traversed the city in every direction. To pass with any freedom from one place to another it was necessary to be furnished with the watchword. A great number of arbitrary arrests were made; the bourgeois in uniform disarmed the workmen in jackets, and even the bourgeois in plain clothes. Two of the combatants of the preceding day, M. Dupont and Godefroi Cavaignac, were arrested in this way at the Croix Rouge, and only owed it to their determined conduct that they were left in possession of their muskets.

We do not know whether the M. Dupont mentioned in the above paragraph is the M. Dupont (de l'Eure) the president of the provisional committee; but we make no doubt that Godefroi Cavaignac is the new governor-general of Algeria. Summary executions for robbery were frequent. The bourgeoisie showed themselves careful guardians of their own property:—

Property, therefore, ran not the least risk in the month of July; it would have been protected by the providence of the bourgeoisie, even had it not been so by the disinterestedness of the proletaries. We must not omit to say that this disinterestedness was not left without its stimulus. During the days succeeding the victory of Paris the journals vied with each other in extolling the self-denial of the poor; the admiration it called forth was loud and unanimous. It was related that a workman had deposited a silver gilt vase at the prefecture of police, and would not even state his name; that another had found a bag containing three thousand francs under the wicket of the Louvre, and had immediately carried it to the commune. A phrase uttered by an unfortunate artisan was greatly admired, "Equality before the law is all very well; but equality of fortune is an impossibility." Lastly, there was no end of magnifying the good conduct displayed by the people in shooting robbers taken in the fact, and the number of these popular executions was designedly exaggerated. A man having been arrested for purloining a piece of plate of very small value, he was dragged away under an arch of the Pont d'Arcole. The wretched man burst into tears, and cried out, "What! death for such a little thing! It was poverty that tempted me. Mercy; I have a family. Let me at least embrace my wife and children for the last time. Is there never a man among you that has suffered the pangs of hunger? Mercy! mercy!" He was made to kneel down, and was shot dead. There was nothing spontaneous in this savage act of justice on the part of those who executed it; the order for the murder emanated from the Hotel de Ville.

When the fighting was over the National Guards mustered strongly. The Liberal deputies with Laf-

fitte, Lafayette, Dupont (de l'Eure), de Puyraveau, Gerard, Sebastiani, Thiers, Guizot, Casimir Périer, Garnier Pages, and others, assembled and took possession of the government, for there were few republicans in those days. The chamber met on the 30th, and Laffitte was installed president. The populace were clamorous for admission, but that was not allowed. "This is not a sitting," said Laffitte dexterously, "but a simple assemblage of deputies;" and so the mob was excluded. Louis Blanc notices the importance of this exclusion. "The publicity of the proceedings at such a moment," he says, "would have been tantamount to a democracy." Let the reader return to the report we give of the proceedings in the chamber on the 24th of February last, and he will at once recognize the truth of this observation. The revolutionary party on this occasion played their cards skilfully. The populace were admitted. Pikes and loaded muskets drove the deputies from their seats; the provisional government was carried amid the roar of the rabble, and democracy was established. The difference between the two sittings, after the fighting was over, sufficiently marks the destructive character of the two revolutions.

The chamber, independent and unfettered, and fully possessing the confidence of the bourgeoisie, were in treaty at one and the same moment with Charles X. and the Duke of Orleans. But the partisans of the latter were numerous among the deputies and active among the people. On the 31st of July, Louis Philippe entered Paris, and that day, says Louis Blanc, "the revolution was betrayed." The middle classes flocked about him, and the working men, who had fought and gained the battle, were allowed no voice in the matter. In the view of the people Louis Philippe embraced Laffitte as he read the declaration of the chamber inviting the duke to accept the office of lieutenant-general. "Trial by jury for offences of the press," said Laffitte. "It is almost unnecessary," said the king; "there will be no offences of the press now."

That same evening a party of young republicans, "men who combined great personal bravery with prompt and vivid intellectual powers," had an interview with the lieutenant-general, being introduced by M. Thiers. Among them were two persons who have taken an active part in the existing revolution, Godefroi Cavaignac and M. Thomas, the present editor of the *National*. Pointing to the latter, Thiers said, "There is a handsome colonel." The historian says, "His insinuations, the suggestions of a vulgar cunning, were repulsed with disdain."

The conference began with one of the party telling Louis Philippe that he would be king on the morrow, an announcement he received with polite incredulity, and by asking him what was his opinion of the treaties of 1815:—

"Supposing you become king, what is your opinion as to the treaties of 1815? It is not a liberal revolution, you will observe, that has been made in the streets; it is a national revolution. The sight of the tri-color flag was what stirred up the people, and it would certainly be easier to push Paris towards the Rhine than upon St. Cloud."

The Duc d'Orleans replied that he was no partisan of the treaties of 1815; but that it was important to observe a very wary discretion in the presence of foreign powers, and that there were sentiments which it was not expedient to utter aloud.

"Monseigneur," said M. Bastide, with almost ironical smoothness, "for the sake of the crown itself you ought to convoke the primary assemblies."

The prince withdrew the hand that rested negligently on M. Bastide's arm, fell-back two steps, changed countenance, and, breaking out into a rapid flow of words, he dilated on the revolution, on its excesses, on the many dismal pages to be contrasted with a few glorious ones; and he pointed to two pictures of the battles of Jemmapes and Valmy. He then went on to attack in very explicit terms the system pursued by the convention, when M. Godefroi Cavaignac, bending on him a fixed and stern look that abashed the prince's, exclaimed roughly, "Do you forget, monsieur, that my father was a member of the convention?" "So was mine, monsieur," replied the Duc d'Orléans, "and I never knew a more respectable man." The bystanders gave attentive ear to this altercation between two sons of regicides. The Duc d'Orleans complained of the calumnies propagated against his family, and M. Boinvilliers having expressed his apprehension that the Carlists and the clergy would be found besetting the avenues to the palace, "Oh! as for them," said the duke, energetically, "they have struck too roughly at my house; there is an eternal barrier between us."

When the republicans were about taking their leave, the Duc d'Orleans said to them in an engaging tone, "You will come again to me; you will see!" And the word *never* having struck his ear, "You must never pronounce that word," he said, quoting a vulgar aphorism, and like a man who had little faith in intractable convictions.

The young men who had fought side by side with the people in the three days withdrew with heavy hearts. "Only a two hundred and twenty-one," said M. Bastide as he left the palace.

"What is your opinion of the treaties of 1815?" That is a question which must soon be pushed on the provisional committee. "It is not a *liberal* revolution that has been made in the streets, but a *national* revolution." "It would be easier to push Paris towards the Rhine than upon St. Cloud." These sentences are more applicable to the present than the late revolution. Hope as we may, despise facts as we will, no one acquainted with the sentiments of the republican party, which has now gained the ascendancy in France, can doubt that, sooner or later, the treaties of 1815 will be trampled in the mire by the armed sections of Paris, and that throughout France the cry will arise "To the Rhine!"

The change of dynasty took place in the chamber with perfect order and regularity. The deputies met and deliberated in peace and security, and Louis Philippe ascended the throne amidst their warmest acclamations. His ministry was at first strong, from comprising the most eminent names of the liberal party, Lafayette, Laffitte, Dupont

(de l'Eure,) Odilon Barrot, and others. Yet for some months the new dynasty seemed insecure, from the efforts made by the republicans, and turbulent assemblages of the people were numerous and menaced. They were restrained only by the strength of the government. Even the most popular personages were not always safe from insult. "I do not recognize here," said Lafayette, on one occasion, "the heroes of July." "No wonder," was the reply, "you were not amongst them."

Quiet as the revolution had been, it was speedily followed by deep distress, and by a fearful decline of the revenue. The paragraphs on this head are instructive:—

Meanwhile, frightful distress was beginning to prevail among the working classes. Those men who cried "Vive la Charte!" and who had for three days fought for it so gallantly, were amazed at the increase of suffering their victory entailed upon them. The measure adopted by the municipal commission and by Lafayette on the 31st of July, of creating a movable national guard, and decreeing that the soldiers should receive thirty sous daily pay, could only have been intended as a provisional measure; besides, it was not acted upon.

Thanks to ingenious contrivances, deceitful promises, and some well-placed largesses, the people had been easily brought to disperse and disarm. A proclamation was then posted up beginning with these words:—"Brave workmen, return to your workshops." The poor fellows did return thither, and found no work.

Capital disappeared, as might but too well have been foreseen, and all the relations of trade were interrupted. Every shot fired during the three days had been the prelude to a bankruptcy. The bank of France, though instituted for the purpose of providing against great emergencies, regulated its issues by its fears with cruel prudence; and sentinels as usual kept watch over its vaults filled with gold, in a city swarming with paupers.

Every day added to the distress of the people, which was evidenced by innumerable facts. The most considerable of all the printing-offices in the capital employed, when the revolution broke out, about two hundred workmen, who each earned regularly from four to six francs a day. After the revolution the premises were closed for eight or ten days, at the end of which time ten or twelve workmen were taken back; and six months afterwards the men employed in that establishment were but five-and-twenty, who earned, not four, five, or six francs, as before, but twenty-five or thirty sous per day. Yet printing seemed less likely to suffer than other businesses from the results of the troubles. From this we may conjecture the immensity of the disasters. The house No. 28, in the Rue Chapon, Quartier des Graivilliers, let out to two hundred workmen of different trades, brought in a rent of seventeen thousand fancs up to the time of the revolution. After that event the receipts suddenly fell to ten thousand; and at this day, after a lapse of more than ten years, it does not yet amount to more than fourteen thousand francs.

The remedy suggested by the historian is precisely that which has been adopted by the provisional government on the present occasion:—

There was a surer means of employing many workmen who wanted bread. The arsenals contained but nine hundred thousand muskets, and three millions were requisite to arm the national guard throughout the kingdom. Urgent solicitations were daily addressed to the minister of the interior, who, in his turn, applied to the minister of war; and after all only five hundred thousand muskets were delivered. In vain were earnest and repeated applications made for the manufacture of those that were wanting; in vain was it demanded on behalf of all the workers in wood and iron that a great factory should be opened in Paris; in vain were satisfactory propositions transmitted to the offices of war from various parts of the kingdom, and particularly from St. Etienne. All these efforts were unavailing, and had no other effect than to awaken the spirit of speculation.

Woe to those who cast themselves at random into revolutions, and who rush to the fight with unknown war-cries.

As the winter advanced the distress deepened:—

Ere long an extreme agitation manifested itself among the people. Wretches, covered with dirty rags, just as Paris had lately seen them braving death, assembled tumultuously in the public places. Concourses gathered before the offices of the several ministers in the Place de Griève, in front of the Palais Royal, and in every spot that was the abode of power and pleasure. The sufferings of the poor found expression by turns in fiery invectives and in touching lamentations. Some bewailed the abrupt suspension of work, others the diminution of wages; some indignantly denounced the preference given in certain factories to foreign workmen; all execrated the murderous influence of machinery. Have we fought for so little? they exclaimed. Here we are, worse off after the event than before it. What a destiny is ours, and what do they mean by talking of our victory? They call us the sovereign people, and we are not even proprietors of our own hands and arms. We have saved the country, so they declare, and our families droop around us, with no alternative but beggary or despair.

It is certain that the revolution of July had rendered the sufferings of the working classes more acute. The vanquished party consisted of opulent men; its defeat was a heavy blow to all the employments dependent on luxury. The future, too, was uncertain; war was possible; and the enthusiasm affected by statesmen only veiled the distrust that narrowed the hearts of the rich. Hence irreparable disasters, and among the people a bitterness of feeling exasperated by disappointed hopes.

That which was an inevitable effect of the revolution is attributed by the author to the misconduct of the government. We shall now see how the provisional committee will be able to manage these matters. They have our best hopes of the future, but we cannot refrain from gloomy apprehensions.

The strong ministry soon broke up. Lafayette and Dupont retired before the close of 1830. Laffitte resigned early in 1831. With his resignation, and the ministry of Casimir Périer, the author regards the revolution as finished. The policy of the king had developed itself in the pacific and moderate course he adopted with regard to the revolution in Belgium and the movement in Italy. "French blood belongs only to France," exclaimed Casimir Périer, in his first address to the chamber. The

commentary of Louis Blanc is worth quoting, for the insight it gives into the sympathies of the republicans :—

Impious words! Ignorant and narrow-minded blasphemy! the genius of France having ever consisted in her cosmopolitanism, and self-sacrifice having been imposed on her by God equally as an element of her might and a condition of her existence.

The budget of 1831 disclosed an alarming view of the state of the national finances. The revenue receipts, from the commencement of August to the close of December, 1830, showed a decline of upwards of thirty-one millions of francs. In the same period thirty millions of francs had been advanced to relieve commercial distress, and the increase of expenditure besides was fifty-four millions. The republicans loudly declared that the genius of the revolution must confess itself bankrupt, and loudly proclaimed to the people that an addition to their burdens must be the first consequence of their success :—

In truth, that throne seemed then suspended over a precipice. By the reviving joy of the vanquished one might judge the vastness of the public calamities. Their journals reckoned up the recent bankruptcies with pitiless exactness. They asked ironically why the strongest house in Bordeaux suspended payment? why M. Vassal was reduced to the same extremity, M. Vassal who had clapped his hands at the revolution? and why the credit of M. Laffitte himself was beginning to waver?

Then came the republicans, whose accusations struck still deeper. The first need of the people was to live. Well, then, above that people which wanted bread, what was beheld? Ministers busied in distributing places. It was high time to put an end to the scandal of this indifference. They pointed to the fact that disturbances had broken out in the departments du Tarn and de Seine-et-Oise; that the fear of a famine had excited great apprehension at the last market of Corbeil; that in nearly fifty departments the indirect imposts yielded nothing, or were collected only by force; and that at Bordeaux it had been necessary to point cannon at the multitude to quell their violence.

On occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque the Orleans dynasty was in serious danger. While the people thronged the streets, some of the opposition deputies assembled at Laffitte's. Lafayette was among them, and addresssed the meeting :—

Recalling with a magnanimous disapprobation of himself the days of July, that everlasting warning to nations, his illusions so miserably destroyed, his confidence so terribly deceived, his blindness so severely punished, he indignantly repudiated the idea of anything like hope from a monarchy. But this courageous and sincere old man spoke to politicians whom monarchy held fast under its subjection by all-powerful allurements. The members present named three gentlemen of their number as a deputation: M. Francis Arago, Marshal Clausel, and M. Laffitte. The marshal having declined to act, M. Odilon Barrot was appointed in his place. At this juncture they received information that the insurrection was suppressed, and the deputies at once separated, looking upon the object of their assembling, so far, as at an end. On leaving the house M. Arago met in the courtyard M. Savary and M. Alexandre Dumas, a savant and a poet. Both of them men of high spirit, they no sooner heard what had taken place at Laffitte's than they burst out into language full of vehemence and bitterness, exclaiming that Paris had but waited an intelligible signal to rise as one man; and that they regarded as deeply guilty towards their country those deputies who had manifested such eager haste to disavow and reject the efforts of the people, grudging it those high destinies which its magnanimous spirit aspired to, and which the grandeur of its courage well merited.

Arago, Odilon Barrot, and Laffitte, on this occasion, had an interview with the king. A man met them at the royal entrance with the significant expression :—"Take care, gentlemen; M. Guizot has just quitted the apartments of the king; your lives are not safe." The king, however, met them kindly, and took credit to himself for firmly repressing all insurrectionary movements :—

Among the expressions which escaped the king in the course of one of his impromptu speeches on this occasion, the deputation remarked the following, as coming somewhat unguardedly from the mouth of so very diplomatic a monarch :—"In all the nations of Europe the elements of revolution exist, but all of them have n't got the stuff of a Duke of Orleans to put an effectual stop to their progress."

That sentence reads curiously at the present moment. The current of revolutionary opinion has at last been too strong for the king to stem.

In these pages we find frequent mention of those names which have figured prominently in the days of February, 1848. Cavaignac was prosecuted for his connection with the Society of the Friends of the People, and made an effective speech in vindicating the principles of the society :—

Morality and well-being, that is to say, equality, must be established in this world. The title of man must avail to obtain for all those who bear it a common religious respect for their rights, a pious sympathy for their wants. The religion which we profess is that which will change horrid prisons into penitentiaries, and which will abolish the penalty of death in the name of human inviolability.

As for labor, we demand that it be no longer made subordinate to the interests of the greedy and the idle; we demand that the working man be no longer made the helpless drudge of the capitalist; that the labor of his hands be not his sole source of gain; that he find in the establishment of public banks, in the diffusion of instruction both general and special to his calling, in the sage administration of justice and the equitable adjustment of taxation, in the multiplication of the means of inter-communication, and in the power of association itself, the means of lightening his tasks, of emancipating his capabilities, and of recompensing his industry and courage. We demand above all that labor shall constitute the first of all claims to the exercise of political rights, for societies subsist by labor, and not by property.

Ferdinand Flocon is he who issued that duelling manifesto to the legitimists which provoked so

much notice at the time. When the Duchess of Berri was captured, and those rumors were circulated respecting her which were subsequently found to have a foundation in fact, some satirical paragraphs appeared in the republican prints. These attacks were warmly resented by the legitimists, and the writers of them were challenged. It was in this dispute that Armand Carrel was wounded by the hand of Roux Laborie. The mob, indignant with the legitimists, beset the office of the *Gazette de France*, intending to break up its presses. They were restrained by Ferdinand Flocon, who published this curious letter to the legitimist leaders:—

Messieurs—You do not choose that the people should speak ill of the Duchess de Berri; you say that she is a woman, an unfortunate and captive woman: a mother, deprived of her children; you say that regard is due to the female sex, to weakness and misfortune. You set yourselves up as her champion.

And we, having taken part in the revolution of July, we declare that we will not suffer you any longer to insult it in your journals.

We did think that the care of its defence might still be left to those who have profited by it. We think so no longer. The revolution of July is a principle. The men who have usurped it permit you to attack it. The revolution of July is oppressed and persecuted every day in the persons of those who effected it; the prisons are filled with its friends and representatives; the registers of the gaols are scribbled all over with the names of the defenders of liberty. If, then, you claim the privilege of the unfortunate and the oppressed, that privilege belongs to us as much and more than to you.

For us, we were upon the ground on the day of the fight. We looked for you, and did not find you, and now you show yourselves. You dare to forbid us to speak of your dame.

Well, then, our dame is Liberty; our dame is the revolution of July, and we forbid you to speak of her, good or bad.

You have held meetings in the capital, the avowed object of which was to manifest your sympathy for a cause which the nation repudiates. The capital, amazed at your audacity, has vainly awaited the repression of so much effrontery by legal means. We forbid you to hold similar meetings for the future.

And since the executive approves of you, for it tolerates you, we declare to you that, upon the very first occasion on which you shall have had the insolence to announce a public meeting of legitimatists, we will do what the executive ought to have done long ago, we will disperse you by force,

(Signed) P. C. C. Ferdinand Flocon.

Cavaignac and Marrast also took part in this singular contest. At a subsequent period we find Armand Marrast and Godefroi Cavaignac editors of the *Tribune*, a noted revolutionary print, and summoned to the bar of the chamber of deputies for impeaching the integrity of its members. Louis Blanc himself was editor of another paper, inclining to communist principles, known as the *Bon Sens*. In 1837 a republican association was formed for the defence of the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press; it was organized into various committees, and among the names we find those of Garnier Pages, of A. Marrast, of M. Marie, of G. Cavaignac, and of E. Arago. The object of the pure republicans may be conjectured from the sketch of a constitution issued by Charles Teste:—

A republican association had been formed for the defence of the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press, and was organized into various committees.* The committee of inquiry was charged with collecting all the facts relative to the arrests which had been made; and these facts were made public in a report, as bitter as it was spirited, drawn up by M. Pagnerre, one of the secretaries to the committee. This report attracted considerable attention, and raised a furious controversy; but the journeymen's unions were forcibly dissolved, and the malcontents were restrained by menaces.

As early as February, 1833, one of our noblest citizens, M. Charles Teste, had published a draught of a constitution, based on the two following principles:—"All property, movable or immovable, contained within the national territory, or anywhere possessed by its citizens, belongs to the people, who alone can regulate its distribution. Labor is a debt which every healthy citizen owes to society; idleness ought to be branded as a robbery, and as a perpetual source of immorality."

There are in this book some savage passages directed against England. On the cold reception of poor Charles X. at Holyrood it is remarked:—

The English aristocracy had a double purpose to serve in outraging, or suffering outrages to be heaped on, the white hairs of a guilty but unfortunate prince; it wished on the one hand to take vengeance for the preference Charles X. had shown to Russia; and, on the other, it hoped to win the alliance of that new France of which it was afraid. The French bourgeoisie was too much engrossed with the pride of its triumph, and too little initiated into the mysteries of British diplomacy, to see through this deep and artful policy; it took for the expression of disinterested good will what was but a crafty device of selfishness, and a hypocritical form disguising an undying hatred.

Will the republicans be better pleased with the more generous reception given to the Orleans family? Before Mr. Cobden delivers his next speech on the friendly feeling of France for the trade, we advise him to peruse this passage from Louis Blanc, and an influential member of the provisional government, on the state of England in 1830:—

Everything then was declining in England, agriculture, industry, commerce, and finance. And during this time Ireland, whose evils were incapable of augmentation, and whose passions had not been allayed by the recent emancipation of the Catholics—Ireland was in a ferment, and began her vengeance against her oppressors by sending them O'Connell.

What remedy was to be found for this fearful amount of evils? A commission of inquiry was proposed. But that would have rendered it neces-

*The members of these committees were—MM. Lafayette, *Garnier Pages*, *Cormenin*, Voyer d'Argenson, Joly, Audry de Puyraveau, Corbet, all deputies: MM. A. Carrel, *A. Marrast*, Guinard, J. Bernard, Pagnerre, *Dupont*, *Marie*, Boussi, Rittiez, Audriat, Boissaye, Conseil, Desjardins, *G. Cavaignac*, Marchet, Fenet, and *E. Arago*.

sary to avow in the face of Europe that the policy of England had never been anything else but a criminal blunder, and that after having overthrown many a kingdom, fomented a thousand revolts, violated treaties, ravaged provinces, fired towns, insolently enslaved the seas, *and all this to find purchasers for English goods*, that after all this that policy resulted only in impotence. It is certain that, in making it her system to substitute her own activity for that of all the nations rendered tributary to her trade, England had not perceived that she would end by impoverishing them, and that her own ruin would be consummated on the day when she should have made them all incapable of cashing their acceptances. Neither had she reflected that, to render palpable the madness of her system, no more was necessary than that a few great nations should be tempted to imitate it. This is what an inquiry would have clearly revealed.

France is little likely to adopt the policy of free trade while such sentiments are prevalent with her most popular rulers. Louis Blanc, indeed, goes the length of declaiming against competition in every shape, and asserts that it is the cause of universal distress and ruin :—

Struggles between producers for the possession of the market, between the members of the working class for the possession of employment; struggles of the manufacturer against the poor man on the subject of wages, of the poor man against the machine, which by supplanting him devoted him to starvation : such was, under the name of competition, the characteristic feature in the situation of things regarded in a commercial and manufacturing point of view. And what disasters in consequence ! Great capitals ensuring the victory in economic wars, like great battalions in other wars, and the laissez faire system thus leading to the most odious monopolies; great commercial enterprises ruining the small; usury, that modern feudalism worse than the ancient, gradually usurping the soil; and manorial property encumbered with more than a thousand millions; artisans, proprietors of their own industry, giving place to workmen who had no property in their own toil; a vile cupidity burying capital in wild speculations; all interests armed one against the other, the vine-growers against the wood-owners, the manufacturers of beet-root sugar against the colonies, the seaports against the factories of the interior, the southern against the northern provinces, Bordeaux against Paris; here markets glutted, and capitalists in despair; there workshops closed, and the operative starving; commerce degraded by tacit consent into a traffic of tricks and lies; the nation marching to the reconstitution of feudal property through usury, and to the establishment of a moneyed oligarchy by means of credit; all the discoveries of science transformed into means of oppression; all the conquests achieved by the genius of man over nature converted into weapons of strife, and tyranny multiplied in some sort by progress itself; the proletary made the understrapper of a machine, or in times of crisis seeking his bread between revolt and begging; the father of the poor going to die at sixty in a lazar-house, and the daughter of the poor man forced to prostitute herself at sixteen for subsistence, and the son of the poor man reduced to breathe at the age of seven the noisome air of the factories to add to the scanty wages of the family; the bed of the journeyman, improvident through wretchedness, become frightfully prolific; and pauperism threatening the realm with an inundation of beggars; such was the picture which society then presented.

Some predictions hazarded in this history have been confirmed by events in a remarkable degree. The author is an eloquent and enthusiastic man, with ideas of human perfectibility much more creditable to his moral feeling than his judgment. His book fairly reveals the principles of the men with whom he is now associated in power. They look to a social even more than to a political revolution, the leading principle of their creed being, that labor, as it is the source of all wealth and all progress, should control all property and direct all government. Under a thin disguise of names, it is easy to perceive that the most enthusiastic members of the party are for a division of all property, and for the establishment of some such institutions as those under which ancient Sparta flourished.

We conclude our notice of this remarkable book with sketches of some of the celebrated personages who are just now the objects of public attention :—

DUPONT (DE L'EURE.)

Dupont (de l'Eure) yielded at last, and consented to be presented to the lieutenant-general, whose reception of him was full of good nature and cordiality. The new minister began by expressing his distaste for the practice of a ministerial life; he said he was not a courtier, and that his habits and affections were republican. The prince replied that there would be no court, and that for his own part he regretted that he could not live in a republican country like America. Dupont (de l'Eure) made no secret of his apprehensions, and during all this interview his language was that of a free man. But what fitting place could there be for a citizen of this mould in a new monarchy, and among parvenus making their incipient essays in flattery, in fine manners, and in intrigue? Straightforward judgment, inexorable common sense, a frank demeanor, goodness of heart blended with honorable bluntness, great application to business—these are not qualities sufficient to give their possessor the mastery over the complications that arise, in a corrupt region, from the clashing of interests and the play of the passions. Dupont (de l'Eure) took office with qualities similar to those of Roland, but under circumstances much more unfavorable. Now, it is well known that Roland could not make himself acceptable to Louis XVI., who yet was well qualified to appreciate simple and modest virtues.

GUIZOT.

Another member of this ministry (the first ministry of Louis Philippe) was M. Guizot, a man of sour and haughty temper, steeped in pride, impassioned under an outward appearance of calmness. You could easily recognize the man by his noble but melancholy forehead, his drily cut lips, his cold, disdainful smile, and a certain drooping of the body, the index of a troubled soul. We have since seen him in the chambers, his bilious and worn features distinguishable far off from those around him. When provoked by his adversaries he bent upon them a look of piercing scorn, and erected his head upon his bent frame with an indescribable expression of anger and irony. His peremptory gestures, and his dogmatic tone (he was a Protestant and a professor) gave him something

of the air of one who was not to be put down; but his firmness was all apparent; in reality he possessed no activity of mind or vigor of will. The consistency even which was remarked in M. Guizot's writings had in it something of the pertinacity of the master who will not condescend to contradict himself before his pupils. He was thought to be cruel; perhaps he was so only in his speeches; but, in the refinement of his pride, he was fond of compromising himself, and, whilst he wilfully and designedly let his virtues be overlooked, he made a parade of vices artificially put on. The versatility of his political conduct was no secret to any one in 1830, and the recollection of the part he had played in 1815 had made him the object of keen attacks. He took little heed of them. Faithful in friendship, that none might have cause to repent of having trusted in his fortunes, he had always affected to despise his enemies that he might not be suspected of fearing them. His talent consisted in veiling under the solemn pomp with which he enunciated them a great poverty of views, and sentiments devoid of grandeur. His word nevertheless had weight; and his disinterestedness, the grave tenor of his life, his domestic virtues, and the austerity of his manners, marked him out from the frivolous and greedy society in which he moved. Add to this, that he had the art, like Casimir Périer, of ennobling mean designs, and of serving whilst appearing to reign.

GARNIER PAGES.

Endowed with intellectual superiority, Garnier Pages was more especially distinguished for his subtlety of mind, his penetration, his calm, decorous prudence; for his singular skill in setting the two parties adverse to him together by their ears, and making them ruin one another, while he himself obtained the esteem and approbation of both. Garnier Pages had not, like Armand Carrel, become, gradually and insensibly, a convert to republicanism; at his very outset into the career of politics, and even before 1830, he had declared himself a republican. His youth had been a youth of labor; the child of parents whom unmerited misfortune had borne down, he had suffered much for himself and for a brother, whose destiny was appointed to remain throughout life united with his own in the bonds of the most tender friendship. At length, "Be it thy care to provide for our worldly fortune," said the eldest of the two brothers to the other; "as for me, my task shall be to render our name honored among men!" and with this compact they went forth into the great world, strong in their mutual devotion. The rigors of fate are fatal only to feeble natures. Garnier Pages brought with him into the career of politics all those qualities which adversity bestows upon select minds; the habit of observation, calmness in discussion, a wholesome appreciation of difficulties, a knowledge of the world, a practical method of considering its daily occurrences. Now, these are precisely the qualities which, in the constitutional regime, adapt a man for taking part in the exercise of power; their possession would have placed a politician of an inferior order of ambition in the ministry; in Garnier Pages they only served to create for him an important and novel position in the opposition. Affable and insinuating, his quick, ready mind, his simplicity of manners, his familiar grace, his language, wherein a masterly power of attack was tempered by natural good taste, soon obtained for him in parliament an influence of which, at first, the boldness of his solitary opinions appeared to give him no chance. It is certain that he possessed, in the very highest degree, the art of bringing over to him the hearts of his adversaries, in the midst of all his extreme views. When he addressed the chamber, on every bench there instantly prevailed an attention full of regard and kindness. And, indeed, no one better merited than he to be listened to. Sometimes, in language easy, simple, admirably clear, he would discuss the most obscure and complicated questions of political economy or finance; at other times, armed with aggressive and cutting eloquence, he would disconcert the ministers by unexpected interrogatories, would humiliate the court by disclosures that filled the whole audience with astonishment, would chastise those who ventured to interrupt him by the readiest and most telling repartees, and compel every fraction of a monarchical chamber to desire to see him in the breach, and to honor in him the genius of republicanism. Amid the prejudices perfidiously spread abroad against radicalism in the minds of men who condemned it without knowing anything about it, Garnier Pages was a champion whom it would have been very difficult to replace. An elegant and graceful gentleman, he appeared there the representative of a party who were described as rough, uncouth, savage.

The declared enemy of all violence, he furnished in his own person an effectual reply to those men with whom the idea of a republic was inseparable from that of the scaffold; and he constantly put to confusion, by his vast and various knowledge of affairs, those *soi-disant* practical statesmen who affected to regard, as pure utopianisms, all that rose above the level of their understandings.

LAMARTINE.

In appearance M. de Lamartine is the nobleman. His features are finely chiselled, his figure tall and slight, his manner easy, though dignified, and he adds to the style of the perfect gentleman the spontaneous elegance which is composed of exquisite nothings. Only, his addiction to poetry having accustomed him to pomp of diction, he is unskilled in the language of the drawing-room, the light and lively babble of the day. That such a man should be a democrat was astonishing to some, though nothing, however, was more true. And if democracy had not been his first worship, it was because he had only seen her through the dust raised by the battles of half a century; because he had seen her bleeding, tattered, always ready to treat with death, and knowing neither how to set restraints upon herself nor to perpetuate her triumphs. How was it possible that the poet of the "Meditations," so calm and gentle that he was himself almost a breathing lyre, should not have been revolted by such a spectacle? How was it possible that so harmonious a soul should not have been troubled by by those numerous hymns chanted in honor of slaughter? But false appearances only exercise a passing influence on superior men. They easily perceive the march of grand ideas through the disorders which reveal, even whilst obscuring, them. Moreover, we do not love the people for their virtues. We must love them, gross and vicious as they are, for the virtues which they have not, but which they certainly would have had if they had not been deprived of the education which was their due, and stinted in the happiness to which they had a right. M. de Lamartine was a Christian, heart and soul, and to do the people this justice was a sentiment not too lofty for him. And then, like all

the truly great and strong-minded,' he could comprehend that they only deserve empire who are borne to it by public acclaim; that the hallowing of any prescriptive right which delivers the people to the guidance of pastors chosen by chance is madness; and that to resign the government of human affairs to folly or baseness is a great impiety. Unfortunately M. Lamartine is impassionable to a degree which sets the suspicious on their guard against him. He was ardently desired as an ally—but was one sure of him; was there not a danger of losing him? The magnanimity with which he would acknowledge an error, and the intrepidity with which he would announce a change of opinion, gave a tone of indecision to his policy—and he was lowered by it, to his real exaltation. On the other hand, he seemed as ill-calculated for the leader of a party as Chateaubriand. Not that he neglected the practical side of things. On the contrary, he would busy himself in such matters with a sort of childish anxiety, as if he dreaded that his fame would otherwise suffer, and that poetry should be exposed, in his person, to the scorn of men of business. But to be a leader of a party is to be its slave; and when command becomes a haughty form of obedience, then a total renunciation of self, of one's own ideas, and, at times, a servility of ambition, are required, of which men of genius are incapable. A demagogue M. de Lamartine could not become. He was never seen to give way in the chamber to that hostile look, menacing gesture, sudden start, or unexpected burst, which challenge and provoke passion, and act on an assembly like tempestuous winds on the billows of the sea. His action was deliberate; his words, of purple and gold, fell from his lips with slow and measured cadence; his lofty figure preserved a coldly dignified port; and, if we may so express ourselves, the pulsations of his eloquence beat too temperately and uniformly. But there is one glory which is indisputably M. de Lamartine's. At an epoch when many republicans had not got beyond the notion that the substitution of a consul for a king would ensure the weal of the people, he, a legitimatist but newly converted, already heralded social reform. The ancients, as all know, honored poets with the designation of vates, or prophet; and M. de Lamartine was a poet in the noblest acceptation of the word, since there came a time when, courageously shaking off the prejudices of half a life, and deserting the cause of power, that is, force, he rivetted the attention of his fellow-men by the noise of his illustrious defection, and pointed to the luminous path which will be run by future generations.

ARAGO.

It had been the fortune of this illustrious man to enter upon the actual pursuit of glory at an age when, in general, men scarcely dare to dream of it. At twenty, M. Arago was selected by the Bureau des Longitudes to carry on the meridian of France to the south of Spain; and in the accomplishment of this task he underwent a thousand hardships and dangers. He spent six months on an isolated mountain peak, waiting for the moment when it should be possible to make an observation. Upon the first entrance of the French into the peninsula he was thrown into prison in Valencia as an envoy from Napoleon; afterwards, having been taken to Algiers, he was making his way back to France, when he was captured in sight of Marseilles by a Spanish corsair, taken to Rosa, and then put into a pontoon at Palamos. During his severe captivity at Rosa and Palamos he carried his devotions to science so far as to reject the opportunity of escape, that he might not lose his instruments, and the result of his observations. Such was the commencement of M. Arago's scientific life, so remarkable for its valuable labors and discoveries.

M. Arago's peculiar characteristic was, the versatility of his talents. Renowned through all Europe as a professor and savant, he displayed in debate a copious, luminous, eloquence, abounding in facts, citations, and striking details; and certainly not one of the first writers among his contemporaries could have hoped to surpass him for amplitude, suppleness, and, above all, perspicuity of style. There was something dazzling in his superiority in this respect, and it made him one of the most successful popularizers of science that ever existed.

A man thus organized could not keep aloof from politics, the more especially as he was impelled towards them by a mind naturally given to command, and an immense appetite for action; for nothing seemed to come amiss to that highly-gifted nature; meditation or action; the calmness of study, and the stir and bustle of human affairs; solitary contemplation of the heavens, and the noise and storms of the forum.

Mighty in science, M. Arago was, perhaps, still more so in passion. Accordingly, he could not long remain contented with the sort of dictatorship which the Académie des Sciences had voluntarily accorded to him; though there he had obstacles to overcome, conflicts to sustain, and enemies to quell. But he needed more than this to give his faculties adequate employment; he had, therefore, rushed into politics, and the democratic cause had attracted him with that potent force which it exercises over all sovereign natures. And who was more adapted than he to figure in it with distinction? With no less capacity for exciting the feelings of the people than for instructing their minds, he compelled the acquiescence of some by the authority of his name, and others he carried away by the energy of his kindly and guileless soul.

Had need been, the part of a tribune would not have proved too arduous for his zeal; and yet he possessed not that species of superiority which enabled Mirabeau to sport with the wordy tempest, to breathe in it with a proud ease, to revel in contradiction, and to make even the fierce enmities he excited contribute to his exaltation. Accustomed, as a professor, to the applause of his hearers, M. Arago put forth his whole strength only before an audience disposed to understand and admire him. The murmurs of a hostile assembly did not, indeed, quell his courage, but had a chilling effect upon the sources of his eloquence. One spring evening, as he was walking in the garden of the observatory, with some members of his family, and a friend, he took pleasure in explaining the heads of a speech he intended to deliver next day in the chamber. Its purport was to vindicate the people from patrician scorn, by tracing the history of the services rendered by it to science, and enumerating the great men that had issued from its body. Beginning in a conversational tone, by degrees he warmed with his subject, until his eloquence became sublime. We fancy we can see him still on that terrace, whence you look down on Paris, with his lofty stature, and his face like that of an Arab chief, his head bare, his arm outstretched, his eye sparkling, his hair tossing in the wind, the crown of his head gleaming in the last rays of the sun, which was setting in burning gold. No, never was the aspect of man

more majestic, and never did thoughts that sprang direct from the heart clothe themselves in more solemn and noble forms. Next day we went to hear M. Arago in the chamber, and could hardly believe it was the same man, so attentive did he appear to the imbecile murmurs which the eulogium of the people provoked in the assembly.

M. DE CORMENIN.

Judging from appearance, when you looked at the man and observed his countenance, impressed with a reserve which suggested to your mind somewhat of the studied, the ironical; his deportment so full of retiring modesty; his unimpassioned gesture; his slow movements; his gentle, pensive smile, you might well have been disposed to assign to M. de Cormenin far more of circumspection than of daring. In his conversation, inexpressibly charming from his manner, but made up, for the most part, of unfinished sentences, he was constantly hesitating; and the presence of a large assemblage was almost always sure to call up into his face a sort of scared look, the effect of which, however, was modified by the general sweetness of his expression. We have seen him in the tribune: his hands trembled on the marble, his voice died away in broken sentences, and every movement of his frame betrayed his agitation. It is easy to conceive what would be the attitude of such a man in the very midst of unexampled excitement and agitation. In fact, he had, in the first instance, altogether restricted his attention to those peaceful studies wherein it was his mission to become the creator of administrative science, the luminary of the council of state. Everything about him, even his domestic habits, and his literary scrupulosities, seemed to announce in him a man born for the silence of the cabinet. Never was there a writer who combed out, as it were, his sentences with more complacent assiduity, who set forth his style with more exquisite coquetry. Yet, all the while, in this man without assurance, this orator without address, this solitary logician, this retiring legist, this finical polisher of phrases, nature had, moreover, produced a pamphleteer, as violent as Juvenal; as severe, as cutting, as uncompromising as Milton. The deplorable tendency manifested by monarchies to absorb the public wealth is their least fault; it is their endeavour to debase the public mind, which above all things should be charged upon them as a crime; for it is not sufficient to inspire nations with strong and even legitimate hatreds, it is necessary still more to inspire them with high-souled hatred, to ennoble the passions which you excite. To the great object we have here referred to, M. de Cormenin occasionally applied himself in his pamphlets, but, perhaps, not often enough. For it was more especially the cupidity displayed by the court, which it was his wont to attack, aware as he was that in a corrupt age questions of money have a commanding importance. And most effectively did he treat these questions, giving life to figures, eloquence to calculations; by turns gravely reasoning and impetuously assailing; proving his case by the most elaborate computations, and then overwhelming those against whom he had proved it with the bitterest sarcasm. His adversaries fell around him, pierced through and through at once with the barbed arrows of logic and of raillery. Skilful in seizing to the purpose the popular discontent of the day, M. de Cormenin had very soon rendered himself inimical to all the enemies of the people, and in this he gloried. But, as we have already said, it was only as a pamphleteer that he was thus terrible. When he laid aside the pen he became the gentlest, nay, the most timid, of men.

BARBES ON HIS TRIAL IN 1839.

Barbès rose, and never was deeper conviction apparent on a nobler countenance. The calmness of the accused man, his lofty stature, his beaming eye, his proud, bold beauty, and manly eloquence, all bespoke the heroism of his nature. He expressed himself simply, and in few words, and moved a great part of the audience to tears. "I do not rise," he said, "to reply to your accusation; I am not disposed to reply to any of your questions. If others besides myself were not interested in the matter, I would not make a speech; I would appeal to your consciences, and you would own that you are not here judges come to sit in justice upon accused men; but you are politicians, who are come to decide the fate of your political enemies. The events of the 12th of May having given you a great number of prisoners, I have a duty to fulfil.

"I declare, then, that, at three o'clock on the 12th of May, all these citizens were ignorant of our intention of attacking your government. They had been called together by the committee, without knowing for what purpose. They thought they were only to attend a review; and it was not till they were actually on the ground, where we had taken care to place ammunition, and where we knew that we should find weapons, that I put arms into their hands, and gave the word of command to march. These citizens, then, were hurried away, and forced by a moral compulsion to obey that command. In my opinion they are innocent.

"I think that this declaration ought to have some weight with you; for, as for myself, I do not desire to profit by it. I declare that I was one of the leaders of the association; I declare that it was I who prepared the conflict, and brought together all the means of execution; I declare that I took part in it, and fought against your troops; but, if I assume to myself the full and entire responsibility of all the general facts, I must also decline all responsibility for certain acts, which I neither advised, nor ordered, nor approved; I mean acts of cruelty, which morality reprobates. Among them I class the killing of Lieutenant Drouineau, which the indictment specifies as having been committed by me with premeditation and subtlety.

"It is not for you I say this; you are not disposed to believe me, for you are my enemies. I say it, that my country may know the fact. This was an act of which I am neither guilty nor capable. Had I killed that officer, I would have done so in open fight, with equal weapons, as far as that may be, in a conflict in the streets, with an equal division of ground and sun. I committed no assassination; this is a calumny, which it is sought to fasten on a soldier of the people's cause. I did not kill Lieutenant Drouineau. This is all I have to say."

Truth has words and tones which none can resist; every one believed, in his conscience, what Barbès asserted. True to the declaration he had made, Barbès was resolved not to reply to any questions put to him by the president; nevertheless, he broke silence for a moment, when pressed by his questioner, and said, "When the Indian is vanquished, when the chance of war has thrown him into the power of his enemy, he thinks not of defending

himself, nor has recourse to idle words; he resigns himself to his fate, and yields up his head to the scalping-knife." Next day, M. Pasquier having observed that the prisoner had with reason compared himself to a savage, "The pitiless savage," retorted Barbès, "is not he who gives his head to the scalper, but he who scalps."

From the Examiner.

SLAVE-TRADE SUPPRESSION.

THERE is a sort of feverishly impatient people in this world, who, as soon as anything is seen to be amiss, are unappeasable till "something is done." Whether the "something" be to the purpose or not, is with them a secondary consideration. Their nervous irritability is appeased by action; and they can keep toiling on year after year with perfect contentment, although their labors be as restless and resultless as those of Sisyphus. This class of worthies have for a long tract of years contrived to get the direction of the English anti-slave-trade policy into their hands; and their exertions have been about equally efficient with those of workers on a tread-mill. Yet these our anti-slavery sages, whenever a proposal is made to inquire whether with all their fuss and exertion they are accomplishing anything, burst out into torrents of abuse against the sceptics who suggest that investigation is necessary. It is more difficult to withdraw them from their labor-in-vain than to draw a squirrel from its wheel.

Hysterical denunciations of negro slavery and the slave-trade have become so much a matter of habit, that an attempt to present a tangible image of their evils cannot but be of use. Slavery as it exists, or has existed in any nation, is indeed a bad institution, and indicative of a very imperfect civilization. But we must not upon this account close our eyes to the fact, that slavery as it exists in nations at that state of social development which prevails among our Mahommedan contemporaries, or even as it existed in the classical Greek and Roman times, is apparently a necessary transition stage between savage anarchy and the predominance of equal laws. A considerable gain was made for humanity when prisoners of war came to be used as slaves, instead of being put to death by tortures. And a considerable step was made in social organization when a capitalist and a laboring class permanently assumed their relative places side by side; even although their mutual relations were determined by a code so rude, so defective, and so liable to abuse as that of slavery.

But independently of the liability to abuse which slavery, as a "domestic institution," shares in common with despotic governments as political institutions, negro slavery as it prevails among communities of European origin has features of atrocity peculiar to itself. In the forms under which we have just been contemplating slavery, master and slave generally approach pretty nearly to each other in the features of their common humanity. In respect of civilization, there is no impassable gulf between them. Accident may throw an individual belonging to either into the other class. Again, in this state of society, the relation between master and slave is purely domestic. Everything concurs to prevent the sense of a common humanity, characteristic both of master and slave, from being entirely obliterated. Natural feelings frequently gain the ascendancy over, still more frequently mitigate, the evil influences of the dangerous relation in which utter helplessness is bound to unlimited power. But in negro slavery the master class are so far elevated by civilization above the slave class, as to be in danger of forgetting that their bondsmen are fellow-beings. The marked diversity in color and feature between the master and the slave race increases the danger. Lastly, it is but comparatively a small number of the servile class, that, among communities of European lineage where negro slavery prevails, are brought into domestic contact with the masters. The mass of slaves are mere instruments engaged in manufacture. Even in our own country, so enlightened and free, we have seen what evils may be engendered under a factory system which divides the community into a few capitalists, and a horde of laborers on the verge of destitution. After all abatement has been made for the exaggerations of sentimentalists and demagogues, it must be admitted that, from the time when Hutton was entered an apprentice at the first Derby silk-mill down to within a very few years, the factory system, in an immense majority of instances, was deeply tainted with organized cruelty, and vulgar, gross debauchery. Negro slavery in European colonies within or near the tropics, and in independent states which have grown out of such colonies, is a factory system engrafted upon a system of slavery, in which all the worst characteristics of both are developed with a truly tropical and luxuriant rankness. The slave-trade with Africa is an adjunct to this monstrous social arrangement, tainting it with a still worse moral poison. It brings the intelligence, without the morality, of the civilized race, to increase the moral degradation of uncivilized Africa. It keeps constantly pouring in fresh hordes of savages, to keep at a low level the intelligence and morality of the slave caste in the communities founded by Europeans. The hardening, and, since the partial recognition of its illegal character, the gambling nature of the traffic, makes bad infinitely worse.

As to the desirableness of the abolition of such a system of slavery, and the over-sea traffic in slaves linked with it, there cannot among reflecting and moral men be two opinions. But when its suppression is agitated, the competency of the means employed to effect the end wished for ought not to be overlooked. The struggle against the African slave-trade and negro slavery commenced with and was for a time limited to the British empire. The first protest was registered against slavery as a *status;* but the first organized agitation was directed against that excrescence, the slave-trade. The discussions raised in the course of this agitation so far matured public opinion, that the

attack was extended to the institution of slavery itself. At the commencement of the general peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon, a vigorous effort was made by the opponents of the slave-trade to extend the sphere of their operations. In this country the slave-trade had been declared illegal, and the adherents of the abolition of slavery itself within the British dominions appeared to be on the eve of becoming a majority. Denunciations of slavery and the slave-trade by continental writers and philanthropists had preceded the exertions of the anti-slave advocates in England. Early in the French revolution practical measures for the abolition of slavery had been adopted by the French legislature, though they had subsequently been rescinded; and throughout the storms and conventions of the revolutionary wars, the "*amis des noires*" had continued to gain strength with the public. Among the rulers of Europe, at the time of the congress of Vienna, there was a considerable disposition to adopt a humane and equitable, if not exactly a liberal, policy; and their professions of this disposition were most magnificent. Encouraged by this state of affairs, the leaders of the English abolitionists appealed to the leading powers at Vienna, and received most flattering and encouraging answers.

Since that time the suppression of the slave-trade has been regarded as an international question, and has passed into the hands of the diplomatists and their agents; naval or military armaments. Treaties—more or less workable—for the suppression of the slave-trade, have been entered into by various countries; and armaments to carry them into effect have been allowed to be stationed within certain latitudes, with wider or narrower powers of action, according to circumstances. To these armaments, special courts to decide upon the legality of prizes have been super-added. A large and costly staff of diplomatists, warriors, and lawyers, has been called into existence. And all this, ostensibly for the suppression of the slave-trade. That this agency labors a good deal need not be questioned; that it costs an enormous sum, not only to England but to other countries, is unluckily beyond a doubt. And of late serious misgivings have been diffused, and gained strength and acceptance with every succeeding year, to the effect that this preventive service directed against the African slave-trade has not only been ineffective as a means of suppressing or even of diminishing it, but has been in itself the source of new and previously unheard-of atrocities. The growth of these convictions out of doors has at last told within the walls of parliament, and the committee granted to Mr. Hutt has been the consequence.

From that committee, we frankly confess, we look for little new information. It will, at most, systematize the knowledge which already exists; put it into such shape as may serve for the groundwork of parliamentary action; and communicate, to what are now the allegations of isolated thinkers and observers, the sanction of a deliberate and legislative expression of opinion. Without adverting at present to the revelations elicited by the committee of the house of commons on West Africa in 1842, and contained in numerous publications before and since, we may notice here that Lord Aberdeen, in the defence of the slave-trade preventive system which he volunteered in the house of lords on the very night when Mr. Hutt moved for his committee, established the inutility of the attempt to put down the slave-trade by armed force. He showed how, as soon as the trade was suppressed on the north-west coast of Africa, it started into intenser life on the south-east coast. Nothing short of a permanent coast blockage of all Africa, and of all the western American coast south of Florida, can, in the existing state of opinions and institutions, put down the African slave-trade by force. Where are the men and means to come from? Again, Mr. Jackson, in the house of commons, on the discussion which arose on Mr. Hutt's motion, proved, by reference to actual experiment, that the extension of legitimate commerce to Africa was alone sufficient to put an end to the voluntary participations in the slave-trade on the part of the Africans. Such a state of affairs being superinduced, the suppression of kidnapping on the African coast would be no difficult matter. But even the necessity for this might be evaded. In all countries where there are great quantities of negro slaves, the danger of large and frequent additions of newly-captured savage foreigners to their number is strongly felt. This feeling is at present predominant in Cuba, and is growing in Brazil. If attention is paid to the suggestions thrown out by Mr. Jackson, (a mere repetition, indeed, of proposals frequently made before by parties quite as familiar with Africa, but urged with remarkable ability, and striking practical effect,) respecting a large continuous immigration of free African laborers into our West Indian colonies, the fruits of such a system would soon work upon the Cuban and Brazilian alarmists, and lead them to follow our example in the matter of emancipation. After that, an over-sea slave-trade with Africa would be impossible.

In all our measures for restricting or extinguishing the African slave-trade, one great principle, hitherto too much neglected, ought to be steadily kept in view. Slavery is a defective social institution, with a demoralizing tendency. In all our efforts to eradicate institutions of this kind, with a view to diminish if not extirpate the immorality they occasion, public opinion must take the lead of penal laws. Penal laws will only be evaded, if a decided majority of the community is not sufficiently enlightened and disciplined to be prepared to act in their spirit, uninfluenced by their coercive sanction; and to aid in compelling the minority to obey them. Public opinion was thus in advance of legislation with reference to slavery and the slave-trade within the British dominions, and therefore their abolition here has been effectively accomplished. But legislation, sanctioned by penalties and enforced by arms, is in advance of the opinion of the majority in Europe, Africa, and America, with respect to

the general slave-trade; and has therefore proved not only ineffective, but positively mischievous. We must be contented to go back and begin at the beginning. We must make anti-slavery majorities in Africa, Cuba, and Brazil, before we think of international penal laws enforced by national navies. The means by which this work is to be accomplished have been already indicated. The transition from an interference unprecedented except by Don Quixote's liberation of the galley slaves and challenge of the showman's lion, to a national and practicable undertaking, now so imperatively called for, has the additional recommendation that it will diminish the number of our seamen exposed to the pestilential African station, reduce the number of causes of quarrel with independent states, and (what is at this moment of most pressing importance) materially lessen the annual national expenditure.

Lord Duncan on Thursday night estimated the cost of the squadron on the west coast of Africa at 300,000*l.* per annum. We believe this to be a very low estimate indeed; but it by no means represents the whole expense of our repressive system. The mixed commission courts cost from 20,000*l.* to 25.000*l.* a year; the establishments kept up on the coast of Western Africa, with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade, cost about 14,000*l.* a year; the six or seven vice-admiralty courts empowered to adjudicate in cases of slave capture, cost something more; and how much is added to our diplomatic expenditure by the negotiations and correspondence from which a selection is annually published in five bulky folios, no man can tell! By desisting from our useless and mischievous attempt to put down the slave-trade by naval armaments, a large saving will be effected. At the very least, the immediate withdrawal of the squadron from the west coast of Africa, a step recommended alike by common sense and humane sentiment, would cut off upwards of 300,000*l.* from our yearly expenditure. Here is a distinct and tangible economy, which may be effected at once with great benefit to many, and with injury to none.

SLAVE-TRADE.

The Spectator, reporting parliamentary debates, says:—

Lord Palmerston thought that he had disproved the alleged aggravation of the horrors of the middle passage by reading some of the original accounts. There is no doubt that at the earliest times the horrors were sufficient to warrant the strongest phrases; the illustrations of the matter in Clarkson's book seemed to show that cruelty had been carried to the verge of human endurance. But although the powers of description could scarcely go further, the facts have done so. At that time the object was to get the slave across the Atlantic at a minimum of cost, stowage being one item in the expense; now, facility of eluding interception has become a still more important item—so important as to counterbalance the loss of two out of three, if not of five out of six slaves; and therefore the contraction of stowage is carried *beyond* the bounds of human endurance. The smaller size of the vessels used would of itself establish the fact. The torture is of the same kind, but the screw of the rack is tighter. The broader fact remains unimpugned, that the slave-trade does continue. Public opinion on the subject of the squadron, as Lord Aberdeen admits, has undergone a change. Ministers appear to be divided on the question; Lord Palmerston, no doubt, is actuated as much by dislike to the trouble of unsettling treaties as by any other consideration. But it will be difficult to maintain the squadron in the teeth of doubts as to its efficacy, with no doubts as to its costliness; it will probably be swept away by the five per cent. income tax.

From the Britannia.

THE FRENCH MONARCHY.

The fall of the French throne has shaken every throne of the continent. It is already propagating its impulse through Europe; and, whether the monarchical principle shall recover, or new forms of government replace the old, a lesson of the most formidable kind has been given to all the authorities of the civilized world. The force of multitude has been long known, and France has given frequent proofs of its dangerous operation. But the fall of Louis Philippe has given this terrible experiment in a new form, and shown how small a portion of that force, when thrown into direct and rapid action, may extinguish all other power.

The number of insurgents in Paris who paralyzed an army of 60,000 men, and a national guard of 80,000, are now computed at little more than 20,000 men, wholly undisciplined, scarcely armed, and without any known leaders. The means of resistance to this rude insurgency exhibited the most completely organized system which skill, experience, and a reckless employment of the national resources has ever produced: fortresses, troops, actually an entrenched army, the greatest garrison of any city on record, the most active police, a legislature absolutely at the disposal of government, and, above all, the experience of a prince trained in revolution. There seemed to be in all this mighty mass of preparation the most unequalled security against all the perils of a throne. Yet all vanished, like a phantom at the coming of dawn, like the tide turning from the shore by an impulse of its own, like the movement of a cloud.

It is impossible to think of the fall of Louis Philippe without commiseration for the individual. The ruin has been so sudden, so total, and so fatal to all belonging to him, that it more resembles the wreck of some great vessel striking on a rock in the midst of sunshine, with all its sails full, and all its pennants flowing in the most favoring breeze, and instantly plunged into the deep, leaving nothing of all its strength, its batteries, and its gallant crew, but a few fragments, and a few exhausted and impoverished survivors struggling their way to the first shore.

In our columns of last week we gave our solu-

tion for the fall of the French throne, and we see no reason yet to doubt that it was a direct punishment for the horrid and guilty war by which France had devastated Algiers for so long a period. But minor causes are always joined in the great instances of Divine judgment on nations and the governors of nations; and there were causes of bitter and growing discontent in France. Still those causes might have been gradually diminished, the discontent might have died away, and the versatility of the national temperament might have been turned to less hazardous views. But the ravages of Africa were irreparable, the blood of the thousands who had been slaughtered by the French sword could never be revived, and no political amelioration in France could have atoned for the agonies of the tens of thousands from whom the war of seventeen wretched years had swept away everything that holds to man by a tie of nature, and had almost wholly destroyed even the humblest means of their existence.

Yet the political system of the French government offers also a most important warning. The charter had promised at least an advance to rational liberty. The king had sworn to it. Its forms were accordingly complied with, but its principle was defeated. The chamber of deputies, nominally the representatives of the people, were a machine, and the machine was wholly managed by corruption. A peerage without property, and chiefly living on public offices, must be, if possible, still more dependent on the minister; and thus the entire senate formed a startling caricature of a constitution. Even the cabinet were the creatures of the throne. Poor, except in the emoluments of office; powerless, except by the dependency of the legislature; dreading dismissal on the first dissent from the royal will; and wholly unconnected with the people either by services, property, or principle, they were as much bound to the caprices of the throne as the valet of the king was bound by his wages. Thus the charter was condensed into the royal will; the opinion of one man alone was free; the government of ministers was a government of mutes; the votes of the chambers were but echoes; and the sitter on the throne of a country which called itself free at once ruled, like the pope, by his infallibility, and, like the sultan, by his sword.

The elections of September, 1846, showed the working of the monstrous system thus organized throughout France. 286 ministerial candidates were returned, to 173 of the opposition! In eighteen of the eighty-six departments not a single opposition candidate was returned. And yet this was at a time when France was fully awakened to the nature of its government, and when the journals were filled with indignant appeals to the spirit of the country.

But the condition of the official influence shows in a still stronger light the hollowness of the system, and shows the inevitable action of the throne upon the independence of the nation. It is distinctly stated that, of the 240,000 electors of France, 160,000 shared among themselves and their families no less than 628,000 offices, held at the pleasure of ministers, with emoluments amounting to twenty-two millions sterling a year! If thus corruption began at the fountain-head, can we hesitate to believe that it stained the whole stream of representation? or can we wonder at the disgust, disdain, and alienation of the people? Can we wonder that all parties shrank from hazarding themselves in the defence of the ministry; that men of honor scorned to embark in a struggle between rude force and polished deception; and that a republic has raised its ominous head in France amid acclamations?

The rational mind of England has certainly no passion for universal suffrage. It feels the dangers of that system which would put the care of property into the hands of men possessing none; the absurdity of subjecting the national councils to the ignorant; and of putting legislative power into the hands of men wholly uneducated for its exercise. Yet common sense must tell us that 240,000 electors, to engross the political rights of thirty-three millions of men, was a disproportion not merely inadequate, but insulting. The fault of our reform bill was, not that in giving us upwards of 900,000 electors it gave us too many for our twenty millions of population, but that it distributed them too partially, and gave the boroughs a dangerous preponderance in numbers over the counties, a preponderance augmented in a still higher ratio by the activity, the intrigue, and the partisanship which belong to towns. But, if the proportion even of 40,000 electors for every million were to be adopted in France, a million and a half of electors would scarcely fall short of the due number.

But this immense multiplication of public offices, while it had the double effect of draining the public purse, and silently enslaving a large proportion of the people, satisfied none. The salaries in general were miserable; and, though they were eagerly sought after, they condemned their holders at once to idleness and poverty. The thousands of young men in France who linger through life, on incomes which they cannot venture to throw up, yet which scarcely support life, are fit only to excite pity for the unfortunate officials. There are upwards of 80,000 places under £120 a year and above £60, and which are given chiefly among the provincial electors. The man who takes one of those miserable offices is inevitably ruined for life. Almost unoccupied, almost starving, his whole time is occupied in wretched contrivances to keep up an appearance; he dares do nothing, he can do nothing, but waste away his day, and at night find a contemptible resource in the billiard-table, or forget his morning miseries at some provincial ball. Every traveller from this country has remarked the squalid idleness of the generation who, as passport clerks and custom-house *employés*, haunt the ports and roadside towns—a thousand times happier if a spade had been put into their hands than a pen, or if they had been

sent to work their passage across the Atlantic, and take a manly chance for fortune in hewing down the forests or turning the soil of the Rocky Mountains.

But this system is old, though not pushed to its extreme under the old Bourbons, who had no chambers to manage. It suited the innate vice of the monarchy. To this possession of salaried idleness was due a large portion of that passion for "gloire," which, to manly minds, is but the passion of the highwayman, and means but the plunder of helpless property, and the slaughter of its possessors. To this were due the frightful series of wars which covered Europe with misery for many a long year, and exacted terrible retribution in the unburied corpses of France. And to this, if this wretched system shall be continued, France will owe other calamities, other frantic councils, and other desperate retributions, which may give a still more emphatic chapter in the history of aggression.

These details we have chiefly taken from the second edition of a volume entitled "France; her governmental, administrative, and social organization, exposed and considered." Its sources are found in public documents, and the whole statement is of peculiar interest at the present time.

For Louis Philippe and his family England feels all the compassion natural to the sight of fallen royalty. This country will give them a reception in the fullest sense of unostentatious good will. It is not in such catastrophies that the Englishman is inclined to think of former causes of irritation. Misfortune covers all, and extinguishes all; and the unanimous desire of the people evidently is to give a secure asylum, and pay every respect, to the king and all belonging to him.

From the London Times of March 4th.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we announce the safe arrival of the last and most illustrious instalment of the "royal fugitives" on these shores. For a whole week the ex-king of the French, after playing for eighteen years the most conspicuous part on the most conspicuous stage of European affairs, had totally disappeared from the scene. His place could nowhere be found; and, shocking as all would have felt it, it was at least as probable a conjecture as any other, that his majesty had perished in the channel. The express steamer brought them yesterday morning to Newhaven, where they had to wait for some hours till the state of the tide should enable them to enter the harbor. At last they landed, and were glad to receive a very hearty welcome to the well-known shore. For the rest we must refer to the particulars which we have been enabled to supply, and to which the rank, the misfortunes, and, it must be added, the errors of the distinguished sufferer, will impart so peculiar an interest.

It may be safely said, there is nothing in history, nothing, at least, in the examples which most readily occur to the mind, that at all comes near the tremendous suddenness of the present royal reverse. This day fortnight Louis Philippe was the most prosperous, the most powerful, and accounted the ablest sovereign in the world. If the reader will just think of it, he will find that this wonderful man had attained the very acme of success, consideration, and power. It is a work of time to enumerate the many circumstances of his splendid condition. His numerous, handsome, and dutiful children; the brilliant alliances—one of them recently concluded—which brought into one family interest the vast region from Antwerp to Cadiz; the near prospect of an event which would probably make his grandchild the sovereign, his son the regent of Spain; the great cross and drawback of his reign just removed—Algeria pacified after eighteen years' war; his immense private fortune; his eleven or twelve palaces, unequalled for situation and magnificence, on all of which he had recently spent immense sums of money; his splendid army of four hundred thousand men, in the highest discipline and equipment; a minister of unequalled energy and genius, who had found out at last the secret of France; a metropolis fortified and armed to the teeth against all the world; the favorable advances recently made by those powers who had previously looked down on the royal *parvenu;* the well-balanced state of his foreign relations, and the firmly-grasped reins of the political car;—all these gifts of fortune, and more, if we had time to go on with the list, were heaped on one man, in such profusion as really to pall the imagination. What crowned it all was, that Louis Philippe was allowed the entire credit of his success. It was all the work of his own hands. He might stand like the ancient king on the walls and towers which he had drawn round his city, and contemplate the perfect work of beauty and policy which himself had made. The balance of Europe, the causes of peoples and kings, the issues of peace and of war, were in his hands. If there was an *amiri aliquid* in this garden of roses and delights, twenty impregnable forts and a hundred thousand armed men were no insignificant watch upon a few disorderly subjects. Solon himself would hardly have ventured to preach upon his envious text, *ante obitum nemo*, to so safe a man.

What we have described was a sober and solid reality. What we now come to, reads like the preposterous incidents of a nursery tale. A mob of artisans, boys, and some women, pours through the streets of Paris. They make for the palace. Eighty thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, are dumbfounded and stultified. In a few minutes an elderly couple are seen bustling away from the hubbub; they are thrust into a hack cab, and driven out of the way. The mob rushes into the senate and proclaims a republican government, which exists, which is ruling the nation with great energy and judgment, and is already communicating with the representatives of foreign powers. But, let us follow the princes. We say it without intending any disrespect, and only as relating the simple truth of the affair. No family of Irish trampers was ever so summarily bundled out of the

way as this illustrious group. The queen, we are told, had run back to a bureau for some silver, but it seems it was not enough, as a hat was sent round for the royal couple at St. Cloud, and a small sum clubbed by the national guard. At Dreux they were left with a five franc piece between them. Flying "when none pursueth," they get to Louis Philippe's once celebrated chateau at Eu, which they are afraid to enter. So there they disappear into space. They were to be at Eu, and for a week—that is all that we knew of them. Meanwhile the rest had dropped in one by one. They come like foreign birds, dashed by a storm against a lighthouse. The Duke de Nemours and certain Saxe Coburgs come one day, knowing nothing of the rest. They parted in the crowd. A Spanish Infanta, for whose hand all the world was competing only the year before last, scrambled out another way, through by-roads and back doors; and—strange event—is likely to give Spain an English-born sovereign, under Victoria's kindly auspices. No sooner, however, have the fugitives found a friendly asylum than they are obliged to seek another roof. Other princes and princesses turn up here and there. A lady-in-waiting rejoins her mistress. A cabinet minister is found. The children and governess of another arrive. The *rencontres* and *reünions* are strange enough. A prince of the blood and an ex-prefect meet in disguise, and do not know one another. Very late a youthful heir to the crown of France, and who had been actually acknowledged as reigning king by the deputies, is discovered at a channel island with his mother and brother. The two children had been almost lost in the mob on leaving the chamber, had been got somehow to Eu, with their mother, wearied and bearing muddy marks of rough travel. Thence by heavy bribing they had procured a passage to the first British rock. Thus are they driven and scattered by the besom of revolution. They arrive penniless, without a change of raiment, dejected and bewildered, telling one another their stories of many strange adventures, having each come a different journey, though starting from one point and almost at one hour.

After many days' suspense, the king and queen are heard of, on some private information, on the coast of Normandy, where they had been "on the run" from house to house, and content with humble hospitality: the king, we are told, in strange disguises. They have still a small retinue. These half-dozen invaders, without either arms or baggage, do not find it so easy to cross the channel. Stationing themselves at Honfluer, within twenty miles' sail of Havre, they watch opportunity and the weather, which last delays their passage several days. At length they get into a British steamer. Arrived at Newhaven, after a rough passage, they encounter fresh delays, as if to prove that England is not so easily surprised. Louis Philippe, who was to bridge the British Hellespont, crosses it with foreign aid, and lands in a pea-jacket borrowed from the English captain. He finds himself at home. The associations and the friends of his former exile greet him. A generation passes like a dream, and the aged monarch finds himself the Duke of Orleans, the banished son of old Egalite again. Would that all could be forgotten! But, if what is said be true, some recollections did occur of an accusing character. The frequent exclamation, "Like Charles X.," we are told, betrayed the current of his thoughts. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother;—therefore is this distress come upon us." At the very moment the missing king appears at one port, his lost minister is heard of at another. Guizot is now in London. His day for active life is over; he is again the philosopher and historian; and, doubtless, like the Roman orator, will forthwith occupy his political retirement with studies far more suited to his genius, and more conducive to his reputation, than the government of states.

England's path is clear. She is the refuge of exiles, and opens her shores to the unfortunate of every land or party. She would at once preclude herself from offering this hospitality, and leave Europe without a refuge, if she involved herself in the ruined causes and pretensions of her royal visitors. She can only receive them as exiles, not as pretenders. It may be with some violence to feeling, but it is nevertheless necessary to let it be clearly understood by those differences within the range of courtly etiquette, that while the persons of the unfortunate are pitied and respected, and their former rank remembered, they still possess no higher character than what their own nation chooses to allow.

From the Spectator, of March 11th.

If France is menaced with internal disorder, it is the cause of commotion in every surrounding country. M. Lamartine's eloquent but not unambiguous circular to the diplomatic agents of France, has raised doubts of hostility that it was meant to prevent: "qui s'excuse, s'accuse." All neighboring Europe is shaken. Germany rings with the rising voices of her peoples, and the jangle of preparing arms. The ex-king of the French, anxious for the sufferance of his brother monarchs, had waived the old claim to the Rhenish provinces; but he is gone, and the kings who occupy that region in portions remember with alarm that the Franks have not forgotten their aboriginal Salic lands. But living nationality is stronger than traditional ancestry, and from Holland to Bavaria the people of the provinces on the left bank of the river proclaim their determination not to be absorbed by France. This Anti-Gallican spirit appears to be really national. On the other hand, the people, animated by the example of the French, turn round upon their rulers, and declare that if they resist the invader, they must be paid in the concession of more popular institutions. Nassau hurries concessions; Baden resounds with popular demands; so do Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, Bavaria, Wurtemburg; the outlying province which Prussia so strangely shared with the Swiss Confederation, Neufchatel, has proclaimed itself an independent republic; and the Rhenish provinces of the same kingdom, before known for their sturdy

demands, are not likely to lower their tone. This movement towards free institutions is of a strictly popular kind, and counter to the sectional interest of royalty. The defensive armament of the kings appears to be directed not only against foreign invasion, but also against internal disorder; and according to reports, some kind of "swopping" is to take place—Prussia to lend Bavaria troops, Bavaria to help Austria, Austria to keep down Italy and so forth.

Austria, implicated in the intricate conflict of interests in the Germanic States, occupies a position quite peculiar, from being also tangled with the fermenting politics of Italy; and she meets with other antagonists. Her Italian provinces are in the most alarming condition: it is reported that even Austrian officers in the army have been "fraternizing" with officers in the Italian regiments; and at Milan, under martial law, the son of the viceroy archduke has been placed under arrest—he is related by marriage to the King of Sardinia. Touching the relations with France, King Charles Albert is said to have declared that he would do whatever England did; which would imply a very close adhesion to English policy, and a corresponding closeness of sympathy and alliance. King Ferdinand is again bombarding his faithful subjects in Sicily, and scandalizing Lord John Russell's father-in-law, who had too charitably answered for the good faith of a Neapolitan Bourbon.

In Spain, the never-settled government of Narvaez is taking extraordinary powers to keep down revolutionary movements.

Northward again, Belgium continues to be technically "tranquil;" but, while the Anti-Gallican spirit of independence will make her aid any policy which would prevent France from inclosing her, as it would do by the assumption of the Rhenish boundary, the liberal movement stimulates the activity of government in making conciliatory advances.

In all these countries, every government has some combination of dangers, internal and external, to deal with; revolt and invasion are dreaded by every section of Europe. Austria is pursued by the demands of its several states like a debtor by his creditors. Prussia can hardly put up with the summary independence of Neufchatel, cannot abandon Austria, will not leave the Rhine undefended, dares not oppose a feeble front towards her too close ally Russia, and, without all these demands on her attention, would have quite enough to do in negotiating peaceful reforms at home. Bavaria is distracted by a like multiplicity of claims—while Lola Montez is still running in the poor king's head. So it is all round.

England is likely to have many complimentary invitations and petitions for her patronage. But she has done enough. No more subsidies to support legitimacy. Opinions have altered here since Waterloo: England will abstain from war; and if she did interfere, it would not again be on the side of the so-called holy alliance. That state must be very manifestly and purely in the right, and in very hard straits, that can overcome the aversion to war which now possesses the English people and restrains the English government Short of that case, it will be enough for her to defend her own peaceful rights, and to lend the moral support of her approval to the nations who are helping themselves.

From the Journal of Commerce.

ENGLAND, NOW AND FORMERLY.

Blackwood's Magazine for January contains a very elaborate and well-written article under the title of "Thirty years of liberal legislation." This magazine has always been a leading tory and protectionist journal, condemning all that was free and easy, and attributing all good to protective legislation, though coupled strongly (as the same opinions are in this country) with favor towards unlimited issues of paper money. The writer has collected a great quantity of statistics, some of which are worthy of deep consideration. He says that, during the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, which Mr. Pitt authorized in 1797, and which continued until 1819, "the empire continued to rise," until, in the last years of the war, "it bore, without difficulty, an annual expenditure of from £110,000,000 to £120,000,000." In 1819 the bank was required to pay its obligations in gold; and "the result has been that the nation, which, with a population of 18,000,000 souls, raised without difficulty £71,000,000 annually by taxes, and from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 annually by loans in 1813, '14 and '15, of which, at least, half was sent abroad and wholly lost to the nation, is now, with a population of 28,000,000, not able to raise, in round numbers, £51,000,000, on an average of years, by taxation, and is brought to the verge of ruin by the purchase of £33,000,000 worth of foreign grain in 1846 and 1847, and the expenditure of £35,000,000 in 1846 and £25,000,000 in the first six months of 1847, on domestic railways." Our protectionists will hardly endorse so strange "a result" as this. They will hardly believe that the mere liberty of issuing irredeemable paper money by a national bank, could raise a nation so high, nor the withdrawal of that liberty sink it so low. Yet this is the style of reasoning which belongs to the school. The most wonderful results are attributed to the smallest causes, and often to causes which had nothing to do with the results. Mr. Biddle, in the last years of his greatness, might have made some of us believe that the suspension of specie payments was the chief end of man. But the doctrine is now only maintained in Edinburgh. According to a table in another part of the article, the actual amount of England's expenditure in the last years of that mighty conflict, which she sustained at the very zenith of her greatness, stands thus. It is amazing, truly.

	Population.	Raised by taxes.	Total debt contracted.	Total pay'ts. into exchq.
1813.	17,750,000	£63,748,363	107,697,660	173,346,023
1814.	17,900,000	71,134,504	92,934,267	164,068,770
1815.	18,150,000	72,210,512	97,932,501	170,143,016

The truth of the mighty contrast, it seems to us, is very obvious, both from the facts which we know,

and the principles which are established by all experience. An individual, a family, a nation, can expend its surplus profits, but, for a series of years, nothing more, except by the sale of its estates. England, at the time when she subsidized the armies of Europe, earned money immeasurably by her industry. Her manufactures and commerce and colonies were sources of boundless wealth, at least of the wealth which England expended in that mighty struggle. They *made* the money: and squandered it all, for glory. Of those days, we have been told, that the father of Sir Robert Peel, who was a calico printer, said that he made a £ on each piece of calico that he printed. Now, his successors in printing do it for a price which leaves not one penny profit; and the calicoes—cloth, printing and all—don't fetch half a £. It was from the immense profits which old Mr. Peel realized on printing, that he was able to loan the government such immense sums, that, in return, the government not only paid him interest, but made him a baronet into the bargain. These facts account for the immense change in England's condition. Here are reasons of a more important and more portentous character than specie payments. It raises the question of non-payment altogether. If a family by its industry makes a net profit upon its business of $100, it can pay $50 in taxes and lend $50 to government, and count itself richer by the amount of the government bond. If six millions of families (composing a community of eighteen millions of souls) clear each upon an average, $100, then the nation will have an aggregate surplus of six hundred millions of dollars, or one hundred and twenty millions of pounds, to be disposed of, and it will be possible to pay it all to the government in the shape of taxes and loans, and the amount which each man should receive in government securities, he would regard as so much gain. Yet there would be no real gain; for the nation would in the aggregate be in debt to the whole amount of the stock; and this indebtedness divided, as it must in effect be, upon the families again, each one would owe as much as he had lent. The sad truth of the whole matter would be, that all the money was spent, gone forever. The profits of the nation would not have increased its wealth one single penny. But England, in those halcyon days, made much larger profits than we have supposed; for besides the vast sums paid to the government, she built houses, mills, and did many other things at home, and more than that, lent great sums to other governments, chiefly those whose mismanagement has reduced them so low that they are unable to pay either principal or interest. At the beginning of this century, England was the great manufacturing nation, and the mistress of the ocean. America had not begun to manufacture anything by power, up to the war of 1812. That war changed the current of our industry. Thirty years of peace has changed the avocations of the world. Germany has superseded England in the manufacture of woollens, France in the manufacture of silks, and the United States, so far as they have gone, in the manufacture of cotton, and the sailing of ships. The pressure of industrial competition is harder for England to endure than all her wars. We know, from some of their largest and best cotton mills and printing mills, that they are not making a penny. They do not even pay interest on the large capitals invested;—they pay nothing. If you have six millions of families, each one of which earns a scanty living only—or if this is the result of the general industry, then you have nothing left. It is in vain that you augment the number of the people to twenty-eight millions, or nearly eight millions of families. No matter what your multiplier may be, if the multiplicand be 0, the product is 0, and eight millions of 0s are worth just as much as one 0. This is a simple and perfectly comprehensible statement, and discloses we fear the true condition of glorious England. There is money made in old England yet. But the amounts are small compared with the profits of 1812. Her expenditures, in the mean time, continue upon an enormous scale. Besides the £51,000,000 which the government demands in taxes, what vast sums are expended in the support of a magnificent hierarchy of fat bishops, and fat priests, who have an enormous kingdom of this world, where their Master had not where to lay his head. One fourth of the population of Ireland are reported paupers, and in England and Scotland the case is not so much better as we wish it was. The land is forbidden to the use of industry, and held for the sport or the arrogance of indolent lords.

It needs no prophet's vision to see that this state of things *cannot* long endure. The industry of the empire, after the severest economy among the laboring classes, does not, or will not, continue to yield a sufficient surplus to sustain the present rate of taxation; and the pressure of competition is becoming more and more severe. The colonies which once were great consumers of home manufactures, and in various ways sources of large profits, are now only sources of bankruptcy to the individual owners, and burthens to the government.

Under these accumulated difficulties, England's only hope is in freedom. She must set her aristocracy and hierarchy about some useful business. The people must be relieved from their intolerable burthens, and allowed to use the land in the most profitable way. The queen of the seas must reduce her expenses to her income.

She had a day of greater pecuniary prosperity than any other nation ever enjoyed. She made profits, which arithmetic could hardly calculate, and expended the whole for glory. She has been engaged in war until she has the power to fight no longer. She exhausted her richest treasures in overthrowing the efforts of Frenchmen to be free, and then in overthrowing the gigantic monarchy which her assaults brought into existence. She is covered with glory, but getting poor. The day is coming when the glory of war will sink in its value, and her people would gladly sell it for half the money which it cost. We hope our own country, now in its strength and prosperousness, will not follow in her proud steps, and part with freedom and plenty, for bloodshed and glory.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE VILLA MARAVIGLIOSA.

A PAINTER'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

My friend Oliver, on his departure for Italy in the summer of 18—, had faithfully promised to keep up a regular correspondence with me. A year had, however, elapsed without bringing any tidings of the fugitive, when one morning I received a note. It was from my friend, briefly announcing his return, and begging that I would come and spend that evening with him, *tête-à-tête*, in his studio. It was there that after supper he related to me the following narrative of his eventful Italian tour. I leave him to speak:—

It is customary, began Oliver, for the Spanish poets to add to the titles of their dramatic productions the epithet of famous—*the famous comedy;* a mere piece of supererogation, however, for no one is beguiled into a perusal of them any more on that account. The Italians are Spaniards in all that regards the monuments of their country. The most insignificant fragment of stone, if you are to believe the dicta of the natives, has been witness of some diabolical crime. For a couple of sovereigns they would sell you both crime and stone. I could not take a single step in Genoa, where I landed, without, according to my *cicerone*, trampling upon some traditionary remembrance. In the first place, the street in which my hotel was situated was a celebrated one in the city; secondly, the hotel in which I lodged was a celebrated house in the street; in my sleeping-room there was a celebrated window; and, to crown all, a celebrated hook in the wall, upon which some patriarchal senator had either hung up his toga or been hung up himself, I never could exactly make out which. They picked my pocket of my gold repeater before the very gates of the Doria palace—the palace of the great, the celebrated Doria, the most virtuous man of his time.

In the streets of Genoa I encountered several of those wandering spirits of European literature to whom the physicians of taste recommend tours in Italy, in order that they may by this means be enabled in some measure to recruit their exhausted imaginations. To watch the antics of these "hot-pressed heroes," one would imagine they designed to carry off all the monuments of the country in their portmanteaus; they devour palaces, cathedrals, triumphal arches; they dine upon Carara marble, and quench their thirst with the breezes of Ionia. They would have led one by their proceedings to suppose that we have no such thing as fresh air in England. As these gentlemen travel, not for the sake of any enjoyment derived from the act itself, but merely for the sake of having travelled, they, as it were, fill bladders with blue air, they carefully fold sunbeams in their pocket-handkerchiefs, they stow away echoes of the murmuring waves in their portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and upon their return to England they pour out upon the public these rays, this blue air, these waves, these murmuring echoes, in all their amplifications; and under the titles of "Tour," or "Journey," or "Summer Sketches," or "Winter Rambles," they make their poor, deluded countrymen swallow a sort of weak, frothy mixture, little intoxicating, it is true, but vapid and tasteless to the last degree.

Upon landing at Genoa I caught the fever of the country, a disease one owes to the blue air and murmuring wave. After my health was in some measure reëstablished, my first care was, as you may imagine, to seek an introduction into the picture-galleries of this European celebrity, which has gardens upon the roofs of its houses because it cannot have them upon level ground.

The possessor of the first gallery I desired to make acquaintance with, had just wedded his daughter to some grandee of the place; admittance was refused me. They were repairing the staircase of the second gallery, and I was requested to wait a few months, after which time it would be ready for my inspection. The owner of the third gallery, not being on friendly terms with the travelling English, accorded not to them the favor of its inspection. Three powerful motives of exclusion which might be expected, and which have existed ever since there have been such things as picture-galleries in Italy: the marriage of a daughter of the house, the repair of a staircase, and the prejudice against a class.

I departed, then, from Genoa for Florence, having as yet admired but the blue air, and having heard but the murmuring wave. Well, I arrived safely at Florence. The Count de Frontifero, to whom I bore letters of introduction, was not so proud as are the generality of Italian signors. He boasted not a descent from Hercules, like the Este family, nor yet from Mars, like many other Florentine houses; he merely traced a descent, as he with much candor assured me, from Æneas; a name of which, through a yet more laudable modesty, he assumed but the initial. He signed his name Æ. Frontifero. Although he held not from the succession of Æneas his beautiful Villa Maravigliosa, situated at some leagues' distance from Florence upon the Arno, it is no less true that this superb property had belonged from time immemorial (but not before Æneas, however) to the Frontifero family, who prided itself upon having given three popes to the church, six gonfalionieri to the city of Florence, and an incomparable amateur to the fine arts—this incomparable amateur being none other than the Count Æneas di Frontifero himself.

He resided all the year round at his Villa Maravigliosa, renowned for its gardens, its woods, and its waters; but above all for its splendid and matchless gallery of pictures.

This single word, "villa," arouses, in the memories of those who have gazed in admiration on the colossal views of Piranesi, certain gigantic structures compared with which Buckingham Palace or the Exchange appear but as children's toys; but when one makes acquaintance with the Villa Pamphili—now the Villa Doria—the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Ferroni, only through the designs of this artist, one can scarcely imagine that these apparently princely residences are severally composed but of a very common-place sort of dwelling-house, of a garden with a considerable quantity of stagnant water, because water costs nothing at Rome, and of a crowd of little tombs, for the simple reason that in digging the Roman soil, it is easier to find tombs than to avoid doing so.

But I was then, continued Oliver, under the *coup de soleil* of enthusiasm. In my besotted blindness I denominated the most disguised of trees, an Italian pine; a huge, mis-shapen mass of marble was dignified by me with the title of palace; I knelt in fervid admiration before the first village girl whom I chanced to meet on the road, and adored her as a madonna; in short, I played in Italy the part per-

formed by Don Quixote in Spain. Will not Italy, some day or other, have also its Cervantes.

"I trust so, with all my heart," said I. My friend continued :—

The reception I met with from the Count Æneas di Frontifero charmed me; and even at his present moment, I am ready to avow that this villa fully justified the title of marvellous which it bore, although Piranesi had never honored it with his exaggerating crayon.

At my very first visit the count showed a noble anxiety to throw open for me the doors of his gallery, the pictures of which were shrouded in a sort of dim, uncertain, yet voluptuous obscurity. Curtains of a very pale green hue diffused over the room a uniform shadowy tint, imparting to the attentive soul that mystical religious feeling one experiences while wandering through the aisles of an ancient cathedral. Under the influence of this "dim mysterious light," and the sensations it called forth in the spectator's mind, the severe works of the Roman school no longer displeased through their insufficiency of color, while those of the Venetian school seemed thus to acquire fresh beauties, no longer dazzling the eye at the expense of the judgment, by their too vivid brilliancy.

"In short, Oliver, you were enchanted at the result of your first visit to the Count di Frontifero!"

And the more so, because, as he informed me later, I had enjoyed, by special favor, the liberty of strolling alone through its gallery, and of being left to examine it in its most minute details, unshackled with the officious cares of a *cicerone*. My eulogiums, however, amply repaid him for his complaisance; I actually exhausted upon him my vocabulary of terms of admiration :—"Beautiful! most beautiful! lovely! delicious! sublime! heavenly! transporting!" cried I. At length, I could praise no more; in a sort of wild delirium of admiration, I stamped upon the floor—I was in convulsions! Carried away by a blamable excess of enthusiasm, I was on the point of springing on the count's shoulders. His great age, and the name of Æneas, alone restrained me. Universal custom, however, was upon my side; foreigners never praised in other terms, save those I myself employed; he was content. In order to be absolutely ravished, I should have wished to see the pictures under, if not a better, at least a stronger light; but I moderated this desire, anticipating a second visit, and happy in having thus procured such a fruitful source of pleasure for the duration of my stay in Florence.

"Prepare," said the Count di Frontifero to me, as we reached the last painting in the gallery; "prepare to contemplate the most precious work of my collection, that one which, I can assure you, I display not to all eyes."

"A Tintoretto?" I suggested.

"Better than that!"

"A Raphael!" cried I.

"Better than that, my good sir!"

"Better than Raphael!"

"My daughter!—see!"

So saying, the count drew aside a curtain, and I beheld a young girl occupied in making a copy of Titian's Venus.

"She is named Venus, as well as her model," said the count.

The young girl rose from her seat.

"She is worthy of the name," cried I.

The Signora Venus blushed, and begged that I would give her my opinion on the copy she was making.

"And so you fell in love, my poor Oliver, I'll engage?"

Madly in love. "O Italy!" thought I, "land of the sun, of art, and of beauty! Nature created beauty for Italy, and deformity for other countries!" What Sabine locks had the Signora di Frontifero! What a Tuscan eye! What a Volscian neck! What holy, saint-like hands! What a Campagnian skin! What grace in the *tournure!* "Odious," murmured I, while lost in admiration of the fair girl, "a hundred times odious the recollection of English women, and, above all, of London women?" My dear fellow, there is not a single Londoner whose form would bear the test of sculpture—who has any *style*. They are pretty women, that's all. And who is *not* a pretty woman, in these days of false ringlets and marvellous cosmetics? To complete her conquest, the Signora Venus spoke English as well as Italian.

"She was a prodigy!" exclaimed I.

She was an angel!

We proceeded, afterwards, to breakfast together, under an odoriferous bower, in one of the most delicious gardens in the world. English trees are mere *canaille*, compared to these princes of vegetation. What poetry is there in the flowers of Italy! Our roses and jessamines actually infect the air with a disagreeable odor, when compared to these flowers. Oh, Florence, happily named of cities, the City of Flowers! I speak not now of thy fruits. Much in the same frame of mind as the Prince Carraccioli, who considered a Neapolitan moon to be warmer than a London sun, so did I find a piece of Florentine lemon-peel far superior in flavor to an English pine, or bunch of hot-house grapes. In a word, filled with admiration, enthusiasm, and love, at the close of this first and delicious interview, I took leave of the Count di Frontifero, and his charming daughter, the Signora Venus. Both accompanied me to the gate of the villa Maravigliosa, making me promise to come and see them again at an early opportunity.

As I was making my parting bow, the Count di Frontifero said to me—"The tie of art is that of friendship. Permit me to give you one word of advice, however intrusive it may appear. Florence is a ruinous place for foreigners; where is the necessity of your ruining yourself? Pardon me, once more, for drawing your attention to these commonplace affairs of life; but life, for all that, must be supported. Now, I know of an excellent hotel, at once elegant and commodious, situated only a few paces from this gate. You will there be well fed, admirably lodged, and at a reasonable rate. I would insist upon your taking up your quarters there, independently of the great desire I have of possessing you for a neighbor."

"Oh, count!" I replied, "I shall only be too happy in lodging so near your palace; it is I, on the contrary, who ought to feel deeply grateful at seeing a man of your birth, your rank, your fortune, your talents, lowering himself so far as to seek a lodging for so humble an individual as myself. I shall proceed at once to the hotel you have named."

"The sign is *Brutus sacrificing his Son.*"

"Beautiful country!" exclaimed I, in the fulness of my heart, as I took leave of the noble Count Æneas, "even the very signs of Italy are pictorial moralities!"

I forgot to tell you one thing, added Oliver, before terminating this first portion of his narrative; the Count di Frontifero wore a red velvet coat.

And I, dear reader, had forgotten to tell *you* one thing of far greater importance, as the sequel will show. Oliver possessed a fortune of two thousand a year, and painted from taste, and not necessity.

CHAPTER II.

I put up, as I have already said, at the hostelry of *Brutus sacrificing his Son*. It was not, I am compelled to own, one of the best houses in Italy; but then, I could perceive from my windows the towers of the Villa Maravigliosa, a circumstance which, in my eyes, amply compensated for any little inconveniences of lodging and attendance. After this, nothing was easier for me than to fancy that Domenichino had occupied my bed-room, and that I drank from the water-pot of Paul Veronese. My landlord was not a man likely to destroy my chimera with his kitchen-knife. Quite the reverse; for when, one day, I happened to say to him, "Signor Policastro, might it not have been at your house that Bramante, finding himself unable to settle the amount due for a plate of French beans, for which one of your ancestors charged rather too high a figure, drew upon the wall a representation of this identical plate of beans, acquitting himself of the debt in this picturesque fashion?"

"Might it be here, do you say? Why, where should it be, if it were not here?"

"Pray show me," continued I, anxiously, "this recollection of a great man!"

Hereupon, the Signor Policastro muttered some unintelligible words, throwing all the blame upon the French, the universal spoilers of Italy. Beyond a doubt, the French had carried off both painting and wall in a baggage wagon.

Besides his love for the arts, my landlord possessed a very pretty talent for cookery. My dear friend, nothing in my eyes equals Italians. I smiled with disdain whenever my thoughts reverted to English, or even French cookery, destitute alike of poetry and cheese!—cookery of a declining age, fit only to produce portrait and still-life painters, and a host of similar diseases. But true historical cookery is to be found in thy land, O matchless Italy! Cheese everywhere; cheese in the vegetables, cheese in the viands, cheese in the fruits, cooked cheese in cheese!

"Not a link is wanting in the chain of our national glory," cried Signor Policastro, one day, as he placed before me six dishes, each containing cheese.

"Not a link, my Policastro," assented I, "unless it be the art of mingling cheese with coffee."

I leave, for a while, the Signor Policastro, to return to his noble neighbors, the Count Æneas di Frontifero and his graceful daughter. My visits to the Villa Maravigliosa became more frequent. At the end of two months, I was like one of the family. My passion for the fair Signora Venus augmented in the same proportion as did my enthusiasm for her father's gallery, the cookery of my landlord Policastro, and my delight in the blue air and golden sunbeams of matchless Italy!

Truth, however, obliges me to confess, that the count, under various pretences, had, by degrees, interdicted me the entrance of his gallery.

Unlike the old saying, the course of *my* true love glided along as smoothly as can well be imagined; ours was quite a lyrical love affair. I would address myself to her in a canzona of Petrarch's; she would reply to me in a sonnet. As you may easily imagine, I did not, after this, declare my flame in a drawing-room, seated upon a prosaic cane-bottomed chair, between a chimney-piece and a bell-rope. No, nothing so common-place, I can assure you; we made love, warm, ardent, Italian love, mingled with flowers and poison, in the gardens of the Villa Maravigliosa, full of ruins, cypress-trees, and ancient tombs. Upon the fortunate day on which I whispered an avowal which made her as red as a laurel rose, she was surrounded with funeral stones. Beneath her feet I read:—

"Diis Manibus."

Her hand lay upon this inscription:—

"Aeliae Romanae
Conivgi Dulcissimae."

And when I impressed my lips upon her brow—the antique method of securing a gentle reply—I read above her head:—

"Sub Ascia Dedicavit."

Let not thy modesty, O my friend, take the alarm; soon were to be celebrated my nuptials with the Signora Venus di Frontifero.

"And so you have married her?" I hastily interrupted, "and the gallery is yours, and the beautiful Villa Maravigliosa"—

Patience, patience, my friend; but, before we proceed any further, let 's have another *brew* of gin and water—true artistic nectar.

The *brew* completed, Oliver filled his glass, and drank; after which he proceeded to charge an enormous German pipe, the companion of many an artistic pilgrimage, and after lighting, he continued to smoke for some time in silence, gazing into the fire with an abstracted air.

Do you know, said he, at length breaking silence, what I was thinking of just then?

I, of course, replied in the negative.

I was thinking of the analogy which exists between love and drinking. The first sip from a glass of hot gin-and-water, is like the first kiss of love, pure and unalloyed enjoyment; and though we may afterwards take deep draughts from either fountain, that first kiss is never equalled! There 's philosophy for you, old fellow! But I see you are impatient for the continuation of my tale.

As you may imagine, or, at least, as you ought to imagine, I was rather anxious to learn what sort of a reputation my future father-in-law possessed in the country, previous to joining my lot to that of his daughter. The villa is a town, and each house of this town, hotel, shop, workroom, depends upon the villa. I leave you to judge whether or not the tenants spoke well of the Count di Frontifero, their proprietor. But the occurrence of an unlooked for event furnished me with the means of more directly appreciating the character and manners of my father-in-law that was to be.

One evening when alone in my room, I was engaged in sketching from a bust after the antique; I heard a slight noise, apparently proceeding from one side of the apartment. It had just struck twelve. The dogs of the neighborhood had ceased barking, and the serenaders had also ceased to mingle their "wood notes wild" to those of their canine companions; a universal calm reigned throughout the house and offices. Guided by the sound which apparently proceeded from two persons in close conversation, I crept softly to the wall, and through a crevice in the lath-and-plaster partition I perceived my landlord, Signor Policastro, lighting in the Count

di Frontifero, who entered the room and seated himself in a large arm-chair. Policastro placed the lamp on a table, and seated himself likewise; he then opened a volume, which, by its form, and the grease spots by which it was stained, I recognized as the day-book. The count took a pen, and after having gone through its pages with a gravity which alarmed his companion, prepared to write.

"Let 's see, Messire Policastro, you say—

Dinner for an English family.

	Francs.
Two polastri, ...	30
A roast fowl, ...	50
A bricoli stracinato, ...	10
Fegato à la Milanaise, ...	12
Pasta Frolla, ...	8
Total, . . .	110

"Only a hundred and ten francs! why, your sum totals diminish every day, like the pyramids of Egypt. You impoverish yourself, Signor Policastro. You lower yourself in the eyes of the world. The English will no longer come to us, they will prefer going to France to economize. A hundred and ten francs! You are aware, I presume, that people don't get chickens out of spiders' eggs?"

"But, signor count, the Englishmen complained of the bill being very heavy as it is."

"Let them remain at home, then, the thieves! They will soon leave us not a single Caracalla upon its feet, nor a single tomb; they carry all off with them to London; ere long it will be Italy going to see London, instead of London coming to Italy. But let us return to the *foie à la Milanaise*. Once for all, and *per Baccho*, will you double your prices? yes or no?"

"But they say that I actually plunder unfortunate travellers."

"Plunder them! how can that be when they are shown villas like mine? beautiful fountains, superb pictures, for dishes of *bricoli stracinati* at ten francs! Since I see that you lack courage to follow up your profession, Policastro, I shall now fix for your guidance the invariable price of each dish; if you derogate but one iota from this arrangement, I shall most certainly dismiss you."

And the count inscribed upon the board on which were engraven the names of the various dishes supplied at the hotel of "*Brutus sacrificing his Son*," the price which was in future to be demanded for each.

"But, signor," cried the honest Policastro at each line, "no one will order any more fried fish or boiled vegetables if you mark them so high: respect at least the ragouts of cheese—you will absolutely denaturalize them by your exorbitant charges. You will exile the *tagliarini*, you will utterly blight the hopes of the *ravioli*. Ah! signor count, mercy for the maccaroni! Do not profane it. For the last five hundred years that has been the fixed price. The ancients themselves never dreamed of interfering with the maccaroni. It is a sacred price. Your grandsires founded it. Your ancestor Æneas ——"

The pitiless Count di Frontifero, supporting his left hand on the hilt of his sword as if to sustain his good cause, traced with his right hand upon the *carte* the new and onerous tariff of the maccaroni, after which act of severity he rose majestically from his seat. Policastro seized hold of the skirts of his red velvet coat.

"I will now tell you my mind fully," he cried, "no consideration shall from henceforth restrain me. Your conduct is odious! Misfortune to the house of Æneas! Its downfall is nigh at hand!"

"Silence, Policastro, or I shall have you replaced."

"You dare not do it, count."

"What prevents me?"

"Your own interest."

"Bah!"

"Do you wish me then to make known to the world the real character of your gallery!"

"Policastro, *mio caro!*"

"Must I tell about your daughter?"

"Policastro, Policastro, my worthy associate! Come, come, do not be angry; I will abate something in the price of the maccaroni, and let peace reign undisturbed between us."

With one dash of his pen Frontifero modified his former severe tariff respecting the maccaroni, and the landlord and count shook hands like two sovereigns, happy, after a stormy congress, in being able to terminate the interview by a still closer alliance.

"Oliver, your count was a madman."

Not so mad as you think for, as you will discover by and by. *I* was almost mad, if you will, after being witness of a scene in which my future father-in-law, the descendant of Æneas, had appeared to me in the character of an innkeeper, and in which there had been dropped such mysterious innuendoes respecting the Villa Maravigliosa, its picture gallery, and the beautiful Venus, she who was to bring me as her wedding portion this matchless gallery of arts. Could there, I whispered to myself, be any stain upon her reputation? "*Must I tell about your daughter!*" This threat, uttered by the landlord Policastro, tingled painfully in my ears. Was the fair Venus frail? perish the thought!

When peace was concluded between the count and the innkeeper, the former leisurely divested himself of his red velvet coat and hung it up to a nail in the wall, placed his hat on the chimney-piece, unbuckled and laid aside his sword, and tucked up his shirt sleeves to the elbows.

"Whenever you please," said he to Policastro, "I am ready."

Policastro rang the bell, and immediately afterwards ran out upon the landing place, where I heard a sort of shuffling noise. He shortly afterwards returned, and after having double-locked the door, emptied out upon the long table a quantity of fish, vegetables, fowls, and fruits; he then opened a cupboard, from which he took a variety of copper vessels and stewpans of every conceivable shape and fashion.

"Why, Oliver," interrupted I, "these people were sorcerers."

They were cooks!

Armed with a huge carving knife, the count in a trice dismembered fowls, sliced up vegetables, and hashed all together, whilst my landlord busied himself in lighting a fire on the hearth, and began to season with various spices the comestibles which his illustrious companion from time to time cast into the stewpans.

Imagine, if you can, my stupefaction at the sight of a descendant of Æneas thus transformed into an under cook, and the nature of my reflections on seeing the poetical possessor of the poetical Villa Maravigliosa engaged in the prosaic occupation of scraping carrots. Up to two o'clock in the morning he continued thus engaged in drawing pullets and slicing vegetables, without permitting the

slightest tinge of shame to appear on his cheek. When he perceived that all was going on to his satisfaction, and when he judged that his ministry was accomplished, he washed his hands, drew down his shirt sleeves, resumed his red velvet coat, buckled his sword to his side, and with his hat placed jauntily on one ear he waited until Policastro should light him down stairs. Nothing can be compared in rapidity to the sudden change which took place in the landlord's deportment. A moment previously the count's equal, he now became again before the red velvet coat the obsequious vassal, the respectful tenant, the subservient lackey. With his white cotton nightcap in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, and his body bent almost double beneath the weight of his respect, he led the way down stairs, assuring the count at every step of his eternal fidelity.

CHAPTER III.

As you may imagine, I deferred not beyond a second interview with the Signora Venus di Frontifero, the occasion of enlightening my mind with respect to the mysterious words which had reached me through the partition. The difficulty lay in properly and delicately leading the conversation to the wished-for subject. It is probable I should never have attained my end had it not been for a chance stroll I took one morning with my intended through the Villa Maravigliosa.

We had paused before a fragment of antiquity, which served as a text to the harangue I commenced in something like the following terms;—"Sovereigns," said I, "have occasionally been subject to weaknesses scarcely credible: for instance, Vitellius used to wash out his own pots and pans; Trajan was accustomed to bottle his own wine; Constantine to cut out sandals; Louis XIII. of France preserved sweetmeats; Louis XIV. used to wash and comb his lapdogs; Louis XV. prepared his own coffee. I can, however, easily conceive these little weaknesses," added I hastily, fearing lest my erudition did not sufficiently veil the blow I struck; "they lighten by their very triviality the cares and occupations of royalty; a bow must not be always kept on the stretch, otherwise it snaps, or at least loses its elasticity, as was very justly observed by Socrates, who was accustomed to amuse himself by dancing, and in all probability was a proficient in the art. Your noble father is a great admirer of Socrates, although he neither dances, cleanses his pots and pans, combs his lapdogs, nor makes his own coffee."

"He has however his eccentricities," replied the Signora Venus with a deep blush.

"He makes verses perhaps? it is a noble recreation for a man endowed with his lively imagination."

"Not exactly."

"He occupies himself perhaps with alchemy?"

"I do not think it can be exactly considered so high a pursuit as that."

"I understand. He stops short at chemistry."

"In its more useful applications," replied Venus. "The uses to which chemistry can be applied are so various that it would be a difficult matter to hit upon the precise one which the noble count, your father, honors with his study and research. The manufacture of eau de Cologne, seidlitz powders, and lucifer matches, as well as the more humble pursuits of the kitchen, may all be considered as branches of the science"

"It is perhaps to this last named branch that my father more particularly devotes himself."

"There is nothing humiliating in this," I hastened to add; "the errors of great men are sacred: besides, this has its originality. So your father is a count by day ——"

"And a cook by night," added the simple-minded Venus, completing my phrase. "I owe you this avowal, since we shall soon have no secrets between us; but never speak to my father of these singularities. He would blush for our ancestors and for himself."

I had at length discovered the solution of one of my three enigmas. My future father-in-law was cook from taste; and after all there is no accounting for taste. The celebrated Lalande devoured spiders;—the count, less peculiar in his appetites, merely desired that others should eat his maccaroni; but that did not prevent the first from being a great astronomer, nor was this taste for cookery any reason why the second should not be of high birth, the possessor of an immense fortune, and the owner of the Villa Maravigliosa and its picture gallery—two treasures which would fall to my lot on my acquiring a third treasure, his daughter, the charming Venus di Frontifero.

But what meant the second enigma, or rather the second threat uttered by Policastro;—"*Do you wish me then to make known to the world the real character of your gallery?*"

"Tell me, charming Venus," said I, once more advancing to the attack, "why your noble father, who has overwhelmed me with marks of esteem and kindness, has granted me only three times admission into his beautiful gallery, of whose treasures I have shown myself so ardent an admirer?"

"You shall learn the reason. My father last year undertook a journey to France and England for the sole end of inspecting the various collections of pictures with which these two countries are adorned: what was his astonishment and anger on finding every door closed against him, the amateurs having apparently come to some mutual agreement to cause him this disappointment.

"By dint of a series of diligent inquiries, he discovered that a countryman of yours, an Englishman, irritated against him, had been the sole originator of this conspiracy. This Englishman, whom for various reasons my father had not thought proper to admit into his gallery, had in this manner taken his revenge. As a man of spirit my father resented this outrage; but as an Italian he knew how to conceal his resentment at the bottom of his heart. On his return to Florence he gave orders that from henceforth his gallery should no longer be opened to any foreigner, how high soever his rank might be. It required all the esteem with which you had inspired him, joined to our mutual affection, to persuade him to violate in your favor an oath sealed by vengeance. You can now conceive how, reconciling his hatred of foreign amateurs with his friendship for you, he at first granted and afterwards withheld from you, the permission of admiring his pictures."

"Here's another illumination," thought I to myself. "But," I added, aloud, "when we shall be married, I trust that the interdict will be raised. For, once his son-in-law, the pictures will become my property."

"Beyond a doubt. And if I could trust in your discretion, I would offer to introduce you into the gallery by a secret door, on the condition that you

would content yourself with the amount of daylight you would find there, without attempting to augment the light by drawing aside the curtains; for were my father to surprise you, you would not have time to restore things to their proper places."

Never had lover, on hearing a long-sighed-for avowal—never had engineer, on seeing burst forth, at ten feet depth, the water of an Artesian well, for which he had expected to bore through three hundred feet of solid rock, experienced a joy equal to mine. Women in general feel more happiness at the joy they cause, than that which they themselves experience. Venus shared my happiness, and, wishing to redouble it, she placed in my hand the key of the secret portal. My fair intended had scarcely reëntered the house, ere I was in the gallery of the Villa Maravigliosa, on my knees in enthusiastic admiration of three or four hundred pictures, the *chefs d'œuvre* of the greatest masters of the universe—Italians, Spaniards, Flemings, Germans, English, French. I lived, as it were, in the times of these rare geniuses; in imagination I entered their severe and antique *ateliers;* I quitted that of Giotto to salute Perugino behind his portico; Raphael smiled on me from his carved window; leaning against his copper wall, Michael Angelo, that sombre master, displayed to me his demons and condemned souls, whilst the more rugged Albert Durer drew for me his lovely German virgins on the oaken shutter of his window.

"You are horribly metaphorical to-night, Oliver," interrupted I. "You mean to say, that, in your ecstasy, you passed from paintings upon copper to drawings upon wood."

Precisely so; but I had not finished my sentence.

"Finish it, then."

Whilst I was in the full enjoyment of these ineffable delights, the door at the further end of the gallery opened, and I saw enter the Count Æneas di Frontifero, accompanied by the innkeeper, Policastro. I had but just time to conceal myself behind a colossal statue of Pollio. Unfortunately, unlike a true Roman, Pollio had no toga; at that moment, I sincerely anathematized the nude.

Although the count and Policastro had paused at some distance from me, I could not avoid overhearing their conversation. Carried along by the vaulted ceiling of the gallery, the echoes wafted to my ears every word they uttered—words which I have retained with scrupulous fidelity, too deeply interested then to lose a single syllable.

"There remain but two more," said the innkeeper, "and they are not the best, saving the respect I owe you."

"Alas! your remark, my excellent Policastro, is but too true. My ancestors——"

"Your ancestors were spendthrifts. Had they nothing better to do than to squander away in festivals, galas, suppers, so many lovely virgins so rich in color, and so many holy personages so faultless in design? It is almost anthropophagy."

"Policastro, our rank has its exigencies. We nobles cannot vegetate like daily laborers. Respect the memory of my great ancestors; let us draw the curtain of charity over their faults."

"And above all, over the pictures they have left you, although the day approaches when the curtain will be no longer able to conceal their fatal substitutions. If I can pardon your ancestor for having expended the entire right side of your gallery, because he was a prince, and was obliged to figure at the court of the emperor; if he counterfeited six Martyrs,' two 'Transfigurations,' eight 'Loves of the Gods,' nine 'Abductions,' four 'Cloistral Scenes,' and seventeen 'Views in Venice,' in order to possess carriages, horses, French cooks, and English coachmen, I have no pity for your father, who, like an inveterate gambler as he was, stripped the entire left side of your gallery. And for what purpose? Why, to stake upon the hazard of a die, or the turning of a card, these thirty-nine 'Portraits of Popes,' these twenty-eight holy 'Abbesses,' besides a host of other pictures, of various subjects"

"But if," thought I to myself, "these portraits of popes and abbesses are all here in *propriâ personâ*, as well as the pictures on the right hand side of the gallery, of which I have got ocular demonstration, I cannot conceive how my father-in-law's father could have lost them at play, any more than how his ancestor could have despoiled his collection in order to possess carriages and cooks."

"But yet," continued Policastro, "if all the copies they have made of the pictures they sold were really good ones, signor count, (but in good truth they are deplorable imitations, destitute alike of taste or skill,) I repeat to you, that the shadow of these curtains has no longer power to conceal such hideous counterfeits."

"Policastro, enthusiasm is a marvellous colorist; in order to convince you, I have only to instance that rich young Englishman who will soon become my son-in-law. He took this for a genuine Caravaggio."

"Good young man!" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"That for a Giordano!"

"Noble and disinterested soul!"

"That for a Julio Romano."

"His mother must be a happy woman."

"That for a Michael Angelo."

"He is a saint!"

"And that, my Policastro, for a Raphael."

"A very Daniel come to judgment!"

And the count and innkeeper began to laugh together in so ironical a manner, that, in my rage, I fancied I could hear all those execrable copies before whom I had knelt in fervent admiration, joining in the infernal chorus. Heaven pardon me! but I could almost swear that the infamous Roman behind whom I lay concealed laughed as well as the rest. Pollio was in all probability himself a copy.

"And if he only knew," resumed the innkeeper, "that this picture, which he believes to be a Raphael, the worthy young man! was by you and me! For, you know, I drew it, and you painted it; the original has been in other hands these ten years back, if I do not mistake."

"Policastro, you flatter yourself. You scarcely put a hand to this work."

"What! you seek to ravish from me my glory! This is not generous on your part, signor. Do I not avow the share you take in the confection of my ragouts? You are my associate in the kitchen, permit me to be yours in the domain of art."

"The amount of talent displayed in the two copies which you have just completed from the Domenichino and the Carlo Dolci will decide the degree of esteem which I may accord you."

"It will be indeed high time, count, to esteem me, when we have no more copies to make. What shall we copy next? there is nothing more left for us here."

"I know what I am saying. I am shortly, as you are aware, about to marry my daughter to this young Englishman, and it is absolutely necessary that the illusion should last until then. If I could no longer refuse him the *entrée* of my gallery, and

he were through your clumsiness to perceive the universal error which reigns throughout, I should lose a son-in-law, and the two thousand a year which he brings into the family."

"But, my dear lord, of what daughter are you speaking! of the Signora Venus? Why, she is not your daughter."

"Not altogether: she is my niece, the daughter of my younger brother, who died in England."

"You are going to make this Englishman *marry a copy*."

Here was a revelation! Venus was not his daughter! I was upon the point of upsetting Pollio, and crushing myself and them under the ruins.

"But, signor count, why have you concealed from him the fact that she is not your daughter?"

"Because he is mad after everything Italian, and esteems nothing that is not Italian. Italian painters, Italian women, Italian villas!"

"But is not the Signora Venus an Italian?"

"She was born, my dear Policastro, I have told you a hundred times, near London, at Tooting in Surrey."

Oh Pollio, Pollio! a collection of daubs taken for an incomparable gallery, and I myself upon the point of marrying a denizen of Tooting Common, believing I was wedding an Italian! And the Etruscan figure, and the Volscian feet, and the Sabine neck! Once again did the count and the rascally cheese poisoner laugh together in so indecent a manner that I became even paler than Pollio. For an instant I imagined that I was but a copy myself.

Some moments afterwards I heard a noise; I cautiously put forward my head, and beheld the count and his acolite, the one mounted on a ladder, the other steadying it with his foot, engaged in consummating the last sacrifice of which the Villa Maravigliosa could become the victim. A beautiful Domenichino and a divine Carlo Dolci were unhooked, and in their places were suspended the two copies manufactured by Policastro.

"Not bad, Policastro, not bad," exclaimed the count approvingly, "you have done well. I salute you the first copyist of Europe."

When the two pictures, however, were lowered, the count could not behold them without regret in the hands of Policastro, who was doubtless about to bear them away to the happy purchaser. He took them, placed them each on a chair, and gazed upon them for a length of time with deep affection. From the huge pockets of his old red velvet coat he drew forth a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The count was moved even to tears.

"Policastro," he exclaimed in a voice of deep emotion, "they are my two sons, my loveliest, my last. What harmonious coloring! what drawing! what draperies! Even were they less beautiful than they are, how could one abandon them without pain!"

"Signor count"—sobs stifled the voice of Policastro, who kissed the hand of his lord—"Signor count, Providence will not leave you always thus. You must hope for better days."

"Hope is not even permitted to the aged, Policastro; but my past troubles were light in comparison with this. Adieu, Demenichino, adieu, Carlo Dolci, whom my ancestors have beheld with rapture, and who have rejoiced the eyes of my father, you that have been my pride in the eyes of strangers, and the props of my declining years! Adieu, my children, adieu!"

And the count applied his lips, now to one picture, now to another, kissing them with all the ardor of an Italian. One single thought cast a jealous shade over the sensibility of the innkeeper. His artistical self-love—if a copyist can be styled an artist—was singularly wounded by this burst of admiration and grief of the count's for the two pictures, which he imagined he had at least equalled in point of merit by his copies. As for me, my grief was considerably assuaged by the reflection that, if the count had no longer any pictures left to sell, there still remained his villa, which was worth a good round sum of money.

"Which you hoped to obtain by wedding the count's daughter?" interrupted I.

Precisely so, (replied Oliver.) But to continue.

"Courage, signor," said Policastro in a cheering tone of voice; "show yourself more high-minded than your ancestors. If they had possessed your character, they would have left you more original pictures, and fewer copies. And yet, if their copies were only equal to mine! But why lament so much? is not your niece upon the point of marrying this young English painter?"

"The marriage is not yet completed, Policastro, and you know there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip. I have enemies; and supposing one of them was to reveal to this Englishman that the superb Villa Maravigliosa can never pass to a foreigner; that our laws oblige me to transmit it to one of my name, and consequently to one of my nephews; can you suppose that this foreigner, feeling himself duped by both me and my niece, would not break off the match, and instantly quit Florence and Italy?"

"It is, alas! but too true, count; a villa, were it the Villa Borghese, were it the Villa Doria, cannot be sold, since our laws sanction not the act, but on the contrary expressly forbid it; and for the best reason in the world, villas cannot pass into the hands of foreigners; they are the patrimony of the country. Thus those who, like you, count, possess such an appendage, are obliged to deprive themselves of almost the common necessaries of life, dying of hunger in the midst of birds, flowers, waters, marbles, and superb galleries, unless, following your example, they set up hotels at their palace gates."

These singular revelations completed, I might now, in all conscience, have appeared before the eyes of the count, and said to his face: "The farce is played out; throw open your doors and let me depart;" but when I put forth my head again after a few moments' silence, I found that the count and the innkeeper had retired, carrying with them the two pictures.

Once at liberty, I felt ashamed at finding myself in this infamous gallery, of which I had been the silly dupe. My fanatical belief, surprised in its credulity, and now at length restored to its senses, swelled with rage in the presence of these false gods at whose shrines it had prostituted its worship. A revolution had taken place within me, and I think you must allow that there were ample reasons for this outbreak.

To have venerated counts who kept taverns and made their own ragouts! to have been enthusiastic in my admiration of galleries of copies! to have loved a Tooting Italian! If I withdrew my plighted troth from the Signora Venus di Frontifero, it was not because she was no longer either an heiress or a count's daughter, it was simply because she had been leagued with her uncle to render me ridiculous.

I quitted the villa, but previous to my bidding adieu to Tuscany and Italy, I ascended to the dome

of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence, and from this dizzy height let fall a hearty burst of laughter as my parting malediction upon this land of perpetual mystifications.

Here Oliver broke off in his narrative, and took a deep draught of gin-and-water, as if to wash down the bile which was rising into his gorge.

After a few moments' silence I said:

"And so, Oliver, your travels are over, eh?"

"Forever."

"You will continue to paint landscapes?"

"Ay, that will I, many landscapes, washerwomen and cabbages; and may I become a member of never-mind-what society of artists, if I ever again lose sight of the white cliffs of Albion."

Oliver has kept his word; and, to judge from his performances, promises to become ere long one of our most popular landscape painters.

Over the door of his painting room are inscribed these words: "VISITORS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK OF ITALY."

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.—Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study, and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humor did not desert him; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he made so much of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he *petitioned* James I. for *a license to collect alms* for himself, "as a recompense for his labor and travel of *forty-five years* in setting forth the chronicles of England, and *eight years* taken up in the survey of the cities of London and Westminster, towards his relief, now in his old age, having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth; one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for a twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor.*

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.—From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of goodwill is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, "Our country, right or wrong!" which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, "That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong!" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham.*

MAXIMS ON MONEY.—The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE NORMAN GRAVE OPENED IN 1846.

THERE are some events of so suggestive a character, that a whole world of thickly crowding thoughts and solemn imaginings rise, in all the richness of epic poetry, at the mere mention of these significant facts. Most minds feel at certain periods this deep romance and eloquent power of association. Simple are the facts which at such moments surround the meditating spirit with a magic circle of bright creations, or the reminiscences of days long passed away. The sound of village bells, stealing with mysterious echoes through the forest leaves in the deep stillness of an autumn evening, will suffice thus to illumine with a poetic splendor the half-forgotten epochs of our past history, bringing out in bright relief that scene, and this passage in our life. Sometimes the event operates in the same way on our ideas of ancient times, shedding a subdued light, a kind of moonlight brightness, over the quiet graves of olden nations, and clothing in their former life the beings who lived a thousand years ago. To descend into the vaults where in the strange silence rests a line of kings, will call up such thoughts; the damp mouldiness of the crimson velvet, and the tarnished crown, then become suggestors of that past state of society in which those entombed beings, now voiceless and sceptreless, moved and ruled. Nor are our hearts stirred less when, sitting on the moss-covered and fallen column of some abbey of the middle ages, we gaze on the graves where the noble sleep, with the wild flowers clustering on their graves, of which no lettered monument now speaks. The stone coffin of yon Norman lady is before us. Yundreda, the daughter of kings, a descendant of the far-famed Roland, lies beside a railway excavation; and rough men take those bones in their hands, antiquarians examine, and crowds of novelty-hunting visitors *pay* for a view of that stone house of the dead. What a contrast is there! on one side *our* life, with its ceaseless tides and far sounding hum of work, its science, and its railways. There in the remoteness we see the Norman life, in castles and abbeys, with its intense and fervid workings; so distinct from our own. Wide is the gulf between those times and the present, for so little do we remember of the past, that the very relationship of Yundreda to the Conqueror is now disputed, some contending that she was not his daughter, but a descendant of Matilda by her first husband. But into all this perplexing discussion, and array of authorities, it is not our intention to lead the reader, who would feel little gratification in being thus indoctrinated into the writings of old Norman chroniclers and monkish annalists. What is the popular opinion of Yundreda? That she was a daughter of William I. by Matilda, and that this child of the Conqueror was subsequently married to William de Warrene, who became the ancestor of the powerful Earls of Surrey. Thus in the popular traditions, Yundreda was not only known as the daughter of a king, but the mother of a line of nobles. To these particulars, the histories add that she founded the priory of Lewes, in which she was buried.

Some interest has been excited by the unexpected discovery of her coffin, by a few railway excavators, on the site of the ancient abbey, which belonged to the Cluniac monks, being the first house of that order in England. Strange changes have come over that old Saxon town since the day when the daughter of Matilda was laid with solemn rites beneath the dust of the old pile. Fierce storms have swept over the land since that procession passed through the silent ranks of the Cluniac nuns; thrones and earthly dominions have been borne down since then, and amidst the far spread din the very name of Yundreda was forgotten, and her resting place itself lay hidden beneath the silent ruins of her abbey. Geologists have scrutinized the famed Lewes level, and found in it the bed of an ancient estuary, from which memorials of the patriarchal earth have been drawn, and forced to speak of things before the flood. But during the flight of ages no one thought of the hidden tomb of Yundreda, and it was at last but an accident, the striking of a workman's spade against the coffin, which opened the grave in 1846. Then the busy and sight-loving tourists rushed to view the strange remains, and crowds from Charing-Cross and Piccadilly paid their shillings to gaze upon the long-buried bones.

There may appear to some persons little worthy of notice in the discovery of such remains of other ages; but if the geologist beholds with delight the small fragment of bone which tells of extinct races, and hints a few scarcely distinguishable thoughts on the state of the ancient earth, then surely the memorials of a past human life are not undeserving our regard. If the Swiss exile hears in the Ranz-des-Vaches the sounds of his earliest years, and sees again his mountain home on the sides of the hoary Alps; so the historian beholds in a sepulchral stone traces of the mysterious drama which was acted on the earth a thousand years ago. Hence we may learn the value of such simple events as that which has produced these lines, and feel how much of imaginative grandeur surrounds the dry investigations of the antiquarian. Mouldering stones, half obliterated letters, and deserted burial grounds, are rich with the poetry which requires not the garb of verse, but speaks with Miltonic power in the quiet depths of thoughtful hearts. Whilst standing by that coffin we see the old ages of this land rise from their tombs, and slowly pass before us in magnificent procession, till the eye is dazzled by the solemn splendors of the long and shadowy array of kings, princes, and barons. Perhaps in a moment we lose the bright visions—recalled to the present by the roar of a railway engine rushing along the road which carries its impetuous life into the once quiet recesses of Lewes Abbey. But we shall by such a view have surrounded our spirits with the bright things of poety, and be furnished with an antidote to much that would otherwise deaden our sensibilities, and perhaps degrade our taste to the level of mere vulgar excitement.

We have thus taken the opportunity presented by a quiet hour to concentrate the various reflections suggested by the discovery of Yundreda's sepulchral home; and if we have persuaded the contemplative reader to cross the Rubicon which separates the region of common life from the bright world of true romance, we conclude by wishing him all the rich and poetic delights connected with an imaginative journey to the homes and times of our forefathers. The coffin of Yundreda is closed; men are forgetting the discovery, and the Archæological Journal no longer discusses her marriage or parentage. We too must leave the subject; trusting, however, not to lose the thoughts suggested by standing so near the dead princess of the early Norman times.

A Summer in Scotland, by JACOB ABBOTT, with engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is one of the most entertaining books we have read for some time; the style in which it is written is such as will make it interesting to all who take it up. The preface gives the character of the work better, perhaps, than we could in language of our own. "Having spent a month or two," says the author, "during the last summer in rambling among the Highlands of Scotland, I have written the following account of my adventures for the amusement of my pupils, and of such other readers as may honor these pages with a perusal. The narrative is strictly a personal one. The work does not pretend to give a geographical, historical, or statistical account of Scotland, but only a simple narrative of the adventures of a traveller rambling in a romantic country in search of recreation and enjoyment alone. In writing the account, I have attempted nothing more than to re-produce for the reader a picture of the scenes, such as they were, which presented themselves to my attention. The book, therefore, claims no higher province than that of offering a rational source of entertainment to the reader in leisure hours."

The scenes through which the author passed are already familiar to most persons; to some from personal observation, to many more from the descriptions of others. But there is such a charm about the natural scenery of Scotland, and its past history is so full of romance, that we never tire of tales concerning it. We love to wander in imagination over its mountains and through its valleys, to cross its beautiful lakes, and visit its cities and towns and castles, that have been immortalized by the stirring events of the past. There is no need of fine writing to awaken an interest in the land for which nature and history have done so much. Mr. Abbott seems to have been fully aware of the natural attractiveness of his subject, and in giving the account of his ramblings, he writes as one would rehearse to a friend the story of a pleasant journey. His style is therefore, from its simplicity, in perfect keeping with his subject, and is marked by those features of naturalness and ease that render his writings generally attractive and instructive.

The description of the passage across the Atlantic, of the habits on board ship, of the arrival in port, and the scenes at the custom-house, are as vivid to the reader as though it were his own experience—and, though these are matters of every-day occurrence to untold multitudes of people, yet this recital of familiar things has a charm about it from its truthfulness, we suppose, as if we were hearing it for the first time. The different places in Scotland, visited by the writer, are all presented to the mind in the same way, until the reader almost believes it is himself who is wandering through "the Collieries," climbing the summit of "Ben Nevis," scrambling upon the cliffs of Staffa, or walking through the halls and chambers of Holyrood, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh castle. The best comment we can make upon the attractiveness of the book, is a feeling which we shared with another person, to whom we read it aloud, and who said, when the last page was finished—"Is that all?—how sorry I am!" Our limits do not permit us to make extracts in confirmation of what we have said; but we have no doubt that all who read the book will justify our remarks, and thank the author for offering to them so pleasant an entertainment.—*Courier*.

ZEAL OF PARTY.—Doctor, afterwards Dean Maxwell, sitting in company with Dr. Johnson, they talking of the violence of parties, and to what unwarrantable length party men will sometimes run, "Why, yes, sir," says Johnson, "they 'll do anything, no matter how odd or desperate, to gain their point; they 'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker sooner than not get possession of it."

A HINT TO AMUSEMENT DENOUNCERS.—There are people who would say, "Labor is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labor—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation." Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of, if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that; if not sensuality, then avarice or ferocity for "the cause of God," as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure, dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people require to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. "They took their pleasures sadly," says Froissart, "after their fashion." We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council*.

AN ALE CHARM.—During the period when James I. studied the sciences at St. Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this principle, George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizard. A poor woman, who kept an alehouse in St. Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation, George told her that if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. "Then, Maggie," said the learned wizard, "the next time you brew, throw out of the vat six ladles full of water in the de'il's name, turning between each ladle full round on the left; this done, put six ladles full of malt in the vat, in God's name, turning round by the right between each time. And in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage about your neck, and never open it till the day of your death." Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years, accumulated great riches. At her death, the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words—

"Gin Maggie brew good ale,
She will get good sale."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MOONLIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

When evening, stealing o'er our northern sky,
Has furled the streaming glories of the west;
And night's fair queen, in beauty mounted high,
Pours down her silvery light on nature's breast;
How sweet to linger on the mountain's crest,
And gaze enraptured o'er the midnight scene!
Where all looks mild, and beautiful, and blest,
And heaven itself seems, through the deep serene,
Watching the slumbering earth with eyes of tender sheen.

Soft hour! when Fancy, in her playful dreams,
Flings o'er the human soul her magic power;
While yet the moonlight down the valley streams,
And lights the steps of Youth to Beauty's bower.
How soft the hush of that delightful hour,
When slumber deepens on the hearts of men!
And silence wraps cliff, cairn, and ruined tower,
Unbroken save by torrent of the glen,
And maddening Passion sleeps as ne'er to wake again.

Then blending with the tranquil mountain scene,
The soul forgets her earth-born grief and tears—
Smiles o'er the world with heaven's unclouded queen,
Soothed by the calm that nature's aspect wears;
Then glance her thoughts along a thousand years,
All grasped within that lucid moment's span,
Tracing the light that Glory's pinion bears
On high, to gild the noblest deeds of man;
Alas! how brief the blaze—how flickering, faint, and wan!

For time's close shadows ever wait around
The paths which Glory's children dare to climb,
Lured by the glittering pomp, and maddening sound
Of trumps, inspiring to heroic crime.
Still earth exults in many a soul sublime,
Whose light hath passed not all with life away;
But shines unchanging o'er the mists of time,
And guides young Genius, with benignant ray,
Through all the blighting storms that mar life's opening day.

Immortal spirits who have walked the world!
Bards, sages, patriots, born to bless mankind,
Still sweep ye o'er the earth with wings unfurled,
To fan congenial bosoms left behind?
Pouring the sunbeams of the eternal mind
O'er breathing man rejoicing in your lore;
Till springs the soul, unprisoned, unconfined,
Through fields of light o'er earth's wide bounds to soar,
Where the vast universe unfolds her mighty store.

O! let me oft, when falls this lovely hour,
A moment feel the fire such spirits shed!
Monarchs of nature! who alone have power
To send your deep-toned voices from the dead;
Frown on, ye darkening shadows, o'er my head—
Come, stern Adversity, to fix my fate—
Still nature's glories on my path are spread,
Still gleams of sunshine gild this dark estate,
O'er which my spirit bounds unbroken and elate.

Shall cold disdain from the misjudging proud
One hour the child of thought and feeling wrong;
Shall earthly ills, which daunt the sordid crowd,
Beat down this bosom to the servile throng
Who crouch to glide in Wealth's proud train along,
And bend at Mammon's shrine the pliant knee?
No—from this mountain whence I pour my song,
Still let me mingle with the great—the free,
Who taught my ardent soul to feel, to hear, to see.

To feel the bliss that fair creation yields,
When light and beauty clothe the earth and sky;
To roam in joy through glens, and groves, and fields,
Or climb the mountain when the night winds sigh
Whate'er delights the heart or charms the eye
Throughout the volume vast by God unrolled,
These are thy birthright, Genius; these thy high
Prerogatives, oh Fancy. Count thy gold,
Son of the clay; our stars are boundless and untold!

HAPPY ALONE.

I am only happy when alone;
Then I can think of thee,
And hear no harsh discordant tone
To break my revery.
They tell me that my heart is cold—
Unsocial, too, and strange;
But could they see its inmost fold,
How soon their thoughts would change!

Now thou art absent, every hour
Seems doubled with Despair,
Whose stern supremacy of power
Crushes the bright and fair.
I weary of the shortest day,
Am grateful when 't is flown,
For when night comes, I steal away
To think of thee alone.

I look upon the starry skies,
And worship each small gem;
Because, I think, perhaps thine eyes
Are gazing, too, on them.
And then I wonder if thy love
Be constant as my own,
And if, whilst viewing them above
Thou think'st of me alone.

I mix not with the joyous throng,
Where glad hearts aptly meet;
I never sing thy fav'rite song—
The one you call so sweet—
I keep it, cherish it, for thee;
I call that song my own,
And never is it sung by me
Save when I am alone.

My thoughts, all tending to one source,
Are habited in gloom;
Apparent joy I cannot force—
I never could assume.
To think of thee, morn, noon, and night,
My heart is ever prone,
And all I ask to feel delight
Is but to be alone.

Oh! when wilt thou return again
To change the hue of things?
Time seems to move alone in pain
On dark and sombre wings.
Oh! when wilt thou return to cheer
The heart that 's all thine own,
That it may be less sad and drear—
Less happy when alone?

Fraser's Magazine.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH:

THE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS WHICH LED HIM TO PROPOSE HIS SCHEME CONCERNING EL DORADO.

SCENE—*The tower, with a lattice that does not admit a view of the rising or setting sun.*

'T is long since I have seen the pilgrim-sun
Gird up his garments for the dusky day,
His locks wreathed tight about his decent brow:
'T is long since I have seen them shaken out
Upon his shoulders—when the modest youth
Reels to his couch, like tired Bacchanal;
The rich clouds hanging glory round his path.
But *something* I can see—the comely moon,
With well-filled horn, shines in a summer sky
That grows not dark till morn!—now like a bow
Drawn by aërial archer—yon bright star,
An arrow that hath parted from the string,
Is on its way—and now she is a bark
Ploughing a summer sea, so calmly blue!
Such as round fairy islands of the west
Flows breathlessly. Ah! that *such* bark were *mine.*
This prison, smaller than a cabin, hath
No such sweet progress; in its arms we sleep
Fast aye forgotten as in Death's small crib.
Its profitless confinement bears not onward!
Hark! there are merry tones of children round me,
Music that steals as from the gate of heaven
To hell's deep womb—huge fireworks that mimic
Those strange appearances by Genii wrought
Amid autumnal clouds—cities in flame,
And men that fight and die. Yon colored lamps
Outrival dew-drops of the morn, or gems
Deep in the earth. Oh! that I could wring out
From demon-miners treasures hid in vain,
Like love in the sick hearts of pallid nuns.
Could I but bear some here, forgiveness, fame,
Might dance around me—better far than these,
Action, that tide that stirs the stagnant blood—
Courage that thrown upon a dung-heap mounts
Once more its fiery horse. What do *I* here?
I have schooled my boiling thoughts, and learnt and taught
What meek-eyed sages tell, with rocky brow,
And hearts that beat calm as an infant's breath—
I *had* given back my birthright, but for *whom?*
Not to the winds—not to *thee*, marble death!
Yet thou hast trampled on it—*thou* hast rent
The precious crucible in which 't was poured;
Thou hast enclosed within a narrow tomb
A spirit linked with mine. Six months ago
And I was busy as a clerk could be
Conning the golden past, whence fancy mounts,
And feeding for *his** roots a noble stream—
Now 'tis a river locked within a cave,
Having *no* egress. Now I weave no more
The mingled web of acts and lessons wise.
Six months ago, and he was like a bee,
Sucking *in* nectar from the flowers that lay
Opening beneath *my* sun, and giving back
The honey of sweet praise, and dearer love,
And dearest sympathy. I was to him
A lofty hill, around whose storm-swept peaks
His thoughts like clouds might gather;—he is gone—
I was not near to soothe his dying head:
And yet my cordials, drawn from many an herb,
Sedulously sought in days of liberty,
On home and foreign shores, relieved thy pain
The *very* hour before thy soul took flight.
Sweet noble prince! who even so *early* learnt
The combat between subject, filial love,
And sense of right—a royal love of greatness.
The serpent breeds the eagle, and *some* say
It *stung* him too—may God forgive the thought!
Sweet moon, thou 'rt shining as thou shon'st that night
Upon his torch-lit funeral—lighting now
His sister's bridal train—it follows quick—
The nation's tears are dry—my well of grief
Is what it *was*. My land, too, *it* is gone.
The scenes of pleasures sweet, and graceful toil—
My walks and stately trees, given to a *thing*
Polluting what it crawls o'er; and I begged,
I sent my gentle wife to beg in *vain*—
That *his* FAIR dawn might not be clouded o'er
With *such* a veil—that his free hand might pause
Ere it cut down the old paternal tree,
Yielding its fruit to feed my little ones.
(*His wife enters.*)
My own Elizabeth! the time seems long
That thou hast left me—wert thou gazing down
Upon this pageant city—dost *thou, too,*
Forget the grave, and him who sleeps therein?
My thoughts have ranged over *all* past, all future;—
I thought on *thee*, when for *thy* sake the first
I slept within a prison's walls, and knew
Its gloomy leisure, and of our sweet babe
That, like a flower in a dark cavern, cheered
The blackness of the place—and of *this* king,
A sterner master in his boyishness
Than our old prudish mistress *ever* was,
Whom the domestic charities have taught
No lessons of sweet wisdom. I have dreamt
Of freedom, my beloved!—not as *thou wilt,*
A pastoral cot within a lonely vale.
No; England's woods may *never* leaf and fade
Over *my* brows; and quiet streams are ill
Companions for the *wild* at heart. *I* see
Vast wealth, bright mines of gold, and beauty *strange,*
That will not dim mine eyes with girlish tears,
Where deep and boundless rivers teach to flow
A nobler tide within the human heart,
And mountains, standing like Omnipotence,
Rise *above* earthly things! My boy, too, goes—
My gallant Walter!—either to wreath his brow
As *trees* in their young spring, or die wrapt round
In his *first* glory. Thou, my dear, wilt live
With our young poet René—let him dream
Of glorious cities, and untrodden seas,
And beauteous *monsters*—only named *so,*
Because their forms, like angels, are *not known;*
And let him hang above thee as a bow
Over the Autumn woods, whose changing leaf
Hath glory, beauty, tenderness, *not* seen
In their rich prime. *Now leave* me, my beloved.
I write a letter, worded cautiously,
To this royal pedant, hung with golden phrase
Of wealth, to tempt his pleasure and his pride!

* Prince Henry, for whom Raleigh wrote his "History of the World."

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, 18 March.

DEPUTATIONS from all nations and of all colors have been formally received and eloquently answered by the provisional government at the Hotel de Ville—Hungarians, Greeks, Norwegians, British, Swiss: one of negroes and mulattoes from the Antilles. These gentlemen expressed their gratitude to the republic for the plan of abolition about to be executed. The chairman of the official committee on the subject is another *Garrison*, though probably of more talents and acquirements. His name is *Schrellcher*. He has travelled extensively in the western and eastern worlds, for the purpose of becoming closely acquainted with domestic bondage in both. His book on Egypt is, generally, one of the best extant. Full abolition is to be speedily proclaimed, and something has been said of indemnity to the masters; but nothing will be given. An insurrection in Martinique and Guadaloupe may be the consequence of the news from France. Lamartine and Arago are strenuous enemies to negro slavery, and the dispositions of their colleagues towards our slave-holding states are not, we may presume, more favorable than those of the two master-spirits. The French colonies are to be represented in the national assembly on an equal footing, in every respect, with the metropolitan districts.

In the answer to the very numerous German deputations, it was intimated that new France expected a German republic, national and federal; an idea which appears to have taken root throughout the whole confederation. A parliament is proposed to be elected by the people, and to represent the people's interests, as the Frankfort diet does those of the sovereigns. This (observes the Paris Journal des Débats) will quickly ripen into a vast federative republic.

The procession of American citizens to the Hotel de Ville was stated in the *Constitutionnel* to consist of five thousand! In most of the other papers it was reckoned at five hundred. The real number did not exceed two hundred and fifty. The *National* made the aged Mr. Ervix the spokesman, and dubbed him the former *ambassador* of the United States in Spain. It was Mr. Goodrich who, in fact, read the address; a decorous composition, without the pith and point which the occasion warranted. In the newspaper reports, the Americans, when the two flags were offered as emblems of alliance, shouted, "*Yes, we swear alliance on our blood!*" This is French, not American. Several members of the procession have assured me that no such exclamation was heard. We should all remember Washington's proclamation of neutrality and his warnings, which Mr. Jefferson repeated, against "entangling alliances." We may well rejoice if a true republic should be solidly established in this great country; but we should be content to await the issue of the undertaking before we talk or think of a *league*. There has not been a period when it behoved the United States to keep more cautiously aloof from European concerns and struggles. Our Union has a sufficient and glorious character for Europe as a model and an asylum. The most vehement and active of the Paris projectors of a republic do not, I have reason to fear, relish what we prize in our institutions—unity in the executive, a senate, an independent judiciary, competent to decide on the constitutionality of laws. Continued *centralization*, or the dominion of the capital over the rest of the country, they are not at all inclined to renounce. The provisional government has dispatched into each of the eighty-two departments a commissary, or proconsul, with indefinite, despotic powers. It has been obliged to proclaim that judges are not to be arbitrarily cashiered, this having been done in a way to cause even popular complaints.

The Edinburgh and Glasgow correspondents of the London press mention that the riotous mobs in those cities were dispersed by heavy showers of rain. In Paris we have been lucky in the very inclement weather since the Three Days of February. Pelting storms and wet nights have served to keep within some shelter masses who might have proved exceedingly troublesome in the streets under a fair sky. Though March be still acting the lion, every hour has its long processions of the working classes, in a plight which truly needs some *reform*. You could not, in all the Union, muster such a display of *ragamuffinism* as we witness in the assemblages of the *new* national guards. It is to the promiscuous mixture with these, and being subject to their suffrages in the elections for officers, as decreed by the provisional government, that the old or citizen guards have taken the strongest exception and antipathy. Yesterday (17th March) a call was made on the latter, by their committees, to repair in a body to the Hotel de Ville, with an earnest remonstrance. Accordingly some sixty thousand appeared, at different rendezvous, but they found the square before the hotel in possession of an immense mob, with whom they thought it wise not to risk a conflict. Their committees were admitted and heard. The government rebuked them for setting the bad example of a large convocation, though wholly unarmed: no redress could be promised. This day the example has been followed with a vengeance. Forty or fifty thousand of the *people*, so called, took up the line, in bodies great and small, without arms, banners flying, to the Champs Elysées; when, after having been duly marshalled, they hied to the Hotel de Ville, in counter-manifestation to the old guards. The substantial classes and strangers were seized with alarm; the money-changers closed their shops; the jewellers trembled, and withdrew their cases; the Boulevards were thronged with tatterdemalions and spectators of every description. I wished to ride to the Boulevard *Bonne Nouvelle* on an errand; the driver of a cabriolet, an old acquaintance, observed to me, "You would do better to postpone your ride; that *canaille* may prove troublesome."

On my return home, between one and two o'clock, we contemplated from my balcony, on the Rue de Rivoli, the grand expedition, along the opposite quay, to the Hotel de Ville; each trade and club with its standard-bearer, and the multitudinous portion, having no trade at all, with fancy flags, here and there red caps, red sashes, contrasting with the blue over-shirt abundantly squalid.

Forty large democratic clubs are now organized in the capital, and there will be twice or thrice the number before the meeting of the national assembly. The grave professors of the Sorbonne have formed themselves into a debating society on matters of scientific and literary administration and instruction. Le Verrier, the astronomer, figures as an orator. His elocution and person authorize to expect success, like that of La Place in days of yore, and Arago at this epoch.

The *Moniteur* of this day reports the number of the assemblage yesterday about the Hotel de Ville at a hundred and fifty thousand. More than four columns of that journal are occupied with the address of the patriots and the answers of three members of the government—Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and Lamartine. The address is concise, nervous, and well written. It demanded the removal of all regular troops from Paris, and the postponement for some weeks of both the elections for the national assembly and those for the officers of the national guards. Time was needed, according to the patriots, to baffle counter-revolutionary machinations, which jeopardized the revolution and the public peace. You must know that the garrison of the capital had been reduced from twelve to four regiments of infantry, and the number of the national guards raised from eighty thousand to two hundred and thirty-two thousand, for the department of the Seine. By this time a hundred and fifty thousand new guards are organized in the provinces. A circular of the minister of war proclaims that all the corps of the regular army are open to volunteers, and these are invited to present themselves without delay. The answers of the three members of the government are marked by honorable spirit, sound sense, and lively chagrin at the style and purport of the address. Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin are the extreme radicals of the seven, but they adventured a mild rebuke of a manifestation which might be interpreted into a scheme to overawe and dictate. "We are ready to go with you, to live for you, to die for you, if necessary; but we must not be constrained. You represent Paris, not all France. You must be content to allow us to deliberate and to hear from the provinces." Lamartine told the deputies that the government should be free like themselves, and would consent to be killed rather than be coerced. To be respected, it must be free in appearance as well as fact; and therefore such assemblages had an unfortunate effect for all parties. He assured them that the troops in Paris, were not more than fifteen hundred or two thousand, kept for the purpose of relieving the national guards at the various posts. A spokesman of the people interrupted Ledru Rollin, saying, Be assured that, on our side, we are ready to die for *you*, it being well understood that you *serve our rights*." Another observed to Lamartine, "Take what time you please to deliberate or decide, but we shall not leave this hall without a positive answer for the people." The government stood firm on the point of taking their own time; some of the delegates acquiesced; the multitude gradually defiled. This was an affair of several hours. Bands paraded in the evening, and compelled the inhabitants of all the streets through which they passed, to illuminate for their convenience. The Rue de Rivoli was quickly in a blaze. The professors and other members of the Irish ecclesiastical seminary, of the Faubourg St. Germain, who had tendered their adhesion at the Hotel de Ville at noon, were escorted home by a detachment who compelled them to cry, "*Vive la Republique! Down with Henry Fifth!*"

I have dwelt upon yesterday's work, because it illustrates the present state of things. We have the ominous fact that the movers of the clubs and the operatives can, in fifteen hours, convoke and marshal a hundred thousand or more men and lads. They are masters when they list; literally, we are without garrison, armed protection of any kind, or even civil police. It is conjectured that the assemblage was rather encouraged by some of the provisional ministry and their friends, as an admonition to the old national guards about their relative weakness, if they should persist in unwelcome requisitions. The *National*, the special organ of the higher radical party, says, this morning, that the people went to pledge their aid to the government, and by such a demonstration, on the whole, taught the conspirators for regency and royalty the vanity of all their hopes. The two demands, however, are disapproved; the army is pronounced to be dangerous to the enemies of the republic alone. But we know that the troops in the neighborhood of Paris, and even those who usefully garrison the distant cities, are now dissatisfied; it is evident, from a recent circular of the minister of war, that they are distrusted. The effort of the mob to exclude them utterly from the capital is not fitted to conciliate their spirit. Our demagogues are too shrewd to imagine the provisional government capable of seeking military protection, or betraying the cause of republicanism in the election. The inference is that they, the demagogues, will have no soldiery near, because they wish to rule without any restraint, and will, of course, rule thus the longer, if the meeting of the national assembly be deferred. Some complaisance must be shown to that body, as representing the sovereignty of the nation, when it shall be installed in the capital.

We find no end to new journals, such as the *Moniteur of the Clubs*, the *Voice of the Clubs*, and the daily list of these associations is equally curious for its extent and the titles which indicate the composition and purpose of each. A German Republican Propagandist Society, consisting of many thousands, is just advertised. The Polish Demo-

cratic Society, which was founded in 1832, and boasts sixteen hundred members, is sanguinely active. All the subsequent revolutionary transactions in Poland, especially the Cracow affair, originated with it, and most of the political and military champions went from its bosom. *Vive Henri Cinq* has been shouted by various bands, in our streets; some of the vociferous were arrested yesterday. An eminent legitimist informed me in the evening that a letter of the Duke of Bordeaux exhorts his partisans to make no movement in his favor, not even in the national assembly, he despairing of any success under immediate circumstances, and preferring a trial of republicanism by the French as the best result for his cause.

Doubts are entertained that the provisional government will last until the meeting of the national assembly, and that the Paris radicals will suffer the meeting at all, in case the elections do not seem to assure their purpose. The *National* puts as inevitable the alternative of a republican constitution or a civil war. We can charitably suppose that the adhesions of so many of the old civil and military dignities to the provisional government proceed less from fear or servility, than from a conviction of the doom of all royalty, and a desire to coöperate in the establishment of *some* government which may maintain social order and respect for the rights of person and property. The provisional rulers perform wonders, and are not wanting in resolution; yet they possess no power except the moral; they are criticised by open and secret adversaries; for several weeks we have been in virtual *anarchy*, without bloodshed, it is true, after the Three Days, yet tumultuous, imperious, and insatiable.

The financial situation darkens the political horizon. You will remark, in Galignani's Messenger, the decrees rendering the notes of the Bank of France a legal tender—making the old exchequer-bills convertible into government stock, or payable in specie six months hence—imposing additional taxes on real property, and so forth. The burdens and the task left by the Orleans monarchy to the treasury department are tremendous; the fiscal expedients strike every one as happy and bold, or necessary; every honest mind must wish them to triumph over the crisis. Few observers of the whole scene feel confidence. All the great bankers have either stopped, or suspended, or are winding up—none pay specie, except in small sums as a favor; instead of the ten thousand bales of cotton which came daily from Havre, scarcely a hundred are brought for the factories; the government expends large sums, and exercises much ingenuity in employing the myriads of laborers, but those who cannot find work increase constantly, and the public funds are not a Fortunatus' purse. The annual "mouvement" of strangers in Paris was estimated at 100,000, with lavish disbursement; now, there is a rapid emigration, not likely to be replaced; the foreigners who remain, hoard, like the Parisians who have any money; sales, except of newspapers, are diminished one half; rents at least a third. Nevertheless, *vive la republique!*

Paris, 19 March, 1848.

Yesterday, comparative tranquillity. The provisional government has issued a proclamation thanking the "two hundred thousand" citizens for the manifestation on the 17th, by which they, the government, considered their powers as confirmed. The elections of the officers of the national guards are postponed until the 5th of next month. The *effective* is now one hundred and ninety thousand three hundred. In the official *Moniteur*, the assemblage of the 17th was stated at one hundred and fifty thousand. A third of this figure or cipher may be deducted. We have an address to the new guards by the commander-in-chief, *Courtais*, superlatively high-flown. He celebrates their manifestation, and asks in what other country so much "dignity in independence," so much of the true majesty of the people, would have been displayed by such a multitude. He promises arms to all, expresses his pride in the manner in which they defiled before him, and adds, "If I could indulge the ambition of a title, it would be that of *General of the People.*" There were some very edifying incidents. For example: when the van of the march to the Hotel de Ville arrived at the "wharf of the jewellers," the shop-keepers hastened to shut their windows and doors. The heads of the different trades went to them and begged them to desist. "Do not appear to think that we mean to pillage." At the same time the ranks cried out, "Open, open; fear nothing; we are honest people." Not an article was touched. All the windows and tops of the houses, and the walls and chains of the bridge, adjacent to the Hotel were thronged with spectators. One of the peculiarities was the number of priests in the crowd in their clerical attire. Occasionally, they were greeted with the cry, *Vive la Réligion!* The Journal des Débats of this morning, while it admits and applauds the sobriety of the manifestations of the 16th and 17th, reasonably expostulates touching the undeniable effects of such monster-convocations and parades. "You complain that the rich, the people of property, the strangers, abandon the capital. If you would keep them, take the only efficacious means; do not terrify them. Your intentions may be good and your demeanor peaceable, but your numbers excite alarm; they feel that they are at your mercy, and they cannot be sure that your moderation will last under all circumstances."

The first paragraph of the Débats has a pregnant import: "The main desideratum for the country at this moment is *confidence*. We labor under a mysterious and terrible ill—that of *fear*; a distemperature the more dangerous, inasmuch as it is aggravated by most of the remedies proposed; it must be left to work its own cure. Yet, if confidence do not revive, all the efforts of the government to arrest the progress of the commercial and financial crisis will be vain, and who can say into what an abyss our country will fall!" The strictures of this once potent organ of the

court and Guizot ministry, on the proceedings of the Bank of France and the fiscal devices of the government, betray the cloven foot; they tend to impair *confidence* on the very topic of highest difficulty and pressure. Specie enough remains in Paris for all ordinary purposes—more than enough in the provinces; the French are not at all accustomed to paper-money; the remembrance of the assignants is lively; hence, chiefly, distrust and general eagerness to secure and retain specie. The London editors advise their countrymen to send gold hither for profitable exchange, and to pay their French debts with the notes purchased. This has been commenced. Living has become dearer, not, probably, from a depreciated currency, but from the apprehension that popular disorders may prevent the usual supply of provisions. It is announced to-day that business grows worse, in consequence of many fresh failures of merchants and manufacturers, which must induce a suspension of labor in a number of considerable establishments. In my walks, an hour ago, I was accosted by more beggars, chiefly wretched women and children, than I had seen in all my perambulations in any month before the revolution. It must be acknowledged that, in the journals the most democratic, and among the masses, there is an almost universal profession and a general sense of the paramount importance of order —of respect for person and property. It seems to me, besides, that the *prolétaires* who cover the pavements are less rough and rude than under the late *régime*;—studied civility towards the well-dressed pedestrians is frequent. One of the new oracles—*La Liberté*, observes, "We deal with a serious problem—'*dégager du suffrage universel une terrible inconnue.*'"

The *National*, of this day, says:—"We concede—let there be no alarm—that our revolution is a social one, it is a pledge of future security—a guarantee of all interests. Europe must undergo the same reform. In Great Britain accounts must be settled with the starving people." The National proceeds to argue soundly that France is more auspiciously circumstanced for the mighty process and final equity of adjustment and distribution than Great Britain, whose oligarchy and finances must break down under the pauperism of Ireland and her own island. This journal pleads again for an entire "radical republican reform" in the French army, and a familiar, close contact and intercourse of the troops with the people. It reports that the government commission for national defence against any foreign aggression has labored indefatigably, and resolved on various measures likely to satisfy all patriotic wishes. It tells us, also, that the bureau opened at the mint for receiving gold and silver utensils to be exchanged for hard-money, is "encumbered" with applicants and articles. It rejoices, because more specie will be coined for circulation; a million of pieces with the republican stamp, may be furnished per day. But the quantity of plate offered implies a sad stagnation in sale and value of other personal goods.

Each morning, as we open the official Moniteur, we expect to be *startled* by some new edicts of the government. This day there is none of moment. A statue, on the spot on which he was shot, is decreed to Marshal Ney; and a new prefect of police for the department of the Seine is appointed. Yesterday, in a discourse to the club of the national guard, Lamartine reminded them that under the republic the government belonged not to the comparatively small number who had achieved the revolution, or to the few individuals placed accidentally at the head of affairs, but to *the thirty-five millions of French*; and that unless their *rights* were observed, and property, life and order held inviolate, the term republic would dismay, instead of consoling, animating, and regenerating the world. An official despatch from Berlin brings the declaration of Russia, that she will abstain from all interference in the affairs of France, as long as the latter does not assail foreign countries. Yesterday, the British ambassador inquired, amicably, of the minister of foreign affairs, what was meant by the formal reception at the Hotel de Ville, of the *Irish* flag. Lamartine replied that France acknowledged no other national flag than that of the three united kingdoms; nothing contrary had been done, though French sympathies for Ireland, religious and liberal, were emphatically expressed. The proclamations of the new governor-general of Algeria promise all sorts of republican benefits to the army and the inhabitants. We may hope some share for the Arabs and some generosity to Abd-el-Kader.

Our foreign mails teem with interest, with huge facts. *Repeal* is accomplished in Sicily; the island holds as a dependency on the crown of Naples; we may fear that it will be, in reality, a British possession; the most eloquent of the Italian preachers, Father Ventura proposes, in an able pamphlet, that the college of cardinals should be organized into a Roman senate correlative to the legislative assembly to be elected by the people. You will see a cogent demand made on Pius IX. for a constitution, and his beautiful answer in the affirmative. Holland is at once converted into a constitutional monarchy, with a substitution of liberal for conservative ministers. All the princes of Germany are compounding with their old, much neglected, and much injured creditors, the masses of town and country. The royalties and aristocratic orders will have to pay dearly for the abjection of their subjects. Formidable riots in Flanders. The misery of the lower classes in Belgium has been extreme for many years. Serious, even sanguinary, tumults in Berlin. The king of Prussia trembles, and yields much; the answer which he delivered on the 14th inst., to the municipal council of Berlin, is a curiosity.

From the Newspapers.

A CONGRESS of German princes, convoked by Austria and Prussia, will be held at Dresden on the 25th inst.

A LETTER from Naples states that Mehemet Ali had arrived there on the 7th inst., and taken up his residence in one of the royal palaces. He came ashore from the steamer in the English admiral's barge, and was warmly received by the people. The *Superb*, the *Trafalgar*, the *Hibernia*, and some large steamers belonging to the English fleet were in the harbor, and the city is represented as being in consequence unusually gay. "Vesuvius," says the letter, "is now in a very eruptive state, and presents a magnificent appearance. It is worth while coming here for the sole purpose of beholding the mountain for a single night."

THERE have been some disturbances at Saint Malo and Granville, the people having opposed the embarkation of cattle for England. At Saint Malo, the freedom of trade was maintained; but at Granville, part of the national guard made common cause with the disturbers, and the embarkation was prevented.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of March* 13. —A report was read on a communication by M. Picquot, relative to an alimentary plant from South America, to which he proposes to give the name of Picquotiane. The root of this plant yields a flour which is stated to have highly nutritive properties.—Several communications, without striking interest, were received respecting comets.—A paper was received from M. Martins on the temperature of the sea at great depths near Spitzberg. At a depth of 780 metres the temperature is stated to be always above zero of the centigrade scale.—A letter was read from M. Poggiale, professor of the Val de Grâce, on the effects of the preparation called aldehyde in producing insensibility to pain. M. Poggiale gives an account of some experiments, tending to show that the aldehyde is equal in effect to sulphuric ether, and free from the dangers attending that preparation—M. Poggiale even gives it a preference over chloroform.—The other communications in this sitting were without further interest.

THE *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 13th announces the settlement of the differences between Sicily and Naples. The king, adhering to the demands of his subjects beyond the Faro, has published several decrees, sanctioning the following measures:—A minister, secretary of state for the affairs of Sicily, will reside with the king at Naples, when the latter does not reside in Sicily. Don Gaetano Scovazzo is named forthwith to this post. A general parliament is convoked in Sicily to adapt the constitution of 1812 to the present times, and to provide for the wants of Sicily; the dependence from the same king being admitted for the integrity of the monarchy. The chamber of peers and commons will meet at Palermo on the 25th inst. A lieutenant-general will be appointed in Sicily by the king, either from among the princes of the blood, or the distinguished personages of the island.

THE King of Prussia has issued a decree, convoking the united diet of the kingdom at Berlin on the 27th of April. The grave and difficult circumstances in which the kingdom is at present placed, and the necessity of leading to a real regeneration of the Germanic confederation, and enabling Germany to resume the rank belonging to her in Europe, are alleged as the reasons for this step.

A MEETING of masters and chiefs of industry took place yesterday at the Luxembourg under the presidency of M. Louis Blanc. In a speech with which he commenced the business of the day, M. Blanc, after having reminded his hearers that the men who a month ago were the objects of persecution or ridicule, had sat in the palace of one of the fallen powers, said that the peril would be great for the holders of capital and the instruments of labor, if they longer refused the concessions which the natural progress of ideas, and the great act of emancipation just accomplished, commanded. In the course of his speech M. Blanc said that all oppressions were odious to him, and that he would no more accept that of the workman over the master, than of the master over the workman. This was warmly applauded. The assembly then proceeded to elect a permanent committee of ten members, who, with the ten permanent delegates chosen among the workmen, will have to assist the commission of the Luxembourg in all its studies and investigations.

THE following proclamation of the Emperor of Austria was posted up at Vienna on the 15th: —

We, Ferdinand I., by the grace of God, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, King of Lombardy, Venice, etc., etc., have adopted measures which we have recognized as necessary to meet the wishes of our *faithful* people. The liberty of the press is accorded in virtue of our declaration abolishing the censorship. A national guard, established on the bases of property and intelligence, already renders excellent service. Arrangements have been made to convoke, with the shortest delay possible, deputies from all the provincial states, and from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, with a more numerous representation of the burgess order, and with proper regard to the existing provincial constitutions, in order to submit to them the constitution which we have resolved to give to the country. In consequence, we firmly expect that men's minds will calm down; that artisans will return peaceably to their occupations; and that studies will be resumed. We indulge the more in this hope, that we have been able this day to convince ourselves with emotion, when in the midst of you, that the sentiments of fidelity and attachment which for centuries you have not ceased to testify to our ancestors, and which you have on all occasions evinced towards us, continue still to animate you as before.

A VIENNA letter states that Prince Metternich has taken refuge on the Rhine, and the princess in Silesia.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer;* these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch;* and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1¼ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 207.—29 APRIL, 1848.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.*

A GLANCE at the history of European fleets would give, perhaps, the highest conception of human powers in the whole progress of mankind. Philosophy, literature, and legislation, of course, have attained illustrious distinctions. But the naval service combines everything: personal intrepidity, the strongest demand upon personal resources, the quickest decision, the most vigorous exertion of manual and mechanical skill, the sternest hardihood, and the most practical and continual application of science.

The unrivalled triumph of human invention is the instrument by which all those powerful qualities are brought into play: a ship of the line, with all its stores, its crew, and its guns on board, is the wonder of the world. What must be the dexterity of the arrangement by which a thousand men can be victualled, at the rate of three meals a day, for four months; a thousand men housed, bedded, clothed, and accoutred; a battery of a hundred and twenty guns—the complement of an army of fifty thousand men, and two or three times the weight of field-guns—fought; this mighty vessel navigated through every weather, and the profoundest practical science applied to her management, through night and day, for years together? No combination of human force and intellectual power can contest the palm with one of those floating castles, of all fortresses the most magnificent, the most effective, and the most astonishing.

The history of the British navy, in its present form, begins with that vigorous and sagacious prince, Henry VII., who was the first builder of ships, calculated not merely for the defence of the coast, but as an establishment of national warfare. The strong common-sense of his rough, but clear-headed son, Henry VIII., saw the necessity for introducing order into the navy; and he became the *legislator* of the new establishment. He first constructed an admiralty, a trinity-board for the furtherance of scientific navigation; appointed Woolwich, Deptford, and Portsmouth as dockyards, and declared the naval service a *profession*.

Elizabeth, who had all the sagacity of Henry VII., and all the determination of his successor, paid especial attention to the navy; and the national interest was the more strongly turned to its efficacy by the preparations of Spain, which was then the paramount power of Europe. When the Armada approached the English shores, she met it with a navy of one hundred and seventy-six ships, manned with fourteen thousand men. And in that spirit of wise generosity, which always marked her sense of public service, she doubled the pay of the sailor, making it ten shillings a month. The defeat of the Armada gave a still stronger impulse to the popular feeling for the sea; signals were formed into a kind of system, and all the adventurous spirits of her chivalric court sought fame in naval enterprise.

From that period a powerful fleet became an essential of British supremacy; and the well-known struggle of parties, in the time of the unfortunate Charles, began in the refusal of a tax to build a fleet. In the early part of his reign, Charles had built the largest ship of his time, "The Sovereign of the Seas," carrying one hundred guns.

The civil war ruined everything, and the navy was the first to suffer. Cromwell found it dilapidated, but his energy was employed to restore it. Blake, by his victories, immortalized himself, and raised the name of the British fleet to the highest point of renown; and Cromwell, at his death, left it amounting to one hundred and fifty-four sail, of which one third were of the line. The protector was the first who proposed naval estimates, and procured a regular sum for the annual support of the fleet.

The Dutch war, in the reign of Charles, compelled further attention to the navy; and when William ascended the throne, he found one hundred and fifty-four vessels, carrying nearly six thousand guns; but the French still exceeded us by one thousand guns.

In the reigns of George I. and II. the fleet continued to increase in size, strength, and discipline. Much of this was owing to the Spanish and French wars. In the war of 1744 we had taken thirty-five sail of the French line! But the incessant treachery of French politics was soon to be still more strikingly exhibited, and more severely punished.

The revolt of the American colonies stimulated the French government to join the rebels. The hope of doing evil to England has always been enough to excite the hostility of foreigners. France was in alliance with us; but what was good faith to the temptation of inflicting an injury on England? An act of intolerable treachery was committed; France, unprovoked, suddenly sent a fleet and army to the aid of America, and the French war began, to the utter astonishment of Europe.

But there is sometimes a palpable retribution even here. In that war, which was wholly naval on the part of France, her fleets were constantly beaten; and the defeat of De Grasse, in the West Indies, finished the naval contest by the most brilliant victory of the period. Another vengeance

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was reserved for England in Europe. The siege of Gibraltar, if not undertaken directly at the suggestion of France, at least a favorite project of hers, and attended by French officers and princes, became one of the most gallant and glorious defences on record; the besiegers were defeated with frightful loss, and the war closed in a European acknowledgment of English superiority.

But the retribution had not yet wrought its whole work. Rebellion broke out in France. The French troops returning from America had brought back with them republican views and vices. The treaty-breaking court was destroyed at the first explosion; the treaty-breaking ministers were either slain, or forced to take refuge in England; the treaty-breaking king was sent to the scaffold; and the treaty-breaking nation was shattered by civil and foreign war; until, after a quarter of a century of fruitless blood, of temporary successes, and of permanent defeats, the empire was torn in pieces; France was conquered, Paris was *twice* seized by the allies, and Napoleon died a prisoner in English hands.

The naval combats of the American war had a remarkable result. They formed a preparation for the still more desperate combats of the French naval war. They trained the English officers to effective discipline; they accustomed the English sailors to victory, and the French to defeat; and the consequence was, a succession of English triumphs and French defeats in the war of 1793, to which history affords no parallel.

The French republican declaration of war was issued on the memorable first of February, 1793. Orders were instantly sent to the ports for the fleet to put to sea. Such was its high state of preparation, that almost immediately fifty-four sail of the line, and a hundred and forty-six smaller vessels, were ready for sea. The republican activity of France had already determined on contending for naval empire; and a fleet of eighty-two sail of the line were under orders, besides nearly as many more on the stocks. But all was unavailing. The defeats suffered in the ten years previous to the peace of Amiens in 1803, stripped France of no less than thirty-two ships of the line captured, and eleven destroyed; and her allies, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, of twenty-six of the line, with five hundred and nineteen smaller ships of war taken or destroyed, besides eight hundred and seven French privateers also taken or destroyed. The French had become builders for the English. Of their ships of the line fifty were added to the English navy.

On the recommencement of the war in 1804, the British fleet numbered nearly double that of the enemy; but the French ships were generally larger and finer vessels. It is difficult to understand from what circumstance the French, and even the Americans, seem always to have the superiority in ship-building. Our mechanical skill seems always to desert us in the dockyard.

During the war, our naval armament continued to increase from year to year, until, in 1810, it had reached the prodigious number of five hundred pennants, of which one hundred were of the line, with one hundred and forty five thousand seamen and marines.

Since the peace, a good deal of attention has been paid to the construction of ships of war. But it appears to have been more successful in the economical arrangement of the interior than in the figure, which is the essential point for sailing. The names of Seppings, Symonds, Hayes, Inman, and others, have attained some distinction; but we have not yet obtained any certain model of a good sailing ship. Some vessels have succeeded tolerably, and others have been total failures, though built on the same stocks and by the same surveyor. Yet the strength, the stowage, and the safety, have been improved. It is rather extraordinary that government has never offered a handsome reward for the invention of the best sailing model; as was done so long since, and with such effect, in the instance of the time-keepers. Five thousand pounds for a certain approach to the object, and five thousand more for complete success, would set all the private builders on the pursuit; and it can scarcely be doubted that they would ultimately succeed. Even now, the private yacht-builders produce some of the fastest sailing vessels in the world; the merchant shipbuilders send out fine ships, of the frigate size, and the private steam-ship builders are unrivalled; while we have continual complaints of the deficiencies of the vessels built in the royal dockyards.

Some of those complaints may be fictitious, and some ignorant; but the constant changes in their structure, and their perpetual repairs, imply inferiority in our naval schools of architecture. The chief attention of the royal dockyards, within these few years, has been turned to the building of large steam-ships, armed with guns of the heaviest calibre. But the attempt is evidently in a wrong direction. The effort to make fighting ships of steamers, ruins them in both capacities. It destroys their great quality, speed; and it exposes them with an inadequate power to the line-of-battle ship. They are incomparable as *tugs* to a fleet, as conveying troops, as outlying vessels, as everything but men-of-war. A shot would break up their whole machinery, and leave them at the mercy of the first frigate that brought its broadside to bear upon them in their helpless condition. In all the trials of the fleet during the last two years, the heavy armed steamers were invariably left behind in a gale, while one of the light steamers ran before every frigate.

We have now two fleets on service, one in the Tagus, and another at Malta; but both are weak in point of numbers, though in a high state of equipment. A few razee guardships are scattered round the coast. Some large steamers remain at Portsmouth and Plymouth ready for service; but, from all accounts, there is nothing of that active and vigorous preparation which ought to be the essential object of the country, while France is menacing us from day to day, while she has an

immense naval conscription, is building powerful ships, is talking of invasion, and hates us with all the hatred of *Frenchmen*. In such emergencies, to think of sparing expense is almost a public crime ; and no public execration could be too deep, as no public punishment could be too severe, if neglect of preparation should ever leave us at the mercy of the most mischievous of mankind. But no time is to be thrown away.

Whether we shall be prepared to meet and punish aggression, ought no longer to be left dependent on the will of individuals. The *nation* must bestir itself. It must have meetings, and subscriptions, and musters. We must be ready to give up a part of our superfluities to save the rest. Whether France intends to attack us, without provocation, and through a mere rage of aggression, we know not ; but the language of her journals is malignant, and it is the part of wise and brave men to be prepared.

We shall now give an outline of the gallant career of one of those remarkable men, who, uniting courage and conduct, achieved an imperishable name in our naval annals.

William Sidney Smith was born on the 21st of June, 1764. He began his naval career before he was twelve years old. All his family, for four generations, had been naval or military. His great-grandfather was Captain Cornelius Smith. His grandfather was Captain Edward Smith, who commanded a frigate, in which he was severely wounded in an attack on one of the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, where he died shortly after. His father was the Captain Smith of the Guards, whose name became so conspicuous on the trial of Lord George Germaine, to whom he was aid-de-camp at the battle of Minden, and who after that trial retired from the army in disgust. Sir Sidney's uncle was a general, and his two brothers were Lieut. Colonel Douglas Smith, governor of Prince Edward's Island, and John Spencer Smith, who held a commission in the Guards, but afterwards exchanged the service for diplomacy, in which his name became distinguished as an envoy to several continental courts during the war of the revolution. Sir Sidney's mother was the daughter of a Mr. Wilkinson, an opulent London merchant, who, however, seems to have disinherited his daughter from discontent at her match, and left the chief part, if not the entire, of his property to her sister, who was married to Lord Camelford. Sir Sidney was for a few years at Tunbridge School, from which, however, he was withdrawn at an age so early that nothing but strong natural talent could have enabled him to exhibit in after-life the fluency, and even the occasional eloquence, which distinguished his pen. His first rating on the books of the Admiralty was in the Tortoise, in June, 1777. In the beginning of the next year he was appointed to the Unicorn, and began his career by a gallant action, in which his ship captured an American frigate. He was then but fourteen. In 1779 he joined the Sandwich, the flag-ship of Rodney, in which he was present at the victory obtained over the Spaniards in the next year.

Those were stirring times. In the same year he was appointed lieutenant of the Alcide. And in this ship he was present at Graves' action with the French, off the Chesapeake.

In the following year he was in the greatest naval action of the war—the famous battle of the 12th of April, 1782, off the Leeward Islands, when Rodney defeated the French fleet, commanded by the Comte de Grasse. In the following May, he was appointed to the command of the Fury sloop, by Rodney ; and in the October following was promoted to the rank of captain into the Alcmene, having been on the list of commanders only five months.

Thus he was a captain at the age of eighteen ! The war was now at an end ; his ship was paid off, and he went to reside at Caen, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the French language. There he spent a well-employed and agreeable time. Many of the French families of condition resided in the neighborhood ; and the young captain, having brought letters to the Duc de Harcourt, governor of the province, was hospitably received. The French were then a polished people ; they knew nothing of republicanism, and were not proud of their ferocity ; they had none of that frantic hatred of England which is the folly and the fashion of our day, and might be regarded as a civilized people. The duke invited him to his country-seat, and there showed him the improvements in his grounds, and introduced him to his visitors.

Like most men destined to distinction, Sir Sidney Smith was constantly preparing himself for useful service, by the acquisition of knowledge. The Mediterranean is naturally presumed to be the great theatre of naval exploits. He obtained leave of absence, and went to the Mediterranean. While at Gibraltar, thinking, from the violent language of the Emperor of Morocco, that there might be a Moorish war, he made a journey along the coast of Morocco, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the condition of its naval force and harbors. Having obtained the necessary information, which obviously required considerable exertion and no slight expense, he stated its results in a manly and intelligent letter to the Admiralty, offering his services in case of hostilities, and suggesting the appointment of a squadron to be stationed outside the Straits, for the prevention of any naval enterprise on the part of the Moors.

Among the most accessible ports, he mentions Mogadore, which, as not being a bar harbor, is easily approachable by ships of force ; and though the works contained many guns, yet they were so ill-placed, that in all probability they could not resist an attack. We recollect that the cannonade of this town was one of the exploits on which the Prince de Joinville plumed his heroism, and of which all France talked as if it were the capture of a second Gibraltar.

The same spirit of inquiry and preparation for probable service led him to Sweden, during the

war of the brave and unfortunate Gustavus with the Empress Catherine.

We may pause a moment on the memory of one of the most remarkable princes of his time. Gustavus, born in 1746, in 1771 ascended the throne of Sweden, on the death of his father Frederic.

The Swedish nobility were poor, and affected a singular habit of following the fashions of France, of whose government, probably, the chiefs of their body were pensioners. The lower orders were ignorant, and probably not less corrupted by the gold of Russia. Gustavus found his throne utterly powerless between both—a states-general possessing the actual power of the throne, and even that assembly itself under the control of a Russian and a French faction, designated as the hats and caps. Gustavus, a man of remarkable talent, great ardor of character, and much personal pride, naturally found this usurpation an insult, and took immediate means for its overthrow. He lost no time; his first efforts were exerted to attach the national militia to his cause. When all was ready, the explosion came. The governor of one of the towns suddenly issued a violent diatribe against the states-general. The king was applied to to punish the contumacious rebel. He instantly sent a large military force, with his brother at its head, to punish the governor. By secret instructions it joined him. The plan was now ripening. In all that follows, we are partly reminded of Charles I., of Cromwell, and of Napoleon. Like Charles, the king entered the assembly of the states and demanded some of the members. Like Napoleon, he had the regiments of the garrison ready on parade, and rushing out of the assembly, he was received by the troops with shouts. The oath of allegiance was renewed to him with boundless acclamation. Several of the chiefs of the states-general were immediately put under arrest, and the whole body were completely intimidated. On the next day, the states-general were once more invited to assemble. The king, at the head of his military staff, like Cromwell, entered the hall, and presented them with the "new constitution." The troops had already settled the question. On its being put to the vote of the assembly, a majority appeared in its favor. The states-general sank into a cipher, and the revolution was triumphant.

The new constitution had given great joy to the people, long disgusted with the arrogance of the states-general. But the nobles, whose powers had been curtailed, nourished a passion for vengeance. The war of 1788 with Russia, in which the finances of the kingdom began to be severely pressed, gave them the opportunity. The states still existed; and the disaffected nobles influenced their votes, to the extent of refusing the supplies, though the Danes were in the Swedish territory, and actually besieging Gothenburg at the moment. The king must have been undone, but for the patriotism of the mountaineers of Dalecarlia; who, if they could not give him money, gave him men. Gustavus, indignant at his palpable injuries, now determined on extinguishing the power which had thus thwarted him in his career. In 1788, he suddenly arrested the chiefs of the opposition, and introduced a law, still more controlling the power of the nobles. But this act was regarded as doubly tyrannical, and deserving of double vengeance.

On the conclusion of the war within two years after, the malcontents, fearful that the leisure of peace would produce further assaults on their privileges, resolved to take the decision into their own hands.

The period began to be troubled. The French revolution had just broken out, and it had at once filled all the continental sovereigns with alarm, and all the population with vague theories of wealth, enjoyment, and freedom. The King of Sweden, known for his talents, distinguished in war, and loud in his hatred of France and her furies, had been chosen by the allied monarchs to head the invasion of the republic. Whether the councils of the nobles partook more of fear, or hatred, or the hope of political overthrow, can now be scarcely ascertained; but they issued in an atrocious conspiracy against the royal life.

It is remarkable that there is scarcely an instance of conspiracy against the lives of eminent personages, in which the design was not previously discovered, and was successful only through an unwise and contemptuous disregard of the intelligence. This seems to have been the course of things, from the days of Cæsar. The King of Sweden was informed of his danger; and even that the attempt was deferred only until the period of some *fêtes*, to be given at court. But the king, accustomed to danger, and probably refusing to believe in the existence of a crime rare among his countrymen, disdained all measures of precaution, and even appears not to have taken any further notice of the conspiracy. This might have been the conduct of a brave man, but the consequence showed that it was not the conduct of a wise one.

On the 16th of March, 1792, the ball was given; the king appeared among the maskers; he was evidently careless of all hazard, and was conversing with a group, when Ankerstrom, the intended assassin, entered the salle. This traitor had been a captain in the service, but had been dismissed, or had conceived himself to be insulted by the king. Gustavus was pointed out to him by one of the conspirators: he stole behind the king, and fired at his back a pistol loaded with slugs and nails. Gustavus fell mortally wounded, and was carried to his chamber in agony. The assassin coolly walked out of the salle, unobserved in the confusion, but was arrested next day. He was brought to trial, and died the death of a regicide. The chief conspirators were banished. The king languished until the end of the month, when he died, with great firmness and resignation.

On the pistol of Ankerstrom may have turned the fortunes of the French Revolution. Gustavus, a king, a man of military genius, and ardent in all that he undertook, would have escaped all the errors of the Duke of Brunswick. His personal rank would have rendered him independent of the

wavering politics of the allies; his talent would have rectified the obsolete notions of their statesmen; and his spirit of enterprise would have rescued his army from the most fatal of all dangers to an invader—delay. He would have overruled the prejudices of the Aulic council, and the artifices of the Prussian cabinet; and hoisted the allied flag in Paris, before the first levy of the republic could have taken the field.

France can scarcely be regarded as having an army until 1795. The old royal army, though consisting of 180,000 men, was scattered in position and doubtful in principle. The republican levies were yet but peasantry. The King of Sweden, at the head of 150,000 Prussians and Austrians, then the first troops in Europe in point of equipment and discipline, would have walked over all resistance; and France would have been spared the most miserable, and Europe the bloodiest, page of its annals.

The fall of Gustavus was also fatal to his dynasty. His son, Gustavus IV., inheriting his passions without his talents, and quarrelling with his allies without being able to repel his enemies, was expelled from the throne, after a series of eccentricities almost amounting to frenzy. He was arrested in the streets by General Alderkreutz, by order of the diet. His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was appointed regent; and, on the king's subsequent abdication, was proclaimed king, by the title of Charles XIII.

On his death, Bernadotte was elected to the throne, which he retained through life;—the solitary instance of permanent power among all the generals of the French empire; but an instance justified by high character, by his acquirement of the throne without crime, and by its possession without tyranny.

There may be no royal road to fame, but there are some habits which naturally lead to it; one of those, activity of spirit, Sir Sidney Smith possessed in a remarkable degree. Wherever anything new or exciting in his profession was to be seen, there he was certain to be. In 1789, the Swedish and Russian fleets were fighting in the Baltic. England was at peace—his ship had been paid off; relaxation, the London balls, the Parisian theatres, rambles through the German watering-places, were before him. Ten thousand idlers of the navy would have enjoyed them all without delay. But the young captain was determined to rise in his profession; and, as the time might come when a Swedish or a Russian war might be on the hands of England herself, he felt that it might be advantageous for an English officer to have some knowledge of the Baltic.

Unluckily, the chief portion of his correspondence in Sweden has been lost. It was very voluminous; but, with all his documents on the subject of his Swedish service, it had been left in Camelford House, to the care of its proprietor, Lord Grenville. The house was subsequently let for the residence of the Princess Charlotte, and the papers were removed to the care of a tradesman near Cavendish square, whose premises were destroyed by fire, and the MSS. were almost wholly consumed. If there is no other moral in the story, it should at least be a warning to diplomatic and warlike authorship, to apply to the press as speedily as possible.

But, from his Swedish expedition is certainly to be dated the whole distinction of his subsequent career. He might otherwise have lingered through life on half-pay, or have been suffered merely to follow the routine of his profession, and been known only by the navy list.

In 1789, he applied for six months' leave of absence to go to the Baltic, but without any intention to serve. There he was introduced to the King of Sweden, and attracted so much interest by his evident ability and animation of manner, that the king was desirous of fixing him in his service, and of giving him an important command. The temptation was strong, but we need scarcely say, that even if leave were given, it *ought not* to have been accepted. No man has a right to shed the blood of man but in defence of his own country, or by command of his own sovereign. But in the next year he received the following flattering request from the king.

Captain Sidney Smith.—The great reputation you have acquired in serving your own country with equal success and valor, and the profound calm which England enjoys not affording you any opportunity to display your talents at present, induce me to propose to you to enter into my service during the war, and principally for the approaching campaign.

To offer you the same rank and appointments which you enjoy in your own country, is only to offer you what you have a right to expect; but to offer you opportunities of distinguishing yourself anew, and of augmenting your reputation, by making yourself known in these northern seas as the *élève* of Rodney, Pigot, Howe, and Hood, is, I believe, to offer you a situation worthy of them and yourself, which you will not resist; and the means of acquitting yourself towards your masters in the art of war, by extending their reputation, and the estimate in which they are held already here.

I have destined a particular command for you, if you accept my offer, concerning which I will explain myself more in detail when I have your definitive answer. I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Your very affectionate

Gustavus.

Haga, January 17, 1790.

This showy offer overcame Sir Sidney's reluctance at once; but as he could not enter into the Swedish service without leave from home, he took advantage of the opportunity of bringing home despatches from the minister in Stockholm, and thus became the bearer of his own request. The Duke of Sudermania, the king's second in command, also wrote to him a most friendly letter, entreating of him to return as speedily as possible, and bidding him bring some of his brave English friends along with him.

The offer to him had been the command of the light squadron. Sir Sidney set out on the wings of hope accordingly, and expected to be received

with open arms by the ministers; but he was seriously disappointed in the expected ardor of his reception. It was with extreme difficulty that he could find any one to listen to him. At last he obtained an audience of the Duke of Leeds, who, however, would give no answer until the whole matter had been laid before a cabinet council. The gallant sailor now began to experience some of those trials to which every man in public life is probably subjected, at one time or another. He now determined to wait with patience, and his patience was amply tried. In this state he remained for six weeks, until at last he determined to write to the King of Sweden, proposing to give up his appointment, but stating that he was determined to return to join the Duke of Sudermania as a volunteer. Sir Sidney now offered to be the bearer of despatches to Sweden, but the offer was declined with official politeness. He immediately sailed for Sweden, when the king placed him on board a yacht which followed the royal galley in action.

We must now take leave of this war of row-boats, in which, however, several desperate actions were fought: but though row-boats or galleys were the chief warriors, both fleets exhibited a large number of heavy frigates or line-of-battle ships. Those, however, were scarcely more than buoys, among the narrow channels of the Baltic, obstructed as they were by islands, headlands, and small defensible harbors. Sir Sidney was active on all occasions. In one instance, where an attack on the Russian fleet was proposed, and the objection made by the captains was the difficulty of proceeding by night through the intricate channel, he rode across a neck of land, took a peasant's boat from the shore, sounded the channel during the night, and made himself master of the landmarks, settling the signals with the advanced post on shore.

He was soon after engaged in a desperate action, in which he, with his little troop, having been abandoned by the divisions ordered to attack on other points, was beaten, after a most gallant resistance.

But the king knew how to feel for brave men, however unlucky, and sent him a complimentary letter, on the gallantry and zeal which "he had the faculty of communicating to those who accompanied him." The king, in several communications, remarks on this quality of exciting the spirit of activity and enterprise in others, which seems to have been Sir Sidney's characteristic in almost every period of his naval career; and which doubtless proceeded from peculiar ardor and animation in himself.

The war closed by an armistice and treaty, in 1792. But Sir Sidney then received the reward of his gallant zeal, in his investiture with the Grand Cross of the Swedish Order of the Sword, by George III. himself; which we believe to have been an unusual distinction in the instance of foreign orders, and to have been at the request of the late King of Sweden.

Though Sir Sidney Smith had apparent reason to complain of the coldness of his reception on his first return to England, it is evident that his conduct in Sweden had attracted the attention of ministers. As a simple English captain, attracting the notice of the most warlike monarch of Europe, evidently holding a high place in his confidence, offered a distinguished command, and receiving one of the highest marks of honor that could be conferred by Gustavus, he was regarded as having done honor to his country. But we have heard from those who were intimate with him in early life, that he was also a remarkably striking personage in person and manners; his countenance singularly expressive, his manner full of life, and his language vivid and intelligent. His person was then thin and active, which in after-life changed into heaviness and corpulency—a most complete transformation; but if the countenance had lost all its fire, it retained its good sense and its good nature.

From an early period of the revolutionary war, the eyes of France had been turned on Egypt, a country which the extravagant descriptions of Savary had represented as capable of "being turned into a terrestrial paradise, if in possession of France." There her men of science were to reveal all the mysteries of the Pyramids, her philosophers were to investigate human nature in its most famous cradle, her soldiers were to colonize in patriarchal ease and plenty; and even her belles and beaux were to luxuriate in gilded galleys on the waters of the inscrutable Nile, and revel in painted palaces in the shade of tropical gardens, and bowers that knew no winter! Further collision with England led to further objects; and in time, when the republic had assumed a shape of direct hostility with all Europe, with England at its head, the seizure of Egypt tempted France in another form, as the first step to the conquest of India.

But long before this period, the sagacity of the English cabinet had seen the probable direction of French enterprise, and felt the necessity of obtaining all possible information relative to the coasts of Asiatic Turkey and Syria. For this important purpose Sir Sidney Smith was chosen, and sent on a secret mission to Constantinople; partly, perhaps, from the circumstance that his brother, Mr. Spencer Smith, who was then our ambassador there, would communicate with him more advantageously than with a stranger; but undoubtedly much more for his qualifications for a service of such interest and importance.

Nothing is left of those memorials, further than a few notes of the expenses of his journeys; from which he appears to have examined the coasts of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Archipelago, and the Ionian Islands. But he was now to distinguish himself on a higher scene of action.

In September, 1793, the officers of the French navy at Toulon, and the chief inhabitants, disgusted with the revolution, and alarmed by the cruelties of the revolutionary tribunals, hoisted the

white flag, and proposed to Lord Hood, commanding the British squadron off the coast, that he should take possession of the city and shipping, in the name of Louis XVII.

It must be confessed, that there never was a great military prize more utterly thrown away, nor an effort of loyalty more unlucky. The whole transaction only gives the lesson, that what the diplomatists call "delicacy" is wholly misplaced when men come to blows, and that in war promptitude is everything. The first act of Lord Hood ought to have been to remove the fleet, strip the arsenals, and send the whole to England, there to be kept secure for its rightful king. The next ought to have been, to give every inhabitant the means of escaping to some safer quarter, with his property. The third ought to have been, to garrison the forts with every soldier who could be sent from Gibraltar and England; from which we could have sent 50,000 men within three weeks. Toulon then might have been made the stronghold of a loyal insurrection in the south, and the garrison of all the foreign troops, which the French princes could muster.

Not one of these things was done. The ships were left until the last moment, through "delicacy" to the people; the people were left to the last moment, through a perilous confidence in the chances of war; and Toulon was lost by an attack of ragamuffins, and the battery of Lieutenant Bonaparte, which an English regiment would have flung into the sea, and sent its commandant to an English prison.

But, even in the midst of these instances of ill-luck, Sir Sidney Smith made himself conspicuous by his services. When returning from his Mediterranean survey, he happened to stop at Smyrna; and there observing a number of British sailors loitering about the streets, he offered them service; and purchasing a small lateen-rigged vessel, about forty feet long, which he manned with forty sailors, and steering for Toulon, he turned over his little vessel and its crew to Lord Hood.

This was another example of that activity of mind and ready attention to circumstances, which characterized his career. A hundred other officers might have seen those sailors wandering about Smyrna, without thinking of the purchase of a vessel to make them useful to their country; or might have been too impatient to return to England, for a *detour* to Toulon.

Lord Hood, though a brave man, was a dull one, and had all the formality of a formal time. Sir Sidney's gallant volunteering was forgotten, and the defence of Toulon was carried on under every possible species of blundering. At length the enemies' guns began to play from the heights, and the order was given for the fleet to retire. Whether even this order was not premature may still be doubted; for the French batteries, few and weak, could scarcely have made an impression on so powerful a fleet; and the British broadsides might have made it impossible for the enemy to hold the town, especially after all its works had been dismantled. But the order was given, and was about to be executed, when Sir Sidney asked the question which seems to have occurred to no one else: "What do you mean to do with all those fine ships: do you mean to leave them behind?" Some one called out—"Why, what do you mean to do with them?" The prompt answer was—"Burn them, to be sure." By some chance, the answer reached Lord Hood's ears; he immediately sent for Sir Sidney, and to him, though on half pay, and then irregularly employed, was given this important duty.

The employment was highly perilous, not only from the hazards of being blown up, or buried in the conflagration, but from the resistance of the populace and galley-slaves, besides that of the troops, who, on the retreat of the English, were ready to pour into the town. His force, too, was trifling, consisting only of the little vessel which he had purchased at Smyrna, three British gun-boats, and three Spanish. But the operation was gallantly performed. The stores of the arsenal were set on fire; a fire-ship was towed into the middle of the French fleet, and all was soon one immense mass of flame: perhaps war never exhibited a scene more terribly sublime. Thirteen sail of the line, with all the storehouses, were blazing together. The French, too, began to fire from the hills, and the English gun-boats returned the fire with discharges of grapeshot on the troops as they came rushing down to the gates of the arsenal. All was uproar and explosion.

The most melancholy part of the whole narrative is the atrocious vengeance of the republicans on gaining possession. An anecdote of this scene of horror, and of the especial treachery of Napoleon, is given on the authority of Sir Sidney.

"The royalist inhabitants, or the chief portion of them, had been driven into the great square of the town, and compressed there into one huge mass. Napoleon then discharged his artillery upon them, and mowed them down. But as many had thrown themselves on the ground to escape the grapeshot, and many were only wounded, this villain of villains cried out aloud—'The vengeance of the republic is satisfied, rise and go to your homes.' But the wretched people no sooner stood up than they received another discharge of his guns, and were all massacred. If any one act of man ever emulated the work of the devil, this act, by its mingled perfidy and cruelty, was the one."

It is impossible to read the life of this intrepid and active officer, without seeing the encouragement which it holds forth to enterprise. In this sense it ought to have a part in the recollections of every soldier and sailor of England. Sir Sidney had perhaps rivals by the thousand in point of personal valor and personal intelligence; but the source of all his distinctions was, his never losing sight of his profession, and never losing an opportunity of service. On this principle we may account for every step of his career, and on no other. He appears to have had no parliamentary interest, no ministerial favor, no connection of any

kind which could essentially promote his interest, and even to have been somewhat neglected by admirals under whom he served. But he never lost an opportunity of being present where anything was to be done, and of doing his best. It was this which produced even from the formal English admiral a note of this order, written on the evening of the conflagration—

My dear Sir Sidney—You must burn every French ship you possibly can, and consult the governor on the proper method of doing it, on account of bringing off the troops.

Very faithfully yours,
Hood.

This was written at three in the afternoon. It would appear that Sir Sidney, in his answer, made some observation with reference to the smallness of the force put under his command. His lordship, in a note dated at six in the evening, thus replied:—

I am sorry you are so apprehensive of difficulty in the service you volunteered for. It *must* be undertaken; and if it does not succeed to my wishes, it will very probably facilitate the getting off the governor and the troops in safety, which is an object. The conflagration may be advantageous to us. No enterprise of war is void of danger and difficulty; both must be submitted to.

Ever faithfully yours,
Hood.

The remonstrance of Sir Sidney must evidently have been with respect to the inadequacy of preparation, for he remarks—"I volunteered the service under the disadvantage of there being no previous preparation for it whatever;" and the only failure arose from the want of force; for he was unable to burn the ships in the basin; while it argues extraordinary skill and daring, to have effected the burning of the rest with a few gunboats and a felucca.

But this service, executed at the right time, and in the right spirit, immediately fixed upon him the eyes of the fleet; and the admiral, on sending home the despatches from Toulon, made Sir Sidney their bearer. He was received with great attention by ministers; and Lord Spencer, then at the head of the admiralty, particularly complimented him on the promptness and energy of his services at Toulon.

As it was now determined to fit out a light squadron for the purpose of disturbing the enemy's coasts on the channel, Sir Sidney Smith was selected for the command; and he was appointed to the Diamond frigate, with which he immediately made sail for the coast of Holland. This little fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels of various sizes, from the frigate to the gunboat. With this fleet he kept watch on the enemy's harbors, hunted privateers, made landings on the shore, carried off signal-posts, and kept the whole coast in perpetual alarm. One of those services shows the activity and intelligence required on this duty. It being rumored that a French expedition had sailed from Brest, Sir Sidney was ordered to execute the difficult task of ascertaining the state of the harbor. He disguised his ship so as to look like a French vessel, hoisted French colors, and ran into the road. Unluckily, a large French ship of war was working in at the same time, but which took no notice of him, probably from the boldness of his navigation. At sunset the Frenchman anchored, as the tide set strong out of the harbor, and Sir Sidney was compelled to do the same. He had hoped that, on the turning of the tide, she would have gone up the harbor, but there she lay in the moonlight, a formidable obstacle. The question was now whether to leave the attempt incomplete, or to run the hazard of passing the French line-of-battle ship. The latter course was determined on, and she was fortunately passed. As they advanced up the road, two other ships, one of which was a frigate, were seen at anchor. Those, too, must be passed, and even the dawn must be waited for before a good view of the road could be obtained. The crew were ordered to be silent: the French ships were passed without notice. As morning broke, a full view of the road was obtained, and it was evident that the enemy's fleet had put to sea. The task was performed, but the difficulty was now to escape. On the first attempt to move towards the sea, a corvette, which was steering out in the same direction, began to give the alarm by making signals. The two vessels at anchor immediately prepared to follow, and the line-of-battle ship made a movement so as completely to obstruct the course. There seemed to be now no alternative but to be sunk or taken. These are the emergencies which try the abilities of men, and the dexterity on this occasion was equal to the difficulty. As resistance was hopeless, Sir Sidney tried stratagem. Running directly down to the line-of-battle ship, which he now perceived to be in a disabled state, pumping from leaks and under jury topmasts, he hailed the captain in French, which he fortunately spoke like a native, offering him assistance. The captain thanked him, but said that he required none, as he had men enough; but on this occasion Sir Sidney exhibited a feeling of humanity which did him still higher honor than his skill. As he lay under the stern of the Frenchman he might have poured in a raking fire, and, of course, committed great slaughter among the crew, who were crowded on the gunwale and quarter, looking at his ship. The guns were double loaded, and his crew were ready and willing. But, considering that, even if the enemy's vessel had been captured, it would be impossible to bring her off, and that the only result would be the havoc of life; and, to use the language of his despatch, "conceiving it both unmanly and treacherous to make such havoc while speaking in friendly terms and offering our assistance, I trusted that my country, though it might be benefited in a trifling degree by it, would gladly relinquish an advantage to be purchased at the expense of humanity and the national character: and I hope, for these reasons, I shall stand justified in not having made use of the accidental advantage in my power for the moment."

And even then this act of generosity may not have been without its reward; for the other ships, seeing that he was spoken to by the French vessel, discontinued the pursuit. The exploit was finished, and the harbor was left behind. If he had fired a shot into the exposed line-of-battle ship, he would inevitably have been chased by the others and probably taken. From this period scarcely any of the smaller convoys, conveying ammunition or provisions to the enemy's ports, could escape.

Yet, in the midst of this warlike vigilance and vigor, humanity was not overlooked; the British vessels were forbidden to fire at patrols on shore, and were ordered to spare fishing-boats, villages, and private dwellings.

The winter was spent in hunting along the shore every French flotilla that ventured to peep out. But one action deserves peculiar remembrance, from its mingled daring and *perseverance*. A convoy, consisting of a corvette of 16 guns, four brigs, and two sloops, had been chased into Herqui. As they, of course, were likely to take the first opportunity to escape, Sir Sidney determined not to wait for the rest of his squadron, but to attempt their capture in the Diamond frigate alone. While he was preparing for this adventure, two other armed vessels joined him. The attempt was hazardous, for the bay was fortified. Two batteries were placed on a high promontory, and the coast troops were ready to oppose a landing.

The Diamond dashed into the bay, but the fire from the batteries began to be heavy, and could be returned only with slight effect, from the commanding nature of their position. It was, therefore, necessary to try another style of attack. This was done by ordering the marines and boarders into the boats, and sending them to attack the batteries in the rear. This movement, however, was met by a heavy fire of musketry on the boats, from the troops drawn up to oppose their landing. The frigate, too, was suffering from the fire of the batteries, and the navigation was intricate. At this critical moment Sir Sidney pointed out to Lieutenant Pine, one of his officers, that it might be possible to climb the precipice in front of the batteries! The gallant officer and his men started immediately, landed under the enemy's cannon, climbed the precipice, and made themselves masters of the guns, before the troops on the beach could regain the heights. The frigate continued her fire to check the advance of the troops. The guns were spiked, and the reëmbarkation was effected. It might have been expected that this brilliant little assault could not have been effected without serious loss; but such is the advantage of promptitude and gallantry, that the whole party returned safe, with the exception of one officer wounded.

But the enemy's vessels still remained. To get them out was impossible, for the rocks around were covered with troops, who kept up an incessant fire of musketry. It was, therefore, determined to burn them. The corvette and a merchant ship were set on fire: but the tide falling, the troops poured down close to the vessels and the party in possession of them returned on board.

Here Sir Sidney might have stopped. He had done enough to signalize his own talent and the bravery of his people. But this success was not enough for him. The convoy were still before him, though still under the protection of the troops. He determined on attacking them again. The boats were manned and rowed to the shore. The troops poured in a heavy fire. But the vessels were finally all boarded and burnt, with the exception of one armed lugger.

Enterprises of this order are the true school of the naval officer. They may seem slight, but they call out all the talent and activity of the profession. They might also have had an important influence on the naval war, for these convoys generally carried naval stores to the principal French dock-yards, and the loss of a convoy might prevent the sailing of a fleet.

Lieutenant Pine was sent to the admiralty with the colors which he had captured on the heights, and with a strong recommendation from his gallant captain. The whole affair was regarded in England as remarkably well conceived and well done. The exploits of the Diamond were the popular theme, and Sir Sidney rose into high favor with the admiralty and the nation.

These are the opportunities which distinguish the frigate service. An officer in a line-of-battle ship must wait for a general engagement. An officer on land must wait for the lapse of twenty years at least before he can expect the command of a regiment, or the chance of seeing his name connected with any distinguished achievement. But the youngest captain, in command of a frigate, may bring the eyes of the nation upon him. The young lieutenant, even the boy midshipman, by some independent display of intrepidity, may fix his name in the annals of the empire.

But the caprices of fortune are doubly capricious in war. While the captain of the Diamond was receiving plaudits from all sides, the mortifying intelligence arrived that he had fallen into the enemy's hands.

The origin of this casualty was his zeal to capture a lugger, which had done considerable damage among our channel convoys. Its stratagem was, to follow the convoys, until it could throw men on board, then to let the prize continue her course, to avoid attracting the vigilance of the escorting frigate, and, when night fell, to slip off to a French port. Sir Sidney determined to cut short the lugger's career. At length the opportunity seemed to have come. The vessel was discovered at anchor in the inner fort of Havre under a ten-gun battery. The Diamond's boats were instantly manned and armed; but, on the inquiry who was to command, it was found that the first lieutenant was ill and in bed, and the second and third lieutenants were on shore. Sir Sidney then took the command himself. The attacking party proceeded in four boats and a Thames wherry, in which was Sir Sidney, to the pier of Havre, where the lugger lay. It was night, and the vessel was gallantly boarded on both sides at once, the crew of the wherry boarded over

the stern. The Frenchmen on deck were beaten after a short struggle. Sir Sidney, rushing down into the cabin, found the four officers starting from their sleep and loading their pistols. He coolly told them that the vessel was no longer theirs; ordered them to surrender, and they gave up their arms.

But the flood-tide was running strong, and it drove the vessel above the town, there being no wind. At day-light the lugger became the centre of a general attack of the armed vessels of the port. The Diamond could not move from want of wind; and, after a desperate resistance of three quarters of an hour, Sir Sidney and his companions were forced to surrender. Six officers and nineteen seamen were taken.

Sir Sidney's capture was a national triumph, and he was instantly ordered to be sent to Paris. No exchange could be obtained; his name was too well known. He was charged with incendiarism for the burning of Toulon; and it was even hinted that his being found so close to Havre was for the purpose of burning the town.

Sir Sidney's imprisonment was at first in the Abbaye, which had been made so infamously memorable by the slaughters of September, 1793. He was afterwards placed in the prison of the Temple. In all probability, the first object was to exhibit him to the Parisians. An English captain as a prisoner was a rare exhibition, and his detention also saved them from the most active disturber of their Norman and Breton navigation. But his confinement was not strict, and he was even suffered occasionally to walk about Paris on giving his parole to the jailer. At length, after various British offers of exchange, which were all rejected by the French, he escaped by a counterfeit order of liberation; and, encountering several hair-breadth hazards, reached Havre, seized a boat, put off, and was taken up at sea by the Argo frigate, commanded by Captain Bowen, who landed him at Portsmouth, and he arrived in London in April, 1798, having been in France about two years and a month.

It is sometimes difficult to know, respecting any event, peculiarly in early life, whether it is a misfortune or the contrary. Sir Sidney's capture must have been often felt by him as the severest of calamities, by stopping a career which had already made him one of the national favorites, and had given him promise of still higher distinction. From the command of the Diamond to the dreary chambers of the Temple was a formidable contrast; yet the event which placed him there may have been an instance of something more than what the world terms "good luck." If he had remained in command of his frigate, he might have fallen in some of those fights with the batteries and corvettes which he was constantly provoking. But in his French prison he was safe for the time, and yet not less before the public eye. In reality, the sympathy felt for him there, and the fruitless attempts of the admiralty to effect his exchange, kept him more the *lion* than before; and he returned just in time to be employed on a service of the first importance, and which, by its novelty, adventure, and romantic peril, seemed to have been expressly made for his genius.

The French expedition, under Napoleon, had taken possession of Egypt; the Turks were a rabble, and were beaten at the first onset. The Mamelukes, though the finest cavalry in the world as individual horsemen, were beaten before the French infantry, as all irregular troops will be beaten by regulars. At this period, the object of the ministry was to excite the indolence of the Turkish government to attempt the reconquest of Egypt, and Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of *Le Tigre*, a French eighty gun-ship, which had been captured by Lord Bridport three years before. If it be said that he owed this command in any degree to his having been sent on a mission to Turkey some years before, which is perfectly probable, let it be remembered, that that mission itself was owing to the gallantry and intelligence which he had displayed in his volunteer expedition to Sweden. Sir Sidney's present appointment was a mixture of diplomacy with a naval command; for he was appointed joint-plenipotentiary with his brother Spencer Smith, then our minister at Constantinople. But this junction of offices produced much dissatisfaction in both Lord St. Vincent and Nelson; and it required no slight address, on the part of Sir Sidney, to reconcile those distinguished officers to his employment. However, his sword soon showed itself a more effectual reconciler than his pen, and the siege of Acre proved him a warrior worthy of their companionship. After the siege, Nelson, as impetuous in his admiration as he was in his dislikes, wrote to Sir Sidney the following high acknowledgment:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received, with the truest satisfaction, all your very interesting letters, to July. The immense fatigue you have had in defending *Acre* against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Bonaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shown by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilized world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command? NELSON.

Palermo, Aug. 20, 1799.

Sir Sidney found the Sultaun willing to exert all the force of his dominions, but wretchedly provided with the means of exertion—a disorganized army, an infant navy, empty arsenals, and all the resources of the state in barbaric confusion. Two bomb-vessels and seven gun-boats were all that he could procure for the coast service. He ordered five more gun-boats to be laid down, waiting for guns from England. But he was soon called from Constantinople. Advice had been received by the governor of Acre, Achmet Pasha, that Bonaparte, at the head of an army of twelve or thirteen thousand men, was about to march on Acre. The position of this fortress renders it the key of the

chief of commerce in corn at the head of the Levant, and its possessor has always been powerful. Its possession by the French would have given them the command of all the cities on the coast, and probably made them masters of Syria, if not of Constantinople. Bonaparte, utterly reckless in his cruelties, provided they gained his object, had announced his approach by the following dashing epistle to the Pasha:—"The provinces of Gaza, Ramleh, and Jaffa are in my power. I have treated with generosity those of your troops who placed themselves at my discretion. I have been severe towards those who have violated the rights of war. I shall march in a few days against Acre." His severity had already been exhibited on an unexampled scale. Having taken Jaffa by assault, and put part of the garrison to the sword, he marched his prisoners, to the number of three thousand seven hundred, to an open space outside the town. As they were disarmed in the town, they could make no resistance; and, as Turks, they submitted to the will of fate. There they were fired on, until they all fell! When this act of horrid cruelty was reported in Europe by Sir Robert Wilson, its very atrocity made the honorable feelings of England incredulous; but it has since been acknowledged in the memoir by Napoleon's commissary, M. Miot, and the massacre is denied no longer. The excuse which the French general subsequently offered was, "that many of the Turks had been captured before, and liberated on parole; that having thus violated the laws of war, he could neither take them with him, nor leave them behind." But the hollowness of this excuse is evident. The Turks knew nothing of our European parole; they felt that it was their duty to fight for their Pasha; they might have been liberated with perfect impunity, for, once deprived of arms, and stript of all means of military movement, they must have lingered among the ruins of an open town, or dispersed about the country. The stronger probability is, that the massacre was meant for the purposes of intimidation, and that on the blood of Jaffa the French flag was to float above the gates of Acre.

It is satisfactory to our natural sense of justice, to believe that this very act was the ruin of the expedition. Achmet Pasha was an independent prince, and might have felt little difficulty in arranging a treaty with the invader, or receiving a province in exchange for the temporary use of his fortress. But the bloodshed of Jaffa must have awakened at once his abhorrence and his fears. The massacre also excited Sir Sidney's feelings so much, that he instantly weighed anchor, and arrived at Acre two days before the French vanguard. They were first discovered by *Le Tigre's* gun-boats, as the heads of the column moved round the foot of Mount Carmel. There they were stopt by the fire of the boats, and driven in full flight up the mountains.

But another event of more importance occurred almost immediately after. A flotilla was seen from the mast-head of *Le Tigre*, consisting of a corvette and nine sail of gun-vessels. The flotilla was instantly attacked, and seven struck, the other three escaped, it being justly considered of most importance to secure the prizes, they containing the whole battery of artillery, ammunition, &c., intended for the siege. Previously to his arrival, Sir Sidney had sent Captain Miller of the *Theseus*, a most gallant officer, and Colonel Phelypeaux, to rebuild the walls, and altogether to put the place in a better defensive order. Nothing could be more fortunate than this capture, for it at once gave Sir Sidney a little fleet, supplied him with guns and ammunition for the defence of the place, and, of course, deprived the French of the means of attack in proportion. But it is not to be supposed that Napoleon was destitute of guns. He had already on shore four twelve-pounders, eight howitzers, a battery of thirty-two pieces, and about thirty four-pounders. The siege commenced on the 20th of March, and from that day, for sixty days, was a constant repetition of assaults, the bursting of mines, and the breaching of the old and crumbling walls.

At length Bonaparte, conscious that his character was sinking, that he was hourly exposed to Egyptian insurrection, that the tribes of the Desert were arriving, and that every day increased the peril of an attack on his rear by an army from Constantinople, resolved to risk all upon a final assault. After fifty days of open trenches, the Turkish flotilla had been seen from the walls. The rest deserves to be told only in the language of their gallant defender.

The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold. Our flanking fire from afloat was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements of sufficient thickness to protect them from the fire. The French advanced, and their standard was seen at daylight on the outer angle of the town, which they had assaulted. Hassan Bey's troops were preparing to land, but their boats were still only halfway to the shore.

It was at this moment that the spirit and talents of Sir Sidney had their full effect. If he had continued to depend on the fire of his boats, the place would have been taken. The French were already masters of a part of the works, and they would probably have rushed into the town before the troops of Hassan Bey could have reached the shore.

This, says the despatch, was a most critical point, and an effort was necessary to preserve the place until their arrival. I accordingly landed the boats at the mole, and took the crews up to the breach, armed with pikes. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such a reinforcement, at such a time, is not to be described; many fugitives returned with us to the breach, which we found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive weapons were heavy stones.

Djezzar Pasha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket cartridges with his own

hands. The energetic old man, coming behind us, pulled us down with violence, saying, that if anything happened to his English friends, all was lost.

A *sortie* was now proposed by Sir Sidney, but the Turkish regiment which made it was repulsed. A new breach was made, and it was evident that a new assault in superior force was intended.

Bonaparte, with a group of generals, was seen on Cœur-de-Lion's Mount, and by his gesticulation, and his despatching an aid-de-camp to the camp, he showed that he only waited for a reinforcement. A little before sunset, a massive column was seen advancing to the breach with solemn step. The Pasha now reverted to his native style of fighting, and with capital effect. His idea was, *not* to defend the breach this time, but to let a certain number in, and then *close with them*, according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden, where, in a very few minutes, the most advanced among them lay headless; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. In this attack, General Lannes, commanding the assault, was wounded, and General Rambaut, with a hundred and fifty men, were killed. The rest retreated precipitately.

Bonaparte will, no doubt, renew the attack, the breach being perfectly practicable for fifty men abreast! Indeed, the town is not, nor ever has been, defensible by the rules of art. But, *according to every other rule*, it *must and shall be* defended. Not that it is worth defending, but we feel that it is by this breach Bonaparte means to march to further conquest.

'T is on the issue of this conflict that depends the opinion of the multitude of spectators on the surrounding hills, who wait only to see how it ends, to join the victor. And with such a reinforcement for the execution of his well-known projects, Constantinople, and even Vienna, must feel the shock.

The siege continued, perhaps as no other siege ever continued before; it was a succession of assaults, frequently by night. From the 2d of May to the 9th, there were no less than nine of those assaults! In another letter he writes:—

Our labor is excessive; many of us, among whom is our active, zealous friend, Phelypeaux, have died of *fatigue*. I am but half dead; but Bonaparte brings fresh troops to the assault two or three times in the night, while we are obliged to be always under arms. He has lost the flower of his army in these desperate attempts to storm, as appears by the certificates of service which they had in their pockets, and eight generals.

From this period the desperation of Bonaparte was evident. Besides the eight generals killed, he had lost eighty officers, all his guides, carabineers, and most of his artillery men—in all, upwards of four thousand soldiers. But the desperation was in vain. All the assaults were repulsed with slaughter. The French grenadiers mounted the breach, only to be shot or sabred. At length, the division of Kleber was sent for. It had gone to the fords of the Jordan to watch the movements of the Turkish army, and had acquired distinction in the Egyptian campaign by the character of its general, and by its successes against the irregular horse of the desert. On its arrival, it was instantly ordered to the assault. But the attempt was met with the usual bravery of the garrison; and Kleber, after a struggle of *three hours*, was repulsed. All was now hopeless on the part of the enemy. The French grenadiers absolutely refused to mount to the assault again. Bonaparte was furious at his failure, but where force was useless, he still had a resource in treachery. He sent a flag of truce into the town to propose an armistice for the burial of the dead, whose remains were already poisoning the air. This might naturally produce some relaxation of vigilance; and while the proposal was under consideration, a volley of shot and shells was fired. This was the preliminary to an assault. It, however, was repulsed; and the Turks, indignant at the treachery, were about to sacrifice the messenger who bore the flag. But Sir Sidney humanely interposed, carried him to his ship, and sent him back to the French general with a message of contempt and shame.

Retreat was now the only measure available, and it began on the night of the 20th of May. The battering-train of twenty-three pieces was left behind. The wounded and field-guns had been suddenly embarked in country vessels, and sent towards Jaffa. Sir Sidney put to sea to follow them, and the vessels containing the wounded, instead of attempting to continue their flight, steered down at once to their pursuers, and solicited water and provisions. They received both, and were sent to Damietta. "Their expressions of gratitude were mingled with execrations against their general, who had thus," they said, "exposed them to perish.

As the garrison was without cavalry, the pursuit of the flying enemy could not be followed with any decisive effect. But the gun-boats of the English and Turks continued constantly discharging grapeshot on them, so long as they moved within reach of the shore, and the Turkish infantry fired on them when their march turned inland. Their loss was formidable; the whole tract, between Acre and Gaza, was strewed with the bodies of those who died either of fatigue or wounds. At length two thousand cavalry were put in motion by the Turkish governor of Jaffa, making prisoners all the French who were left on the road, with their guns; and nothing but the want of a strong body of fresh troops to fall on the enemy seems to have prevented the capture of every battalion of that army, which, but two months before, had boasted of marching to Constantinople.

It ought to be remembered, as the crowning honor to his human honors, that the man who had gained those successes, was not forgetful of the true source of all victories which deserve the name. Sir Sidney had gone to Nazareth, and there made this expressive memorandum:—

I am just returned from the Cave of the Annunciation, where, *secretly* and *alone*, I have been returning thanks to the Almighty for our late wonderful success. Well may we exclaim, "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." W. S. S.

It may naturally be presumed that the whole progress of the siege had interested the fleet and army of England in the highest degree. There had been nothing like the defence of Acre in all the history of European war. A siege is pronounced, by military authorities, to be the *most certain* operation in war; with a fixed number of troops, and a fixed number of guns in the trenches, the strongest place *must fall* within a prescribed time. But here was a town almost open, and with no other garrison, for the first six weeks of the siege, than a battalion of half-disciplined Musulmans, headed by such men as could be spared from two British ships of war.

The whole defence was justly regarded by the nation, less as a bold military service, than as an *exploit*—one of those singular achievements which are exhibited from time to time, as if to show *how far* intrepidity and talent combined can go; a splendid example and encouragement to the brave never to doubt, and to the intelligent never to suppose that the resources of a resolute heart can be exhausted.

But the siege of Acre did more. It certainly relieved the Sultaun from a pressure which might have endangered his throne. It *may* have saved India from an expedition down the Red Sea, for which the native princes looked, with their habitual hatred of their British masters; and, above all, it told England that her people were as invincible on shore as on the waves, and prepared her soldiery for those triumphs which were to make the renown of the peninsular war imperishable.

On the meeting of parliament in September, 1799, George III. opened the session with an energetic speech, in which the siege of Acre held a prominent part. The speech said, "The French expedition to Egypt has continued to be productive of calamity and disgrace to our enemies, while its ultimate views against our eastern possessions have been utterly confounded. The desperate attempt which they have lately made to extricate themselves from their difficulties has been defeated by the courage of the Turkish forces, directed by the skill, and animated by the courage, of the British officer, with the small portion of my naval force under his command."

In the discussion, a few days after, the thanks of the lords to Sir Sidney Smith, and the seamen and officers under his command, were moved by Lord Spencer, the first lord of the admiralty, in terms of the highest compliment.

His lordship said, that he had now to take notice of an exploit which had never been surpassed, and had scarcely ever been equalled;—he meant the defence of St. Jean d' Acre by Sir Sidney Smith. He had no occasion to impress upon their lordships a higher sense than they had already entertained of the brilliancy, utility, and distinction of an achievement, in which a general of great celebrity, and a veteran and victorious army, were, after a desperate and obstinate engagement, which lasted almost without intermission for sixty days, not only repulsed, but totally defeated by the heroism of this British officer, and the small number of troops under his command.

Lord Hood said, that he could not give a vote on the present occasion without bearing his testimony to the skill and valor of Sir Sidney Smith, which had been so conspicuously and brilliantly exerted, when he had the honor and the benefit of having him under his command (at Toulon.)

Lord Grenville said, that the circumstance of so eminent a service having been performed with so inconsiderable a force, was with him an additional reason for affording this testimony of public gratitude, and the highest honor which the house had it in its power to confer.

His lordship then adverted to his imprisonment in the Temple. "In defiance of every principle of humanity, and of all the acknowledged rules of war, Sir Sidney Smith had been, with the most cold and cruel inflexibility, confined in a dungeon of the Temple; but the French, by making him an exception to the general usages of war, had only manifested their sense of his value, and how much they were afraid of him." In the house of commons, Mr. Dundas, the secretary of state, after alluding to the apprehensions of the country, the expedition to Egypt, and the memorable victory of Aboukir, said, "that the conduct of Sir Sidney was so surprising to him, that he hardly knew how to speak of it. He had not recovered from the astonishment which the account of the action had thrown him into. However, so it was; and the merit of Sir Sidney Smith was now the object of consideration, and to praise or to esteem which sufficiently, was quite impossible."

The thanks of both lords and commons were voted unanimously; the thanks of the corporation of London and the thanks of the Levant Company were voted, with a piece of plate. The king gave him a pension of £1000 a year for life; and the sultaun sent him a rich pelisse and diamond aigrette, both of the same quality as those which had been sent to Nelson.

We now hasten over a great deal of anxious and complicated correspondence, explanatory of a convention entered into with the French for the evacuation of Egypt. Kleber, indignant at Bonaparte's flight, and his army disgusted with defeat, proposed a capitulation, by which they were to be sent to France. The distinction which Sir Sidney had now attained even with the French army, had made him the negotiator, and all was preparation to embark, when Lord Keith informed him, by orders from home, that the French must surrender as prisoners of war.

The armistice was instantly at an end. The Turks, who with their usual indolence had remained loitering in sight of Cairo, were attacked in force and broken, and all was war again. Sir Sidney's letters deprecate the measure in the strongest terms. And nothing can be clearer than that, though our expedition under Abercrombie was glorious, Sir Sidney's treaty would have saved us the expenditure of a couple of millions of money, and, what was more valuable have spared

the lives of many brave men on both sides; while the result would have been the same, as it was not our purpose to retain Egypt. Eventually, the French army capitulated in Egypt to Lord Hutchinson, on nearly the terms of the convention of the year before; and to the amount of about twenty thousand men were sent home in British vessels.

Sir Sidney's reception in England was by acclamation. But we must conclude. He was immediately employed in the defence of the coast, as the threats of invasion came loudly from France. He afterwards sailed to the defence of the Neapolitan territories. He was then sent to the protection of the King of Portugal during the French invasion, and conveyed him and his nobles to the Brazils. Wherever anything bold, new, or active, was required, the public eyes were instantly fixed on him, and they were never disappointed.

After the peace of 1815, he resided chiefly on the continent, and died in Paris on the 26th of May, 1840, aged 76.

The essential merit of this distinguished officer's character was, that his whole heart was in his profession; that all his views, his acquirements, his leisure, and his active pursuits. were directed towards it; and that he never lounged or lingered, or lay on his laurels, or thought that "anything was done while anything remained to be done."

It is observable, that all his successes arose out of his indefatigable activity and sincere zeal. If he had stayed dancing or gaming or feasting, a week longer, in Constantinople, he would have only seen Acre in possession of the French. The same principle and the same result existed in every instance of his career. He had his oddities and his fantasies in later life, but all were covered by the knightly spirit, romantic bravery, and public services of his early days. He was the *chevalier* of the noblest navy in the world!

From the Spectator.

DR. ELRINGTON'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP USSHER.*

Among the great divines of the first and second Stuarts, Archbishop Ussher stands preëminent for the vastness of his learning, the amiableness of his personal character, and the blamelessness of his private life. Like other very amiable persons, however, he was somewhat deficient in the firmness necessary for the public man, especially in the bad age upon which his lot was cast. His submission to the court and to Strafford, in affairs as much lay as clerical; could, however, be upheld as a necessary consequence of his doctrine of passive obedience. The manner in which at various times he leaned towards the views of the Puritans and Presbyterians, especially on the subject of Episcopacy, would either indicate a complying mind under circumstances of outward pressure, or (which was perhaps the case) that his opinions verges towards heterodoxy; not, indeed, in questions of doctrine, on whose fundamentals he was perfectly sound, but on matters of discipline and church-government.

Judged by the universal principles of right, Archbishop Ussher's ideas of the ministerial vocation were lax. Although an Irish divine, he occasionally passed long periods of time in England, and perhaps always allowed study to encroach too much upon his time as a ruler of the church. The same feeling probably induced him to be lenient towards abuses, especially where improvement would bear hard upon individuals; and his amiableness seems to have placed him too much in the hands of those about him, as in the case of his differences with the excellent Bishop Bedell. Great allowances, however, should be made for his age and country. Authority received a reverence in those days of which it is difficult for us to form a conception. Even religious enthusiasm bowed down before "the powers that be" upon all matters except their peculiar case of conscience; how much more, then, was obedience to be looked for in the member of a church whose leading doctrine was obedience, till James the Second laid his hand upon the liberties and profits of its ministers. The stormy Reformation in England, and its successive changes under Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, together with the secular motives which animated many of the reformers, had introduced the grossest practical abuses into the church. Bishoprics and benefices were kept vacant in order that the crown or other patrons might receive the revenues; bargains were made by which the incumbent agreed to pay a large portion of the incomes to the patron or some nominee; the man who assented to such an agreement being, of course, a sorry sample of a Christian minister. If these things took place in England with Elizabeth's sense of decorum, and when parliament and public opinion had some weight, what must have been the state of Ireland? At Ussher's birth (January 1580–81) the country was not conquered, and was not in fact properly subdued till the government of Strafford, (1632, *et seq.*,) some years after Ussher had been promoted to the primacy. In a wild country, distracted by barbarian warfare, inhabited by half-savages professing a different religion from that of the Protestant clergyman, and stimulated by persecuted popish priests, "residence" must frequently have been unsafe, and sometimes not possible; neither, perhaps, was it possible to find a competent body of clergymen to fill livings. Such a state of things must have rendered the public mind callous to what are now thought gross ecclesiastical abuses. From this feeling the best men could not be altogether free; and if they were they could not find a remedy.

It is from not sufficiently attending to the unavoidable influence of contemporary circumstances upon men, that some later writers have rather depreciated the character of Ussher. That he wanted strength of determination, and that as an archbishop

* The Life of the Most Reverend James Ussher, D. D., Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland. With an account of his writings. By Charles Richard Elrington, D. D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin.

he postponed his administrative duties to his scholastic studies, must probably be granted; but his virtues, in the opinion of his contemporaries, far overbalanced these two defects, and suspended political animosities even in political enemies. Some imagined that he possessed the gift of prophecy. Burnet, in estimating his character, considers his weakness in the "governing function" of the church as a necessary part of his humanity; it "was the only alloy that seemed left, and without which he would have been held perhaps in more veneration than was fitting." The parliament, while they took away his title, allowed to "James Ussher, Doctor in Divinitie," 400*l.* a year, when the disturbances in Ireland had deprived him of his revenues; although the pension does not seem to have been very punctually paid. Cromwell professed for him the greatest respect and regard; and on Ussher's death, in 1656, forbade the family preparations for his funeral, alleging that he could only be buried in Westminster Abbey with a public ceremony.* Ussher's staunch opposition to popery might in part be the cause of the favor with which sectarians regarded him. In this he certainly was not beyond his age, but indeed behind some part of it. When Bishop of Meath, he preached a sermon before the lord-lieutenant on his investiture—"receiving the sword"—from the text, "He beareth not the sword in vain." The hortatives in this discourse were considered to be of so persecuting a tendency, that a great outcry was raised against him; the primate wrote him a severe letter, and the bishop had to preach an explanatory sermon.

As a scholar, Ussher's learning was vast, but rather extensive than various; for although he mastered many languages, it was only with one object; and his experience landed him in the conclusion, that except the Hebrew the profit derived from studying the Oriental tongues was not a sufficient reward for the labor. His studies were confined to biblical and patristic literature, and ecclesiastical antiquities; in the knowledge of which he appeared in the first rank, if not alone. His chronology of the Bible stands in juxtaposition with the original authorities. He read through the *whole* of the Fathers, to ascertain whether the papistical assertion was correct as to the antiquity of the Romish church; on which task he was employed for eighteen years. In ecclesiastical antiquities, especially British and Irish, he was extensively and profoundly skilled. Like many other men of vast acquirements, however, he wanted the ability to use what he possessed. He was deficient in the sublimating power of his great antagonist Milton, to separate the essential spirit of things from their grosser parts, and in the vital genius to animate them. His chronology, reducible to the tabular form, is almost as widely spread as the study of the Bible; but the greater portion of his works are store-houses of materials, or they treat of subjects whose interest is limited to few. Hence, he is rather known to the world as a learned man than as supplying the world with knowledge—his learning rather furnished results to others than to himself.

Dr. Elrington's *Life of Archbishop Ussher* was originally undertaken as an introduction to the collected edition of his works, which is now in the course of completion; and it is published separately, under the just idea that many persons would wish to have the biographical memoir alone. This life is scholarly—full in matter and close in style; but rather too ecclesiastical for general readers. The man is lost sight of in the clergyman and the scholar. Dr. Elrington does not, of course, fall into the prevailing literary fashion, and stuff his book with accounts of events only contemporary to the archbishop; but, biographically speaking, he enters too minutely into public events of a clerical kind, in which the archbishop was concerned. The analytical notice of Ussher's principal publications is useful either as an introduction to the collected works or as a summary for a general reader; but the subjects are professional and limited. The kind of book we are describing was no doubt designed, and Ussher's life is chiefly to be found in his labors; but an arrangement by which the account of his writings would have been presented by themselves, with a little more of skill in the selection, and of animation in the presentation of personal traits, would have imparted greater interest to the memoirs.

Perhaps the times of Archbishop Ussher are almost as clearly indicated as he is himself, at least as a man. He came early before the public, and from his reputation and position was connected with persons of the highest dignity; so that the narrative of his life frequently introduces the reader into what the late Mr. D'Israeli has been ridiculed for calling "secret history." In the following we have James the First instructing his newly-appointed Bishop of Meath as to how he should handle the house of commons before whom he was to preach. The account is by Ussher himself:—

I was appointed by the lower house of parliament to preach at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The prebends claimed the privilege of the church and their exemption from episcopal jurisdiction for many hundred years, and offered their own service; whereupon, the house being displeased, appointed the place to be at the Temple. I was chosen a second time and Secretary Calvert, by the appointment of the house, spake to the king, that the choice of their preacher might stand; the king said, it was very well done. February 13, being Shrove Tuesday, I dined at court; and betwixt four and five I kissed the king's hand, and had conference with him touching my sermon. He said, "I had charge of an unruly flock to look to next Sunday." He asked me how I thought it could stand with true divinity, that so many hundred should be tyed upon such a short warning to receive the communion upon a day. All could not be in charity after so late contentions in the house; many must needs

* The disfavorers of Cromwell assert that he left the family to pay the greater part of the expenses. This statement, however, does not appear to be strictly accurate: Cromwell ordered a public funeral and an issue of 200*l.* towards it; so that the excess is what fell upon the family.

come without preparation, and eat their own condemnation; that himself required all his own household to receive the communion, but not all the same day, unless at Easter, when the whole Lent was a time of preparation. He bade me to tell them I hoped they were all prepared, but wished they might be better; to exhort them to unity and concord; to love God first, and then their prince and country; to look to the urgent necessities of the times and the miserable state of Christendom, with *Bis dat qui cito dat.* February 18th, the first Sunday in Lent, I preached in St. Margaret's to them; and February 27th, the house sent Sir James Perrot and Mr. Drake to give thanks, and to desire me to print the sermon, which was done accordingly; the text being upon the First of the Cor. x. 17. "For we being many are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread."

The following passage exhibits Ussher in his old age, in an interview with Cromwell, when the protector had forbidden the clergymen of the Church of England to exercise any part of their ministerial functions or to teach in a school:—

Many of the clergy in London and its neighborhood, hearing that Cromwell professed great respect for Archbishop Ussher, entreated him to wait upon the protector and endeavor to procure for them the same liberty of conscience which he granted to all classes of dissenters; to solicit permission, as they were excluded from the public churches, to officiate in their own private congregations; and to be secured from the disturbance of the soldiers, who interrupted their service and insulted their persons. The archbishop complied, and prevailed so far as to obtain a promise that the episcopal clergy should not be molested, provided they did not interfere with subjects relating to the government. The primate went a second time to get the promise confirmed and put in writing. He found the protector under the hands of his surgeon, who was dressing a boil on his breast. The protector requested the primate to sit down, and that he would speak with him as soon as the dressing was completed. Upon this a very remarkable conversation ensued. Cromwell addressed the primate, and said, pointing to the boil, "If this core were once out, I should be soon well." The archbishop replied—"I doubt the core lies deeper; there is a core in the heart, which must be taken out, or else it will not be well." "Ah!" replied the protector, "so there is indeed." And, though he affected to be unconcerned, a sigh followed his words. When the primate introduced the subject of his visit, Cromwell told him, that having more maturely considered the subject, he had been advised by his council not to grant any indulgence to men who were restless and implacable enemies to his person and government; and then dismissed him with professions of civility and kindness. The aged archbishop returned to his lodgings in great agitation, and deeply lamented the ill success of his interference. Dr. Parr relates that he visited the primate soon after in his chamber, and heard from him words to the following effect—"This false man hath broken his word with me, and refuses to perform what he promised. Well, he will have little cause to glory in his wickedness, for he will not continue long; the king will return; though I shall not live to see it, you may. The government, both in church and state, is in confusion: the Papists are advancing their projects, and making such advantages as will hardly be prevented."

The Primate of Ireland, after interceding with Cromwell for ejected ministers without success, retired to the country, using this expression to Dr. Gauden, that "he saw some men had only guts and no bowels, intestina non viscera."—*Further Continuation of Friendly Debates.* London, 1670, p. 148.

From the Spectator.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

Is an ill-considered title; for it not only conveys no notion of the scope of the book, but suggests an idea of its subject which is the reverse of the reality. A "henpecked husband" generally calls up the appearance of a rather feeble-minded if not a foolish person, crouching submissively to the tyranny of something like a virago, and furnishing materials for comedy or farce. Mark Chetwode, *the* husband in the novel before us, is not a person of this stamp; nor can the character of the tale be accounted comic, but something better. It points the moral of hasty and unequal matches. In carrying out the idea, or rather perhaps in carrying on the story, exaggerations and faults of detail occur, with general repetitions from the common sources of novelists; the staple of the tale may be deficient in that breadth which is necessary for fiction, and overloaded with subordinate and insignificant incidents, while some of the persons are too equivocal to be pleasing: but a leading idea is seized and embodied, and steadily adhered to. Such as nature and circumstances have made the husband and wife, such they continue. There is no violation of the probability of character to please readers who like persons to "turn out good," no shrinking from the legitimate consequences to make all end happily. The elements are sad—socially tragic; and they are allowed their course. It is this distinct presentation of a leading principle that gives a stamp to *The Henpecked Husband*, despite of matter slight in proportion to the length of the book, and an indifferent moral tone, not in the writer, but in most of the scenes and persons.

The leading story runs thus. Mark Chetwode, a lawyer of retired habits, has quietly lived with his mother till he is turned of thirty. From the isolation of his pursuits, and his ignorance of the female world, he gets entrapped into a marriage with Theresa Dering; whose mother, a friend of Mrs. Chetwode in early life, is an adventurous match-hunter of the worst kind—poor, unprincipled, and needy, but keeping up appearances, and contracting debts, which she expects the future husbands of her daughters to pay. Trained under such a person, Theresa is very badly educated; but even the example of her mother cannot altogether destroy a natural pride and a woman's heart. She is attached to Edward Sydenham; but circumstances forbade marriage, and an accident causes their separation just at a time when the lover inherits a fortune. Theresa, ignorant of this change, consents to marry Chetwode, though her affections are still engaged to her first love. The marriage is unhappy in the extreme; The-

resa's pride, self-will, loose notions, and love of society, leading to conduct diametrically opposed to all Chetwode's ideas of propriety and comfort. But though love, a yielding disposition, and the superior strength of his wife's will, induce him to give way to her arts or her demands, it can hardly be said that he is henpecked; and when opportunity and her old affection have placed her in a questionable position as regards Sydenham, Mark Chetwode is firm as adamant. After a half clandestine intercourse, Sydenham addresses a letter to Theresa, suggesting an elopement from a party; the signal of consent being that Mrs. Chetwode should wear a particular ornament. By a necessary though not very natural contrivance, Theresa drops the letter, without reading it; Chetwode picks it up, passes at once to his wife's dressing-room, and seeing the ornament, determines on a separation. A duel ensues; Sydenham is wounded; and though the wound is not immediately, it is eventually fatal. Theresa, accompanied by her mother, wanders listlessly about from place to place; sees her first love, by accident, when he is evidently dying; and some months afterwards she dies too.

We have indicated faults in the book, but the two principal are want of matter and of tone. The studies of the writer would seem to have lain amongst the better novels of the circulating library, or the class of society which they depict. The persons of *The Henpecked Husband* are either singular or questionable, wanting the solidity of the respectable classes, and the breeding and finish of fashionable life. Hence the book flags unless in scenes where there is direct interest in the story, because there is no interest in the manners.

A scene of the deeper kind will best exhibit the writer's powers. We take the one where Mrs. Dering has come over from Paris to get her daughter to pay a budget of bills.

When they were shut up together in cabinet council, Theresa rather impatiently inquired what could have brought her to England just as she and Mr. Chetwode were leaving town.

"You shall see," was all Mrs. Dering said; but from the voluminous folds of her dress, in every gigantic plait of which there appeared to be a pocket for the reception of articles of every degree of magnitude, she soon produced a reply as satisfactory as any words could be.

A handful of papers, some small, but mostly long, narrow, and delicately lined with blue, emerged from the depths; and, laying them down one by one in a file on the table, she exclaimed—"Now you will guess what brought me over!"

The very sight of these papers, which Theresa saw in a moment were every one of them bills, hardened her heart; and, leaning back in her chair with that face of desperate determination which she knew so well how to assume, she said in the coldest of voices—"Thank Heaven, nothing in which I have any concern; for I did not leave a single bill in Paris."

"No, my dear—not in Paris, I allow: these little accounts have nothing whatever to do with Paris—they are small debts contracted by you in England."

"In England!" repeated Theresa in amazement; "what can you mean? Mr. Chetwode was so exceedingly generous to me abroad, that before I employed any dressmaker in town, I made an arrangement that my bills of this year should not come in till next; how then can you possibly call them 'bills contracted by me in England?'"

The faintest tinge of color rose to Mrs. Dering's nose; additional color; for her blushes seemed never to patronize her cheeks, but preferred going where the tint that should have animated them was now established permanently.

"Not since your marriage, my darling—I do not mean since your marriage—I mean before."

It was now Theresa's turn to blush; and the rich red hue that dyed cheek, and brow, and throat, showed her mother that prosperity had refined her feelings, and that a difficult task was before her.

But the mother had less delicacy than the daughter; she did not respect the feelings of shame which thus spoke in Theresa's face, and choked her very utterance; she rattled on, indifferent to the scorn which was settling on the countenance of her child; and explained to her, with the most fluent effrontery, that the bills which she had brought over with her, and which she insinuated that Theresa must pay, were contracted at the different expensive shops in town at which the trousseau of Theresa had been procured!

In silence Theresa listened; in silence she overlooked them; and then, when each had been carefully examined, she exclaimed—"Mamma, I do wonder you are not ashamed!"

The sentence was an outburst of earnest and honest indignation, thrown as it were from her curling lips, with all the fervency of the most utter contempt; but it failed to make due impression on one whom a life of similar acts had rendered callous to public opinion.

Mrs. Dering, on the contrary, laughed; she actually laughed, and said—"Oh, Theresa, marriage has altered you!"

And Theresa, still glowing with vexation, gave vent to a torrent of reproaches.

"How you can possibly come here, mamma! here, where even I am but a guest! how you can come with that array of bills—bills contracted by you, without, I fear, the slightest intention on your part of ever paying them yourself, surpasses my comprehension! Well do I recollect in our young days the many ways and means we resorted to, when such odious letters as these came upon us; but never, never, mother, have you yet stooped to anything like this!"

"My dearest Theresa!" protested Mrs. Dering, "you are dreaming: count these bills up once more—see the sum to which they amount—how could you ever have imagined that out of my small means I could have paid them myself?"

"I did imagine it," retorted her daughter; "and I expected it too: I little thought I should ever have the humiliation of asking my husband to pay for the very clothes in which he married me!"

"Of course I do not expect you to say anything to Mr. Chetwode," said Mrs. Dering hastily; "surely, with your handsome pin-money——"

"With that, mamma, you have nothing to do; you do not know my resources, nor my expenses. Only tell me, how is it you cannot defray these bills?"

"Because I never intended," said the mother, determined not thus to be put down by her child. "I told you before you were married, that if I gave

you a trousseau such as Mr. Chetwode's wife should have, it was not in my power to pay for it: so here are the bills. You must remember my writing that to you, down at Tunbridge Wells."

Theresa considered a moment; and then she had a faint recollection of some letter, saying something about Mr. Keating's insisting on having no bills, and Mrs. Dering's resolution to manage better when it came to Theresa's turn. This she did remember; but she had never dreamt that the sentence "manage better when it came to Theresa's turn" bore this signification.

"And really and truly you cannot pay them!" she said.

"I cannot; they amount to nearly half my yearly income; and I lived on cheese-parings to pay for what Georgy had on her marriage, which was not nearly so much as I bestowed on you."

"Bestowed!" repeated Theresa, in a contemptuous murmur; "a very inappropriate term, mother!"

"It looks very much as if you will make me bestow them," retorted Mrs. Dering, angry in her turn, and inwardly terrified lest Theresa or her husband should decidedly refuse her request. "I tell you honestly, Theresa, if Clémence had not written me a most impertinent and threatening letter, I never would have put myself in this abject position."

Theresa's pride, not her heart, was touched, and she gathered up the papers.

"Not a word more," said she, "not a syllable further, on so odious a subject; I will take the only course which my duty suggests; and that is, I will place these accounts in the hands of my husband——"

"You will ruin me!" cried Mrs. Dering; "you certainly are mad, Theresa! expose me to Mr. Chetwode, when the sole reason that incited me to the extravagance was love for you, and pride in your appearance!"

"All the more likely that you will be forgiven," returned Theresa: "at all events, that is the only course I choose to pursue. The bills amount to £215. I will not stop to inquire of you if I had the lilac glacé silk dress charged by Clémence at eleven guineas—nor this white capote and feathers—not this pélerine of richest blonde—nor a mantelet de velours—nor several other items which certainly never formed part of my trousseau. Do not speak, mamma! it only makes matters worse;" and, suddenly seizing the papers, Theresa darted out of the room.

Mrs. Dering had not expected her to wind up the conversation in this abrupt manner; and she sat trembling in that quiet little room by herself, alike alarmed at her position and at the probable refusal which Mr. Chetwode might give to aiding and abetting her in what she considered to be the most clever thing she had ever done.

At last, Theresa returned; and her hands, instead of holding the expected check, were empty.

Mrs. Dering nearly dropped; but at last her daughter spoke. "He will pay them, mamma—he has them all ready to settle this afternoon. One thing only he insisted on; and that was, that he should do it himself; and he begged me to tell you, as delicately as I could, that never from this hour——"

"I know—I know," interrupted Mrs. Dering nervously; "not to do it again, you mean. Yes—yes: but I have no more daughters, thank goodness! Was he angry, my dearest?"

"Why ask?" said Theresa bitterly. "Since he has promised to save your credit, and pay the bills, what care you whether he were angry or not? No, mother: but remember, the next time you come to England on such an errand, do not come here."

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine:
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine:
Nor yet like rose-buds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she 's not a beauty,
She 's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below;
Yet there 's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she 's not a beauty,
She 's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change *her* sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kind heart* to me.

Chambers' Journal.

NATURAL USES OF HAIR.—That hair effects an important purpose in the animal economy, we have evidence in its almost universal distribution among the mammiferous class of animals; and if we admit the analogy between the feather and the hair among all warm-blooded animals, additional evidence is obtained in the perfection of its structure, and again in its early appearance in the progress of development of the young. As a bad conductor of heat, it tends to preserve the warmth of the body; and in man it would have that effect upon the head, and serve to equalize the temperature of the brain. It is also a medium of defence against external irritants, as the heat of the sun's rays and the bites of insects, and against injuries inflicted with violence. Of special purposes fulfilled by the hairs, we have instances in the eyebrows and eyelids, which are beautifully adapted for the defence of the organs of vision; in the small hairs which grow in the apertures of the nostrils, and serve as guardians to the delicate membrane of the nose; and in similar hairs in the ear-tubes, which defend those cavities from the intrusion of insects. —*Wilson on the Skin.*

A GENTLEMAN GROOM.—"Why did you leave your last place?" said a gentleman to his groom, who presented himself for the service of his cab: "did Captain R. discharge you?" "No." "Was he a bad master?" "On the contrary, a very good one—gave good wages, plenty of liveries, and as much help in the stable as one could want." "Then why leave his service?" "To say the truth, sir, I found it very disagreeable in winter-time at Melton. Captain R. did not belong to the right club, or live in the first set; and then he was so very dull in the tilbury, I really could not stand it."—*Barham's Memoirs.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTERS. A TALE OF THE BIVOUAC.

THE green slope of a hill, at the base of a southern spur of the Pyrenees, presented, upon a spring night of the year 1827, a scene of unusual life. The long grass, rarely pressed save by some errant mountain goat, or truant donkey from the plain, was now laid and trodden beneath the feet and hoofs of a host of men and horses; the young trees, neglected by the wood-cutter in favor of maturer timber, resounded beneath the blows of the foraging-hatchet. Up the centre of the hill, an avenue, bare of wood, but not less grass-grown than the other portions of the slope, communicated with the steep and rocky path that zigzagged up the face of the superior mountain. On either side of this road—if such the track might be called, that was only marked by absence of trees—several squadrons of cavalry, hussars, lancers, and light dragoons, had established their bivouac. There had been hard fighting over that ground for the greater part of the afternoon; but with this the horsemen had little to do. On the other hand, the fragments of smoked paper strewing the grass showed that musketeers had been busy, and many cartridges expended, amongst those very trees, where the enemy had made a vigorous stand before he was driven up and finally over the mountain by the queen's troops. A little higher, where less cover was to be had, dead bodies lay thick; and there had been a very fair sprinkling of the same, in great part despoiled of clothes by the retiring Carlists, upon the luxuriant pasture the Christino cavalry now occupied. From the immediate vicinity of the bivouac, however, these offensive objects had, for the most part, been dragged away. The infantry were further in advance up the mountain, and on the right and left. The enemy having vacated the plain on the approach of a superior force, the cavalry had scarcely got a charge, but had had, upon the other hand, a large amount of trotting to and fro, of scrambling through rugged lanes, and toiling over heavy fields. They had also had a pretty view of the fighting, in which they were prevented taking a share, but which their brass bands frequently encouraged by martial and patriotic melodies; and they had received more than one thorough drenching from the heavy showers that poured down at brief intervals from sunrise till evening. The sun had set, however, in a clear blue sky; the stars shone brightly out; the air was fresh rather than cold; and, but for the extreme wetness of the grass, the night was by no means unfavorable for a bivouac. This inconvenience the men obviated, in some measure, by cutting away the long rank herbage with their sabres, in circles round the fires, made with some difficulty out of the green moist branches of oak and apple-trees; and which, for a while, gave out more smoke than flame, more stench than warmth.

It chanced to be my turn for duty that night; and this prevented my following the example of most of my brother-officers, who, after eating their share of some Carlist sheep, (the lazy commissariat mules were far behind,) wrapped themselves in their cloaks, with logs or valises under their heads, and with the excellent resolution of making but one nap of it from that moment till the reveillée sounded. I was not prevented sleeping, certainly; but now and then I had to rouse myself and go the round of the portion of the encampment occupied by my regiment, to see that the horses were properly picketed, the sentries at their posts, and that all was right and conformable to regulation. Then I would lie down again and take a nap, sometimes at one fire, sometimes at another. At last, a couple of hours before daybreak, I was puzzled to find one to lie down at; for the bivouac was buried in sleep, and the neglected fires had been allowed to die out, or to become mere heaps of smouldering ashes. I betook myself to the one that gave the greatest symptoms of warmth, and on which, just as I reached it, a soldier threw an armful of small branches. Then, falling on his knees and hands, and lowering his head till his chin nearly touched the ground, he blew lustily upon the embers, which glowed and sparkled, and finally blazed up, casting a red light upon his brown and mustached countenance. I recognized a German belonging to my troop We had several Germans and Poles, and one or two Italians and Frenchmen, in the regiment; some of them political refugees, driven by want to a station below their breeding; others, scamps and deserters from different services, but nearly all smart and daring soldiers. This man, Heinzel by name, was rather one of the scampish sort; not that he had ever suffered punishment beyond extra guards or a night in the black hole, but he was reckless and unsteady, which prevented his being made a sergeant, as he otherwise assuredly would have been; for, in spite of a very ugly physiognomy of the true Tartar type, he was a smart-looking soldier, a devil to fight, and a good writer and accountant. He had been a corporal once, but had been reduced for thrashing two Spanish peasants, whilst under the influence of *aguardiente*. He said they had tried to make him desert; which was likely enough, for they had certainly furnished him with the liquor gratis—an improbable act of generosity without an object. But he could not prove the alleged inveiglement; the civil authorities, to whom the boors had complained, pressed for satisfaction; and it was necessary to punish even an appearance of excess on the part of mercenary troops, often too much disposed to ill-treat the inoffensive peasantry. I had a liking for Heinzel, whom I fancied above his station. He spoke tolerable French; had rapidly picked up English in our regiment; and expressed himself, in his own language, in terms showing him to spring from a better class than that whence private soldiers generally proceed. Moreover, he had a mellow voice, knew a host of German songs, and although not a tithe of the squadron understood the words, all listened with pleased attention when he sang upon the march Arndt's dashing ditty in honor of Prince Blucher—every note of which has a sound of clashing steel and clanging trumpet, Hauff's milder and more sentimental

"Steh' ich in finstrer Mitternacht,"

and other popular *Soldaten-lieder*. Not very frequently, however, could he be prevailed upon to sing; for he was of humor taciturn, not to say sullen. He would drink to excess when the chance was afforded him; and although he could bear an immense deal either of wine or brandy without its affecting his head, he was oftener the worse for liquor than any other foreigner in the squadron, with the exception of one infernal Pole, who seemed to enjoy the special protection of Bacchus, and would find means to get drunk as the sow of Davy when the rest of the regiment were reduced to the limpid element.

Having got up a respectable blaze, Heinzel produced from his schapska a small wooden pipe and a bag of tobacco; filled the former, lit it at the fire, and with an "*Erlauben Sie, Herr Lieutenant,*" (he usually spoke German to me,) seated himself at a respectful distance upon a fallen tree trunk, on one end of which I had taken my station.

"A cold morning, Heinzel," said I.

"Very cold, *Herr Lieutenant;* will you take a *schnapps*, sir?"

And from the breast of his jacket he pulled out a leather-covered flask, more than half full, from which I willingly imbibed a dram of very respectable Spanish brandy. Considering the absence of rations, and our consequent reduction, since the preceding morning, from beef, bread, and wine, to quivering mutton and spring water, I at first gave Heinzel infinite credit for having husbanded this drop of comfort. But I presently discovered that I was indebted for my morning glass to no excess of sobriety on his part, but to his having fallen in with a Spanish canteen-woman, whom he had beguiled of a flaskful in exchange for two lawful reals of the realm.

The cordial had invigorated and refreshed me, and I no longer felt inclined to sleep. Neither to all appearance did Heinzel, who sat in an easy soldierly attitude upon his end of the log, gazing at the fire and smoking in silence. It occurred to me as a good opportunity to learn if my suspicions were well-founded, and if he had not once been something better than a private dragoon in the service of her Catholic majesty. We were alone, with the exception of one soldier, who lay at length, and apparently asleep, upon the other side of the fire, closely wrapped in his red cloak, whose collar partially concealed his face.

"Who is that?" said I to Heinzel.

The German rose from his seat, walked round the fire, and drew the cloak collar a little aside, disclosing a set of features of mild and agreeable expression. The man was not asleep, or else the touching of his cloak awakened him, for I saw the firelight glance upon his eyes; but he said nothing, and Heinzel returned to his place.

"It is Franz Schmidt."

I knew this young man well, although he belonged to a different squadron, as an exceedingly clean, well-behaved soldier, and one of the most daring fellows that ever threw leg over saddle. In fact, from the colonel downwards, no man was better known than Schmidt. He was a splendid horseman, and had attracted notice upon almost the first day he joined, by a feat of equitation. There was a horse which had nearly broken the heart of the riding-master, and the bones of every man who had mounted him. The brute would go pretty quietly in the riding-school, but as soon as he got into the ranks, he took offence at something or other—whether the numerous society, the waving of pennons, or the sounds of the trumpet, it was impossible to decide—and started off at the top of his speed, kicking and capering, and playing every imaginable prank. The rough-riders had all tried him, but could make nothing of him. Still, as he was a showy young horse, the colonel was loath to have him cast; when one day, as we went out to drill, and Beelzebub, as the men had baptized the refractory beast, had just given one of the best horsemen in the regiment a severe fall, Schmidt volunteered to mount him. His offer was accepted. He was in the saddle in a second; but before his right foot was in the stirrup, or his lance in the bucket, the demon was off with him, over a stiff wall and a broad ditch, and across a dangerous country, at a slapping pace. Schmidt rode beautifully. Nothing could stir him from his saddle; he endured the buck-leaps and other wilful eccentricities of the headstrong steed with perfect indifference, and amused himself, as he flew over the country, by going through the lance-exercise, in the most perfect manner I ever beheld. At last he got the horse in hand, and circled him in a large heavy field, till the sweat ran off his hide in streams; then he trotted quietly back to the column. From that hour he rode the beast, which became one of the best and most docile chargers in the corps. Beelzebub had found his master, and knew it.

The attention Schmidt drew upon himself by this incident, was sustained by subsequent peculiarities in his conduct. The captain of his troop wished to have him made a corporal; but he refused the grade, although he might be well assured it would lead to higher ones. He preferred serving as a private soldier, and did his duty admirably, but was more popular with his officers than with his comrades, on account of his reserved manner, and of the little disposition he showed to share the sports or revels of the latter. Before the enemy he was fearless almost to a fault, exposing his life for the mere pleasure, as it seemed, of doing so, whenever the opportunity offered. He did not cotton much, as the phrase goes, with any one, but in his more sociable moments, and when their squadrons happened to be together, he was more frequently seen with Heinzel than with anybody else. In manner he was very mild and quiet, exceedingly silent, and would sometimes pass whole days without opening his lips, save to answer to his name at roll-call.

To return, however, to Master Heinzel. I was resolved to learn something of his history, and, by way of drawing him out, began to speak to him of his native country, generally the best topic to open a German's heart, and make him communicative. Heinzel gave into the snare, and gradually I brought him to talk of himself. I asked him if he had been a soldier in his own country—thinking it possible he might be a deserter from some German service; but his reply was contradictory of this notion.

"All my service has been in Spain, sir," he said; "and it is not two years since I first put on a soldier's coat, although in one sense, I may say I was born in the army. For I first saw light on the disastrous day of Wagram, and my father, an Austrian grenadier, was killed at the bridge of Znaym. My mother, a sutler, was wounded in the breast by a spent ball whilst supporting his head, and trying to recall the life that had fled forever; and although she thought little of the hurt at the time, it occasioned her death a few months afterwards."

"A melancholy start in the world," I remarked. "The regiment should have adopted and made a soldier of the child born within sound of cannon, and deprived of both father and mother by the chances of war."

"Better for me if the regiment had, I dare say," replied Heinzel; "but somebody else adopted me, and by the time I was old enough to do something for myself, fighting was no longer in fashion. I might think myself lucky that I was not left to die

by the road-side, for in those days soldiers' orphans were too plenty for one in a hundred to find a foster-father."

"And who acted as yours?"

"An elderly gentleman of Wurzburg, at whose door my mother, overcome by fatigue and sickness, one evening fell down. Incapacitated by ill-health from pursuing her former laborious and adventurous occupation, she had wandered that far on her way to Nassau, her native country. She never got there, but died at Wurzburg, and was buried at the charges of the excellent Ulrich Esch, who further smoothed her dying pillow by the promise that I should be cared for, and brought up as his child. Herr Esch had been a shopkeeper in Cologne, but having early amassed, by dint of industry and frugality, the moderate competency he coveted, he had retired from business, and settled down in a snug country-house in the suburbs of Wurzburg, where he fell in love and got married. Since then several years had elapsed, and the union, in other respects happy, had proved childless. It was a great vexation to the worthy man and to his meek, sweet-tempered spouse, when they were finally compelled to admit the small probability of their ever being blessed with a family. Herr Esch tried to draw consolation from his pipe, his wife from her pet dogs and birds; but these were poor substitutes for the cheering presence of children, and more than once the pair had consulted together on the propriety of adopting a child. They still demurred, however, when my mother's arrival and subsequent death put an end to their indecision. The kind-hearted people received her into their house, and bestowed every care upon her, and, when she departed, they took me before the justice of peace and formally adopted me as their child. For some months my situation was most enviable. True, that old Hannchen, the sour housekeeper, looked upon me with small favor, and was occasionally heard to mutter, when my presence gave her additional trouble, something about beggar's brats and foundlings. True also that Fido, the small white lapdog, viewed me with manifest jealousy, and that Mops, the big poodle, made felonious attempts to bite, which finally occasioned his banishment from the premises. I was too young to be sensible to these small outbreaks of envy, and my infancy glided happily away; when suddenly there was great jubilee in the house, and, after eight years of childless wedlock, Madame Esch presented her husband with a son. This event made a vast difference in my position and prospects, although I still had no reason to complain of my lot. My worthy foster-parents did their duty by me, and did not forget, in their gush of joy at the birth of a child to their old age, the claims of the orphan they had gathered up at their door. In due time I was sent to school, where, being extremely idle, I remained unusually late before I was held to have amassed a sufficient amount of learning to qualify me for a seat on a high stool in a Wurzburg counting-house. I was a desperately lazy dog, and a bit of a scapegrace, with a turn for making bad verses, and ridiculous ideas on the subject of liberty, both individual and national. My foster-father's intention was to establish me, after a certain period of probation, in a shop or small business of my own; but the accounts he got of me from my employers were so unsatisfactory, and one or two mad pranks I played caused so much scandal in the town, that he deferred the execution of his plan, and thinking that absence from home, and a strict taskmaster, might be beneficial, he started me off to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where a clerk's place was ready for me in the office of the long-established and highly respectable firm of Schraube & Co."

Here Heinzel broke off the narrative strain into which he had insensibly fallen, and apologized for intruding upon me so commonplace a tale. But he had got into the vein, I saw, and was willing enough to go on; and, on my part, I was curious to hear his story out, although I had already assigned to it, in my mind, the not unnatural termination of flight from a severe employer, renunciation by the adoptive father, and consequent destitution and compulsory enlistment. I begged him to continue, and he did not need much pressing.

"Frankfort is a famous place for Jews," continued Heinzel, "and Jews are notoriously sharp men of business; but the entire synagogue might have been searched in vain for a more thorough Hebrew in character and practice than that very Christian merchant, Herr Johann Schraube. He was one of those persons who seem sent into the world for the express purpose of making themselves as disagreeable as possible. A little, bandy-legged, ill-made man, with small ferret's eyes, and a countenance expressive of unbounded obstinacy and self-conceit; he had a pleasant way of repeating his own words when he ought to have listened to the answer, was never known to smile except when he had made somebody miserable, or to grant a favor till he had surlily refused it at least half-a-dozen times. His way of speaking was like the snap of a dog. Everybody about him hated and feared him; his wife and children, his servants, his clerks, and even his partner, a tall strapping fellow who could have crushed him with his foot like a weasel, but who, nevertheless, literally trembled in presence of the concentrated bile of his amiable associate. I anticipated a pleasant time of it under the rule of such a domestic tyrant, especially as it had been arranged that I was to live in the house. Accordingly, a bed-chamber was allotted to me. I took my meals, with some others of the clerks, at the lower end of the family dinner-table, and passed ten hours a day in writing letters and making out accounts. My scanty moments of relaxation I was fain to pass either out of doors or reading in the counting-house; for although nominally treated as one of the family, I could see that my presence in the common sitting-room was anything but welcome to Schraube and his circle. Altogether I led a dog's life, and I make no doubt I should have deserted my blotting-book and fled back to Wurzburg, had I not found one consolation amongst all these disagreeables. Herr Schraube had a daughter of the name of Jacqueline—a beautiful girl, with golden curls and laughing eyes, gay and lively, but coquettish and somewhat satirical. With this young lady I fell in love, and spoiled innumerable quires of post paper in scribbling bad poetry in praise of her charms. But it was long before I dared to offer her my rhymes; and, in the mean time, she had no suspicion of my flame. How could she possibly suspect that her father's new clerk, of whose existence she was scarcely conscious, save from seeing him twice or thrice a day at the furthest extremity of the dining-table, would dare to lift his eyes to her with thoughts of love. She had no lack of more eligible adorers; and, although she encouraged none of them, there was one shambling lout of a fellow, with round shoulders and a sodden countenance, whom her father particularly favored, because he was exceedingly rich, and whose addresse he insisted on her admit-

ting. Like everybody else, she stood in much awe of old Schraube; but her repugnance to this suitor gave her courage to resist his will, and, for some time the matter remained in a sort of undecided state; stupid Gottlieb coming continually to the house, encouraged and made much of by the father, but snubbed and turned into ridicule by the vivacious and petulant daughter, both of whom, probably, trusted that time would change each other's determination.

"Such was the state of things when, one evening as I sat in the counting-house hard at work at an invoice, a servant came in and said that Miss Jacqueline wished to speak to me. A summons to appear at the pope's footstool would not have surprised me more than this message from a young lady who had long occupied my thoughts, but had never seemed in the least to heed me. Since I had been in the house, we had not exchanged words half-a-dozen times, and what could be the reason of this sudden notice? Without waiting to reflect, however, I hurried to her presence. She was seated at her piano, with a quantity of music scattered about; and her first words dissipated the romantic dreams I had begun to indulge on my way from the counting-house to the drawing-room. She had heard I was clever with my pen, and she had a piece of music to copy. Would I oblige her by doing it? Although I had never attempted such a thing, I unhesitatingly accepted the task, overjoyed at what I flattered myself might lead to intimacy. I sat up all that night, laboring at the song, and after spoiling two or three copies, succeeded in producing one to my satisfaction. Jacqueline was delighted with it—thanked me repeatedly—spoke so kindly, and smiled so sweetly, that my head was almost turned, and I ventured to kiss her hand. She seemed rather surprised and amused than angry, but took no particular notice, and dismissed me with another piece of music to copy. This was done with equal despatch and correctness, and procured me another interview with Jacqueline, and a third similar task. Thenceforward the supply of work was pretty regular, and took up all my leisure time, and often a good part of my nights. But in such service I was far from grudging toil, or lamenting loss of sleep. Nearly every day I found means of seeing Jacqueline, either to return music, to ask a question about an illegible bar, or on some similar pretext. She was too much accustomed to admiration not at once to detect my sentiments. Apparently they gave her no offence; at any rate she showed no marks of displeasure when, after a short time, I ventured to substitute, for the words of a song I copied, some couplets of my own, which, although doubtless more fervent in style than meritorious as poetry, could not leave her in doubt of my feelings towards her. I even thought, upon our next meeting at the dinner-table, after she had received this effusion, that her cheek was tinged with a blush when I caught her bright blue eye. With such encouragement I continued to poetize at a furious rate, sometimes substituting my verses for those of songs, at others writing them out upon delicate pink paper, with a border of lyres and myrtles, and conveying them to her in the folds of the music. She never spoke to me of them, but neither did she return them; and I was satisfied with this passive acceptance of my homage. Thus we went on for some time, I sighing and she smiling; until at last I could no longer restrain my feelings, but fell at her feet and confessed my love. A trifling but significant circumstance impelled me to this decisive step. Going into the sitting-room one afternoon, I beheld her standing at the window, engaged in the childish occupation of breathing on the glass and scribbling with her finger upon the clouded surface. So absorbed was she in this pastime that I approached her closely before she seemed aware of my presence, and was able to read over her shoulder what she wrote upon the pane. To my inexpressible delight, I distinguished the initials of my name. Just then she turned her head, gave a faint coquettish scream, and hurriedly smeared the characters with her hand. My heart beat quick with joyful surprise; I was too agitated to speak, but, laying down the music I carried, I hurried to my apartment to meditate in solitude on what had passed. I beheld my dearest dreams approaching realization. I could no longer doubt that Jacqueline loved me; and although I was but her father's clerk, and he was reputed very wealthy, yet she was one of many children—my kind foster parent had promised to establish me in business—and, that done, there would be no very great impropriety in my offering myself as Herr Schraube's son-in-law. Upon the strength of these reflections, the next time I found myself alone with Jacqueline, I made my declaration. Thrice bitter was the disenchantment of that moment. Her first words swept away my visions of happiness as summarily as her fingers had effaced the letters upon the tarnished glass. But the glass remained uninjured, whilst my heart was bruised and almost broken by the shock it now sustained. My avowal of love was received with affected surprise, and with cold and cutting scorn. In an instant the castle of cards, which for weeks and months I had built and decorated with flowers of love and fancy, fell with a crash, and left no trace of its existence save the desolation its ruin caused. I had been the victim of an arrant coquette, whose coquetry, however, I now believe, sprang rather from utter want of thought than innate badness of heart. Her arch looks, her friendly words, her wreathed smiles, the very initials on the window, were so many limed twigs, set for a silly bird. Jacqueline had all the while been acting. But what was comedy to her was deep tragedy to me. I fled from her presence, my heart full, my cheeks burning, my pulse throbbing with indignation. And as I meditated, in the silence of my chamber, upon my own folly and her cruel coquetry, I felt my fond love turn into furious hate, and I vowed to be revenged. How, I knew not, but my will was so strong that I was certain of finding a way. Unfortunately, an opportunity speedily offered itself.

"For some days I was stupefied by the severity of my disappointment. I went through my counting-house duties mechanically; wrote, moved, got up and lay down, with the dull regularity, almost with the unconsciousness, of an automaton. I avoided as much as possible the sight of Jacqueline, who, of course, took no notice of me, and studiously averted her eyes from me, as I thought, when we met at meals; perhaps some feeling of shame at the cruel part she had acted made her unwilling to encounter my gaze. My leisure time, although not very abundant, hung heavily upon my hands, now that I had no music to copy, no amorous sonnets to write. A fellow-clerk, observing my dulness and melancholy, frequently urged me to accompany him to a kind of club, held at a *kneipe*, or wine-house, where he was wont to pass his evenings. At last I suffered myself to be per-

suaded; and finding temporary oblivion of my misfortune in the fumes of canaster and Rhine wine, and in the boisterous mirth of a jovial noisy circle, I soon became a regular tavern-haunter; and, in order to pass part of the night, as well as the evening, over the bottle, I procured a key to the house-door, by means of which I was able to get in and out at hours that would have raised Herr Schraube's indignation to the very highest pitch, had he been aware of the practice.

"It chanced one night, or rather morning, as I ascended the steps, of mingled wood and brick, that led to the door of my employer's spacious but old-fashioned dwelling, that I dropped my key, and owing to the extreme darkness, had difficulty in finding it. Whilst groping in the dusty corners of the stairs, my fingers suddenly encountered a small piece of paper protruding from a crack. I pulled it out; it was folded in the form of a note, and I took it up to my room. There was no address; but the contents did not leave me long in ignorance of the person for whom the epistle was intended. The first line contained the name of Jacqueline, which was repeated, coupled with innumerable tender epithets, in various parts of the billet-doux. It was signed by a certain Theodore, and contained the usual protestations of unbounded love and eternal fidelity, which, from time immemorial, lovers have made to their mistresses. Whoever the writer, he had evidently found favor with Jacqueline; for again and again he repeated how happy her love made him. Apparently, he was by no means so certain of the father's good-will, and had not yet ventured to approach him in the character of an aspirant to his daughter's hand; for he deplored the difficulties he foresaw in that quarter, and discussed the propriety of getting introduced to Herr Scraube, and seeking his consent. He begged Jacqueline to tell him when he might venture such a step. The letter did not refer to any previous ones, but seemed written in consequence of a verbal understanding; and the writer reminded his mistress of her promise to place her answers to his missives in the same place where she found these, twice in every week, upon appointed days, which were named.

"The perusal of this letter revived in my breast the desire of revenge which its possession gave me a prospect of gratifying. At that moment I would not have bartered the flimsy scrap of paper for the largest note ever issued from a bank. I did not, it is true, immediately see in what way its discovery was to serve my purpose, but that, somehow or other, it would do so, I instinctively felt. After mature consideration, I quietly descended the stairs, and restored the letter to the hiding-place whence I had taken it. That afternoon it had disappeared, and on the following day, which was one of those appointed, I withdrew from the same crevice Jacqueline's perfumed and tender reply to her beloved Theodore. It breathed the warmest attachment. The coquette, who had trifled so cruelly with my feelings, was in her turn caught in Cupid's toils; and I might have deemed her sufficiently chastised for her treatment of me by the anxieties and difficulties with which her love was environed. She wrote to her admirer, that he must not yet think of speaking to her father, or even of getting introduced to him; for that in the first place, Herr Schraube had officers in peculiar aversion, and would not tolerate them in his house; and secondly, it had long been his intention to marry her to Gottlieb Loffel, who was rich, ugly and stupid, and whom she could not bear. She bid Theodore be patient, and of good courage; for that she would be true to him till death, and never marry the odious suitor they tried to force upon her, but would do all in her power to change her father's purpose, and incline him favorably to the man of her choice. Whilst deploring old Scraube's cold-blooded and obstinate character, she still was sanguine that in the main he desired her happiness, and would not destroy it forever by uniting her to a man she detested, and by severing her from him with whom alone would life be worth having, from her first and only love, her dearest Theodore, &c., &c. And so forth, with renewed vows of unfailing affection. This was a highly important letter, as letting me further into the secrets of the lovers. So the lucky Theodore, who had so fascinated Jacqueline, was an officer. That the old gentleman hated military men, I was already aware; and it was no news to me that his daughter entertained a similar feeling towards the booby Loffel. I had long since discovered this, although fear of her father induced Jacqueline to treat her unwelcome suitor with much more urbanity and consideration than she would otherwise have shown him.

"The next day the lady's letter, which I carefully put back in the nook of the steps, was gone, and the following Saturday brought another tender epistle from the gentle Theodore, who this time, however, was anything but gentle; for he vowed implacable hatred to his obnoxious rival, and devoted him to destruction if he persisted in his persecution of Jacqueline. Then there were fresh protestations of love, eternal fidelity and the like, but nothing new of great importance. The correspondence continued in pretty much the same strain for several weeks, during which I regularly read the letters, and returned them to the clandestine post-office. At last I grew weary of the thing, and thought of putting a stop to it, but could not hit upon a way of doing so, and at the same time of sufficiently revenging myself, unless by a communication to Herr Schraube, which plan did not altogether satisfy me. Whilst I thus hesitated, Jacqueline, in one of her letters, after detailing, for her lover's amusement, some awkward absurdities of which Loffel had been guilty, made mention of me.

"'I never told you,' she wrote, 'of the presumption of one of my father's clerks; a raw-boned monster, with a face like a Calmuck, who, because he writes bad verses, and is here as a sort of gentleman-volunteer, thought himself permitted to make me, his master's daughter, the object of his particular regards. I must confess, that when I perceived him smitten, I was wicked enough to amuse myself a little at his expense, occasionally bestowing a word or smile which raised him to the seventh heaven, and were sure to produce, within the twenty-four hours, a string of limping couplets, intended to praise my beauty and express his adoration, but, in reality, as deficient in meaning as they were faulty in metre. At last, one day, towards the commencement of my acquaintance with you, dearest Theodore, he detected me childishly engaged in writing your beloved initials in my breath upon the window. His initials happen to be the same as yours, (thank Heaven, it is the only point of resemblance between you,) and it afterwards occurred to me he was perhaps misled by the coincidence. In no other way, at least, could I explain the fellow's assurance, when, two days afterwards, he plumped himself down upon his

knees, and, sighing like the bellows of a forge, declared himself determined to adore me to the last day of his life, or some still more remote period. You may imagine my answer. I promise you he left off pestering me with bad rhymes; and from that day has scarcely dared raise his eyes higher than my shoe-tie.'

"This last assertion was false. My love and rejection were no cause for shame; but she might well blush for her coquetry, of which I could not acquit her even now the incident of the window was explained. Her injurious and satirical observations deeply wounded my self-love. I read and re-read the offensive paragraph, till every syllable was imprinted on my memory. Each fresh perusal increased my anger; and at last, my invention stimulated by fury, I devised a scheme which would afford me, I was sure, ample scope for vengeance on Jacqueline and her minion. A very skilful penman, I possessed great facility in imitating all manner of writing, and had often idly exercised myself in that dangerous art. I was quite sure that with a model beside me, I should not have the slightest difficulty in counterfeiting the handwriting both of Jacqueline and Theodore; who, moreover unsuspicious of deceit, would be unlikely to notice any slight differences. I resolved in future to carry on their correspondence myself, suppressing the real letters, and substituting false ones of a tenor conformable to my object. I calculated on thus obtaining both amusement and revenge, and enchanted with the ingenuity of my base project, I at once proceeded to its execution. It was fully successful; but the consequences were terrible, far exceeding anything I had anticipated."

I could not restrain an exclamation of indignation and disgust at the disclosure of this vindictive and abominable scheme. Heinzel—who told his tale, I must do him the justice to say, not vauntingly, but rather in a tone of humility and shame which I have perhaps hardly rendered in committing the narrative to paper—Heinzel easily conjectured the feeling that prompted my indignant gesture and inarticulate ejaculation. He looked at me timidly and deprecatingly.

"I was a fiend, sir—a devil; I deserved hanging or worse. My only excuse, a very poor one, is the violent jealousy, the mad anger, that possessed me—the profound conviction that Jacqueline had intentionally trifled with my heart's best feelings. Upon this conviction I brooded till my blood turned to gall, and every kind of revenge, however criminal, to me appeared justifiable."

He paused, leaned his head mournfully upon his hand, and seemed indisposed to proceed.

"It is not for me to judge you, Heinzel," said I. "There is One above us all who will do that, and to whom penitence is an acceptable offering. Let me hear the end of your story."

"You shall, sir. You are the first to whom I ever told it, and I scarce know how I came to this confidence. But it does me good to unburden my conscience, though my cheek burns as I avow my infamy."

His voice faltered, and again he was silent. Respecting the unaffected emotion of the repentant sinner, I did not again urge him to proceed; but presently he recommenced, of his own accord, in a sad but steady voice, as if he had made up his mind to drink to the dregs the self-prescribed cup of humiliation.

"According to my determination, I kept back Jacqueline's next letter, and replaced it by one of my own, whose writing the most expert judge would have had difficulty in distinguishing from hers. In this suppositious epistle I gave Theodore a small ray of hope. The father, Jacqueline wrote, (or rather I wrote it for her,) was kinder to her than formerly, and had almost ceased to speak of her union with Loffel. Her hopes revived, and she thought things might still go happily, and Theodore become her husband. To obviate all probability of my manœuvres being discovered, I strictly enjoined the favored officer to abstain in future from speaking to her (as I knew from previous letters he was in the habit of doing) on the promenade, or in other public places. I gave as a reason, that those interviews, although brief and guarded, had occasioned gossip, and that, should they come to her father's ears, they would materially impede, perhaps altogether prevent, the success of her efforts to get rid of Loffel. Her lover was to be kept informed of the progress she made in bringing Herr Schraube to her views, and to receive instant intimation when the propitious moment arrived for presenting himself in the character of a suitor. So far so good. This letter elicited a joyful answer from Theodore, who swore by all that was sacred to be quiet, and take patience, and wait her instructions. I suppressed this, replacing it by one conformable to my arrangements. And now, in several following letters, I encouraged the officer, gradually raising his hopes higher and higher. At last I wrote to him that the day approached when he need no longer sigh in secret, but declare his love before the whole world, and especially before the hitherto intractable old merchant. His replies expressed unbounded delight and happiness, and eternal gratitude to the constant mistress who thus ably surmounted difficulties. But in the mean while things progressed precisely in the contrary direction. Herr Schraube, more than ever prepossessed in favor of Loffel's well-stored coffers, was deaf to his daughter's arguments, and insisted upon her marrying him. In one of Jacqueline's letters, kept back by me, she mournfully informed her lover of her father's irrevocable determination, adding that she would only yield to downright force, and would never cease to cherish in her heart the ill-fated love she had vowed to her Theodore. Then—and upon this, in my vindictive wickedness, I prided myself as a masterly stratagem—I caused the correspondence on the part of the officer to become gradually colder and more constrained, until at last his letters assumed a tone of ill-concealed indifference, and finally, some weeks before the day appointed for the wedding, ceased altogether. Of course I never allowed him to get possession of the poor girl's mournful and heart-broken replies, wherein she at last declared that, since Theodore deserted her, she would sacrifice herself like a lamb, obey her father, and marry Loffel. Life, she said, had no longer any charm for her; her hopes deceived, her affections blighted, the man she had so dearly loved faithless to his vows, she abandoned the idea of happiness in this world, and resigned herself to the lot imposed by a parent's will. Instead of these notes of lamentation, I sent to Theodore words of love and hope, and anticipations of approaching happiness. And at last, to cut short this long and shameful story, I wrote a concluding letter in Jacqueline's name, desiring him to present himself on the following Sunday at her father's house, and demand her hand in marriage. She had smoothed all difficulties, the unacceptable wooer had been dismissed, her father had relented, and was disposed to

give the officer a favorable reception. Theodore's reply was incoherent with joy. But the Sunday, as I well knew, was the day fixed for Jacqueline's marriage with Gottlieb Loffel. The climax approached, and, like a villain as I was, I gloated in anticipation over my long-prepared revenge. The day came; the house was decorated, the guests appeared. The bride's eyes were red with weeping, her face was as white as her dress; repugnance and despair were written upon her features. The priest arrived, the ceremony was performed, the tears coursing the while over Jacqueline's wan face; when, just at its close, the jingle of spurs was heard upon the stairs, and Theodore, in the full dress uniform of a Prussian officer, his face beaming with hope and love, entered the apartment. The bride fell senseless to the ground; the officer, upon learning what had just taken place, turned as pale as his unhappy mistress, and rushed down stairs. Before Jacqueline regained consciousness, I had thrown into the post-office a packet to her address, containing the intercepted letters. It was my wedding present to the wife of Gottlieb Loffel."

Since the interruption above recorded, I had listened in silence, with strong but painful interest, to Heinzel's details of his odious treachery. But the climax of his cruel revenge came upon me unexpectedly. A hasty word escaped me, and I voluntarily sprang to my feet.

"I deserve your contempt and anger, sir," said Heinzel; "but, believe me, I have already been severely punished, although not to the extent I merit. Not one happy hour have I had since that day—no moment of oblivion, save what was procured me by this" (he held up his dram-bottle.) "I am haunted by a spectre that leaves me no rest. Did I not fear judgment there," and he pointed upwards, "I would soon leave the world—blow out my brains with my carbine, or throw myself to-morrow upon the bayonets of a Carlist battalion. But would such a death atone for my crime? Surely not, with the blood of that innocent girl on my head. No, I must live and suffer, for I am not fit to die."

"How! her blood?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, as you shall hear. Jacqueline's fainting fit was succeeded by hysterical paroxysms, and it was necessary to put her to bed and send for a physician. He ordered great care and repose, for he feared a brain fever. Her mother watched by her that night, but, towards daybreak, retired to repose, leaving her in charge of a servant. I heard that she was ill, but so obdurate was my heart rendered by the vindictive feelings possessing it, that I rejoiced at the misery and suffering I had occasioned her. Early the next morning I was entering the counting-house when I met the postman with letters for the family; and I chuckled as I perceived amongst them the packet containing the correspondence between Jacqueline and Theodore. I betook myself to my desk, next to a window that looked into the street, and commenced my usual quill-driving labors, pursuing them mechanically, whilst my mind dwelt upon Jacqueline's despairing regret on receiving the packet, conjectured her exclamations of grief and indignation when she discovered the bitter deception, her vain endeavors to guess its author. Nearly half an hour passed in this manner, when a sudden and momentary shade was cast upon my paper by an object passing before the window. Almost at the same instant I heard a heavy thump upon the pavement, and then a chorus of screams from the upper windows of the house. Throwing up the one near which I sat, I beheld, not six feet below me, the body of a woman attired in a long loose wrapper. She had fallen with her face to the ground, and concealed by her hair; but my mind misgave me who it was. I sprang into the street just as a passer-by raised the body, and disclosed the features of Jacqueline. They were livid and blood-streaked. She had received fatal injury, and survived but a few moments.

"A servant, it appeared, during Madame Schraube's absence, had delivered my letter to Jacqueline, who, after glancing at the address, of which the handwriting was unknown to her, (I had taken good care to disguise it,) laid the packet beside her with an indifferent air. A short time afterwards a movement of curiosity or caprice made her take it up and break the seal. The servant attending her saw her glance with surprise at the letters it enclosed, and then begin to read them. Seeing her thus occupied, the woman, unsuspicious of harm or danger, left the room for a few minutes. She reöpened the door just in time to see Jacqueline, in her night-dress, her long hair streaming from her uncovered head, precipitate herself headlong from the window, a height of nearly thirty feet from the ground.

"The letters, scattered over Jacqueline's bed, served but partially to disclose the real motive of her melancholy suicide, which was publicly attributed to the delirium of fever. Old Schraube, who might well have reproached himself with being by his tyrannical conduct, its indirect cause, showed no signs of remorse, if any he felt. His harsh voice sounded perhaps a trifle more rasp-like; I fancied an additional wrinkle on his low, parchment forehead, but no other changes were perceptible in him. No one suspected (as how should they?) my share in the sad business, and I was left to the tortures of conscience. God knows they were acute enough, and are so still. The ghastly countenance of Jacqueline, as it appeared when distorted, crushed, and discolored by its fall upon the pavement, beset my daylight thoughts and my nightly dreams. I was the most miserable of men, and, at last, unable longer to remain at the place of the grievous catastrophe, I pleaded bad health, which my worn and haggard countenance sufficiently denoted, as a pretext for a journey to Wurzburg, and bade adieu to Frankfort, fully resolved never to return thither. The hand of a retributive Providence was already upon me. Upon reaching home, I found the household in confusion, and Herr Esch and his lady with countenances of perplexity and distress. They expressed surprise at seeing me, and wondered how I could have got my foster-father's letter so quickly. Its receipt, they supposed, was the cause of my return, and they marvelled when I said I had not heard from them for a month. An explanation ensued. By the failure of a house in whose hands the greater part of his property was deposited, Herr Esch found himself reduced nearly to indigence. He had written to his son to leave the expensive university at which he was studying, and to me to inform me of his misfortune, and of his consequent inability to establish me as he had promised and intended to do. He recomended me to remain with Schraube & Co., in whose service, by industry and attention, I might work my way to the post of chief clerk, and eventually, perhaps, to a partnership. With this injunction I could not resolve to comply. Insupportable was the idea of returning to the house where I had known Jacqueline and

destroyed her happiness, and of sitting day after day, and year after year, at the very window outside of which she had met her death. And could I have overcome this repugnance, which was impossible, I might still not have felt much disposed to place myself for an indefinite period and paltry salary under the tyrannical rule of old Schraube. I was unsettled and unhappy, and, moreover, I perceived or fancied that absence had weakened my hold upon the affections of my adopted parents, who thought, perhaps, now fortune frowned upon them, that they had done unwisely in encumbering themselves with a stranger's son. And when, after a few days' indecision, I finally determined to proceed southwards, and seek my fortune in the Spanish service, Herr Esch, although he certainly pointed out the risk and rashness of the scheme, did not very earnestly oppose its adoption. He gave me a small sum of money and his blessing, and I turned my face to the Pyrenees. My plan was to enter as a cadet in a Spanish regiment, where I hoped soon to work my way to a commission, or to be delivered from my troubles and remorse by a bullet; I scarcely cared which of the two fates awaited me. But I found even a cadetship not easy of attainment. I had few introductions, my quality of foreigner was a grave impediment, many difficulties were thrown in my way, and so much time was lost that my resources were expended, and at last I was fain to enlist in this regiment. And now you know my whole history, sir, word for word, as it happened, except some of the names, which it was as well to alter."

"And the unfortunate Theodore," said I, "what became of him?"

"He resigned his commission two days afterwards, and disappeared from Frankfort. No one could think how he intended to live, for he had scarcely anything beside his pay. I have sometimes asked myself whether he committed suicide, for his despair, I was told, was terrible, on learning the infidelity and death of Jacqueline. That would be another load on my conscience. But if he lives, the facts you have just heard must still be a mystery to him."

"They are no longer so," said a voice, whose strange and hollow tone made me start. At the same moment Schmidt, who during all this time had lain so still and motionless that I had forgotten his presence, rose suddenly to his feet, and dropping his cloak, strode through the hot ashes of the fire. His teeth were set, his eyes flashed, his face was white with rage, as he confronted the astonished Heinzel.

"Infernal villain!" he exclaimed, in German; "your name is not Heinzel, nor mine Schmidt; you are Thomas Wolff, and I am Theodore Werner!"

Heinzel, or Wolff, staggered back in consternation. His jaw dropped, and his eyes stared with an expression of vague alarm. Grinding his teeth with fury, Schmidt returned his gaze for a moment or two, then, flashing his sabre from the scabbard, he struck his newly-found enemy across the face with the flat of the weapon, and drew back his arm to repeat the blow. The pain and insult roused Heinzel from his stupefaction; he bared his sword and the weapons clashed together. It was time to interfere. I had my sheathed sabre in my hand; I struck up their blades, and stood between them.

"Return your swords, instantly," I said. "Stand to your horse, Schmidt; and you, Heinzel, remain here. Whatever your private quarrels, this is no time or place to settle them."

Heinzel dropped his sabre point, and seemed willing enough to obey, but his antagonist glared fiercely at me; and pressed forward, as if to pass me and get at his enemy, who had retreated a pace or two. I repeated my command more imperatively than before. Still Schmidt hesitated between thirst for revenge and the habit of obedience, when, just at that moment, the trumpets clanged out the first notes of the reveillée. The Spanish bands were already playing the *diana;* the sky grew gray in the east, a few dropping shots were heard, exchanged by the hostile outposts whom the first glimmer of day rendered visible to each other. Heinzel hurried to his horse; and the instinct of discipline and duty prevailing with Schmidt, he sheathed his sabre and gloomily rejoined his squadron. The men hastily bridled up, and had scarcely done so when the word was given for the left squadron (which was mine) to mount. We were no sooner in the saddle than we were marched away under the guidance of a Spanish staff-officer.

The day was a busy one; and it was not till we halted for the night that I found an opportunity of speaking to Heinzel. I inquired of him how it was that he had not recognized Theodore Werner in his comrade Schmidt. He then informed me that he knew the lover of the unhappy Jacqueline only by name, and by his letters, but had never seen him. At the time of his abode in Frankfort, there were a large number of Prussian officers in garrison there, in consequence of the revolutionary attempt of 1833; and it was not till after Werner's sudden appearance in Herr Schraube's house, upon the day of the wedding, that Heinzel learned his surname. In the letters Theodore was the only name used. Heinzel seemed to have been greatly shaken and alarmed by that morning's unexpected meeting. He was a brave fellow in the field; but I could see that he did not relish the idea of a personal encounter with the man he had so deeply injured, and that he would be likely to do what he could to avoid it. There was no immediate necessity to think about the matter; for the squadron did not rejoin the regiment, as we had expected, but was attached to a Spanish brigade, and sent away in a different direction.

Two months elapsed before we again saw the main body of the regiment, and the various changes and incidents that intervened nearly drove from my memory Heinzel's story and his feud with Schmidt. At last we rejoined head-quarters, one broiling day in June, at a small town of Old Castile. After so long a separation, in bustling times of war, comrades have much to say to each other, and soon the officers of the three squadrons were assembled at the posada, discussing the events that had filled the interval. The trumpet-call to evening stables produced a dispersion, at least of the subalterns, who went to ascertain that the horses were properly put up, and the men at their duty. My troop was quartered in half-a-dozen houses, adjacent to each other, and on arriving there, the sergeant-major reported all present except Heinzel. I was not very much surprised at his absence, but concluded that the heat of the day, and the abundance of wine—particularly good and cheap in that neighborhood—had been too much for him, and that he was sleeping off, in some quiet corner, the effects of excessive potations. I mentally promised him a reprimand, and an extra guard or two, and returned to my billet. The next morning, however, it was the same story—Heinzel again absent, and had not been at his quarters all night. This required inves

tigation. I could not think he had deserted; but he might have got quarrelsome in his cups, have fallen out with the Spaniards, and have been made away with in some manner. I went to the house where he was billeted. The stable, or rather cow-shed, was very small, only fit for two horses, and consequently Heinzel and one other man, a Pole, were the only troopers quartered there. I found the Pole burnishing his accoutrements, and singing in French, most barbarously broken, the burden of a *chanson à boire*. He could give no account of his comrade since the preceding day. Towards evening Heinzel had gone out with another German, and had not since made his appearance. I inquired the name of the other German. It was Franz Schmidt. This immediately suggested very different suspicions from those I had previously entertained as to the cause of Heinzel's absence. On further questioning, the Pole said that Schmidt came into the billet, and spoke to Heinzel loudly and vehemently in German, of which language he (the Pole) understood little, but yet could make out that the words used were angry and abusive. Heinzel replied meekly, and seemed to apologize, and to try to soften Schmidt; but the latter continued his violence, and at last raised his hand to strike him, overwhelming him, at the same time, with opprobrious epithets. All this was extracted from the Pole by degrees, and with some difficulty. He could not, or would not, tell if Heinzel had taken his sabre with him, but there could be little doubt, for it was not to be found. The Pole was afraid of getting himself, or Heinzel, into trouble by speaking openly; but he evidently knew well enough that the two Germans had gone out to fight. I immediately went to the captain of Schmidt's troop, and found him in great anger at the absence of one of his best men. Several foreigners had deserted from the regiment within the last few months, and he suspected Schmidt of having followed their example, and betaken himself to the Carlists. What I told him scarcely altered his opinion. If the two men had gone out to fight, it was not likely that both were killed; and if one was, the survivor had probably deserted to escape punishment. The affair was reported to the colonel, and parties of foot and horse were sent to patrol the environs, and seek the missing men. At last they were found, in a straggling wood of willows and alder-bushes, that grew on marsh land about a mile from the town. Heinzel was first discovered. He lay upon a small patch of sandy soil, which had manifestly been the scene of a desperate struggle, for it was literally ploughed up by the heavy tramping and stamping of men's feet. He had only one wound, a tremendous sabre-thrust through the left side, which must have occasioned almost instant death. From his corpse, a trail of blood led to that of Schmidt, which was found about a hundred yards off. The conqueror in this fierce duel, he had fared little better than his victim. He had received three wounds, no one of them mortal, but from which the loss of blood had proved fatal. He had made an effort to return to the town, but had sunk down exhausted, probably in a swoon, and had literally bled to death.

Both the deceased men being Protestants, the Spanish priesthood would of course do nothing for them, and we had no chaplain. They were buried soldier-fashion in the same grave, near the place of their death, and the funeral service of the Church of England was read over them. A rough block of stone, that lay near at hand, was rolled to the grave, and partly imbedded in the earth; and I got a soldier, who had been a stone-cutter, to carve on it a pair of crossed swords, a date, and the letters T. W. None could understand the meaning of these initials, until I told that evening, after mess, the story of the Intercepted Letters.

MORTALITY.

THE house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow;
And in and out, and round about,
The bitter night-winds blow;
The bitter night-winds howl and blow,
And darkness thickens deep;
And oh, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
The night seemed like the day!
The night seemed bright and light as day
Ere yet that house was old;
Ere yet its aged roof was gray,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail;
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like burly bailiffs rail!
Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say, who pass that way,
'T were well the house were down.

Charles Swain.

TIMBER MINING IN AMERICA.—On the north side of Maurice Creek, New Jersey, the meadows and cedar swamps, as far up as the fast land, are filled with buried cedars to an unknown depth. In 1814 or 1815, an attempt was made to sink a well curb near Dennis Creek landing; but after encountering much difficulty in cutting through a number of logs, the workmen were at last compelled to give up the attempt, by finding, at the depth of twenty feet, a compact mass of cedar logs. It is a constant business near Dennis Creek to "mine cedar shingles." This is done by probing the soft mud of the swamps with poles, for the purpose of discovering buried cedar timber; and when a log is found, the mud is cleared off, the log cut up into proper lengths with a long one-handled saw, and these lengths split up into shingles, and carried out of the swamp ready for sale. This kind of work gives constant employment to a large number of hands. The trees found are from four to five feet in diameter—they lie in every possible position, and some of them seem to have been buried for centuries. Thus stumps of trees which have grown to a greater age, and have been decaying a century are found standing in the place in which they grew, while the trunks of very aged cedars are lying horizontally under their roots.—*Scientific American.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GREENWICH TIME.

"The time is out of joint—oh, cursed spite!"—*Hamlet.*

We are no friends to modern miracles. Whether these be wrought at Trêves, Loretto, or Edinburgh, we protest and make head against them all; and we care not a farthing for the indignation of the miracle-monger, be he pope, prelate, priest, potentate, protector, or provost. The interference of modern town-councils, to which we have all been long accustomed, has at last reached a point which borders upon absolute impiety. Not content with poking their fingers into every civic and terrestrial mess—not satisfied with interfering in the functions of the superintendent of the city fulzie, and giving gratuitous and unheeded advice to prime ministers—they have at last aspired to control the sun, and to regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies according to their delectable will. Pray, do these gentlemen ever read their Bibles? Do they really think that they are so many Joshuas? Do they know what they are doing when they presume to interfere with the arrangements of Providence and of nature—to alter times and seasons, and to confound the Sabbath with the week? Our amazement at their unjustifiable proceedings is only surpassed by our wonder at the apathy which prevails among the insulted population. Beyond one or two feeble letters in the newspapers, there have been no symptoms of resistance. Surely they have some respect left for their beds and their religion—for their natural and their commanded rest. It will not do to remain suffering under this last monstrous outrage in apathy and indifference. The bailies shall not be permitted to eclipse Phœbus, and proclaim false hours to us with impunity. We are ready and willing to head a crusade upon this matter, and we call upon all sorts and sundries of our fellow-citizens to join us in insurrection against the nuisance.

How stand the facts of the case? Listen and perpend. At twelve of the night of Saturday the thirteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, the public clocks of the city of Edinburgh were altered from their actual time by command of the town council, and advanced by twelve minutes and a half. To that extent, therefore, the clocks were made to lie. They had ceased to be regulated by the sun, and were put under civic jurisdiction. The amount of the variation matters little—it is the principle we contend for: at the same time it is quite clear that, if the magistrates possess this arbitrary power, they might have extended their reform from minutes to hours, and forced us, under the most cruel of all possible penalties, to rise in the depth of winter at a time when nature has desired us to be in bed.

Now, we beg once for all to state that we shall not get up, for the pleasure of any man, a single second sooner than we ought to do; and that we shall not, on any pretext whatever, permit ourselves to be defrauded, in the month of January, of twelve minutes and a half of our just and natural repose. Life is bitter enough of itself without enduring such an additional penalty. In our hyperborean regions, the sacrifice is too hard to be borne; and one actually shudders at the amount of human suffering which must be the inevitable consequence, if we do not organize a revolt. For let it be specially remembered, that this monstrous practical falsehood is not attended with any alleviating relaxations whatever. It is a foul conspiracy to drag us from our beds, and to tear us from connubial felicity. The law courts, the banks, the public offices, the manufactories, all meet at the accustomed matutinal hour; but that hour, be it six, eight, or nine, is now a liar, and has shot ahead of the sun. Countless are the curses muttered every morning, and not surely altogether unheard, from thousands of unhappy men, dragged at the remorseless sound of the bell from pallet and mattress, from bed of down or lair of straw, from blanket, sheet, and counterpane, to shiver in the bitter frost of February, for no better reason than to gratify the whim of a few burgesses congregated in the High Street, who have a confused notion that the motions of the sun are regulated by an observatory at Greenwich.

What, in the name of whitebait, have we to do with Greenwich more than with Timbuctoo, or Moscow, or Boston, or Astracan, or the capital of the Cannibal Islands? The great orb of day no doubt surveys all those places in turn, but he does not do so at the same moment, or minute, or hour. It has been ordained by Providence that one half of this globe should be wrapped in darkness whilst the other is illuminated by light—that one fraction of the town-councils of the earth may sleep and be silent, whilst another is awake and gabbling. Not the music of the spheres could be listened to by man or angel were the provision otherwise. And yet all this fair order is to be deranged by the civic Solons of the Modern Athens! It is small wonder if few of these gentlemen have personally much appetite for repose. The head which wears a cocked-hat may lie as uneasy as that which is decorated with a crown; and there is many a malignant thought to press upon and disturb their slumbers. They are men of mortal mould, and therefore it is fair to suppose that they have consciences. They cannot be altogether oblivious of the present disgraceful state of the streets. The Infirmary must weigh upon them, heavy as undigested pork-pie; and their recent exhibitions in the court of session have been by no means creditable to their understanding. Therefore we can readily comprehend why they, collectively, are early driven from their couches; but it is not so easy to discover why they have no bowels of mercy towards their fellow-citizens. The cry of the parliament house is raised against them, and we own that our soul is sorry for the peripatetics of the outer boards. An ancient and barbarous custom, which long ago should have been amended, forces them to appear, summer and winter, before the lords ordinary at nine o'clock; and we have heard more than one of them confess, with tears in their eyes, that their

fairest prospects in life have been cruelly blighted, because the darlings of their hearts could not think of marrying men who were dragged from bed, throughout a considerable portion of the year, in the dark, who shaved by candle-light, and who expected their helpmates to rise simultaneously, and superintend the preparation of their coffee. If these things occurred under the merciful jurisdiction of the sun, what will be the result of the active cruelties of the magistracy? Why, advocate will become a word synonymous with that of bachelor, and not a single writer to the signet be followed by a son to the grave!

And why, we may ask, has this unwarrantable alteration been made? For what mighty consideration is it that the lives of so many of the lieges are to be embittered, and their comforts utterly destroyed? Simply for this reason, that there may be a uniformity of time established by the railway clocks, and that the trains may leave Edinburgh and London precisely at the same moment. Now, in the first place, we positively and distinctly deny that there is any advantage whatever, even to the small travelling fraction of the community, in any such arrangement. There is no earthly or intelligible connection between the man who starts from Edinburgh and the other who starts from London. They have each a separate rail, and there is no chance of a collision because the sun rises in the one place later than it does in the other. The men, we shall suppose, are not idiots; they know how to set their watches, or, if they do not possess such a utensil, they can desire the boots to call them at the proper hour, and go to bed like Christians who intend to enjoy the last possible moment of repose. If they are particular about time, as some old martinets are, they can have their watches reset when they arrive at the place of their destination, or regulate them by the different railway clocks as they pass along. They have nothing else to do; and it is as easy to set a watch as to drink off a tumbler of brandy and water. Or if the fogies choose to be particular, why cannot the railway directors print alongside of the real time a column of the fabulous Greenwich? John Bull, we know, has a vast idea of his own superiority in every matter, and if he chooses also to prefer his own time, let the fat fellow be gratified, by all means. Only do not let us run the risk of being late, in our endeavor to humor him, by forestalling the advent of the sun. May his shadow never be less, nor ours continue to be augmented, in this merciless and arbitrary manner!

But, in the second place, we beg leave to ask, whether the comforts of our whole population, whose time has effectually been put out of joint, are to be sacrificed for the sake of the passengers travelling between this and London? Do the whole of us, or the half of us, or any of us, spend a considerable portion of our lives in whirling along the Caledonian or the North British railways? The lord provost may deem it necessary to go up to London once a year on parliamentary business; but surely it would be more decent in his lordship to wait for the sun, than to move off in the proud conviction that the course of that luminary has been adjusted to suit his convenience. we are irresistibly put in mind of an anecdote told by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. A certain merchant, sleeping in a commercial hotel, had given orders over-night that he should be called at a particular hour. Boots was punctual. "The morning has broke, sir," said he, drawing the curtain. "Let it break, and go to the mischief!" replied the sleepy trader; "it owes *me* nothing!" Now, whatever may be the opinion of the provost and his subordinate senate, we, the people of Edinburgh, do set a certain value upon the morning, which we hold to be appointed by Providence, and not by the town-council; and we must have somewhat better reasons than have yet been adduced in favor of the change, before we consent to make ourselves miserable for life. Early rising may be a very good thing, though, for our part, we always suspect a fellow who is over-anxious to get out of bed before his neighbors; but no man, or body of men, have a right to cram it as a dogma down our throats. And it is quite preposterous to maintain that the permanent comfort of many thousand people is to be sacrificed for the sake of a dubious convenience to the few bagmen who may be travelling with their samples to the southward. We protest in all sincerity, that, rather than subject ourselves to this *bouleversement* and disordering of nature, we would be content to see every railway throughout the kingdom torn up or battered down, and in every point of view we should consider ourselves gainers thereby. We, like the lord provost of Edinburgh, go once a year to London, but then we rise from our bed every morning of the year. We are far more likely now to miss an early train than before; and yet, in order to secure that single disadvantage, we are compelled in all time coming unnaturally to anticipate the day.

It is probable that some of our sapient councillors think this a very grand and clever scheme for securing uniformity of time. We consider it neither grand nor clever, but simply stupid and idiotical; and we beg to tell them that they have not secured thereby even what they foolishly think to be an uniformity of time. They have merely, by attempting to meddle with nature, introduced an element of ceaseless and intolerable confusion. They have no jurisdiction beyond their limited parliamentary bounds. They cannot decree that their time is to be adopted by the county towns; and a glance at the map will show what a small portion of the population of Scotland is located upon the line of the railways. Then as to the country, where clocks are uncommon, and usual reference for time is made to that great disc which is flaring in the sky, are the people there also to submit to the dictation of the magistrates of Edinburgh, and, if they want to perform a journey, arrive too late for the coach or train, because they trusted to the unerring and infallible index of the Almighty? Then as to the dials, common on the terrace and garden, and not uncommon on the

older country steeples—what is to become of them? Are they to be branded forever as lying monitors by the decree of sundry civic dignitaries, and broken up as utterly useless? Are all those who pin their faith to them to be deceived? Really, this is carrying matters with a high hand, with a vengeance!

Uniformity is the hobby of the age, and, more than the nine of diamonds, it has been the curse of Scotland. A certain set of people have been trying for these thirty years to assimilate us utterly to England, and in their endeavor to do so they have wrought incalculable mischief. They are continually tampering with our laws, and they would, if they dared, attempt to tamper with our religion. A man can neither be baptized, married, nor buried after the fashion of his forefathers. We are not allowed to trade with each other except upon English currency principles; and they have thrust the English system of jury trial in civil cases upon us, against the unanimous and indignant remonstrance of the nation. Now, *cæteris paribus*, we are willing to admit that uniformity in the abstract may be a very good thing, if you can only carry it out. Uniformity of property, for example, upon principles of equal division, could hardly fail to be popular; and we should like to see every acre of land throughout Britain at a uniform rent of five pounds. But uniformity, in order to perfect the system, should be cosmopolitan, not national—universal, and not limited. It would, for example, be convenient, in a commercial point of view, if all the nations of Europe—nay, of the world—could be brought to speak a uniform language. Such a state of matters, we know, once existed, but it was put a stop to by a miracle at the building of the tower of Babel. It might possibly be convenient if the four seasons of the year were equally and simultaneously distributed throughout the world—if, when we are going to our beds, the huntsmen were not up in Arabia, but lying amidst their camels beneath a tent in some far oasis of the wilderness. But these matters have been regulated by Divine Intelligence, and uniformity is no part of the scheme. In a very few years we shall have direct railway communication throughout Europe, from the west to the east—will it therefore be advisable to adopt a common standard of time—say that of Greenwich—for all the trains? Are the inhabitants of Paris to be aroused from slumber some three hours before their wont, because the early train from Moscow is to start at nine o'clock? If not, why is it sought to apply the same principle here? Perhaps our excellent councillors are not aware that there is no such thing as a universal time. There is no peculiar virtue in the Greenwich time, any more than in that which is noted at the observatory on the Calton Hill. We are afraid that a gross misconception upon this point prevails in the High Street, and that some of our friends have got hold of a legend, said to be current in the Canongate, that the city clocks were put back twelve minutes and a half by Charles Edward in the Forty-five—that they have given out false time for upwards of a century—and that the present is a patriotic and spirited move of the magistrates to restore the hours to their pristine order and arrangement. If any of our civic representatives have fallen into error on this account, and been led astray by the cunning fable, we beg to assure them that it rests upon no solid foundation. Our ancestors entertained an almost Persian veneration for the sun, and would not have suffered any such interference. The city clocks of Edinburgh were not set upon the authority of the famous watch discovered at Prestonpans, of which it stands recorded, that "she died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdoch."

We are not aware that any regulation of the lord provost and magistrates of the city of Edinburgh has the force and authority of a statute, or that their voice is potential in opposition to the almanac. If we are right in this, then we beg to tell them that the new arrangement is utterly in the teeth of the law, and may lead to serious consequences. Suppose that any of us has granted a bill which falls due at twelve o'clock. The hour peals from the steeple, and the bill is straightway protested, and our credit damaged. Five minutes afterwards we appear to satisfy the demand, but we are told that it is too late. In vain do we insist upon the fact that the bill is dated at Edinburgh, not at Greenwich, and appeal to the almanac and observatory for the true state of the time. We proffer the sun as our witness, but he is rejected as a suspicious testimony, and as one already tried before the civic court and convicted of fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition. What is to become of us in such a case? Are we to go into the Gazette, because the provost has set the clocks forward? Or suppose a man on deathbed wants to make his will. It is Wednesday the ninth of February, close upon midnight, and the sufferer has not a moment to lose. A few hasty lines are written by the lawyer, and as he finishes them the clock strikes twelve. The dying man signs, and expires in the effort. The testing clause of that deed would bear that it was signed on Thursday the tenth; but the fact is that the man died upon Wednesday, and we know very well that corpses cannot handle a pen. How is that affair to be adjusted? Are people to be defrauded of their inheritance for a whim of the town council, or the convenience of a few dozen commercial travellers? Or take the case of an annuitant. Suppose an old lady, and there are plenty of them in that situation, dies on the term-day exactly five minutes after twelve according to Greenwich time in Edinburgh—who gets the money? Is it a *dies inceptus* or a *dies non?* If a new term has begun, her representatives are undoubtedly entitled to finger the coin, if not, the payer pockets it. By which arrangement—that of Providence, or that of the provost—shall such a question be decided? Who is to rule the day, the term, and the season? We pause for a reply. Or let us take another and not imaginary case. A good many years ago we were asked to take shares in a tontine, and complied.

Twelve of us named a corresponding number of lives, whereof all have evaporated, save that of which we are the nominee, and one other which had been selected by an eminent vice-president of the Fogle club. Our man resides in Greenwich, is a pensioner, and we defy you to point out a finer or livelier specimen of the Celtic race, at the advanced but by no means exorbitant age of ninety-five. We are, from the best possible motives, extremely attentive to the old man, whom we supply gratuitously, but cautiously, with snuff and whiskey; and his first caulker every day is turned over to our health—a libation which we cordially return. This year we were somewhat apprehensive, for his sake, of the prevalent fever and influenza; but M'Tavish escaped both, and is, at this moment, as hearty as a kyloe on the hills of Skye. The vice-president, oddly enough, had backed a superannuated chairman, who is stated to be a native of Clackmannan. He is so extremely aged that the precise era of his birth is unknown; but he is supposed to have been, in some way or other, connected with the Porteous mob. With accumulations, there are about five thousand pounds at stake upon the survivorship of these two. Twice, in the course of the last ten years, have each of them been seriously ill, and precisely at the same time; and twice has the milk of human kindness been soured between the worthy vice-president and ourselves.

Should the invisible and mysterious sympathy between M'Tavish and Hutcheon operate again—should Celt and Lowlander alike be stricken with sickness, the contested point between us will, in all probability, be brought to an issue. Both have taken effectual measures to have the death of his neighbor's nominee noted with accuracy to a second. Now, if Hutcheon were to die to-day in Edinburgh at twenty minutes past eleven, according to the present regulation of the clocks, and if the next post brought intelligence that M'Tavish had given up the ghost at Greenwich precisely five minutes sooner, which of us two would be entitled to the stakes? On the twenty-ninth of January, when the old and true time was in observance, there could have been no doubt about the question. We should have been the winner by seven minutes and a half. Hutcheon would have died, like his forefathers, at seven and a half minutes after eleven, and M'Tavish at the quarter past. But, as it is, the life of M'Tavish has been cut short, or what is the same thing, that of Hutcheon has been preposterously prolonged. And so, if the alteration made by the town council be legal, we may be defrauded of five thousand pounds—if not legal, what pretext have they for making it?

We do not envy the situation of our civic representatives on the unfortunate occasion of the next public execution in Edinburgh. In the first place, should their present regulation be adhered to, every subsequent culprit will be deprived of twelve minutes and a half of his existence. So much shorter time will he have to repent of his sins, and make peace with his Creator; for the arbitrary alteration of the clocks will not alter the day of doom. The "usual hour" will be indicated in the sentence, and the trembling felon launched into eternity so much the sooner, that a few commercial travellers may be saved the pains of regulating their watches! We dare not speak lightly on such a subject; for who can estimate the value of those moments of existence which are thus thoughtlessly, but ruthlessly, cut off! In the second place, whenever the like catastrophe shall occur, we have a strong suspicion that the magistrates will be morally responsible either for murder or for defeat of justice. It is in truth an extremely unpleasant dilemma, but one entirely of their own creating. For their own sakes, we beg their serious attention to the following remarks. We shall suppose the ordinary case of a man sentenced by the justiciary court to be executed at the usual hour, which with us is eight in the morning. Hitherto we knew precisely what was meant by eight, but now we do not. But this we know, that if that man is executed at eight, as the clocks now stand, HE IS MURDERED, just as much as he would be, if, the evening before, he had been forcibly strangled in his cell! The felon's life is sacred until the hour arrives when justice has ordained him to die; and if the life be taken sooner, that is murder. Who, we ask, would be the responsible parties in this case, not perhaps to an earthly, but surely to a higher tribunal? On the other hand, if the execution does *not* take place at eight, it is highly questionable whether the criminal can be executed at all. The sentence must be fulfilled to the letter. Delay in such matters is held by the clemency of our law to interpose a strong barrier in favor of the criminal; and this at least seems certain, that a man condemned to be executed on one day, cannot, without a new sentence, be capitally punished upon another. Hours—nay minutes—are very precious when the question is one of life and death, and the consideration is a very grave one.

In short, the magistrates have landed themselves, and will land us, in interminable confusion; and we foresee that not a little litigation will result from their proceedings. In all legal matters—and there are many in which punctuality is of the utmost moment—the clocks cannot be held to regulate time. They vary from each other according to their construction or their custody, and we have thrown away and abandoned the true standard. The difference of a single degree may prove as important as that of forty, and if there is to be a uniformity between the Edinburgh and the Greenwich time, why not extend it to the colonies? We warn the town council of Edinburgh that they may have much to answer for from the consequences of their absurd proceeding.

We understand that there are police statutes ordaining that all taverns shall be shut up at twelve o'clock of a Saturday night, and for breach of this rule people may be taken into custody. The magistrates have peremptorily altered twelve o'clock, and have made that period arrive at forty

seven and a half minutes after eleven. Is it lawful to conduct us to the watch-house, if we should chance to be found at Ambrose's, lingering over a tumbler during the debatable twelve minutes and a half—or are we not entitled to knock down the ruffian who should presume to collar us during the interval? Whether have we or the follower of Mr. Haining the best legal grounds for an action of assault and battery? We appeal to the heavenly bodies, and indignantly assert our innocence: Dogberry walks by the rule of the Right Honorable Adam Black, and accuses us of gross desecration. Which of us is in the right? and how is the statute to be interpreted? It is surely obvious to the meanest capacity that, if the magistrates of Edinburgh have the power to proclaim Greenwich time within their liberties, there is nothing to prevent them from adopting the recognized standard of Kamschatka, or from ordaining our clocks to be set by the meridian of Tobolsk. They may turn day into night at their own good pleasure, and amalgamate the days of the week, as indeed they have done already; and this brings us to a consideration, which, in Scotland at least, deserves especial attention.

The public mind has of late been much agitated by the question of Sunday observance. We do not mean now to debate that point upon its merits, nor is it the least necessary for our present argument that we should do so. Every one, we are certain, wishes that the Lord's day should be properly and decently observed. There are differences of opinion, however, regarding the latitude which should be allowed—one party being in favor of a total cessation from work, and founding their view upon the decalogue; whilst the others maintain that, under the Christian dispensation, a new order of things has been established. There has been a good deal of discussion upon this topic, and the practical subject of dispute has been, whether railway trains should be permitted to run upon the first day of the week. On that head we shall say nothing; but we maintain that both parties are alike interested in having the limits of the Sunday accurately and distinctly declared. Some observance, whatever be its limit, is clearly due to the holy day, whether men hold it to be directly of divine ordinance, or to have been set apart for divine worship by ecclesiastical and conventional authority. By the present arrangement, the feelings of both parties are outraged. Sabbath or Sunday—call it which you will—has been changed by the town council, and is not the same as before. It is easy to say that this is quibbling, but in reality is it so? Can the town council compel us to accept any day they may please to nominate instead of Sunday, and consecrate Wednesday, for example, as that which is to be dedicated to pious uses? We repeat that this is but a question of degree. No authority, at least no such authority as that of a body of local magistrates, can dovetail the Sabbath by making it begin earlier and end later than before. There are stringent ancient Scottish statutes, some of them not altogether in desuetude, against Sabbath desecration, and how are these now to be interpreted or enforced? No true Sabbatarian can support the present movement. His case is irretrievably lost if he acquiesces in the change; for the day has unquestionably been violated—and it may be violated as well in a minute as in a hour. Those who take the other view cannot fail to be equally offended. The order which they keenly advocate and maintain has been wantonly broken and destroyed. The limits of Sunday are annihilated. Men do not know when it commences or when it ends, and they may be gaming when they ought to be at prayers. Churches and congregations of every kind have a common interest in this. The individuality of the day must be supported, and there must be no doubt, and no loophole left for cavillers to carp at its existence.

Look at it in any light you please, the change is fraught with danger. We have enlarged somewhat on the score of inconvenience—for we thoroughly feel and resolutely maintain that the practical inconvenience is great—but the other results we have referred to are inevitable and are infinitely worse. Tampering with the laws of nature is not permitted, even to the most sapient of town councils; and, as they cannot wash the Ethiopian white, so neither need they try to control the progress of the sun, and to prove that great luminary a liar. Surely, they have plenty to do without interfering with the planetary bodies? We really thought better of their patriotism; nor could we have expected that they would falsify the host of heaven in order to take their future time from some distant English clock. So soon as the whole of the world is ripe for an uniformity of time, and contented to adopt it, we may then possibly become acclimated to the change, and rise at midnight, to go about our nightly, not daily, duties without a murmur. But pray, in this matter, let us at least secure reciprocity. If we are to be dragged from our beds at untimeous hours, let the rest of the population of the globe suffer to a similar extent; for in community of suffering there is always some kind of dim and indefinite comfort. We are rather partial to bagmen, and would endure something, though not this, to accelerate their progress; but why should the whole Scottish nation be made a holocaust and an offering for our weakness? Falstaff, who, whatever may be said of his valor, was a remarkably shrewd individual, might give a lesson to our civic dignitaries. He counted the length and endurance of his imaginary combat with Percy, by Shrewsbury clock, and did not seek to extend his renown by superadding to it the benefit which might have been derived by a reference to Greenwich time. Let us do the like, and submit to the ordinances of Providence—not try to oppose them by any vain and extravagant alteration. Without the least irreverence, because we hold that the whole profanity—though it may be unintended—is on the other side, let us ask the town council of Edinburgh, whether they consider themselves on a par with the great leader of Israel, and whether they are entitled to say "Sun, stand thou still upon

Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" And yet, what is their late move, but something tantamount to this? They have declared against the order of nature, and such a declaration must imply a species of gross and unwarrantable presumption.

And now, messieurs of the town council of Edinburgh, what have you to say for yourselves? Are we right, or are we wrong?—have we failed, or have we succeeded, in making out a case against you? We think we can discern some symptoms of a corporate blush suffusing your countenance; and, if so, far be it from us to stand in the way of your repentance. We are willing to believe that you have done this from the best of possible motives, but without forethought or consideration. You probably were not aware of the consequences which might and must arise from this singular attempt at legislation. Be wise, therefore, and once more succumb, as is your duty, to the established laws and harmony of nature. Leave the planets alone to their course, and be contented to observe that time which is indicated and proclaimed from heaven. Recollect wherein it is written that the sun, and moon, and stars were set in the firmament of heaven *to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness*. By no possible sophistry can you pervert the meaning of that wholesome text. Why, then, should you act in opposition to it, and introduce this element of disorder among us? Go to, then, and retrace your steps. Put the clocks backward as before. Let the shadows be straight at mid-day. Leave us our allotted rest, for it is sweet and pleasant. Defraud us not of our inheritance. Let our children not be born before their time. Let the miserable malefactor live until the last moment of his allotted span. Preserve the Sunday intact, and let us hear no more of such nonsense. Why should you be wiser than your forefathers? If any man had told them to alter their time from England, they would have collared the seditious prig, and thrust him neck and heels into the Tolbooth. When grim old Archibald Bell-the-Cat was provost, no man durst have hinted at Greenwich time on pain of the forfeiture of his ears; for, notwithstanding his performances at Lauder-Bridge, Bell-the-Cat was a Christian, the father of a bishop, and knew his duties better than rashly to interfere with Providence. Restore our meridian, and, if you are really anxious to do your duty, occupy yourselves with meaner matters. It would much conduce to the comfort of the lieges, if, instead of directing the course of the sun, you were to give occasional orders for a partial sweeping of the streets.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.—Some years ago, a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind: she had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and, when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

WE have now travelled conscientiously through forty or fifty volumes; and have put them altogether, in the hope that the number and the quality may be some check on the fervor which induces every rhymester who can "couple but love and dove," to rush into print. After reading thousands of lines, we find no new images, and scarcely a new thought. We believe that the following skeleton of a poem on "Nature" "Poesy" "Woman" or "anything you like, my little dear," contains all the images of all the poets we have reviewed. It may serve as a clue to as many more: we have collected the epithets and subjects in our progress, and are surprised to find the vocabulary so small.

Stream—mountain—straying
Breeze—gentle—playing
Bowers—beauty—bloom
Rose—jessamine—perfume
Twilight—moon—mellow ray
Tints—glories—parting day
Poet—stars—truth—delight
Joy—sunshine—silence—night
Voice—frown—affection—love
Lion—anger—taméd—dove
Lovely—innocent—beguile
Terror—frown—conquer—smile
Loved-one—horror—haste—delay
Part—thorns—meet—gay
Sweetness—life—weary—prose
Love—hate—bramble—rose
Absence—presence—glory—bright
Life—halo—beauty—light.

Shilling Magazine.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

PART OF AN ARTICLE IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

So long ago as the summer of 18—, I was a traveller in these regions, making my way into Canada. In those days there were no railways in America. By the steamer, *Chancellor Livingston*, I had ascended the Hudson to Albany in something less than twenty-four hours. From Albany to Lake Champlain I was one of a party chartering a post-coach, and permitted by the terms of our contract to make as easy stages as might suit our pleasure or convenience. At Whitehall we took a small sailing-craft down the lake a hundred miles and more, to Plattsburgh; and thence, resuming the land route, made our way into Canada. Compared with the more modern rate of travel, we went at a snail's pace; but with all its inconveniences, our way of making the journey had its peculiar benefits and charms. We were less superficial observers of men and things than railway passengers can possibly be. We were intelligent persons; we conversed with the men of the soil; we asked questions of plain farmers and sailors, and heard with pleasure their long stories of ancient battles in those parts, from the days of the Iroquois to the days of General Brock. We stopped by the roadside and examined places of interest, and took views of beautiful landscapes from commanding heights. And now I can say of my route into Canada what Wordsworth says of the Wye:—

> "Those beauteous scenes,
> Through a long absence, have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
> But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din
> Of towers and cities, I have owed to them,
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart."

To many such hours I have refreshed my memory by recurring also to such books of tourists as I have at hand, but especially in the later authors of this kind I have found little satisfaction. They all seem to have hurried over their journey without stopping to take breath; and I am inclined to believe that I was lucky in beginning my travels, while as yet the spirit of the nineteenth century was only just putting on its seven-leagued boots, and still permitted the good habit of hastening slowly. Let me, then, go over my former stages, at least in fancy; and while I interweave my histories with the personal adventures of an old-fashioned traveller, let me be met also by some of the indulgence humanely accorded to narrative old age.

Our travelling party had been thrown together less by choice than accident; and for our commander-in-chief we had unfortunately selected as wild a young Irish officer as was ever turned loose from Cork to fight his fortunes in the world. Fitz-Freke, as he called himself, had no single qualification for being our "guide, philosopher, and friend," except a boasted familiarity with the way. He had travelled it very often, and indeed seemed to hang somewhat loosely to his regiment, which was stationed at Montreal. Before we had half finished our first day's drive, we had begun to wish furloughs and half-pay had never been invented; and I am sorry to add, that his affectionate recollections of his family in Cork led him quite too frequently to the bottle. Poor Freke! we profited by his good-humor, yet abused his forbearance under rebuke; and I must own in justice, that when we at last parted company, and were to see no more of him, we were all ready to protest that he was, after all, as downright a worthy as ever buttoned an Irishman's heart beneath a buff waistcoat.

Leaving Albany before the day began to be hot, we went rapidly through the green levels upon its right bank, and crossed the river at Troy. Here we were conducted to Mount Ida, and by a geographical miracle made an easy transition to Mount Olympus, from which the view is extensive, but by no means celestial. Freke seemed to think there was some reason to suspect a hoax; but as his classical information was not of the most accurate description, I am not sure but he still labors under the impression that he has stood where the three goddesses displayed their charms to Paris; and smoked a cigar where that botheration siege was as interminably contested, as were ever those consequent hexameters of Virgil and Homer, which he adorned with dog's-ears and thumb-prints, under the diurnal ferule of his tutor. In passing through the streets, we were gratified to observe that, in spite of Diomede and Ulysses, Troy still retains its "Palladium of liberty, and independent free press;" and though we could discover no relics of the famous wooden-horse, I notice in the accounts of later tourists that an "iron horse" may now be found there in harness, which daily brings strangers into the heart of the city without any incendiary effect. Such is the change of manners and times since the days of the pious Æneas!

We rattled over a bridge, and had a fine view of the mouths of the Mohawk. Here are numerous islands, with steep sides and piny summits, to which the American General Schuyler retreated before Burgoyne, and prepared to sustain an investment. While arranging his defences, he was unjustly deprived of his command, at the very moment when, by the arrival of additional force, he would have been enabled to turn upon his pursuers; and thus the laurels of the subsequent victory were put into the hand of General Gates, while the worst effects of the expedition fell upon the estates of Schuyler, which were ravaged b the advancing foe. Gates appears to have been in all respects inferior to the gallant officer whom he superseded; and as he had the full advantage of Schuyler's preparatory measures, there is a deep jealousy of his fame, which must account for the fact noticed by the author of "Hochelaga," that he is by no means credited by his countrymen with the vastly important consequences of the capture of Burgoyne. "Gates has been called the hero of Saratoga,"—says an American biographer—"but it has a sound of mockery."

The county of Saratoga, through which we were now passing, if not in these parts remarkable for scenery, is nevertheless full of interesting places, as having been the field of some of the warmest contests of the American Revolution. Traditions also still linger among its inhabitants of the earlier battles with the Indians and French; and authentic anecdotes are frequently reviving upon the road, which those who are familiar with the romances of Cooper will recognize, at once, as the ground-work of some of his fictions. So far as is possible, therefore, in America, we were now on historical ground. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the valley of the Mohawk was filled with those fierce nations of savages called the Iroquois. The shores of the St. Lawrence harbored their deadly enemies, the Adirondachs, who belonged to the powerful race of Algonquins. At the same time, the advance-guard of English adventure was pressing up through the Hudson; and from Quebec, the pioneers of New France were pushing their way towards the Mohawk. The inveterate foes of two continents thus encountered one another in the passes of Lake George and Lake Champlain; and these natural channels of reciprocal invasion became, of course, the scenes of frequent collision and deadly strife. When these preliminary feuds were ended, and the power of England reposed on both banks of the St. Lawrence, the earliest and fiercest affrays of the war of independence found here their inevitable fields. The first years of the present century were again disgraced by war between England and America, and instinctively the tide of battle returned to its old channels; and if ever—which God forefend!—the mother and the daughter should fall out again, it cannot be doubted that the same passes must echo once more to the tread of martial men, and the same waters be crimsoned with the blood of brethren. They are the very breeding-places of border-feud; and nature has furnished them with that wild luxuriance of beauty with which she loves to prepare for history, and by which she seems to challenge her to do as much again, in adorning it with romantic associations.

For several miles between the towns on the left bank of the river, we had nothing else in view more interesting than a dull canal connecting Lake Champlain with the Hudson, at Albany. But the river itself is always beautiful. Even here it is a fine wide stream, and seems to scorn the beggarly ditch that drudges like a pack-horse by its side. But at certain seasons it is too low for boating, and at all seasons is rendered unfit for navigation by numerous rocks. It was a relief to shut my ears to the perpetual humor of Freke, and watch the course of the stream through the broad meadows; sometimes refreshing us with cool sounds where it foamed over shelving shoals, and then dazzling our eyes with the reflected sunbeam, glancing from its deep smooth breast, on which the blue heavens looked down without a cloud.

We came to Stillwater, which deserves its name, if it has any reference to the Hudson. A ridge of hills stretching inland, in this neighborhood, is the memorable scene of the two engagements which sealed the fate of Burgoyne's expedition, and which are thought to have been the decisive blow in the revolutionary struggle of America. Here also is shown the miserable wooden shed of a house in which the gallant and accomplished General Frazer died of his wound. It stands near the river, and at the foot of a hill, on the top of which the general was buried. Though the remains have long since been disinterred, and returned to England, the spot is marked by several pines, and is constantly visited by tourists. The house is a mere tap-room, and must, at any time, have been a miserable hovel to die or live in. Yet it once was dignified as the temporary abode of high-born and elegant women. During the battles, it was the receptacle of the dying and wounded British officers, and the scene of many of those tender acts of self-denying mercy, by which woman, in the hour of suffering and extremity, becomes transfigured into a ministering angel.

Several miles above, we crossed the Fishkill, a little river by which the Lake of Saratoga discharges its waters into the Hudson; and shortly after we passed the domain of General Schuyler, and the site of his mansion, which was burned by a foraging-party during the advance of Burgoyne. Of the adventures of a single night spent at Saratoga, it is not necessary to say anything here, as in less than twenty-four hours we were again on our immediate route. At Fort Miller the road crosses the river, and from thence we went along the eastern shore of the Hudson, eight miles, to Fort Edward. It was here that Burgoyne began to encounter those difficulties of his situation, which rapidly increased upon him, till they became insurmountable. He had forced his way from Whitehall to this place, through an obstinate fight, and over bad roads, encumbered by all the mischief that a retreating foe could leave behind them. Here, falling short of stores and ammunition, his only resource was to transport them from the head of Lake George, where one of his officers had captured a fort. This occasioned that fatal delay of more than a month, during which the American army changed commanders, was recruited with fresh troops, and returned from the Mohawk to show fight. As he was roundly censured for his sluggishness in the British parliament, and pleaded in excuse the extraordinary face of the country, over which he was forced almost to construct a road; it is but justice to his memory to quote, on this point, the corroborative evidence of an eminent American geologist. "I was much struck," says Professor Silliman, "with the formidable difficulties which General Burgoyne had to encounter in transporting his stores, his boats, and part of his artillery over this rugged country: at that time, without doubt, vastly more impracticable than at present."

But Fort Edward is chiefly memorable for the horrible murder of Miss M'Crea, by a party of

Indians, in circumstances peculiarly tragic and affecting. It was an event which not only spread horror and alarm throughout America, but was related with thrills of indignation in England, and particularly in the debates of parliament. The vehement remonstrance of Burke against Indian alliances seems to have been in a measure inspired by the sensation which it produced; and it was doubtless fuel to the fire of old Lord Chatham, when, a few months after the butchery of Fort Edward, he blazed out in that fierce philippic against Lord Suffolk, who had spoken of savages as instruments "which God and nature had put in our hands." Detestable as was a confederacy with Indians, however, and instinctively as the English conscience recoiled from the alliance, it must be remembered that in America it was at least no novelty. It is remarked by Silliman that the French, the English, and the Americans themselves had all partaken in this sin, in the various early wars of the continent.

About half a mile from Fort Edward, and hard by the road-side, still stands a venerable pine-tree, from a mound at whose roots gushes a clear crystal spring. This is pointed out as the spot where the mangled corpse of Miss M'Crea was found. The tree is scored with the scars of bullets, and marked with the lady's name, and the date 1777. To this tree her body is said to have been bound, and pierced with nearly a score of wounds, which crimsoned the spring with her blood. On the same day were massacred a young officer, and a party of soldiers under his command, whose bodies were left in the same place, covered only with some brushwood and ferns.

At Sandyhill, where we paused for an hour, we encountered traditions of Indian barbarities, in the history of the old French war of 1758, which, without any romance, were singularly revolting. Fort Anne, at the end of our next stage, was the scene of a hot action, in the advance of Burgoyne, in which the Indians were thought to have contributed something to his success, but even this is doubtful. We had now an easy stage of ten miles to Whitehall, during which we debated with Freke on the merits of the unfortunate general, whose history we had retraced on the road.

The moon was rising over the ravine in which Whitehall appears to be built, when we reached it, and were set down at our inn. This place is the Skenesborough of Burgoyne's despatches, and must have changed its name soon after the close of the war. It so happened that we were detained at this place somewhat longer than we desired to be, and when we got under weigh down the lake, we seemed to have begun a new journey. If I may be allowed to make a similar pause in my story, I will venture, before going further, to recur to the history of Burgoyne's expedition, which, with the knowledge of places that I have endeavored to impart, may possibly be as interesting to others, as it has proved to myself.

These places, and the incidents at which I have rapidly glanced, were, at the close of the last century, as familiarly known in England as those of the Peninsular war are at present. While the issue of the revolt was yet undecided, the eloquence of parliament and the conversation of fashionable circles, kept them continually before the world: and long after the termination of the contest, mutual recriminations and impassioned self-defence would not suffer their memory immediately to die. Succeeding events enabled men to forget America for a long while; and when they again recurred to her affairs, it was with no disposition to contend with the award of Providence which had made her a nation. The history of America was English history no more. Yet there is a period in her history up to which an Englishman should be familiar with it; for he who reads the speeches of Burke and Chatham, or reverts to the Johnsonian age of literature, will otherwise be often at a loss how to regard events and facts to which the men of those days always referred with the warmth of political party, but which we can now examine with candor, and judge without prejudice or passion.

No man of that day is more entitled to the candid retrospect of posterity than General Burgoyne, for no one suffered more than he from the heat of contemporaries. I have no other interest in his memory than what has been inspired by my visit to the scenes of his misfortunes, and by the observation that he is respectfully remembered in America, while no one ever hears of him in England. I have, therefore, nothing to present in his defence, but the narrative of his expedition, as illustrating the journey I have described.

The war of the American Revolution opened with some dashing exploits in the north, among which those of Allen and his mountaineers of Vermont are memorable, as well for their eccentricity as for their consequences. Accompanied by the crack-brained adventurer Benedict Arnold, he made a descent upon Lake Champlain, took Ticonderoga by surprise, and reduced the fort at Crown Point. Elated by success, and conceiving it probable that the invasion of Canada would be attended with a rising of the French in favor of the colonies, Arnold obtained a commission from the congress to attempt it, and actually succeeded in leading a small force to Quebec, through incredible difficulties. Emulous of Wolfe, he would stop at nothing short of scaling the heights of Abraham; and by indomitable perseverance he accomplished thus much of his enterprise, and found himself on the scene of Wolfe's death and renown, before Quebec, with less than four hundred men. But there the achievement ceases to bear any resemblance to the event of sixteen years before. Arnold was not wanting in courage, nevertheless; and after an ineffectual attempt to provoke a sortie, finding himself in a condition which would make a siege ridiculous, he was obliged to make a mortifying descent. He returned again, in the depth of winter, with a larger force, under the brave General Montgomery, and was wounded in a daring attempt to storm the city, while Montgomery himself fell in

forcing a barrier at Cape Diamond. Arnold now made a desperate retreat, closely followed by Sir Guy Carleton, the governor of Canada, who had repulsed the attempt on Quebec. As soon as the spring opened, Carleton, who had been joined by Burgoyne, pursued him to Lake Champlain, and, with extraordinary energy, built and fitted a fleet to chase him up the lakes, and regain the forts which had been taken, intending afterwards to press on towards the Hudson. Arnold, with equal activity, prepared a flotilla to meet him, and seems to have commissioned himself as its admiral. It was but small, yet, such as it was, he brought it up to the neighborhood of Cumberland Bay, where is now situated the town of Plattsburgh. The fleet of Sir Guy must have presented a beautiful appearance as it appeared around Cumberland Head, the cape which creates the bay, for it was of no less formidable a force than forty-four transports, twenty gunboats, a radeau, two schooners, and one three-masted ship. Of these, however, only a part could be rendered of service, for the wind was in favor of Arnold, who had also taken an advantageous position with his little squadron, consisting of but one sloop, three schooners, and several gondolas or galleys. For six hours he stood fire like a salamander, and then, favored by a dark night and a wind which sprang up from the north, he escaped with his shattered fleet, and made his way up the lake unperceived. Pursued by Carleton the next day, he maintained a running fire until his leaky and disabled vessels could do no more; on which, driving them aground, and landing his marines, he set them on fire, escaped to the shore, and so made his way through the woods to Crown Point, and thence to Ticonderoga. Carleton lost no time in reducing the former fortress; but his delay in building the squadron had made it now too late to carry out his projected advance to the Hudson, and he did no more, but returned to Canada, apparently satisfied with having destroyed all hopes of exciting a revolt among the French, or of shutting out the royal troops from the St. Lawrence.

In the spring of the following year, Burgoyne, who had been to England in the mean time, superseded Carleton as governor of Canada, who, though an efficient officer and an accomplished gentleman, seems to have given some momentary dissatisfaction to the ministry. It was the ambition of the new governor to force a passage to the Hudson, and, by the aid of Sir Henry Clinton, to open a direct communication with New York, seizing the intermediate posts, and so cutting off all connection between New England and the army in the south. This plan, had it been successful, would probably have put an end to the war; and as nothing less than so splendid a result was the object of Burgoyne's expedition, it may be imagined with what anxiety it was watched by the congress, and prepared for by the vigilance of Washington.

In June, 1777, the new governor ascended Lake Champlain. He was attended by a powerful armament, consisting, besides the regular troops, of Canadian rangers, German mercenaries, and a ferocious retinue of savages. He immediately invested the fort at Ticonderoga, by land and water, bringing his gun-boats and frigates to a point just beyond the range of the guns of the fort, and sending part of his troops to the eastern shore of the lake. Over against the fortress, a little to the south, and hardly a thousand yards distant, rises the inaccessible sugar-loaf summit of Mount Defiance, and with great energy the British general immediately commenced the construction of a road up the rough sides of this mountain. St. Clair, who was in command of the fort, and prepared to defend it vigorously, having received special instructions from congress, and knowing himself to be watched with the deepest anxiety by the whole country, looked up one morning, and found the summit occupied by a strong battery, under command of Burgoyne himself, who had dragged his cannon up the precipitous ascent, with an activity and enterprise worthy of Wolfe. It was now planted where it could, at any moment, pour death and destruction into the fort, from which not a ball could be returned with any effect. The heights of Mount Defiance, as the name imports, had been supposed to defy escalade; and the dismay of St. Clair may be imagined when he thus beheld his garrison not only exposed to the fire, but also to the jeers of the enemy, who could observe his every manœuvre, and count every man within his walls. The astounded general did all that remained for him to do. He contrived to start a flotilla up the lake, with some stores and baggage, towards Skenesborough, and, crossing to the eastern shore, commenced his retreat through Vermont, pursued by a detachment under Generals Frazer and Reidesel, who brought him to action next day at Castleton, from whence he further retreated to Fort Edward. General Phillips, on the other shore, ascended Lake George, and captured the fort at its head, forcing Schuyler to Fort Edward, where St. Clair joined him, and both together continued the retreat down the Hudson. Burgoyne himself pursued the flotilla to Skenesborough, destroyed it, and followed the American troops, who had evacuated the place, retreating to the Hudson. Before he could reach Fort Edward, he was obliged to clear the roads of innumerable trees which had been felled and thrown in his way; and, besides contending with other obstacles, to fight one obstinate battle at Fort Anne. It was August before he arrived, and then came the unavoidable and fatal delay which I have noticed, in transporting supplies from Lake George.

It was while he was advancing towards Fort Edward, that the ungovernable ferocity of his Indian mercenaries became so painfully apparent, by the butchery of Miss M'Crea, and the massacre, of which the tragically dramatic particulars are these:—As he approached the Hudson, he was met by an American loyalist of the name of Jones, whose adhesion to the royal standard he rewarded by an appointment to a command. The gentle-

man was betrothed to a young lady of great beauty, residing a few miles below Fort Edward; and, becoming alarmed for her safety, he begged permission to have her brought into the British camp, which was already graced by the presence of two elegant women, the Baroness Reidesel and the Lady Harriet Ackland. He contrived to send her word to repair to the house of a relative near Fort Edward, and there to await a convoy which he would send to conduct her further. What the unhappy gentleman deemed a convoy, or what prevented his going in person for his affianced bride, does not now appear; but at the set time he despatched a party of savages on the gallant errand, promising them a barrel of rum as an incentive to their fidelity. With some misgivings, perhaps, as to the wisdom of their commission, he seems almost immediately afterwards to have sent off a second party of Indians, with promise of a like reward. The lady was at the appointed place when the first party arrived, and, with her entertainer, was not a little alarmed at their appearance. Their conduct, however, was friendly, and they delivered a letter from her lover, assuring her that she might safely confide in their respectful behavior and diligent care. With the heroism of her sex, in circumstances so trying, she obeyed without hesitation, suffered herself to be placed upon horseback, and set off with her savage attendants. Just at this time a picket, under one Lieut. Van Vechten, had been surprised near the springs which I have described in my journey, by the second party of Indians, who massacred and scalped the officer and several of his men. The convoy approached the spring with Miss M'Crea just as the horrid tragedy had concluded, and immediately began to dispute with the other party, with furious outcries and ferocious gestures. The horrors of the unfortunate young lady, as she saw the rising passions of her conductors, must be imagined; but she could not have understood the nature of their quarrel, which was as to which party should have the custody of her person, and so secure the promised reward. The defenceless creature remained a passive spectator of the combatants, who began to belabor each other with their muskets. The alarm which had been given by the picket, had caused the officer in command of Fort Edward to send a company of soldiers to the aid of Van Vechten, and as these were now seen approaching, one of the chiefs, to terminate the strife, discharged his musket at Miss M'Crea, who instantly fell. Then, seizing her by her hair, which was long and flowing, he cut the scalp, and dashed it into the face of his antagonist with a fiendish yell. After inflicting several additional wounds, both parties retreated towards Fort Anne, and tradition reports that on their way they so far compromised their quarrel as to divide their trophy; so that, on arriving at the fort, and meeting their impatient employer, each of the chiefs exhibited half of the scalp, and claimed a proportionate payment. That Jones' own scalp was so far affected as to turn white in a single night we may readily believe, and that he soon died of a broken heart is a still more credible part of the story. Who can wonder that such an event rendered the name of Burgoyne a bugbear to scare babies in all the neighboring country; or that the massacre of Fort Edward, after inspiring the indignation of Burke, and rekindling the expiring ardor of Chatham, was cast into the teeth of Burgoyne himself, when he took his seat as a senator in the British parliament! That such an attack was unjust and unmerciful, the facts of the case, which were long misrepresented, sufficiently prove; yet, as Cardinal de Retz said of the Parisians, that he who convoked them made an *emeute*—so it is true historically that whoever armed the American Indians made them "hell-hounds of war."

It was at Fort Edward that the disasters of the expedition began to present themselves to the British general as formidable. A detachment of Germans who had made a circuit into Vermont, after the reduction of Ticonderoga, had been defeated in a battle at Bennington, and now with great difficulty rejoined the army, diminished in numbers, deprived of their commander, who had been killed, and stripped of their baggage and artillery. Another excursion under St. Leger had been but partially successful; and as the result of both these unfortunate episodes, Burgoyne found himself shorn of one sixth part of his troops. While he was sending his baggage-wagons to Lake George, moreover, the American army, now recruited to a force of ten thousand men, began to come back from the Mohawk, desirous of bringing him to an engagement. It would have been prudent, perhaps, had he fallen back upon Skenesborough, and awaited further supplies from Canada; but *vestigia nulla retrorsum* is a pardonable motto for the pride of an English general. As soon as he was able, therefore, he set forward; crossed the Hudson on a bridge of boats; foraged on the estates of General Schuyler, and burned his seat at Schuylerville, and so advanced to Stillwater, where he drew up his line before the American intrenchments on the 18th of September. The next day a manœuvre of some of the troops seeking a better position, was mistaken by General Gates for an intended assault. A counter movement was made by the Americans, which produced a collision, and the engagement soon became general. It was desperately maintained, and continued through the day, the battle ending where it had begun, when it was too dark to see. Burgoyne claimed a victory, and the American general, Wilkinson, confesses a drawn game; but it was such a victory as rendered another battle almost sure defeat. "It was one of the largest, warmest, and most obstinate battles," says Wilkinson, "ever fought in America."

Burgoyne found himself weakened by this conflict, but Gates was daily receiving new accessions to his strength. The decisive action was postponed, on both accounts no doubt, till the 7th of October. In the afternoon of that day a strong detachment of the British troops, advancing towards the American left wing with ten pieces of artillery,

for the purpose of protecting a forage party, was furiously attacked, and the action almost immediately involved the whole force of both armies. The right wing of the English was commanded by General Frazer, the idol of the army, and admired by none more heartily than by his foes. The first shock of the battle was sustained by him, and by the grenadiers under Colonel Ackland, who were terribly slaughtered, while the colonel fell dangerously wounded. Frazer, exposing himself in the hottest of the fight, and conspicuously mounted on an iron-gray, seemed the very soul of the battle, and showed himself everywhere, bringing his men into the action. His extraordinary efficiency, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired the ranks, was noticed by the Americans; and Colonel Morgan, of the Virginia riflemen, to whom he was immediately opposed, smitten with the incomparable generalship of his antagonist, is said to have resolved upon his fall. Drawing two of his best marksmen aside, he pointed to his adversary and said, "Do you see yonder gallant officer? It is General Frazer. I admire and esteem him, *but it is necessary that he should die*: take your places, and do your duty." In a few minutes he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Burgoyne commanded the whole line in person, directing every movement, and did all that valor and heroism could do to supply the places of the brave officers whose destruction he observed with anguish. Twice he received a bullet, either of which might have been fatal—one passing through his beaver, and the other grazing his breast. The Earl of Balcarres distinguished himself in rallying the disheartened infantry; and Breyman, commanding the German flank, fell dead on the field. The Brunswickers scattered like sheep, before a man of them had been killed or wounded, and some German grenadiers, who served with more spirit behind a breast-work, were driven from their stockade at the point of the bayonet. The American general remained in camp, overlooking the field; but his officers fought bravely, and none more so than Benedict Arnold, who hated him, and was smarting under disgrace. This hot-brained fellow, however, had no business to be there. He was not only disobeying orders, but actually at this time had no command in the army; and yet, being in rank the first officer on the field, he flew about issuing orders, which were generally obeyed. Gates, indignant at his presumption, despatched a messenger after him; but Arnold, understanding the design, evaded the message by dashing into a part of the fight where no one would follow him. He seemed to court death, acting more like a madman than a soldier, and driving up to the very muzzles of the artillery. It is singular that to this execrable traitor, as he afterwards showed himself, was owing the whole merit of the manœuvre which closed the day, and decided in favor of America a battle upon which her destinies hung suspended. Flourishing his sword, and animating the troops by his voice and reckless contempt of danger, he brought them up to the Hessian intrenchment, carried it by assault, and, while spurring into the sally-port, received a shot in his leg, which killed his horse upon the spot. It was this crowning exploit that forced Burgoyne back to his camp, from which, during the night, he made a creditable movement of his troops to higher grounds without further loss. In the morning, the abandoned camp was occupied by the Americans, who played upon his new position with an incessant cannonade.

The anecdotes of this battle are full of interest, and some of them worthy of perpetual remembrance. Soon after the decisive turn of the action, Wilkinson, the American officer whom I have already quoted, was galloping over the field to execute some order, when he heard a wounded person cry out—*Protect me, sir, against that boy.* He turned and saw a British officer wounded in both legs, who had been carried to a remote part of the field, and left in the angle of a fence, and at whom a lad of about fourteen was coolly aiming a musket. Wilkinson was so fortunate as to arrest the atrocious purpose of the youngster, and inquiring the officer's rank, was answered—"I had the honor to command the grenadiers." He of course knew it to be Colonel Ackland, and humanely dismounted, helped him to a horse, and, with a servant to take care of him, sent him to the American camp.

In his own narrative, Burgoyne did ample justice to the rest of this story; but it will bear to be told again to another generation. The Lady Harriet Ackland, as I have already said, was in the British camp. She had accompanied her husband to Quebec, and in the campaign of 1776 had followed him to a poor hut at Chambly, where he had fallen sick, and there, exposing himself to every fatigue and danger, had assiduously ministered to his comfort. She was left at Ticonderoga, under positive injunctions to remain there; but her husband receiving a wound in the affair at Castleton, while pursuing St. Clair, she again followed him, and became his nurse. After this, refusing to return, she was transported in such a cart as could be constructed in the camp, to the different halting-places of the army, always accompanying her husband with the grenadiers, and sharing the peculiar exposures of the vanguard. At Stillwater she occupied a tent, adjoining the house in which Frazer expired, and which was the lodge of the Baroness Reidesel, who with a similar fidelity had followed the fortunes of her husband, accompanied by her three little children. Lady Ackland is described by Burgoyne as one of the most delicate, as well as the most lovely, of her sex. She was bred to all the luxuries and refinements incident to birth and fortune, and while thus enduring the fatigues of military life, was far advanced in the state in which the hardiest matron requires the tenderest and most particular defence.

If, notwithstanding the inconveniences of such a presence, the residence of these ladies in the British camp had thrown additional radiance on the sunniest days of hope and success, it may well be

imagined that they seemed as angels in the eyes of wounded and dying men, to whom they ministered like sisters or mothers. The baroness herself has left a touching account of the scenes through which she passed, in that rude shed on the Hudson. "On the 7th of October," she says, "our misfortunes began." She had invited Burgoyne, with Generals Phillips and Frazer, to dine with her husband; but, as the hour arrived, she observed a movement among the troops, and some Indians, in their war finery, passing the house, gave her notice of the approaching battle by their yells of exultation. Immediately after, she heard the report of artillery, which grew louder and louder, till the skies seemed coming down. At four o'clock, her little table standing ready, instead of the cheerful guests for whom she had prepared, General Frazer was brought in helpless and faint with his wound. Away went the untasted banquet, and a bed was set in its place, on which the pale sufferer was laid. A surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it mortal. The ball had passed through the stomach, which was unfortunately distended by a bountiful breakfast. The general desired to know the worst, and, on learning his extremity, simply requested that he might be buried on the hill, beside the house, where a redoubt had been erected, at the hour of six in the evening; but the baroness afterward heard him sigh frequently—"Oh, fatal ambition—poor General Burgoyne—oh, my poor wife!" The wounded officers were continually brought in, till the little hut became an hospital. General Reidesel came to the house for a moment, towards nightfall, but it was only to whisper to his wife to pack up her movables, and be ready at any moment to retreat. His dejected countenance told the rest. Soon after, Lady Ackland was informed of her husband's misfortune, and that he was a prisoner in the American camp.

Consoling her distressed companion and ministering to the wounded gentlemen—hushing her little ones lest they should disturb General Frazer, and collecting her camp-furniture for the anticipated remove—thus did the fair Reidesel spend the long dark night that followed. Towards three in the morning, they told her that the general showed signs of speedy dissolution; and, lest they should interfere with the composure of the dying man, she wrapped up her little ones and carried them into the cellar. He lingered till eight o'clock, frequently apologizing to the lady for the trouble he caused her. All day long, the body in its winding-sheet lay in the little room among the sufferers, the ladies moving about in their charitable ministeries, with these lamentable sights before them, and the dreadful cannonade incessantly in their ears. General Gates, now in possession of the British trenches, was assailing the new position of the troops, which, with the house occupied by the baroness, was becoming every hour more untenable. Burgoyne had decided upon a further retreat; but, magnanimously resolved to fulfil General Frazer's request to the letter, would not stir till six o'clock. This was he more noble, as the enemy was now advancing, and had set fire to a house not far off, which was building for the better accommodation of the Reidesel. At the hour, the corpse was brought out, amid these impressive scenes of fire and slaughter, and under the constant roar of artillery. It was attended by all the generals to the redoubt. The procession not being understood, and attracting the notice of the American general, was made the mark of the cannon, and the balls began to fall thick and heavy around the grave. Several passed near the baroness, as she stood trembling for her husband at the door of the lodge. Burgoyne himself has described this remarkable funeral, to which, owing to the intrepidity of the priest, the rites of the church were not wanting. The balls bounded upon the redoubt, and scattered the earth alike upon the corpse and the train of mourners; but "with steady attitude, and unaltered voice," says Burgoyne, the clergyman, Mr. Brudenel, read the burial service, rendered doubly solemn by the danger, the booming of the artillery, and the constant fall of shot. The shades of a clouded evening were closing upon that group of heroes, and they seemed to be standing together in the shadow of death; but some good angel waved his wing around the holy rite, and not one of them was harmed.

That night the army commenced its retreat, leaving the hospital, with three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of General Gates, who took charge of them with the greatest humanity. Lady Ackland demanded to be sent to her husband; but Burgoyne could only offer her an open boat in which to descend the Hudson, and the night was rainy. Nothing daunted, she accepted the offer, to the astonishment of Burgoyne, who, on a piece of dirty wet paper, scrawled a few words, commending her to General Gates, and suffered her to embark. What a voyage, in the storm and darkness, on those lone waters of the Hudson! The American sentinel heard the approach of oars, and hailed the advancing stranger. Her only watchword was—a woman! The sentinel may be forgiven for scarce trusting his senses, and refusing to let such an apparition go on shore, till a superior officer could be heard from; but it was a cheerless delay for the faithful wife. As soon, however, as it was known that Lady Ackland was the stranger, she was welcomed to the American camp, where, "it is due to justice," says Burgoyne, "to say that she was received with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved."

The Hudson girdled the forlorn intrenchments to which the British general now retired, and its fords were all in possession of the American forces. By means of these fords they had regained the forts on Lake George, and the road to Skenesborough, and all retreat was cut off—even the desperate retreat which Burgoyne had proposed, of abandoning artillery and baggage, and carrying nothing away but bodies and souls. Yet for six

days his proud soul stood firm, unable to endure or even face the thought of surrender. The American batteries were constantly at play upon his camp. Blood was the price of the water which they were forced to bring from the river. The house which contained the baroness and her children, hiding in the cellar, was riddled with shot. A soldier, whose leg was under the knife of the surgeon, had the other carried off by a ball as he lay upon the table. After six such days, even Burgoyne saw that there was no hope. He signed "the articles of convention," and the next day surrendered in the field of Saratoga. "From that day," says a British writer, "America was a nation."

After the surrender, the Baroness Reidesel went to join her husband in the American camp. Seated in a calash with her children, she drove through the American lines, presenting such a touching picture of female virtue, as awed even the common soldiers, and moved them to tears as she passed along. She was met by a gentleman who had once enjoyed the command of the army in which she thus became a guest; one whose patriotism no injury from his country could disaffect, and whose gallantry and politeness no severity from his foes could disarm. Taking the children from the calash, he affectionately kissed them, and presenting his hand to their mother, said pleasantly—"You tremble, madam! I beg you not to be afraid." She replied—"Sir, your manner emboldens me; I am sure *you must be a husband and a father!*" She soon found that it was General Schuyler: and he afterwards had the happiness of entertaining both her and General Reidesel, with Lady Ackland, her husband, and Burgoyne himself, at his hospitable mansion in Albany, "not as enemies," says the baroness, "but as friends." While thus entertained, Burgoyne said one day to his host, "You show me much kindness, though I have done you much harm." "It was the fortune of war," answered Schuyler; "let us say no more on the subject." The author of "Hochelaga" adds the following painful story, with reference to Colonel Ackland. On a public occasion in England, he heard a person speaking of the Americans as cowards. "He indignantly rebuked the libeller of his gallant captors; a duel ensued the next morning, and the noble and grateful soldier was carried home a corpse."

Of poor General Burgoyne, we have partially anticipated the subsequent history. His military career closed with this defeat; and though, on his return to England, he took a seat in parliament, his chief business, as a senator, appears to have been his own defence against repeated assaults from his enemies. Though he is said to have carried to his grave the appearance of a discouraged and broken man, he amused himself with literary pursuits, and in 1786 was the popular author of a successful play, entitled "The Heiress." About six years later he was privately committed to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

At this distance of time, I see no reason why the field of Saratoga may not be regarded by Englishmen, as well as by Americans, with emotions as near akin to pleasure as the horrors of carnage will allow. It is a field from which something of honor flows to all parties concerned, and in the singular history of which even our holy religion, and the virtues of domestic life, were nobly illustrated. On the one side was patriotism, on the other loyalty; on both sides courtesy. If the figures of the picture are at first fierce and repulsive—the figures of brethren armed against brethren, of mercenary Germans and frantic savages, Canadian rangers and American ploughmen, all bristling together with the horrid front of war—what a charm of contrast is presented, when among these stern and forbidding groups is beheld the form of a Christian woman moving to and fro, disarming every heart of every emotion but reverence, softening the misfortunes of defeat, and checking the elation of victory! The American may justly tread that battle-ground with veneration for the achievement which secured to his country a place among the nations of the world, but not without a holy regard for the disasters, which were as the travail-throes of England, in giving her daughter birth. And the Briton, acknowledging the necessity of the separation, as arising from the nature of things, may always feel that it was happily effected at Saratoga, where, if British fortune met with a momentary reverse, British valor was untarnished; and where history, if she declines to add the name of a new field to the ancient catalogue of England's victories, turns to a fairer page, and gives a richer glory than that of conquest to her old renown, as she records the simple story of female virtue, heroism, fidelity, and piety, and inscribes the name of Lady HARRIET ACKLAND.

CONSUMPTION.—Sir James Clark, physician to the queen, enumerates, as the exciting causes of consumption, "long confinement in close, ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries, school-rooms, or manufactories;" he also says, "If an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia"—the beginning of consumption. Persons engaged in confined close rooms, or workshops, are the chief sufferers from consumption: thus, of the 233 tailors who died in one district in London, in 1839, 123 died of diseases of the lungs, of whom ninety-two died of consumption. Of fifty-two milliners, dying in the same year, thirty-three died from diseases of the lungs, of whom twenty-eight died from consumption. Dr. Guy reports, that in a close printers' room, he found seventeen men at work, of whom three had spitting of blood, two had affections of the lungs, and five had constant and severe colds. After reading these sad facts, who can deny that the chief cause of consumption is the respiration of bad air?—*Ventilation Illustrated.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 22d March, 1848.

It is just a month since this capital has been in constant estuation. The process is marvellous, because so many of the worst effects to be expected do not happen. No individual is molested, no one proscribed; the ministry alone have been judicially arraigned. Incessant multitudinous processions are all peaceable, nay, even good-humored. The concourse of workmen before the Hotel de Ville, who barred the way to the old national guard, with whom they had some reason to be angry, did so with gentle resoluteness and more in the spirit of play than battle. Fresh excitement is produced by the hourly and stupendous intelligence from without, yet no excesses are committed. The *National*, of this day, pronounces all violence to be henceforth an anachronism; the monster-meetings, the deputations, the clubs, to be safety-valves—and the numberless new journals and placards in particular. That paper even ridicules the fertility of the patriotic brains intent on remedies for the financial crisis; every one able to scribble thinks that he has the spring of Pactolus in his inkstand.

The spirit of democracy moves, like a whirlwind, over the surface of the continent. Reference is made, not with profane feeling, to the creation as described in the first book of Moses. We are not, however, in France, out of darkness and chaos, completely; and the storm, we fear, has not done fulfilling His word. Old institutions, say our present oracles, are tumbling everywhere; society is undergoing a thorough transformation; we must rebuild at once upon new principles and with new materials. How fortunate for you in the United States, that you possess so admirable an order political and social; that your ample experience should render you perfectly content; that you should deprecate all innovations, and be authorized to invite the rest of the world to conform as closely as possible to your model. Professor Michel Chevalier, who systematically decried American democracy, now, in the same journal, the Débats, signalizes and celebrates it for the contemplation of his country. He relates what he saw of the fat living of the American people without exception, in contrast with the wretched fare of the French masses. He holds up American example of individual self-reliance, to rebuke the French habit, now seen here in all its force and mischief, of looking to government for impulse and relief in whatsoever difficulty and pursuit.

After learning, as we have to-day, the full capitulation of the Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Prussia and Hanover, to the radical or liberal multitudes, not, indeed, without sanguinary conflicts, we shall not be surprised to read—perhaps, to-morrow or the end of the month, that republican revolutions have been consummated at Constantinople and in Egypt. Assurance is expressed on every side that royalty will quickly disappear from Portugal, Greece, Naples, and the Austrian power from Italy—that Poland will be resuscitated, and that England, needing, observes the *National*, social regeneration more than any other part of Europe, cannot escape the general doom. The *Courrier Français* of this morning reports that the southern provinces of the Russian empire are in full insurrection, the nobility and the army being "at the head of the movement." According to a letter from Vienna, the emperor, when his aristocracy and statesmen had absconded, exclaimed to the people—"What others shall we drive out!" Such is imperial patronage and gratitude! Louis Philippe and his family were deserted by the courtiers whom they had most distinguished and enriched, and they are feasting "in good health and spirits" at the royal British palaces, reckless, we may presume, of the fate of their old friends, and of the woful change in the domestic fortunes and personal positions of many thousands of their functionaries and votaries.

It is noted from Algeria that the Arabs seem to be much excited; they perceive the occurrence of a great catastrophe, without comprehending exactly what it is—what it portends. The Spanish government is resolved, by the law which suspends the constitution, into a military despotism, with the dictatorship of Narvaez. He affects to prepare, by new levies, against a French invasion; the French republic is the simple peril of his dictatorship and the throne of the "innocent" Isabel. Emperor Nicholas, too, arrays and strengthens his armies, in order, says the ukase, to stem the pernicious torrent of anarchy rushing from France through Germany. The Danes, believing that a Russian fleet was to be despatched to the Mediterranean, in aid of the King of Naples, bestirred themselves to plant their cannon to prevent it from passing the sound.

We have an energetic address, by their grand central committee, of the students of the Paris schools, to those of Austria. You may recollect how considerable part the pupils of the universities took in the insurrections at Coimbra and Pisa. The German have not proved recreant. The Danish and Swedish are busy. Possibly, the democratic *afflatus* will penetrate into the old aristocratic fortresses of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Westminster. How long can the British monarchy and oligarchy stand, alone, when the *Universal Republic*, shouted yesterday at our Hotel de Ville, shall beam from this and the western continent! At Rome, there is a new and quite liberal ministry—ten laymen and only three ecclesiastics. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the first of linguists, is placed over the department of public instruction. It will be difficult for the Holy See to preserve the substance of temporal dominion. Foreign support is now out of the question. Pius IX. must have been gratified with the following phrase in one of the Sardinian addresses—"That Italy which your benediction has awakened to a new life." A belief prevailed at Rome that the Jesuits were about to dissolve their society, of their own accord.

Accounts came yesterday of popular riots at Dresden. The troops refused to fire on the multitude. The sanguinary and destructive commo-

tions at Munich were provoked by the supposed return of the king of Bavaria's famous strumpet, *Lola-Montes*. This heroine was once familiar to all eyes in Paris, and notorious as a courtesan in the orgies of the libertine and knavish band whom the murder of Dujarrier in a duel dispersed through the prisons. When she was invested with title and estate, the Bavarians of all ranks shuddered at their degradation. It was an outrage of royalty on high and low, never to be forgiven. In hunting out such a *woman* as an object of vengeance—in the personal protection which the infatuated monarch, a sexagenarian, endeavored to afford her—the lowest of the mob could scarcely have failed to be conscious of a double disgrace. Where has not royalty earned prostration?

The substitution of the rule of the people, in Germany, for that of the old courts and cabinets, seems to relieve France of all prospect of war. This result is hailed, with strong voice, in many of our journals, because it may enable the government to reduce the army, and thus, with other curtailments and savings, create a just confidence in the public finances. War, it is remarked besides, would inevitably bring about a dictatorship, and spoil all our visions of a philanthropic republic. Moreover, the new government professes to depend, entirely, on the favor of the people; it could not, consistently, employ troops as a general internal police or coercion; the attempt, at all events, would be vain, as the fate of the Orleans dynasty proves. On the other hand, the government is not in the least disposed to denude itself or the country, in reference to foreign and domestic uncertainties: it knows that some imposing military means can be deemed necessary for proper estimation in France; that the monarchical parties and predilections are far from being extinguished in any division of the country, that a civil war may be hazarded against the inflexible republican resolve; that royalty on the continent, if more than scotched, is not killed; that the French republic must take her stand, as the antagonist, though not aggressive, of all the monarchy which may survive; the autocrat of all the Russias denounces the explosions in Western Europe, as "indicating the guilty purpose of overthrowing all the legitimate powers," and arrays four hundred thousand men to be marched to the western frontiers of his empire; the sovereigns who have accepted the terms of the people, whether in the north, in Germany, in Holland, even in Italy, have done so from fear and under duress; they would secretly or openly abet every aim and all actions tending to frustrate and cripple French democracy; the language held by the British ministry, a few days ago, in the debates on the army and navy supplies, admonished France—whatever assurances of a pacific spirit and policy might come from that quarter—to hold herself ready to spread and preponderate on the continent in the measure as it were of the supremacy which Great Britain meditated on the seas and coasts, by her four hundred and sixty ships of war, including one hundred and twenty-one steamers—the boast of her secretary of the admiralty. Besides, if matters on the continent should take a turn repugnant or threatening to France, or not be settled to her security and satisfaction, she could hardly refrain from indulging her martial propensities and power. The army has been deranged, indeed, but not broken in its *frames;* the force in Algeria, which conquest and province the republic will cherish, requires due supplies; a corps of observation is indispensable on each frontier, although, doubtless, the new institutions and ascendencies on the Italian, Swiss and northern sides, serve as ramparts or breakers against prompt invasion. We find that General Cavaignac, just appointed governor-general of Algeria, has been called to the direction of the war department in Paris, and General Changarnier appointed to succeed him in the province. After Bugeaud and Lamoricière, Changarnier had won the most laurels and authority; he was entitled, in the first instance, to the command; he has just arrived in Paris; the provisional government did not wish to continue such a man here, as a malecontent. It was said that the war-office had been assigned to General Schramm, who is superior in all respects to Cavaignac. The prelibation of the republican process has already been so bitter for the middle and upper classes, that a large proportion of them might not be sorry for the success of an attempt, by some determined military chief, to establish a new sway with thirty or fifty thousand lieges of the line; nor might they vehemently object against a war which would enable the provisional government to send off to the frontiers the hordes whom it feeds and clothes, and so adroitly flatters and organizes into disposable national guards. In the population of thirty-five millions, so excitable, mercurial and sentimental, there is an immense body of extremely poor and illiterate youth ready to be converted into the soldiery, and to march whithersoever under banners with the inscription, Liberty and Glory, and at the sound of the Marseilles. In the Champs Elysées, at present, the spectacle is curious and characteristic, of thousands of laborers, with wheel-barrows and pick-axes, proceeding to their work in military rank and step, with tri-colored flags and democratic devices.

No French procession to the Hotel de Ville has pleased me more than that of the water-carriers, who passed under my windows on the 21st ult. The great majority of them are from the mountains of Auvergne; robust men in their holiday suits, and in general of respectable appearance. They walked five or six abreast, extending from the end of the garden of the Tuileries, on the Rue de Rivoli, to the corner of the palace—in all about three thousand. The first rank carried three large garlands, each on a cushion, and inscribed *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*—fine words, which are stamped on the front and sides of the chateau, and every public edifice of the capital. The journeymen tailors mustered five thousand: the minister of the interior complimented them on the depth of their political stud-

ies. The number of the pedlers, or itinerant dealers, was not less: good republicans, and faithful adherents, in their address, to the provisional government. This day, a deputation of the oyster-trade, soliciting more comprehensive protection for the growth and fishery of their article, were graciously received, and assured of the solicitude of the republic for their welcome. Another of the ceremonies of the morning was the erection of the tree of liberty in the *Champs de Mars*, under the benediction of the clergy, and the auspices of the minister of the interior, who promised the legions of operatives, (travailleurs,) his sympathetic auditors, that "the dust of the thrones on which the sloth of kings reposed, would be dissipated by the popular breath." He claimed for the French armies, whose exploits and patriotism he commemorated, the brotherhood and trust of the worthy million. Most of the members of the government have poured out their joy at the overthrow of the absolute monarchies. The delegates of the different corporations of workmen, three hundred, hold, with the special government committee, their daily sittings in the splendid chamber of the ex-peers, occupying the seats of the patricians. This, and the external and internal changes in the aspect and appropriations of the palace of the Tuileries, form the most remarkable of the contrasts with the sights of January. Just as the delegates were leaving the hall on the 20th, Louis Blanc, the head of the committee, reëntered, out of breath with delight—"My friends, come back, I have fine news for you; our republic triumphs all over Europe. Our honorable colleague, the minister of foreign affairs, has just informed me that Austria is in revolution," (explosion of plaudits—cries of joy;) "yes, so much in revolution, that Metternich has fled"—(immense enthusiasm.)

Paris, 23d March, 1848.

This is the least animated day since the 20th ult.: the Moniteur has no electrical decree; the principal is an allotment of 250,000 fr. for the construction of a temporary hall for the national assembly. One end of the Tuileries is assigned to the staff of the national guard—a desirable neighborhood. No important addition yet (noon) to the foreign news. I have just returned from an extensive walk on the boulevards, and through various main streets, and the Palais Royal. The fresh placards and caricatures, entertaining in a high degree, attract crowds to the corners and shop windows. No trades flourish like those of news-vending and bill-sticking. Among my purchases, is *Louis Philippe* discharging the contents of his stomach, with the line underneath—*Effects of a banquet*. It is irresistibly comic, but rather too gross. Another bargain is one of the five franc pieces just struck at the mint—*La République Française* on one side; on the other, Hercules, with figures of liberty and labor; three sous the premium—an old piece in exchange. An eminent banker whom I met, informed me that the premium on gold (for notes of the Bank of France) is from twelve to eighteen per cent. still—on silver only two or three—on bank of England notes about ten. Bankruptcies multiply; credit hardly revives; yet there is more vague hope as to the mercantile and currency crisis. I have seen letters from the ports of Marseilles, Nantes, and Havre, fraught with the gloomiest accounts of embarrassment and stoppage. Havre suffers above all; we fear evil consequences at New York. Collapse from inordinate extension of engagement and business before the revolution, is as much the case, or nearly, as the perturbation and deficits occasioned by that shock.

I am so frequently interrupted, and shall be so until the post hour, that I must refer you, for "the body and pressure of the times," to the newspaper paragraphs, and official documents which I enclose. Be content with them, and the following medley from my note-book.

Cogent remonstrance, yesterday, of the Journal des Débats against a flux of paper-money. Writer (probably Chevalier) avers that the United States were *ruined* by it twice—in their first and second wars with England: and that it ruined Great Britain also, in the French war, and France too, in her struggle. American ruin is quite supportable, though repeated. Paper-money has destroyed hosts of individuals, but has never yet inflicted lasting injury on any country. France can bear as large emissions as she needs, in her present predicament. The subject is ably treated in a recent article of the London Morning Herald. Tomorrow the Bank of France will issue notes of a hundred francs—the minimum for her. The late government and the conservative majorities, foolishly limited her to two hundred. This day, the Débats expresses absolute confidence in *peace*, which may remedy all ills of the hour. Though the kings, except Louis Philippe, have not toppled entirely, the people, everywhere, to the confines of Russia, remain master. France can exagitate her republic without molestation.

Compare the allocutions of the King of Prussia, three, two, one, years ago, his theorem *a Deo rex, a rege lex*, with his addresses since the bloody affray in Berlin. He beseeches a truce of his "dear Berlinese"—his "beautiful and *faithful* city,"—and his queen "that loved them, their true, sincere mother and friend, very sick, unites her honest prayers, accompanied with tears, to his own." How humble and pathetic! So, perhaps, would have prayed his royal brother of Naples, if the people had besieged Ferdinand when he was bombarding his fine cities of Palermo and Messina. What can be meaner than the King of Bavaria's final order of the day proscribing Lola-Montes? The fresh reports of the events of the 18th at Berlin, and the results of the popular victory of Vienna, possess lively interest. Burke complained eloquently of the sophists and calculators, for regarding a king as a man, and a queen as a woman. The kings and queens of our day learn ruefully to believe it themselves. The Emperor of Austria "meets the wishes of his faithful

people." I cannot find the term *subjects* in any of the royal proclamations. All the liberties and reforms which were so haughtily refused and criminated, are now piteously acknowledged to be due and excellent. Who, then, should be held responsible for the blood and ravage which the wresting of them has cost!

All the committees and clubs of our capital are intent on the preliminaries to the elections. It is understood that the government will not postpone those for the national assembly, or if so, a very brief period. They will take place next month—nine millions of electors. The republican party strike while the iron is hot. Naturally they strive to get all for themselves. "None except republicans," says the *National* of this morning, "are capable of inaugurating the republic."

The theatres of Paris are thinly attended, while the club halls overflow. Bankruptcy has overtaken the managers of some of the largest; the actors continue the management by association—the all in all republican principle. Prices of seats have been materially reduced; in the old classical *Théâtre Français*—of which the name is idly altered to Théatre de la République—the amphitheatre is only ten sous, the galleries twenty, the second boxes fifty. Racine will have a strange audience. A journalist says—"The middle classes are now set aside, as the upper and lower were in 1830."

Corporal punishment is abolished in the navy, as well as the army. Admiral Baudin boasts, in address to his squadron, that the *reform* is unique. It is expected that a saving of about a million of francs annually will be achieved by modifications and purgations of the *personnel* of the army. The immense moral and political responsibility of France to the cause of liberty in Europe, in her present conduct, is well expounded and urged in most of the journals. I have counted nine new oracles within the five days past, several of them are ably edited—*Le Salut Public*, and *L'Assemblée Nationale*, in particular.

The public honors, which have been paid to the corpse and memory of John Quincy Adams, do us infinite credit and service on this side of the Atlantic. They are properly noticed by the Paris press. Even the London Standard is conciliated to applause and wonder. Two of the French archbishops, (cardinals,) and several of the bishops, in their encyclical letters, point to the American institutions as yielding admirable lessons of real liberty, tried success, and matchless prosperity, for France in her great experiment. Some of the law-officers, recently appointed heads of the bars, have used the same strain in their discourses at the opening of the sessions of their courts. See, in the debate in the British house of commons on the 21st ult., Mr. Cobden's language touching the rivalry of American manufactures and trade with those of Great Britain. You may hearken when the state of Europe, political and social, comes to be formally and amply discussed in the British parliament. Are there not a few British statesmen who read the hand-writing on the wall!

Translated from the French paper entitled *Le Salut Publique.*

WORKMEN OF PARIS: An unknown, but friendly voice addresses itself to you; it makes an appeal to the reason of the people—to that instinctive good sense which makes them so quickly discover the truth in everything.

The republic is founded—it has not a single enemy in France;—it cannot, therefore, perish. That there are men among us who do not entirely sympathize with the republic, who can doubt? But why? It is because they dread the violences of such a form of government. Show them a strong, well organized government, giving security and liberty to all, and they will rally round it with eagerness. Can order be reëstablished and confidence restored when the public places are in constant agitation? No. And if confidence does not revive what will become of us? We shall be overwhelmed with bankruptcy. If money be hidden, and work ceases, who will suffer the most? Workmen of Paris, it will be you. You would not go to the rich to ask them for money! Honest workmen! you are calumniated by those who thus think of you. Besides, money is not wealth, it is only a sign of it—labor is wealth, for it is labor only which furnishes the means of satisfying all the wants of man. Who will give you work when you have despoiled the wealthy? And if you exhaust the sources of labor who will give bread to your wives and children?

Workmen of Paris, you have conquered; may all honor be yours! But now let us organize our victory. We have at the head of the republic men of heart as well as of talent; men devoted to the cause of the people: let us leave them the care of giving us a government, which no society can do without. Soldiers of liberty! you have conquered it; this part of the glory is sufficiently noble. If liberty was threatened, I would say to you, "Be on your guard, and watch"—but what being would be so imprudent as to wish society to retrograde? The people would rise again to bring to justice any one who would attempt so insensate a thing. The social question is laid down; it must be decided on, but it must be done amicably. Have perfect confidence in the men of the provisional government; above all, have confidence in the national assembly.

Workmen of Paris, return to your workshops. Do not alarm the inhabitants by walking through the streets, singing tumultuous songs, among which may be mingled cries which might recall former sad days. Commerce will recover its confidence, and money will flow abundantly into both public and private coffers, and the rich, feeling reassured, will not think of deserting Paris, nor withdrawing their funds from circulation. You ask for balls, you ask for fêtes, and you are right; it is necessary that the rich spend, in order that tradesmen may live. But can one dance on the border of a crater, when on all sides is heard the earth cracking under one's feet!

Workmen of Paris, the departments have their eyes upon you—Paris is the head and heart of France. When Paris is agitated the provinces

are anxious; when it becomes calm, confidence returns everywhere. People of Paris, be proud of this strength, but do not abuse it. If you hold in your hands the destinies of the country, think of your responsibility on the page of history.

But let us reassure ourselves. Unfortunate times will not return. The example of our ancestors will not be lost upon us. Our education was made under a constitutional government—the republic is only a purer form of the same government. The revolution of 1830 put the power into the hands of the citizens; that of 1848 carried it up to its source—to the people; that is the progress of the inevitable law of humanity.

If all must emanate *from* the people, if all must be done *for* the people, must everything be done exclusively by them? Will not property and capital be an engine to use in the service of the republic? Would you make a new law of suspicion against the rich? Workmen of Paris, those who give you such counsels are mad. Distrust those ambitious men who only flatter the people to raise themselves by means of them. Society is like an immense manufactory: labor must be divided in such a manner that every one may be classed according to his aptitude, in order that the enterprise may succeed. Let the career be opened to all, on one condition, that he who would take part in the direction of public affairs, should render himself capable beforehand. That is the true civil equality—there is no other. Workmen of Paris, believe me; it is a friend who speaks thus: others mislead or deceive you.

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23 March, 2 o'clock.

The *National* has an article on the increase of taxation as applied to the owners of lands and houses. It calls upon the proprietors to pay at once the whole of their tax for the year, instead of availing themselves of the faculty of paying it by instalments. The appeal will probably be responded to by a large portion, not on account of the indirect menace which has been held out to them in certain quarters, but for motives of patriotism, or a sense of the importance of making sacrifices with a view to the reestablishment of public confidence and public credit; but, in the present crisis, there must be an immense number of proprietors who would find it exceedingly difficult to comply with the injunction of the *National*. This journal says:—

Many persons appear to forget that the urgent measures adopted by the government to remedy the financial crisis are only provisional, and by no means definitive. Decreed in face of an exceptional state of affairs, they will end at the same time as that situation. It is, therefore, chiefly on the patriotism of the citizens that depend the adoption of measures to shorten the continuance of the embarrassment which has called for extraordinary enactments. In this case private interest is in accordance with patriotism. It is necessary that every one should comprehend and serve the necessities of the present state of affairs, the one in not extending their exigencies beyond the limits of possibility, and the others, by restoring to labor the capitals, the coöperation which is necessary to production. Once the crisis over, the government may fix the taxes on definite bases, and fix the mechanism of our finances. The payment of the 45c. will, in particular, be suppressed. It is a temporary sacrifice which property ought to make promptly, and which its knowledge of the state of affairs, and its devotedness to the republic impose on it, we doubt not much more that than the decree of the government. Poverty is exposed to many other sacrifices. In a word, it is particularly on the working classes, masters, and workmen, that the crisis weighs, and we cannot comprehend that property should not regard it not only as a duty, but as a kind of privilege to pay, to prevent difficulties, a debt comparatively light. It is not when the workmen, whose very existence is at stake, show such generous self-denial, and spontaneously give their mite to the country, that the rich should complain of having their superfluities infringed on. "We have at the disposal of the provisional government three months of misery," exclaimed a man of the people, with an outburst of enthusiasm. That expression, so touching and so profound, at once summed up and defined the state of things, with all the difficulties and all the duties which it imposed. Let the instinct of sacrifice which so eloquently dictated that devoted expression be in the heart of all, even in the heart of those to whom their fortune renders the sacrifice more easy. But, in our opinion, it is not even enough for them to confine themselves to pay the extraordinary contribution of 45 centimes, and even the whole of their taxes, within the given delay; that would be to remain within the limit of strict obedience to the laws. Circumstances call for more. It is necessary that, in imitation of the initiative taken by some among them, all the proprietors in France voluntarily anticipating the fixed period, should at present bring to the treasury the whole of the sums which they would have to pay during the year. Th s general movement in favor of the state, made under present circumstances, would be one of the most energetic means that could be employed to restore credit, and prevent disastrous eventualities. Let the landed interest of France think of this; it may coöperate in a result the most desirable at this moment for the country, and that, not by any sacrifice, but by a simple anticipation. It appears to us that they cannot hesitate; its privileged position imposes on it great duties; it will comprehend them we feel confident, and we expect to see them perform it.

The *Constitutionnel* has the following:—

We must submit to the dictatorship of the provisional government. We have several times said that, in many of its acts which go beyond its regular competency, and which under ordinary circumstances would only belong to the legitimate omnipotence of the national assembly, the provisional government is justified by considerations of urgency. Placed moreover at the summit of society, it embraces the ensemble of facts. It can only take its boldest decisions by a majority of voices, and its decrees, prepared after discussion, present themselves under the double guarantee of a deliberation in common, and of the names of their authors. But may not the provisional government understand that its collective dictatorship may concentrate itself in the far from tranquillizing unity of its departmental commissaries? Does it understand that its central dictatorship should be disseminated

and that it should be multiplied by the number of its general and special commissaries? In the new provisional organization there are more prefects than departments, and we suppose that it has momentarily increased the number of those public functionaries, whilst occupied in reducing the number of functionaries of every other kind. No. It is not possible that it can be wished to install eighty or rather a hundred and some odd, provisional governments charged to exercise, each in its particular limits, a localized national sovereignty. Such, however, appears to be the case.

The *Constitutionnel* then proceeds to mention several acts, and especially some financial interference of the commissaries in some of the departments, which it warmly criticises.

The National Discount-Bank commenced its operations on Monday. Already 600 accounts are opened, and there are 800 more applications to be decided upon. On Monday bills to the amount of nearly 1,000,000fr. were discounted, and yesterday to upwards 1,200,000fr.

The *Presse* of yesterday contained an announcement from M. Goupil, agent de change, that one of his clients, who wished his name to be kept secret, having received a quantity of silver in bars, had had it coined, and had authorized M. Goupil to give it without any charge in exchange for 500fr. notes, up to an amount of two hundred thousand francs. In consequence of this announcement, persons wishing to obtain specie applied to M. Goupil, at his residence in the Rue Taitbout, and received change for their notes without the slightest deduction being made.

At a meeting of the money-changers of Paris, held yesterday, it was resolved that in order to keep up the circulation of specie, they will give a premium of 2fr. 50c. for every 1,000fr. paid to them in specie, and will not require more than 5fr. for every 1,000fr. given by them in exchange for notes.

The minister of marine has addressed a circular to the prefects and maritime commandants, stating that as the delegates of several ports have made inquiries whether the vessels generally engaged in the cod-fishery in the latitudes of Newfoundland and Iceland could proceed to their destination as usual, he thinks it right to state that as there appears not to be the slightest chance of peace being interrupted, they may set sail for the season's fishing without hesitation.

Academy of Sciences.—*Sitting of March* 20. —Babinet made some observations on the total eclipse of the moon which took place on the evening of the 19th. They were chiefly confined to the red appearance of the moon on that occasion, which he stated arose from the rays of light penetrating the earth's shadow.—M. Becquerel presented, in the name of MM. Brunel, Bisson, and Gauguin, some fine specimens of metallic objects bronzed by a new galvanic process.—M. Combes made a report on a paper by MM. Poncelet and Piobert, relative to the vicious construction of railroad carriages, and the means of remedy. On the present system there is a friction upon the rails, which these gentlemen propose to obviate by a different mode of attaching the guide. The reporter declared that the recommendation was worthy of trial, and proposed that the thanks of the Academy should be voted to the inventors. The proposition was adopted.—A report was made by MM. Chevreul, Dumas, and Flourens, relative to some experiments made by them to ascertain whether M. Gannal, who has declared that he does not employ arsenic in his process of embalmment, really does not make use of that substance. They stated that they had discovered a very minute portion of arsenic in the composition, but that they attribute its presence to some tests which were used, and attach credit to the assertion of M. Gannal.—Several communications on chemistry were read, but they were without general interest.

The bill brought in by the Belgian minister of finance, to make the notes of the Belgian Bank a legal tender, passed the chamber of representatives the same day, though not without some curious discussion.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The Czar, his Court and his People. New York. Baker & Scribner.

We have read this instructive and interesting volume. It is the production of a young townsman, a son of Hugh Maxwell, Esq., who passed some time in Russia in an official capacity, and travelled over a considerable extent of the empire, taking the ancient capital, Moscow, in his way. The descriptive portions proper—those which relate to the aspect of the country, the dress and style of living of the people, their industrial pursuits, and the like—are marked by intelligent observation; but the writer's chief attention was given to the social and political condition of the Russians, which he represents in anything but a promising or agreeable light. We have seldom read a clearer or more impressive exposition of the fatal tendencies of despotism, in its operation on the wielder as well as the subjects. According to Mr. Maxwell's showing, the emperor passes—or, rather, wastes—his life in a perpetual struggle between natural dispositions and generous qualities, and the shifting, grinding, harassing exigencies of his political system—expending vast energies either to no practical result or in a wrong direction. Corruption is universal, deception and imposture, in a thousand forms, pervade the whole fabric of Russian government, in all its departments. Yet the capabilities of the people are wonderful; and wondrous will no doubt be their performance, when the elevating power of liberty shall at last have sway among them, as in Heaven's good time it doubtless will. Until then Russia will continue to be a phenomenon among nations—perhaps become a terror and a scourge.

Children of the New Forest. By Captain Maryatt. New York. Harper & Brothers.

A new work, primarily intended for the young, which is said to be equal to anything the author has written. The period of the story is that of the Protectorate and Charles I.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	$20 00
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Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

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Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From Tait's Magazine.

PROFESSOR NICHOL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

We propose a short series of criticisms upon the more prominent popular lecturers of the day —a class of persons who are rapidly rising into consequence, who are already exerting very considerable influence on society, and whose merits deserve to be canvassed somewhere else, and with somewhat more care, than in the columns of a newspaper.

This, indeed, is the age of public lecturing, and we might spend a long time in discussing its *pros* and *cons*, its advantages, and its evils. The open and legitimate objects which popular lecturing proposes to itself are chiefly the three following: Instruction, Excitement, and Communication between the higher minds of the age, and those of a lower grade. Now, in reference to its utility as an organ of instruction, much may be said on both sides. In public lecturing, truth is painted to the eye; it is enforced and illustrated by voice, gesture, and action; it stands in the person of the orator, as in an illuminated window. The information thus given, attended by a personal interest, and accompanied by a peculiar emphasis, is more profoundly impressed upon the memory; and many, by the fairy aspect of truth which is presented, are induced to love and learn, who otherwise would have remained indifferent and distant. On the other hand, the quantity of knowledge communicated by lecturing is seldom large; and, as to its quality, lecturers are under strong temptations to dilute it down to the capacities of their audience; and, instead of conducting them from first principles to details, they give them particular facts, and tell them to travel back themselves to leading principles—an advice which they seldom, if ever, follow. Too often the hearers, however strongly urged to the contrary by their instructors, forget to pursue profounder researches, to seek after higher sources; and the close of the six or seven lectures is the close of their studies, and furnishes the complement of their knowledge. Often, too, the class who have least access to books have also least access to lectures, or even when privileged to attend them, find their *special* wants but indifferently supplied.

In the excitement produced by good public lecturing, its advocates find a more plausible argument in its favor. It is an amusement so happy and so innocent; it withdraws so many from the theatre, the card-table, and the tavern; it gives such a stimulus to nascent intellects; it creates around the lecturer such circles and semicircles of shining faces; it rouses in so many breasts the spark of literary and scientific genius; it commences the manufacture of so many incipient Miltons, no longer mute and inglorious; and of whole generations of young Arkwrights, worthy of their illustrious progenitor. Nay, we would go a little further still, we would "better the instruction." Its excitement and pleasure do not stop here. The lecture-room promotes a great many matches; it brings young ladies and gentlemen into close and intimate propinquity; it excites active and animated flirtations; it forms, besides, a pleasant interchange to one class with the card-table—to another, an agreeable lounge on the road to the afterpiece, and to a third, a safe and decent halfway house to a quiet social *crack* in a quiet alehouse. It is also a nursery for the numerous sprigs of criticism which abound—faithfully figured by the immortal *Punch*, in those specimens of the rising generation who deem that, as "for that ere Shakspeare, he has been vastly over-rated." And last, not least, it permits many a comfortable nap to the hard-wrought doctor or *dominie*, or artisan —to whom it matters not whether the lecturer be in the moon, or in the clouds, as they are only, like their instructor, absent and lost.

Joking, however, apart, popular lecturing is undoubtedly a source both of much entertainment and excitement, though we are not sure but that that entertainment is more valued by the luxurious as a variety in their pleasures, than by the middle and lower classes as a necessity in their intellectual life; and although we *are* sure that an undue portion of that excitement springs from the glare of lights, the presence of ladies, the mere "heat and stare, and pressure," of which Chalmers complained; and that comparatively little of it can be traced to the art, less to the genius, and least of all to the subject, of the discourser.

As a means of communication between men of science and literature, and the age, it is, we are afraid, what Mr. Horne would call a "False Medium." You have in it the prophet, shorn, dressed, perhaps scented, perhaps playing miserable monkey-tricks to divert the audience—and not the Moses coming down the Mount, with face shining, but with lips stammering, from that dread communion on the summit; or if the prophet do preserve his integrity, and speak to the souls instead of the eyes and ears of his audience, it is at his proper peril; wild yawnings, slumbers both loud and deep, not to speak of the more polite hints conveyed in the music of slapping doors and rasping floors, are the reward of his fidelity. We are aware, indeed, that a few have been able to overcome such obstacles, and in spite of stern adherence to a high object, to gain general acceptance. But these are the exceptions. Their success,

besides, has greatly resulted from other causes than the truth they uttered. Certain graces of manner —certain striking points in delivery—a certain melody, to which their thoughts were set—created at the first an interest which gradually, as the enthusiasm of the speaker increased, swelled into a brute wonder, which made you fancy the words, "Orpheus no fable," written in a transparency over the speaker's head. But clear, steady vision of truth, true and satisfying pleasure, and any permanent or transforming change, were not given. The audience were lifted up for a season, like an animal caught in a whirlwind, by the sheer power of eloquence; they were not really elevated one distinct step—they came down precisely the same creatures, and to the same point, as before, and the thing would be remembered by them afterwards as a dream.

Minds, again, somewhat inferior to the prophetic order, find a far freer and more useful passage to the public ear and intellect, and succeed in giving not only a vague emotion of delight, but some solid knowledge, and some lasting result. Such a mind is that of our admirable friend, Professor Nichol; and even at the apparent risk of indelicacy, we propose to analyze its constituent qualities, as well as the special causes of his great success as a lecturer. May this article greet his eyes, and cheer his heart somewhere in that great land of strangers, where he is at present sojourning, (would he could read it under the shadow of the Andes!) and convince him that his friends in Scotland have not forgotten him, and are, in the absence of himself, either drawing, or looking at, his picture!

The first time we heard of Professor Nichol was on the publication of his "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens," and the first thing that struck us about the production was the felicity and boldness of its title. The words "Architecture of the Heavens" suggested, first, the thought that the heavens were the building of a distinct divine architect; secondly, that the building was still in progress; and, thirdly, that from even this low and distant platform we are permitted glimpses of its gradual growth toward perfection. The essence, in fact, of the nebular hypothesis was contained in the title; and although that hypothesis is now commonly thought exploded, it is only so far as the visible evidence is concerned—as a probable and beautiful explanation of phenomena, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of immeasurable antiquity, it retains its value. But how suggestive to us at the time was the expression, "Architecture of the Heavens!" Formerly we deemed that when man awaked into existence, the building, indeed, was there in all its magnitude, but that the scaffolding was down—all trace and vestige of the operation elaborately removed—and that the Almighty architect had withdrawn and hid himself. But now we had come upon the warm footprints of omnipotence—the power was only a few steps in advance; nay, thrilling thought! we had only to lift our telescopes to behold him actually at work up there, in the midnight sky. The telescope enabled us to stand behind the processes of the Eternal—it was a wing by which we overtook the great retreat of the Deity, if indeed a retreat it was, and not rather a perpetual progress—a triumphal march onwards into the infinite dark. It brought us ever new, electric, telegraphic tidings of Him whose goings forth were of *old*—from everlasting—and which were *new* to everlasting as well. Such were the dim, yet high suggestions of the nebular hypothesis. If we relinquished them recently with a sigh, we now sigh no more; for now we have been taught, in a manner most impressive, the immense *age* of the universe, whose orbs seem hoary in their splendor, and have thus found a new measure for computing our knowledge, or rather for more accurately estimating our ignorance, of the days, of the years, of the right hand of Him that is the Most High. How long, we now exclaim, it must be since the Great Artist put his finishing touch to that serene gallery of paintings we call the stars, and yet how perfect and how godlike their execution; since their lustre, their beauty, and their holy calm are this night as fresh and unfaded as at the beginning! And how solemn the thought, if these works, in the hiding of their Creator, be so magnificent, how great must himself be, and how great must he have been, especially as he travailed in birth with such an offspring, amid the jubilant shouts of all awakening intelligence!

It is very common to skip the preface in order to get at the book. In this case, we skipped the book to get at the pictures. We read, nay, devoured, the plates—the poems shall we call them—ere we read a word of the letterpress. And most marvellous to us was their revelation of those starry sprinklings, relieved against the dark background—those wild capricious shapes, which reminded you of rearing steeds under the control of perfect riders—seeming at once to spurn and to be subject to immutable laws—those unbanked rivers of glory flowing through the universe—why, we seemed standing on a Pisgah, commanding the prospect of immensity itself. But still more striking to overlook, as we then imagined, the laboratory of God, and to see his work in every stage of its progress—the six demiurgic days presented to us contemporaneously and at once. No wonder that such plates enchanted us, and that we seemed gazing on rough copies from the paintings of the divine hand itself. What a triumph, too, to mind over matter, and to a poor sun-illumined worm, over his haughty torch—to be able, *with a pin-point*, to indicate, and, if necessary, to hide his place in the firmament! It was, indeed, an hour much deserving of memory. The folding-doors of the universe seemed to open upon us in musical thunder; and if we could not, as yet, enter, yet we could wish, like Mirza, for the wings of a great eagle to fly away within them. It was one of those apocalyptic moments that occur, or that can occur so seldom in life, for it is not every day that we can see, for the first time, in the expanded

page of immensity, the charter of our soul's freedom, and feel ourselves "enlarged" to the extent of the length and breadth, the depth and the height of the creation.

Returning from a reverie, in which we saw our sun and his thousand neighbor stars quenched like a taper, in the blaze of that higher noon, we found ourselves in earth again, and remembered that we had yet to read Dr. Nichol's book. And it is the highest compliment we can pay it, to say that it did not dissipate or detract from the impressions which the eloquent pictures had produced, and that it gave them a yet clearer and more definite form. It bridged in the foaming torrent of our enthusiasm. It translated (as Virgil does Homer) the stern and literal grandeurs of night into a mild and less dazzling version. We liked, in the first place, its form. It consisted of letters, and of letters to a lady. This held out a prospect of ease, familiarity, clearness, and grace. Most expounders, hitherto, of astronomical truth, had been either too stilted in their style, or too scientific in their substance. But here was a graceful conversation, such as an accomplished philosopher might carry on with an intelligent female, under the twilight canopy, or in the window recess, as the moon was rising. It in no way transcended female comprehension, or if it did, it was only to slide into one of those beautiful, bewitching mists, which the imagination of women so much loves. There were, too, a warmth and a heartiness about the style and manner, which distinguished the book favorably from the majority of scientific treatises. These, generally, are cold and dry. Trusting, it would seem, to the intrinsic grandeur of the subject, they convey their impressions of it in a didactic and feeble style, and catalogue stars as indifferently as they would the withered leaves of the forest. Nichol, on the contrary, seems to point to them, not with a cold rod, but with a waving torch. He never "doubts that the stars are fire"—no immeasurable icebergs they, floating in frozen air, but glowing, burning, almost living orbs; and his words glow, burn, and nearly start from the page in unison. We will not deny that this heat and enthusiasm sometimes betray him into *splendida vitia*—into rhetorical exaggerations—into passages which sound hollow, whether they are so or not—and worse, into dim and vague obscurities, copied too closely from his own nebula, where you have misty glimmer, instead of clear, solid land; but his faults are of a kind which it is far more easy to avoid than to reach, which no sordid or commonplace mind, however accomplished, durst commit; and the spirit which animates his most tasteless combinations of sound, and peeps through his swelling intricacies of sentence, is always beautiful and sincere. Beyond most writers, too, on this theme, he has the power of giving, even to the uninitiated, a clear and memorable idea of his subject—the truths of Astronomy he paints upon the eye and soul of the reader. And this he is enabled to do—first, because he has a clear vision himself, which his enthusiasm is seldom permitted to dull or to distort; and, secondly, because he seeks—labors—is not satisfied till he has transferred this entire to the minds of his readers and of his auditors. Thus far of the mere manner of his writing. In considering its spirit, we shall find metal more attractive. That is distinguished by its sincere enthusiasm, its joyous hope, and by its religious reverence.

What field for enthusiasm can be named in comparison with the innumerous and ever-burning stars—the first objects which attract the eyes of children, who send up their sweetest smiles, and uplift their tiny hands to pluck them down, as playthings—the beloved of solitary shepherds, who, lying on the hillside, try to count them in their multitudes, call them by names of their own, love those "watchers and holy ones," as if they were companions and friends, and sometimes exclaim, with the great shepherd king of Israel, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man!"—the beloved of the mariner, who, pacing his midnight deck, turns often aloft his eye to those starry sparklers, shining on him through the shrouds, or—

> Mirrored in the ocean vast—
> A thousand fathoms down—

the loved of the wakeful, especially of those who are awake through sorrow, who, as they see them trembling through the lattice, feel, or fancy, that they are sympathizing with their agonies, and would, if they could, send down a message from their far thrones that might wipe away their tears—the loved of the astronomer, who, a friendly spy, watches their every motion, and through the tube of his telescope distils into himself the essence of their beauty, their meaning, and their story—the loved of the poet's soul, who snatches many a live coal of inspiration from their flaming altars—the loved of the Christian, who sees in them the reflection of his Father's glory, the mile-stones on the path of his Redeemer's departure, and of his return—the loved of all who have eyes to see, understandings to comprehend, and souls to feel their grandeur so unspeakable, their silence so profound, their separation from each other, and from us so entire, their multitude so immense, their lustre so brilliant, their forms so singular, their order so regular, their motions so dignified, so rapid, and so calm. "If," says Emerson, "the stars were to appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had thus been shown. But night after night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

It is singular, that while the theory of the stars has been perpetually changing, the conception of their sublime character has, under every theory, remained nearly the same. While they were believed to be, as in the darker ages, absolutely divine, incorruptible, and perfect in their essence, they were not regarded with more enthusiasm, a

luded to with more frequency, or lauded with more eloquence, than now, when we know that imperfection, and inequality, decay, and destruction, snow, and perhaps sin, have found their way thither, as well as here; and Dante, amid his innumerable descriptions of the heavenly bodies—and no poet has so many—has said nothing finer in their praise than we find in some of the bursts of Bayly. If science has, with rude hand, torn off from the stars that false lustre of supernaturalism which they bore so long, it has immeasurably multiplied their numbers, unlocked their secrets, at once brought them nearer and thrown them further off, and supplied the glitter of superstition by the severe light of law. If they seem no longer the thrones of angels, they are at least porch-lamps in the temple of Almighty God. If no longer the regents of human destiny, they are the Urim and Thummim upon the breast of the Ancient of Days. If not now regarded as a part of the highest heaven, they at least light the way that leadeth to honor, glory, and immortality. From sparks they have broadened into suns; from thousands they have multiplied into millions. It is ever thus with the progress of genuine truth. Remorselessly, as it rushes on, it scatters a thousand beautiful dreams, slumbering like morning dew-drops among the branches of the wood, but from the path of its progress there rises, more slowly, a stern, but true and lasting glory, before which, in due time, the former, "shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind."

A collection of all the descriptions of the stars, in the poetry and prose of every age, would constitute itself a galaxy. It would include Homer's wondrous one-lined allusions to them—so rapid and so strong, as they shone over Ida, or kept still-watch above the solitary Ulysses in his sea-wanderings—the crown they wove over the bare head of the sleepless Prometheus—the glances of power and sympathy which they shed in, through rents in the night of the Grecian tragedies—the ornate and labored pictures of Virgil and Lucretius—the thick imagery they supply to the Scripture bards—their perpetual intermingling with the *Divina Comedia*, darting down through crevices in the descending circles of damnation, circling the mount of purgatory, and paving the way to the vision of essential Deity—Shakspeare's less frequent but equally beautiful touches—Milton's plaintive, yet serene references to their set glories—Young's bursts of wonder, almost of longing and desire, for those nearer neighbors to the eternal throne, which appeared to him to see so far and to know so much—Byron's wild and angry lashing at them, like a sea, seeking to rise, and reach and quench them, on a thousand shipwrecks—Wordsworth's love to them, *for* loving and resting on his favorite mountains—Bayly's hymnings of devotion—Chalmers' long-linked swells of pious enthusiasm—and last, not least, our author's raptures, more measured, more artistic, but equally sincere.

There occurs a passage in one of Byron's letters, written in Venice, where he describes himself, after a debauch, looking out at the night, when he exclaims, "What nothings we are before these stars!" and adds, that he *never sufficiently felt their greatness*, till he looked at them through Herschel's telescope, and *saw that they were worlds*. We rather wonder at this, for we have always thought, that, to a highly imaginative mind, it mattered little whether it looked to the stars through the eye or the telescope. Who does not see and feel that they are worlds, if he has a heart and an imagination, as well as an eye? Who cares for the size of algebraic symbols? A star, at largest, is but a symbol, and the smaller it seems, the more scope it leaves for imagination. The telescope tends rather to crush and overwhelm than to stimulate—to fill than to fire—some souls. It necessarily, too, deprives the seeing of the stars, so far as they are regarded individually, of many of its finest accessories. The mountain which the star seems to touch—the tree through which it trembles—the soft evening air on which it seems silently to feed—the quick contrasts between it and its neighboring orbs—its part as one of a constellated family—such poetical aspects of it are all lost, and the glare of illumination falls upon one vast unit, insulated at once from earth, and from the other parts of heaven. It is as though we should apply a magnifying glass to a single face in a group of painted figures, thereby enlarging one object at the expense of the others, which are not diminished but blotted out. While, of course, acknowledging the mighty powers and uses of the telescope, and confessing, that from no *dream* did we ever more reluctantly awake, than from one which lately transported us to Parsonstown, and showed us the nebula in Orion just dropping to pieces, like a bright dissolving cloud, yet we venture to assert that many derive as much pleasure and excitement from the crescent moon still as in Shakspeare's time, a silver bow new bent in heaven—from round, shivering Venus in the green west—from the star of Jove suspended high over head, like the apparent king of the sky—and from those glorious jewels, hanging like two pendants, of equal weight and brilliance, from the ear of night, Orion and the Great Bear, as they could from any revelation of the telescope. This very night we saw what probably impressed our imagination as much as a glimpse of the Rossian glories would have done. The night has been dark and drifting till a few minutes ago. We went out to the door of our dwelling, looking for nothing but darkness, when suddenly, as if flashing out through and from the gloom, and meeting us like a gigantic ghost at our very threshold, we were aware of the presence of *Orion*, and involuntarily shuddered at the sight.

All astronomers of high name have been led at first to their science by the workings of an enthusiasm, as strong as passion and as high as poetry. We cannot doubt that Newton was from his boyhood fascinated by the beauty of the heavenly bodies, and that his wistful boyish glances at their serene splendor and mystic dance formed the germs

of his future discoveries. To some *Woolsthorpe* reverie of twilight we may trace the fall of the keys of the universe at the feet of his matured manhood! Surely a loftier principle was stirring in him than that which renders the juvenile mechanician uneasy till he has analyzed the construction of a toy. It was not, in the first instance, the mathematical puzzles connected with them that attracted him to those remote regions, but it was their remoteness, magnitude, and mystery, which roused him to grapple with their secrets. Ordinary children love to see, and would like to join, the march of soldiers, as they step stately by. The boy Newton burned to accompany, as an intelligent witness and companion, the steps of planets and suns. This enthusiasm never altogether subsided, as many well-known anecdotes prove. But too soon it ceased to express itself otherwise than by silent study and wonder; it retired deep into the centre of his being, and men, astonished at the lack-lustre look with which the eye of the sage was contemplating the stars, knew not that his spirit was the while gazing at them as with the insatiate glance of an eagle. Thus frequently has it been with astronomers. Their ardor diving beyond human sight or sympathy has failed to attract the minds of others, and by coating itself in the ice of cold formulæ and petrified words, has repelled many a poetical enthusiast, whose imagination was not his only faculty. We look on Professor Nichol as an accomplished mediator between the two classes of mind, or, as we have formerly called him, an Aaron to many an ineloquent Moses of astronomy.

How he has preserved his child-like love for his subject-matter we do not know, but certainly we always feel, when reading him, that we are following the track of suns, burning and beneficent as footsteps of God, and not of "cinders of the element," whirled round in a mere mechanical motion, and chiefly valuable as lively and cheap illustrations of Euclid's elements! It is said that he has sacrificed powers of original discovery to popular effect; but what if this popular effect, in which so many are now participating, should be to rouse the slumbering energies of mightier geniuses, and give us a few Newtons, instead of one fully developed Nichol!

"Ha! I think there be *six* Richmonds in the field."

We like next to, and akin to this, in Professor Nichol, his spirit of hope and joy. This, we think, ought to be, but is not always, the result of starry contemplations. Our readers all remember Carlyle's celebrated exclamation, "Ah, it's a sad sight," as he looked up to a sparkling January sky. Whether we join with him in this, or with Emerson in expressions of jubilant praise, may depend partly upon our state of feeling. In certain moods the stars will appear hearths, in others hells. The moon is bayed at, not by dogs alone. The evening star awakens the gloomy hour of the misanthrope, and shines the signal to the murderer, as well as lights the lover to his assignation with his mistress, and the poet to his meeting with the muse. It seems now, besides, evident to most, that the universe being made of one material, struggle, uncertainty, woe, and the other evils to which finitude is heir, are, in all probability, extended to its remotest limits, and that thus the stars are no islands of the blest, but, like our own world, stern arenas of contest, of defeat or of victory. Still there are many reasons why the heavenly bodies should be a permanent spring of cheering if pensive thought. There is, first, their unfathomable beauty. Is it nothing to the happiness of man that God has suspended over his head this book of divine pictures, talking to him in their own low but mighty speech, spotting his nights with splendor, and filling his soul with an inspiring influence which no earthly object can communicate! Doubts and difficulties may occupy part of the intervening time, but the first and the last feeling of humanity is, "Thanks, endless and boundless, to Heaven for the stars." Secondly, they give us a sense of liberty which no other external cause can do, and which must enhance the happiness of man. This was one great good of the discovery of America. *It* did not, when found, fulfil the dreams of navigators; it was not a cluster of fortunate isles, filled with happy spirits —the worst passions of man were found among the most beautiful scenery in the world; but its discovery shivered the fetters of usage and prejudice, burst the old *mæniamundi;* and man, the one-eyed giant, found himself grouping and pawing, to say the least, in a wider dungeon, and breathing a freer air. But the modern astronomy has broken down stronger walls, and made man, in a sense, free of the universe. What though he has good reason to believe that these many mansions of his Father's house are not, as yet, peopled with the perfect and the happy. To him height and depth have unbared many of their secret marvels, new provinces, pointing to innumerable others behind—have expanded in the kingdom of the Infinite—every limit and barrier have fled away, and the surprised prisoner feels his spirit at large, unbounded in a boundless universe. Surely the telescope, in infusing into the mind such a sense of freedom, has been a benefactor to the heart of man, who may exclaim to it, in the language of the sword song, "Joy-giver, I kiss thee." But, thirdly, the stars diffuse happiness through the thoughtful mind, as revealing a whole, so vast, that all our partial and gloomy views of it are straightway stamped with imperfection and imbecility. How little and idle our most plausible theories look under the weight of that beaming canopy! Imagine the shellfish, amidst its sludge, dreaming of the constitution of that world of waters which rolls above! So insignificant appears a Locke, a Kant, or a Spinoza, exalted each some five or six feet above his grave, and theorizing so dogmatically on the principles of the starry ocean. We seem to see the mighty mother bending down, listening to each tiny but pompous voice, smilingly measuring the size of the sage, and saying, in the

irony of the gods, "And is this really thy opinion, my little hero, and hast thou, within that pretty new thimble of thine, actually condensed the sea of truth? *Perge Puer.*" Thus the midnight sky teaches us at once the greatness and the littleness of man—his greatness by comparison with his past-self—his littleness by comparison with the expanse of the universe, and with his future being; and by both lessons it summons us to joy; because from the one we are obviously advancing upwards, and because from the other our doubts are seen to be as little as our resolution of them; our darkness yet pettier than our light. Why, to one, who could from a high point of view overlook the general scheme of things, the darkest and broadest shadow that ever crossed the mind of man—that ever made him dig for death, or leap howling into perdition—may appear no larger than one dim speck upon a mountain of diamond.

We stand up, therefore, with Leigh Hunt and Emerson *versus* Carlyle and Foster, for the old name—the happy stars; and Professor Nichol will come in and complete the majority. Without specially, or at large, arguing the question, he takes it for granted, and sees human immortality and infinite progress legibly inscribed on the sky. The words "onwards" and "to come" are to him the rung changes of the sphere-music, and fearlessly, and as in dance, he follows them into the hoary deep.

We admire, still more, Professor Nichol's spirit of reverence. Religion as a human feeling is so natural a deduction from the spectacles of night, that we sometimes fancy, that did man live *constantly* in a sunless world, and under a starry canopy, he would be a wiser and holier, if a sadder being. One cause, we imagine, why people in the country are more *serious* than the same class in towns, is, that they are brought more frequently, with less interruption, and often alone, into contact with the night sky, which falls sometimes on the solitary head heavy as a mantle with studs of gold. "An undevout astronomer," says Young, "is mad." Nor will the case of La Place disprove this poetic adage—if we understand him to mean, by devotion, that general sense of the infinite in the imagination which passes as worship into the heart, and comes out as praise upon the lips. La Place was a worshipper—and that not merely, as Isaac Taylor intimates, of a law which had frozen into a vast icy idol, but of the warm creation as it shone around him. Still, his worship did not reach the measure, or deserve the name of piety; it was the worship of an effect, not of its living, personal, and father-like cause. Nichol, on the other hand, never loses sight of the universe as an instant, ever-rushing emanation of the Deity. "God," he says, quoting a friend of kindred spirit, "literally creates the universe every moment." He is led by Boscovich's theory of atoms to suppose an infinite will, producing incessantly all force and motion. And thus the beauty of things seems to him, as it were, an immediate flush upon the cheek of the Maker, and their light a lustre in his eye, and their motion the circulation of his untiring energies; and yet, withal, the works are never lost in the conception of their Creator, nor the Creator pantheistically identified with the works. The mighty picture, and its mightier back-ground and source, are inseparably connected, but are never confused.

He takes up, in short, precisely the view and the attitude of the ancient Hebrew prophets, in regard to the external universe. To them, that is just a bright or black screen concealing God. All things are full of, yet all distinct, from him. That cloud on the mountain is his covering; that muttering from the chambers of the thunder is his voice; that sound on the top of the mulberry-trees is his "going;" that wind bending the forest or curling the clouds is himself in his morning or his evening walk; that sun is his still commanding eye; that fire is the breath of his inflamed nostrils. In all the sounds of nature he is speaking—in all its silence he is listening. "Whither can they go from his spirit? whither can they flee from his presence?" At every step, and in every circumstance, they feel themselves God-inclosed, God-filled, God-breathing men, with a spiritual presence lowering or smiling on them from the sky, sounding in wild tempest, or creeping in panic stillness across the surface of the earth; and if they turn within, lo! it is there also—an eye hung in the central darkness of their own heart. This sublime consciousness a cold science had in a great measure extinguished. Deity, for a season, was banished from the feeling of men; but we are mistaken if a higher and better philosophy have not brought *him* back!—brought back the sun to the earth, in bringing back sight to the blind! Say, rather, a better philosophy, of which our author is not the least eloquent expounder, is bringing back *man* to a perception of the overhanging Deity.

On the relations which connect astronomy with revealed religion, Professor Nichol, though not silent, is somewhat less explicit than we could have wished. In the absence of the powerful light which he could have cast upon this topic, we must permit ourselves a few cursory remarks, constituting an outline, which may or may not afterwards be filled up. The Christian Scriptures were, of course, never intended to teach astronomy, any more than to teach botany, or zoology, or conchology, or any other ology, but theology; their main object is to bear a message of mercy to a fallen race, and their allusions to other subjects are necessarily incidental, brief, glancing for a moment to a passing topic, and then rapidly returning to the main and master theme. It follows, therefore, that if we look in them for a systematic statement of truth on any secular subject, we may look long, and look in vain. Nay, we need not have been surprised, although they had in every point coincided with floating popular notions of physical subjects, provided they did not fail, by their wonted divine alchemy, to deduce from them eternal lessons of moral truth and wisdom. But as "all things are known to the soul"—as even

the mind of genius, in its higher hour, has rare glimpses of subjects lying round about, as well as within, the sphere of its thought—so, much more we might have expected that the divinely inspired soul should have hints and intimations, occasional and imperfect, of other fields besides its own. Working in ecstasy, was the prophetic mind never to overleap its barriers? We affirm, and, did space and time permit, could, we think, prove the following propositions:—1st, We find in the Scripture writers not only a feeling of the grandeur of the heavenly bodies, but a sense, obscure indeed, but distinct, of their vast magnitude; 2dly, No real contradiction to the leading principles of the modern astronomy; 3dly, One or two hints, that, whether by revelation or otherwise, the true scheme of the universe was understood by more than one of their number; 4thly, The recognition, especially, of the principle of a plurality of worlds; and, 5thly, The recognition of the operation of decay, change, convulsion, and conflagration, among the stars. "He hangeth," says Job, "the earth upon nothing." What a clear and noble gleam of astronomical insight was this in that dark age! In the deep wilderness of Edom did this truth, the germ of the Copernican hypothesis, flash upon the soul of the lonely herdsman, as he turned up his eye to a heaven of far more brilliance than ours, through whose serene and transparent air night looked down in all her queen-like majesty—all her great orbs unveiled—here the Pleiades, and there the bands of Orion—here Arcturus and his sons, and there "Canopus shining down with his wild, blue, spiritual brightness"—the south blazing through all her chambers as with solid gold—the zenith crowning the heavens with a diadem of white and red and purple stars! There wandering the inspired herdsman, and seeing that those orbs, which his heart told him were worlds, were suspended and balanced in the mere void, his mind leaped to the daring conclusion, that so, too, was the firm earth beneath his feet; and with like enthusiasm to that of Archimedes, when he cried "*Eureka! eureka!*" did he exclaim, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing, and stretcheth out the north over the *empty* place."

In like manner, striking is the relation between some admitted facts of astronomy, and some recent speculations in metaphysics, and those remarkable declarations of Scripture concerning the non-permanence of this material framework. We will not soon forget a little circumstance of curious coincidence which occurred in our own experience, in reference to this subject. We had returned from hearing, in Dundee, a lecture by a brilliant friend, in which, in his own inimitable way, and as a deduction from his own daring theory, he had described the dissolution of the universe. At family prayers that very evening, in the course of our ordinary reading, occurred the third chapter of Peter, prophesying the same event. We were all, particularly the lecturer himself, struck with it. It seemed a sublime commentary from the written word upon the lesson we had heard read us from the stars. So far from looking on it as a mere chance coincidence, we all appeared to hear in it God's own whisper—that we had not been hearing or believing a lie.

We are aware that the magnitude and multitude of the stars have furnished a theme of objection to the sceptic, and have elsewhere attempted to show, that Dr. Chalmers has not fully or satisfactorily answered that objection. His "Sermons on the Modern Astronomy"—certainly of this century the most brilliant contribution to the *oratory* of religion—are not distinguished by his usual originality and force of argument. They repel assumptions by assumptions; and, in the exuberant tide of eloquence, the sophism in question is lost sight of, but not drowned. The objection of the sceptic was—Would the Proprietor of a universe so vast have given his Son to die for a world so small? and, perhaps, the best reply might be condensed ir three questions asked in return to the infidel's one. 1st, What is material magnitude compared to mind? 2dly, Can you *prove* that the vast magnitude on which you found your objection is peopled by moral beings? and, 3dly, What has magnitude to do with a moral question? What, for instance, has the size of a city to do with the moral character of its inhabitants? What has the extent of a country to do with the intellectual or moral interest which may or may not be connected with its plains? Whether is Ben Mac Dhui or Bannockburn the dearer to the Scottish heart? though the one be the prince of Scottish hills, and the other only a poor plain, undistinguished save by a humble stone, and by the immortal memories of patriotism and courage which gather around that field, where "those wha had wi' Wallace bled" bade "welcome to their gory bed, or to victory?" Whether is more glorious the gay city of Madrid, or the lonely cape of Trafalgar, where the guns of Nelson, from their iron lips, spake destruction to the united fleets of France and Spain, and where, in the embrace of victory, expired the hero whose premature grave was covered with laurels, and watered by his country's tears? Whether is Mont Blanc or Morgarten the nobler object? though the one be the

> "Monarch of mountains—
> They crown'd him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow"—

and the other only a humble field where the Swiss baffled their Austrian oppressors, and where "first in the shock with Xuri's spear was the arm of William Tell?" Whether is more beloved by the Christian's heart, Caucasus or Calvary? and yet the one is the loftiest of Asia's mountains, and the other a little hill—a mere dot upon the surface of the globe. So, may there not issue from this remote earth of ours—from the noble deeds it has witnessed—from the nobler aspirations which have been breathed up upon it—from the high thoughts which have been thought upon its surface—from the eloquent words which have stirred its air into music—from the poets who have wrought its

language into undying song—from the philosophers who have explored the secrets of its laws—from the men of God who have knelt in its temples—from the angels who have touched its mountains—from the footsteps of Incarnate Deity, which have imprinted its plains—a flood of glory, before which the lustre of suns, constellations, and firmaments, must pale, tremble and melt away.

Another consideration is important and obvious. If the greatness of the creation, and of its God, dwindles, earth and man must dwindle also—every separate section of the universe, and each separate family—for all sections and families, compared to infinity, are less than nothing—and if special circumstances in man's history called for a special interposition in his behalf, surely the urgency of the demand justifies the interference. And as to the question of condescension, the very term involves a false and human conception of God; or if God did condescend to come down to man's condition, it was, in fact, little more than had he condescended to care for, and die for angels—the gulf between both ranks of being and himself being boundless. Besides, if, as many suppose, misery and sin extend throughout the universe, may not the scheme of human redemption be only a part of a general process—as Chalmers says, "May not the redemption of many guilty worlds have been laid on the Redeemer's shoulders?" or, if, on the other hand, ours be the sole world that has fallen, would not this alone account for the importance attached to, and the sacrifices made for it? Just as, let the meanest man in a kingdom commit a high crime, his insignificance is forgotten—he rises instantly into importance—he is summoned to solemn trial, and on his trial the interest and eyes of an entire nation are suspended; or let, the tiniest hill in a country, so tiny that it was not thought worth while to give it a name, but break out into a volcano, and that fire will become to it as a crown—men will flock from every quarter to see it—it will become the principal feature—the terrible tongue of the region—and the old snow-clad mountains will appear diminished in its presence. So, (*this* view Dr. Chalmers has admirably amplified, but has not sought to prove the *premise* on which it would require to be founded,) if we should call earth the only blot on the fair page of God's universe, we can thus account why angels have rested on its summits—the voice of God been heard in its groves—and the Son of God, for thirty-three years, ate its bread, walked on its surface, and at last died for its sins.

But, in seeking partially to fill up Dr. Nichol's blanks, let us not forget his redundant merits—the genial glow of his spirit—the rich, yet nice exuberance of his language—his tremulous and prolonged sympathy with every note of his theme—the clear telescopic light he casts on what is dark—the fine chiaroscuro in which he often bathes what is clear—the choice flowers of poesy, which he culls and wreaths around the drier and barer corners of his discourse—and the rich stream of pious feeling which rises irresistibly from each of his closes, as from a censer of incense. Such qualities we find not only in his first work, but even more finely displayed, we think, in his book on the "Solar System." "We would indite," says Charles Lamb, "something on the solar system. Betty, bring the candles." How the gentle Elia fared in this candle-light excursion he does not inform us. But we believe that his grave intentions, as he soared aloft, were speedily disturbed: the only question he asked at the Moon was, if it *were* made of green cheese; to the "red-haired race of Mars" he recommended the use of wigs; the wet sheet under which he found Jupiter lying, suggested pensive, yet pleasing recollections of Coleridge, and the "Cat and Bagpipes;" Saturn he seized by the hoary beard, threw at him a copy of Keat's "Hyperion," and advised him to pawn his ring for a little firewood; Astrea reminded him of an asterisk on the last page of a bad novel: Uranus he voted a rogue, on account of his many aliasses; Neptune he reviled as an absentee from the Irish and other channels; and when he neared the *fixed* stars, the thought of their being in *motion* threw him into a fit of laughter, which precipitated him back to Fleet street! In the absence of authentic details concerning this expedition, we have willingly accepted Dr. Nichol's more scientific guidance. We have stood with him on the shining summits of the Moon, looked around on the glazed desolation—gone down into the dreader than Domdaniel caverns, and coming up, asked at the huge overhanging Earth, and the stripped stony Sun, the unanswered question—Is this a chaos or a ruin? We have climbed the tall cliffs of Venus—been motes in Mercury, itself a mote in the near blaze of the Sun—pressed our foot-prints in the snows of Mars—swam across the star of Jove, so beautiful and large—paused, and wished to pause forever, under the divine evenings of Saturn, wishing his ring that of eternity; saluted, from Herschel, the Sun, as the "*Star* of Day," far, faint, diminished, discrowned—and from Neptune, as from a promontory, have looked out into the empire of a night like day, while behind us lay a day like night. A winged painter, with bold pinion, and bolder pencil, did he lead us from world to world, and his wing seemed to get stronger, and his vision clearer, and his colors more vivid, the dimmer the region, and the further the flight.

If we have, in speaking at such length of Dr. Nichol, as a writer, left ourselves less room to descant on his merits as a lecturer, our reason is, in both characters he is substantially the same. His writings are just undelivered lectures—his lectures are just spoken books. There are some in whom speaking develops new powers, and who are more at home behind the desk of the lecture-room, than behind that of the study. There are others in whom speaking discovers new deficiences, and who, from want of practice, or diffidence, or contempt for their audience, lecture below their general powers. Professor Nichol belongs to neither of those classes. Both in the study and the lecture-room, he is the same clear expounder

vid describer, and tempered enthusiast. His manner, without detracting ought from, adds little or nothing to, the impression of his thought or style, of which it is simply the medium. Its principal quality is ease—an ease not materially impaired by a certain hesitation. Hesitation, we need scarcely say, has often a great charm. How fine sometimes it is accompanying the prattle of a beautiful child! And we know some popular divines who have stammered themselves into pulpit celebrity, proving that a fault dextrously managed is worth *two* merits left in a state of nature. Dr. Nichol's hesitation is not great, is confined to his extempore speech, and seems rather to spring from an excess than a deficiency of matter or words. Every little while, too, he resorts to his notes, and reads his pet passages with much gusto and effect. We must say, however, that we prefer him when carrying on his conversations—so lively, explicit, and entertaining—with his hearers.

In this combined character of lecturer and popular writer, Dr. Nichol has done more than any man living to uncase science from its mummy confinements, and to make it walk abroad as a free and living thing. And though he should never accomplish much in the walks of positive discovery, nor even build up any solid systematic treatise of scientific exposition, he shall not have labored in vain, nor spent his strength for nought. He has, in his various works and progresses through the country, scattered the profuse seeds of what shall yet be an abundant harvest of astronomical enlightenment and enthusiasm. We have been amazed and delighted to witness the impression he contrives to make upon the humblest minds, by the joint effect of his subject—his gorgeous style—his gigantic diagrams, and the enthusiasm which speaks through his pallid visage and large grey eyes; and how many "ready-made astronomers" he leaves behind him wherever he goes.

At the commencement of this century the popular literature of astronomy was in no very palmy condition. Fontenelle, indeed, had defended, with much acuteness and elegance, the doctrine of a "plurality of worlds." Addison, like a "child-angel," had prattled a wondrous prattle about the stars, in some of his Saturday Spectators. But the real text-book of popular prose instruction on this subject was "Hervey's Meditations"—a book written by a good man, but feeble writer, and chiefly distinguished by its inane glitter. But now, not to speak of Dr. Dick, whose lucid and widely-read books have done so much to popularize the theme, the genius of Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, and others, has made up for the indifference of ages. Still, Nichol is the *prose* laureate of the stars. From his writings ascends hitherto the richest tribute of mingled intelligence of their laws—love for their beauty—admiration of their still strong order—hope in the prospects of mankind, as reflected in their mirror—and sense, ever profound and near, of that unseen Power who counts their numbers, sustains their motions, and makes their thousand eyes the organs and the symbols of his omniscience.

In some of the professor's recent works, such as his "Observations on the System of the World," and his Preface to Willm's Education, we have been a little annoyed at the quantity of careless writing they contain—at once loose, obscure, and incorrect—and have been tempted to lay the blame now upon his printers, and now upon his own most incomprehensible and nebulous *handwriting*. We were amused the other day to meet with a sapient critic in the *Scottish Press*, who, as specimens of the faults of his style, clashes, along with a paragraph of his, some sentences written by one of his friends, whose writing is totally distinct, both in essence and in form.

We take our leave of this subject with considerable regret, both because we are always sorry to part from a frank, friendly, and intelligent companion like Dr. Nichol, and because we are even yet sorrier to leave a theme so fascinating, even to an unscientific writer, as the "star-eyed science." We cannot close without alluding to the recent death of Miss Herschel, long the associate of Sir William, in his midnight observations, and to whom our author pays an eloquent compliment, in his "Architecture of the Heavens." After long enjoying the brilliant reputation of her brother, and the equally wide and true, if not so brilliant, reputation of her nephew—retaining, amid the chills of extreme age, all the ardor of her enthusiasm, and engaged, it is said, to the last in her favorite pursuit—she has fallen asleep. Every astronomer, surely, is ready to envy her fate, so far as her retaining to the end her post is concerned. To die at the telescope is surely a nobler destiny than to die at the cannon, or on the throne.

THE VIOLET.*—*Viola Odorata.*

Who always with thee, by the way-side, met,
First called thee Violet:†—
A name that many now who utter it
Forget to think how fit!

Men love to picture thee, in coolest shade,
Of the deep forest glade;
Or, watching o'er the brink of lakelet clear,
The sunbeams dancing there.

But fondest lesson dost thou teach me yet,
O way-side Violet—
Preserving all thy hues, and sweets, and trust,
'Mid the world's travel dust.

Be mine—not only in calm, safe retreat,
Away from trampling feet;
But, on life's road, the lowliest, trustful, true,
Like thee, to smile there too!

Missionary.

* As if, WAY-LING.

† *Viola* sic nominatur, quia secus *viam* florere amat Vox Græca, ιον, quæ violam vult, eadem ratione usurpatur.

From the Spectator.

OWEN-MADDEN'S REVELATIONS OF IRELAND.

The author of the smart, forcible, and rather interesting series called *Ireland and its Rulers*, as well as of some other political publications with similar characteristics, has been engaged in collecting materials for a history of Ireland since the union. "A variety of very curious matter has accumulated on his hands," but of too personal, local, or anecdotical a nature to be available in a history of public affairs. Following the idea of Rousseau, Mr. Owen-Madden considers that men engaged in historical actions are generally actors, as much prepared to perform a part as the player on the stage. In some sense this is true, but it is equally true of people engaged in all other business. The lawyer in his office, the shopkeeper behind his counter, or the footman in waiting, is as little like his individual self as any statesman or warrior of them all. Perhaps even less so, from the greater independence of position and pride of character in the historical person, which allow him to exhibit his genuine traits, except in that particular direction where he is playing the hypocrite. History, like criticism, deals with the intellectual and trained part of a man, in opposition to the personal, that belongs in its fulness to biography.

On the other ground which has induced Mr. Owen-Madden to publish this book, he is perhaps equally in error. He wishes, by a minute account of striking incidents, to exhibit the manners of the country at particular times. This can be done in history, if the historian plan his work with that design, and possess skill enough to carry out his intention; occurrences that are as it were a type being presented in the text, while those which are more peculiar appear in an appendix. It is not unusual for an historian to suspend his national narrative to introduce some trait of individual heroism, or some remarkable conduct or crime, provided that the thing is really characteristic of the state of society. Exceptional cases do not belong to either history, manners, or peoples. They are singularities, and may occur anywhere.

The critical error of "publishing a selection of papers from my Irish portfolio in a separate form," would, however, have been of less consequence had the papers really been what the author considered them; but such is not the case. The first chapter, "The Old Munster Bar," is an article or reminiscence of several able and socially gifted lawyers, who attained a circuit and professional celebrity some forty years ago, but never passed beyond that species of fame, though the author says two or three of them might have done so. The second chapter is on a larger subject, "Irish Pulpit Eloquence;" and would have borne a fuller illustration than is given to it. The story of the seduction of the Honorable Miss King, by her relative, Colonel Fitzgerald—the duel between the lady's brother, Colonel King, and Fitzgerald, the latter without a second, as no one would go out with him—the subsequent brawl in which Fitzgerald was shot by Lord Kingsborough—and the trial before the Irish house of lords—is not historical or illustrative, but exceptional; a mere example of abominable ingratitude, hypocrisy, and profligacy. Sir John Purcell's cool and undaunted defence of his house against nine ruffians perhaps falls under this exceptional category. The horrible story of the Sheas is more illustrative of the character and crimes of the Irish peasantry; and, properly condensed, might have appeared in history. So might what Mr. Owen-Madden calls "The Spiked Skulls;" in which a gang of murderers were beheaded after execution, and their heads exposed on the walls of the bridewell of Macroom, to the horror of the peasantry, but with the best effects in checking crime. All the other chapters are *articles;* sometimes gossipy—as "O'Connellism," in which the chief feature is the liberator's appetite and coarseness in feeding, rather unpleasant than amusing; or stale history, with an illustration old in the instance if new in the particular fact; or some papers on topics of insufficient interest, and rather forced to boot. In short, the substance of the book is a good deal more like sweepings of a study than "revelations" of a country. The story of the burning of the family of the Sheas, for example, is notorious—frequently referred to in parliament; the calm, determined courage of Sir John Purcell was told quite as well in the newspapers of the day as in the book before us, or we are much mistaken; Miss King's affair, in its main features, was re-narrated lately—we think by Dr. Milligan, in his History of Duelling.

Formally, the composition is as smart, and the tone as confident, as in Mr. Owen-Madden's previous works; but there is less of vitality, as if the author were getting exhausted, and were endeavoring to force an appearance of vigor. This, however, may really arise from want of matter—from the limited interest in the best of his topics, compared with the interest he wishes to make them appear to possess; or from the staleness of many of his subjects. All Mr. Owen-Madden's publications have run in one direction, and been handled in one style. This of necessity involves repetition and mannerism—a fault that frequently results from continual recurrence to similar subjects.

The two freshest papers in the collection are "The Munster Bar," and "Irish Pulpit Eloquence," as being drawn from actual reminiscences, or from personal communication, which are the next best thing to observation. It is needless to observe upon the following story of "Tom St. Lawrence," a popular Protestant preacher, that his eloquence had little effect upon his own life. The palliation for his conduct is to be found in his age, and in the fact that he was forced into the church against his will.

He was once appointed to preach a charity sermon, at a well-known church in Dublin, on behalf of a popular institution. It was the first time he had ever preached in the metropolis, and amongst the clergy generally there was considerable anxiety to hear him. His friends were most anxious that

he should appear to advantage, and that he should justify the reports which had preceded him from the South of Ireland. He was himself desirous to sustain his reputation, but took no uncommon pains about the matter, leaving it to the last to prepare his sermon. He arrived in Dublin two days before the time appointed for the sermon, and intended to spend the interval in preparation, but St. Lawrence's practice very often differed from his resolutions. Instead of passing the intervening days in study, he spent them in company; and joined a gay party—a *very* gay one—on the Saturday evening before the appointed day. It was precisely such a party as St. Lawrence rejoiced in. Gentlemen of "the old school" were there, with droll tales of other times; wits were there, with buoyant spirits; jolly old college companions, and jovial blades. The mirth was great, and the jest passed with the wine-cup, and several of the small hours had chimed before the revellers broke up. One of the company really felt for St. Lawrence; and feared, not unreasonably, that he would belie all the hopes entertained of him in the pulpit. He called upon St. Lawrence the next day, and found him at a late breakfast. The visitor told St. Lawrence how the rest of the company had concluded the night, after he had left them. It seems that they had adjourned to a gambling-house, and that one of the parties, Major—— had been fleeced! At this St. Lawrence was much distressed, and he expressed real compunction for the way he had spent the night. He then begged to be left alone; and at the appointed hour St. Lawrence entered the pulpit, sad, weary, and depressed. He saw that the congregation expected a good sermon; and he recognized many a distinguished member of Trinity College, and many an old friend amongst the crowd. But what was his amazement at beholding four of his fellow-revellers of the previous night, seated side by side in a pew near the pulpit! The sight at once aroused his mind and supplied him with a topic. St. Lawrence on that day preached from his heart, and gave eloquent utterance to the feelings of compunction and sorrow which he felt to the core. He painted in the most striking colors the ruin and misery occasioned by loss of time, by opportunities wasted, and by great talents misapplied to trifles. He struck at the vice of gaming—a vice which at all times has been prevalent in Dublin; he then described the very scene which he had witnessed the previous night, and, adding the fact of the withdrawal to the gaming-table, (of which he had been informed previously,) asked how could such persons expect to meet the judgment of the living God? Roused by the subject, he continued to speak with earnest force; and the picture of the ruined gambler, led to ruin by idleness and the craving for excitement, moved the major even to tears. "Ah!" said St. Lawrence afterwards, when some of his friends were congratulating him on the eloquence he had displayed, "I was at first very nervous: the sight of so many of the big-wigs of the university dispirited me; but when I saw old Jack —— shed tears, I knew that I had done well." In truth, the presence of his fellow-revellers had saved him from failure: he confessed afterwards that he should have utterly failed but for the train of ideas suggested by their presence.

The subject of the following sketch is perhaps now forgotten even in his own sphere, but he was a character in his day: the remarks of Mr. Owen-Madden are judicious, and apply to other professions besides the bar.

"COUNSELLOR" QUIN OF THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.

He was a grave elocutionist, and delivered his speeches in the stately style of Kemble playing Cato. In some cases he was most imposing and effective: but his style was too tragic for the every-day cases of the bar. In the case of a Higgins or a Murphy he was as grand in his manner as if the house of Atreus were his clients. He was probably more familiar with Corneille than with Coke. In stating a case in trover you were reminded of the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. I know not whether he was a distant relative or connection of his namesake the celebrated actor of the same name; but certainly the queen's counsel of the Munster bar had all the air of a stage-taught and perhaps "stage-struck" lawyer. Like his namesake the great actor, he was heavy and monotonous: the actor and the advocate both wanted variety—

"Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still was Quin."

And Churchill's line was equally applicable to the barrister of the Munster circuit.

Poor Quin! I remember him when he presented a sad contrast to his earlier and more prosperous days. After having been for many years a leading man on the circuit, he almost suddenly lost all his business. At a Cork election he gave a legal opinion which was very wrong; and the notoriety of the fact (from its connection with a public matter) did him great professional injury, possibly with much injustice. For years he used to go to the circuit without getting briefs. He saw younger and less gifted men with plenty of employment, while he sat unoccupied. I remember being struck with his disconsolate aspect the first time I saw him at the bar. He looked like a "light of other days;" and doubtless many a recollection of bygone times used to come across his mind. He was probably not much at the wrong side of fifty when I first saw him; but, with his silver hairs and sad aspect, he looked to be seventy. The crown employed him always as one of its leading counsel; and pickpockets and sheep-stealers had the gratification of being publicly prosecuted in a style remarkable for its lofty thought artificial dignity. * * *

It must not be supposed that Quin lost his business from any want of capacity. By no means. He got out of fashion, and an unlucky accident helped to injure him. The bar is as subject to the caprices of fashion as the ballroom. To-day men are cried up as lawyers, whom you will hear to-morrow disparaged as not fit to draw a common declaration. Thus it is reputations rise and fall, and fortunes are made and afterwards lost. The spectacle of a barrister, once in fashion, who has lost all his practice, is a sad and disheartening one. On the tide of success he may have launched into expenditure and show; the current of prosperity ceases for a few terms, and he is left a stranded wreck—a thing of ruin and decay. There are a few still living who remember the melancholy case of Mr.——, now nearly half a century since. He had been once in the first rank of the bar, and lived in one of the squares in Dublin: afterwards he was so reduced that he was glad to accept a very humble situation under government to keep himself from starvation.

Quin, however, made a great deal of money during the time that he was in fashion: he was wise enough to keep it; and when the rainy day came he had stored up an ample competency. He had a fine voice; he sang very delightfully; his manners were those of a high-bred though somewhat formal gentleman; his declamation was too verbose, but

it had merits peculiar to the style; and when he had a case suited to his powers it received ample rhetorical justice at his hands.

We take leave of Mr. Owen-Madden's readable, but not very remarkable, Revelations, with an anecdote of O'Connell.

A few years since he went down to Kingstown, near Dublin, with a party, to visit a queen's ship-of-war, which was then riding in the bay. After having seen it O'Connell proposed a walk to the top of Killiney Hill. Breaking from the rest of his party, he ascended to the highest point of the hill, in company with a young and real Irish patriot, whose character was brimful of national enthusiasm. The day was fine, and the view from the summit of the hill burst gloriously upon the sight. The beautiful bay of Dublin, like a vast sheet of crystal, was at their feet; the old city of Dublin stretched away to the west, and to the north was the bold promontory of Howth, jutting forth into the sea; to the south were the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, enclosing the lovely vale of Shanganah, rising picturesquely against the horizon. The scene was beautiful, with all the varieties of sunlight and shadow. O'Connell enjoyed it with nearly as much rapture as his youthful and ardent companion; who broke forth—"It is all Ireland—oh, how beautiful! Thank God, we see nothing English here: everything we see is Irish!" His rapture was interrupted by O'Connell gently laying his hand on his shoulder, and pointing to the ship-of-war at anchor as he exclaimed—"A speck of the British power!"

From Jerrold's Magazine.

HOW SOLDIERS ARE MADE IN PRUSSIA.

WHATEVER strictures may be passed on the policy and tendencies of the Prussian kings, there can be but one opinion with regard to the principles which have always led them in the *general* organization of their armies. Prussia is a decidedly military state: the Prussians are a military nation throughout. That country occupies a territory of no more than 5000 square miles, with a population of less than fourteen millions. By extent and by the number of its inhabitants it ranks among the second-class states of Europe; but by means of its military system it has acquired, and seemingly still possesses, a first-rate influence in European politics. This has always been the case; and though the course of events sometimes changed the minor features of the system, the fundamental principle has remained unaltered. That principle is the principle of intimidation: it is to acquire influence by means of an imposing attitude, to command respect on the strength of a numerical superiority. The Prussian State has always relied on a large and well-drilled army. It may be said that the great problem, "how to keep the greatest number of men for the smallest given sum of money!" has been satisfactorily solved by the kings of that country. The Prussian kings cannot boast of any hereditary talent for generalship running in their family. Two of them only, the Great Elector, and Frederic I., showed themselves competent to the chances of war and the leadership of armies; but a strong talent for *sergeantship* is unquestionably developed in the bumps of all the heads of the family of Hohenzollern. The Prussian kings were always great drill-masters; they could at all times defy the whole world on parade; they are capital hands at the organization and minor discipline of a regiment. They always delighted in the leadership of a company of the grenadier guards. The princes of that house are soldiers from their very cradle. The moment a male infant is born, he is enrolled on the lists of some regiment; when he can scarcely walk, he is drilled for the parade. A Prussian prince is a lieutenant at four, and a colonel at fourteen years of age; and what is more, his knowledge of the routine of barrack service at those respective ages is almost equal to that of most lieutenants and colonels in the Prussian army. He knows all the rules and regulations of the service, as far as they regard the dress and appearance of the soldiers; he has been taught to march in the ranks, and to keep his distance to a hair; his eye has been sharpened to the finding out of a speck of dust on a grenadier's musket, or a fusilier's cartridge-box; he knows all the signals on the bugle, and talks as a connoisseur of the merits of a grand review. Some of the Prussian princes are great amateurs in military tailoring. The late king of Prussia, Frederic William III., belonged to that class. He had a curious collection of dummies, as large as life, dressed in the different uniforms of the officers, sergeants, and privates of all his regiments. It was his great pleasure, and seemed almost to be the object of his life, to walk about the rooms containing this collection, and to improve on the costumes. He shortened a cuff, or lengthened a collar, or tried what an additional inch in breadth would do for the strap of a knapsack. Any change on which he determined was immediately introduced among all the corresponding regiments in the army. Unluckily he consulted only his taste in these alterations, and never gave a thought to the comfort or convenience of the soldier who was to wear the uniform. It looked well, at least to him: that was enough. The coats, czakos, and straps of his invention were so many instruments of torture. The fatigues of a few years' parade service were enough to ruin the strongest constitutions. Brain fever, loss of hair, inflammation of the eyes, and consumption decimated the Prussian army in the very midst of peace, and did more execution among them than a batch of battles could have done. The present king of Prussia seems to favor the dummy-school less than a certain martial appearance, breadth of shoulder, and profusion of beard, which give his soldiers the appearance of having come back from the middle ages. It may be said, to his praise, that he invented his clothes first, and next tried them on, to see how they would wear. This is more than can generally be said of the inventors of military hats and coats.

We have said before that the Prussians are essentially a military nation, and it may be right

to add, that their kings have made them so. They came to the throne, and they maintained their possession of it, by military force. They were, for a long time, the kings of their army; their dominion ended with their outposts. They were soldiers, and always wore the uniform. It was on their army they had to rely; their other subjects could only come into consideration so far as they provided the food and pay of the soldiers. The Prussian kings have proclaimed the principle, and they have acted up to it, that the army ranks highest in the kingdom. It would be needless to inquire how far this principle is just and right. It is enough that it served their turn. Military persons were always much more forwarded than civilians. The military profession was, for a long time, and is, to a certain extent, even now, the only one by which a Prussian can obtain a station in the society of his own country. The royal table and the palace are, in a manner, open to every lieutenant; that is to say, the etiquette of the court prevents civilians, even of very high rank, from appearing at court, while it admits all military officers of the rank of a lieutenant. A system from which regulations like these emanate cannot have been in force for any length of time without exercising a strong influence on the minds of the people. The army in Prussia excites not that curiosity and that romantic enthusiasm which other armies are the objects of, but it is, nevertheless, an object of general and serious interest.

There is, indeed, nowhere so close a connection between military and private life as in Prussia. In that country there is no barrier, no line of demarkation, between the civilian and the soldier. Every civilian of moderate size and strength has either been a soldier, or he is preparing to enter on that career. Only one third of the Prussian soldiers wear the red and blue coat and the king's cockade. The other two thirds go about in the dress of peasants, of merchants, of mechanics, of tradesmen; they are in the church, in the schools, in the courts of justice. It is almost impossible to walk three yards in any Prussian town without meeting a soldier. He is not a yeoman or a militiaman; no, he is a *bonâ fide* soldier, whose years of drill are over, and whose exercise and manœuvring is by far more regular and correct than that of the troops of the line. The distinguishing feature of the Prussian army and of military life in that country lies in the conscriptional radicalism of her recruiting system. Recruiting by conscription is by no means a new invention; the thing has often been tried by the arbitrary rulers of different countries, and some modifications of that system are even now in force in some of the continental states. But however severe these systems of conscription may be, there is always a loophole for rank and wealth to escape through; and whatever the provisions of the statute may have been in theory, the burden of military service fell always on the poorer classes of the people. Such is not the case in Prussia. The framers of the present military system were even more severe with the wealthy than with the indigent; for a man may be excused from military service on the plea of the poverty of his family; whereas no riches whatever can save a strong, healthy young "gentleman" from being enlisted. The Prussian legislators are not generally over careful of the poorer classes; but in their military legislature it was their plan to make the army an object of interest to the people at large, and especially to the most influential members of the community. They were very right in presuming that the best way to do this was to enlist wealth and influence.

The Prussian law of conscription is most simple and sweeping. *Every* able-bodied native of the Prussian dominions is bound to serve the state as a soldier, from the beginning of his twentieth year till he has reached the age of fifty. That is the fundamental principle. Such a law, if adopted by a free country like England, would be an example of the generosity and heroic devotion of the people, the like of which is not to be found in history. In a country like Prussia it is nothing more than a most arbitrary measure, which, strange to say, has hitherto had some good effects, and done little harm. The law is a very fair one, in so far as its burden lies alike on all classes and on all ranks. It is vigorously executed. A commission, consisting of a major of the army, a lieutenant, and an army physician, sits during the first weeks of May in the principal town of every borough. All the young men of that district who in that year *enter* the age of twenty are bound to appear before this commission. It is a very curious sight to see them arrive from all parts of the country, dressed in their best dresses, and excited by their anticipations of military life, to which many of them look forward with great joy. They are usually accompanied by the principal civil officers of their respective parishes, who take their places at the board, for the purpose of protecting those of their parishioners whose circumstances entitle them to a dispensation from military service. The young men are marched up in files, measured, and examined by the doctor. If they are too small or too weak, they are told to come back next year; if crippled and totally disabled they are at once struck out of the list. Those whom the doctor declares fit for service are successively called upon by their names, to show cause why they should not be enlisted to serve in the army. Young men of good conduct, who can prove that their parents are unable to provide for themselves, are put back for one or two years, until their brothers and sisters are grown up. The only son of an aged and poor couple is usually set down as free; the only son of a widow is free by an especial provision of the statute. All applications for freedom from military service are sifted with the utmost severity; poverty is almost exclusively the *availing* plea. The effect of a man's being married is of no help to him. He is told he had no business to marry before he appeared before the commission. All fit and proper persons—usually eight out of ten—are dismissed till the first week of August, when they

have to appear before another commission, which is emphatically called the *grand* commission. Its business is to distribute the recruits among the different troops and regiments of the service. Each man is again carefully examined. The finest and tallest fellows are picked out to serve in the guards. Those who can prove that they belong to the profession of huntsmen and foresters are sent to join the rifle-brigade. Powerful and active fellows are distributed among the horse artillery, the cuirassiers, and lancers. Young men of lesser size are incorporated in the light cavalry, and infantry. Eight days after the grand commission has been held, the recruits are again assembled, and marched off to join their respective regiments. Their term of service in the ranks is three years. It is a very short time for a soldier to learn the whole of his duty in; and indeed the Prussian recruits are almost too much worked in the first six weeks of their service. They must learn to handle their muskets and sabres, and to march in files. They have from six to eight hours' drilling each day, besides attending at three musters, when their dress and appearance is minutely inspected by the officers. When the rudiments of the service have been taught the recruits, they are at once received into their respective companies and battalions, and instructed in the field service, to march and manœuvre in companies, in regiments, in brigades, and in divisions. They are practised in shooting at the mark and fighting with the bayonet; and those who do not know reading and writing are tanght to do so. Each soldier has, moreover, to attend for one or two hours a day at a school, where an officer first lectures, and then examines on various theoretical points connected with the service. They are taught how to behave on guard, in the field, in bivouac; they learn something of the nature and qualities of fire-arms, and some of the fundamental rules of field fortification. Many of the young soldiers make great progress; others, on the contrary, are extremely stupid. Hackländer, in his "Sketches of a Soldier's Life,"* tells an amusing anecdote of a recruit of the artillery, who could not be made to understand and remember what gunpowder was made of. The lieutenant, who lectured on gunnery, was in despair. The fellow could not remember the three articles: brimstone, charcoal, and saltpetre. The moment they told him, he forgot all about it. The colonel of the brigade was at last informed of the circumstance, and tried what *he* could do. "Gunpowder is made of saltpetre, charcoal, and brimstone," said the colonel, "now tell me: what is gunpowder made of?" "It is made of charcoal—and brimstone—and—and—." In fact he knew not. The colonel fancied the poor fellow was bewildered, and frightened by the idea of talking to one so high in command as himself. "Well," said he, "I see how it is," and taking off his hat with the large white plume, he put on a gunner's forage cap. "Now," said the colonel to the recruit, "you must forget that I am your colonel. Think I am your old friend and comrade, Jack, the gunner. Can you manage to fancy that?" "Yes." "Very well! Now, I come to you, saying, 'My dear fellow, do tell me what the deuce is gunpowder made of?' what would you answer to that? Speak freely!" The recruit thought for a moment, and then said: "What would I answer? I'd say: 'Don't ask me questions. You know much better what gunpowder is made of than I do!'"

Besides the necessity the Prussian generals are under of finishing the education of their soldiers in three years, there seems to be the very prudent maxim among them that a soldier must be hard worked to prevent him from getting demoralized and mischievous. Indeed, a private soldier in the crack regiments has scarcely one hour of the twenty-four which he can call his own. He is busy from morning till night; he is always either on duty or preparing for duty. Sunday afternoon is, in fact, the only free time for a Prussian soldier, and even then he has not much time for mischief, for at eight o'clock the *retreat* is sounded. A great deal of bad behavior is in this manner prevented, and the young men are accustomed to habits of cleanliness, industry, and good order. Besides their military duty, they learn a great many things, which in after life are very useful to them. They are taught, by necessity, to wash their linen, to mend their clothes, and to cook their dinners. A certain number of men, headed by an officer, are every day on duty in the kitchen. The officer has to see to the quality and quantity of the materials provided for the common dinner, and the men prepare the victuals and cook them. No soldier leaves the Prussian service without having acquired the rudiments of the art of cookery. Almost every article which is used in the barracks is manufactured by the soldiers themselves; their clothes, too, are made in a regimental tailor's shop, the foreman of which is a sergeant, who has given satisfactory proofs of his proficiency in the trade. This system is a capital one, on account of its cheapness. Indeed, it would be next to impossible for a country like Prussia, without colonies, and with none but her internal resources, to keep an army of between two to three hundred thousand men, if each individual soldier were one half as expensive as the soldiers of other nations—for example, the English. A Prussian soldier gets about three halfpence a day for his food, but out of this he has to provide blacking and pipeclay for the cleaning of his shoes and arms. Besides, he has two pounds of bread a day. An English reader will fancy that the soldiers must be half starved on so meagre an allowance, but it is no such thing. The young peasants never look so stout and blooming as during the years of their military service—it fattens them. Most of them sell one half of their allowance of bread to the poorer population in the neighborhood of the barracks. The lower classes are very fond of the king's bread; it is very good

* *Das Soldatenleben im Frieden* Von F. W. Hackländer. Vierte Auflage. Stutgart, 1843. London, Williams et Norgate.

him to the rank of officer in the landwehr. His clothes on duty are of the same coarse cloth as those of the other privates, but he is generally permitted to wear a uniform of better materials in his hours of recreation. Mr. Hackländer, whose adventures in the Prussian army have greatly amused us, was not allowed the latter privilege; and excess of youthful vanity, which led him to disobedience, was quickly discovered and punished. "We found it very annoying," says Mr. Hackländer, (speaking of himself and his fellow-volunteers,) "that we should no longer be permitted to wear our own clothes, with a nice clean waistcoat peeping through the negligent buttoning of the jacket. It was awkward, too, to wear the heavy regulation sabre, when we went out, in lieu of our own private swords, with belts of white patent-leather and gilt buckles, which were exactly like those worn by the officers of the brigade. We talked the matter over (*en petit comité*) on a Sunday afternoon, and agreed to show off in the town with all the splendor of these prohibited articles of finery. But we resolved at the same time, *nem con.*, to proceed to the gates by back ways and deserted alleys, and—if our colonel should happen to meet us—to run for it. Consequently, we sallied out from the barracks in a most punishable disorder. One of us had a pair of black trousers on; another wore a patent sword-belt; a third almost strangled himself with an enormous cravat, and shirt collars to match; and as for me, I wore my jacket all open, with a white waistcoat under it. We had proceeded through some streets—with fear and trembling of course—when all of a sudden the cry of terror was heard: 'There goes the colonel!' We ought to have cut our sticks, but we did no such thing. We were fascinated, spellbound, transfixed. All we could do was to make 'front.' I endeavored to button my jacket. The fellow with the cravat being nearest to the colonel, tucked his shirt-collar in on one side, but he could not do so on the other, for our colonel came up at that very moment. At first he did not remark the enormities of our toilette, for he began by saying—'Hem! hem! the young gents look very dashing; I like it.' One of my comrades told me afterwards, that he had muttered an inward prayer to God that the colonel might pass by this once. But he did not pass by. All on a sudden he looked fearfully black; he had seen those confounded shirt-collars, and seizing them, he pulled them out to the whole of their length.

"'Oho! what is that? dog of a million!' cried Colonel Tuck, who had risen from the ranks, and whose language had still a strong flavor of the guard-house. 'Oho! what is that? and you' (turning to me)—'I'll be damned if your shirt does n't stick out of your trousers!'

"I cast an anxious look to the region he alluded to, and found that, between haste and fear—Heaven knows how—my jacket had got buttoned awry, and part of my waistcoat was exposed.

"'Well!' continued the colonel, 'is n't it the shirt? Speak out!'

"'Nein Herr Oberst!' muttered I, 'it 's my waistcoat.'

"'Hm! Hm! waistcoat? Very well! I 'll waistcoat you. And as sure as Heaven's above me, that fellow has got a pair of black breeches! Donnerwetter! Are you aware, sir, that black breeches are expressly forbid in the rules and regulations of his majesty's service! The service, damn it! goes to the devil with such jackanapes! And here 's a young snob, that has a sword-belt that would be too good for his colonel! Move on to the barracks, all of you! I 'll go with you!'"

To the barracks they went, the colonel leading the way, and abusing them all the while. The colonel asked for the serjeant, and ordered him to send the offenders to arrest for twenty-four hours.

The description which Mr. Hackländer gives of a Prussian military prison, justifies the fear which he and his comrades had of their colonel.

"The serjeant," says Mr. Hackländer, "wrote a short note of introduction to the keeper of the prison. We dressed in fatigue suits, and got a piece of black bread of two lbs., which we carried along with us to our new quarters."

A Prussian military prison is always a tower, fitted up for the accommodation, or, more justly speaking, the torture of soldiers, under arrest. In the different stories of this tower are wooden cages, of five feet by eight. The doors are exactly like the doors of the cages of a menagerie; each is secured by two strong bars. Above the door is a grated hole of one foot square, to keep the cage airy. There are loopholes, too, all around the tower. But the doors of the cages are so constructed, as *not* to correspond with the loop holes: the aperture admits air, but no light. The furniture of each cage consists of a kind of low table (pritsche) to sleep on, a water-jug to drink out of, and a pail for inexpressible purposes. The prisoner's food is his bread, and his drink the water in the jug. This state of existence is, in Prussian military language, called the "*Middle* Arrest." The "*Lenient* Arrest" is a little less disagreeable, inasmuch as the prisoner is confined in a cell with a window, and accommodated with a straw mattress, a Bible, and the usual barrack allowance of soup and meat. "*Severe* Arrest" is a place where not a ray of daylight ever shines, and where the prisoner must lie on the cold stones. This punishment is usually dictated by a court-martial, and varies from three days to six weeks.

Middle arrest is the common means of discipline in the Prussian army, and Mr. Hackländer came, of course, into middle arrest. The jailer, or inspector, searched him and his companions for any hidden stores of victuals they might carry about in their pockets and boots, and took away their pocket-handkerchiefs, for nothing beyond the usual articles of fatigue dress is allowed to enter the cage. This was the first time that Mr. Hackländer was under an arrest; he felt revolted at the sight of his new residence. He could not help exclaiming:—

"'Am I to go into this pigsty?' At which

the inspector, a broken serjeant of the infantry, grew very angry, and cried, 'Ha! ha!—Greenhorn! greenhorn! wants to be better off than other honest folks. Get in! get in!' I obeyed, and the door was bolted. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. I never knew time go so slowly. I counted the quarters by the clock, and fancied there was half an eternity between each. I walked about my cage. Two steps was all I could make. I turned round and round like a wild animal. I ate bread to pass the time. I sat down on the pritsche, counted my fingers and my toes, and drank water. The clock struck; it was but another quarter. I tried to sleep, but my limbs hurt me with lying on the hard wood. I was most shamefully plagued by the blues. All this was, in a manner, bearable during the day, for there was a faint glimmering light in my cage, which rendered it possible to walk to and fro without knocking one's head against the wall. There were also noises from without; the speaking and laughing of the passengers in the street, the calls of the sentinels, and other things, to occupy one's mind. But night came on. It grew as dark as pitch, and dreadfully still. I felt cold, too. I worked as hard as any man can do, to fall asleep. I counted up to one hundred thousand, and conjugated all the irregular verbs. I knew it was all in vain. Then came the faint sound of the bugle; it was the *retreat*. It was nine o'clock. I had to wait eight hours more for day. I made serious preparations for sleeping. I rolled myself up on my piece of board, like a hedgehog, and pulling off my jacket, covered my arms and chest with it. It is warmer in that manner. After shifting and changing my position a great many times, I fell asleep, and had one of the wildest possible dreams about heroes and serpents. Something, I know not what, woke me. I had dreamed so much, (thank God!) it must have taken no end of time to do so many things, even in a dream. It must almost be morning. I got up from the pritsche, and moving my limbs, for they were quite stiff, waited patiently until the clock struck. Hark! One—two—three—four—all the quarters! But what hour? One—two—three—four—(God be thanked! four o'clock already!)—five—(I jumped up)—six—(Impossible! there ought to be more light!)—seven—(Dear me! can it be that it is no more than twelve o'clock?)—eight—nine—*ten!*—I was completely floored. Ten o'clock? Goodness gracious! ten o'clock only! Have I then slept but one single hour? Impossible! But it *was* possible. The town clocks, one after the other, struck the hour of ten. There was nothing to be done but to go to sleep again; and, after many unsuccessful attempts, I did so. Prison dreams are provokingly disagreeable. In my dream I was no longer the giddy volunteer whom a white waistcoat had brought into trouble—no! I was a murderer, and this was my last night! Morning came; the muskets of the soldiers rang on the floor of the corridor. They had come for me! The bolts of my door were noisily pushed back: a strong light broke dazzlingly upon my eyes. There were the soldiers of the guard leaning on their muskets, and there was the inspector creeping into my hole. 'Halloh, greenhorn! greenhorn! Up with you, greenhorn!' 'What 's the matter?' said I, angrily, 'Confound you, let me sleep!' 'Ah! Ah! Don't chaff me!—don't chaff me! I am the inspector, and come to see that all is in good order. So! so! devil's baby, you 've taken off your jacket, in the very face of the rules and regulations of his majesty's service! I 've a great mind to report this greenhorn at the commandantur, and they don't joke there. Give you three days middle arrest, that your soul whistles within you. On with your jacket in double quick time! Ah, greenhorn! you 've spit on the floor! What 's the pail for?—what 's the pail for?' Saying which he hobbled out, and I was again left in the dark."

This was the first, but by no means the last time that the author of the "Sketches" was accommodated with free quarters in the tower of Cologne, for the Prussian military code has two grand penal features; arrest and additional duty. The latter is the most lenient way of punishing negligence and carelessness in the service. Corporal punishment may be said to be almost wholly abolished. Indeed, with a class of soldiers like those of Prussia, such a mode of punishment could never be admissible. Disgraceful offences, such as theft, &c., are, however, punished by depriving the culprit of the cockade; and, if the offence is repeated, he can then be sentenced by a court-martial to receive a certain number of lashes. Such a case occurs very seldom, for so great is the abhorrence of corporal punishment in Prussia, that the officers themselves will protest against this punishment being resorted to, because "they fee it a disgrace and a torture, since their duty obliges them to attend." Court-martials are, therefore, little inclined to sentence a man to corporal punishment; they prefer sending him into severe arrest for six weeks; or, if the case is very bad, they condemn him to hard labor in a fortress. This punishment varies from three months to three years. Men who have repeatedly deserted from the ranks are punished in this manner.

Mr. Hackländer's book furnishes us with capital specimens of the way in which the discipline is enforced and the duty carried on in the Prussian army. The manner in which the soldiers are treated is akin to the treatment which the boys of a large school receive at the hands of their masters, and their offences emanate, for the most part, from a boyish spirit of laziness or mischief. The majority of the men are, indeed, "children of a larger growth;" their ages varying from seventeen to six-and-twenty. Their soldiering is but another stage of their education; their faults are the faults of their age. There are no inveterate vices to contend with; insubordination is checked in the germ, and habits of drunkenness are extremely rare. The men are too young and too much occupied to get drunk. The greater part of the

soldiers, and especially the volunteers, are extremely fond of boyish freaks; and the officers are often obliged to exert a considerable degree of severity to keep their exuberance of animal spirits within bounds, and to check them in their tricks, or "dumme Streiche," as they emphatically call it. Mr. Hackländer tells of one of these tricks, by which some of his friends got into trouble. They were on a march, and quartered for the night in a little town; the volunteers met in the evening to walk through the streets, and to "ulk." This is a slang term. It comprises all the amiable tricks by which very young men become, not unfrequently, public nuisances; it means singing in the streets, ringing the house-bells, and carrying off the bell-handles, annoying the passengers, changing the sign-boards of the shops and public houses, breaking windows, etc. One of the favorite "ulks" of the volunteers in that brigade was to enter boldly and in a body the door of any large house, and to proceed up stairs to the top of the house, with as little noise as possible, to answer no questions from the servants, but, on a signal being given, to rush down stairs with clattering of spurs and sabres, laughing and howling. "This trick we had frequently played with impunity, and we were bold in consequence. We found a fine, large house, which seemed expressly built for our purpose; it was four stories high, with broad, comfortable stairs, and lamps on all the landings. The house-door was wide open. So charming an opportunity could not be allowed to pass; we entered, and were met on the first landing by a servant, who wished to be informed whom we wished to see? The great thing was not to answer, but busily and quickly to mount higher up, and so we did. The servant followed us to the door of the loft, when we halted; I turned round and said very coolly, 'Does not Mr. Müller live here? Where the deuce is his room?' The servant looked rather sheepish. 'There must be some mistake about it, gentlemen,' said he, 'for there is no Mr. Müller in the house;' at which we set up an appalling howl, dropped our swords noisily on the steps, and rushed down the stairs screeching and clattering. In going up I had led the way, so I brought up the rear in coming down; my sword too got entangled with the banisters, and my comrades had already gained the lowest stairs, where they howled like so many devils, while I was still clattering down the upper ones. No time was to be lost; doors were being opened in all directions. A couple of servants with lights came down stairs after me; I cleared the last ten steps of the second stairs with one bound, and stood suddenly transfixed with terror, for a voice, which I knew but too well, rung at that moment through the house. It was the colonel!

"'Ho! ho!' roared he, 'confound the good-for-nothing dogs of a million! Tausend Schock Donnerwetter crush you! Ho! ho! a whole troop of them! Stand still all of you. If one of you move I shall do something which I shall be sorry for to-morrow! Lock the doors and send for the guard. You Schwerenöther! I'll have you up before a court-martial!'

"To this moment I am ignorant how I managed to stop myself in my violent rush. I did it somehow. I stood like a statue, pressing my sabre to my breast to prevent its rattling. It was a trying position—the servants above, the colonel below. Where was I to hide myself? There was not even a dark corner. At that moment I saw a door at my left slowly open and a light shining through it. I made a violent rush against that door. There may have been some opposition from some person or persons inside, but I did not feel it. In a moment I found my way into a nice little bed-room, where two pretty girls, its inmates, did all they could to make up for their want of drapery by hiding behind the bed-curtains. They trembled violently, but they spoke boldly.

"'What can you want here?' said they. 'Get out.'

"'For God's sake, don't betray me!' said I.

Their answer, if any, was drowned by the voice of the colonel counting the number of his prisoners.

"'Two—four—five! Who told me there were six of them? Where the devil is that fellow Hackländer, for I 'm sure he is one of you. Birds of a feather flock together. Look about the house some of you, and try to find the young donkey!'"

This was the critical moment in Hackländer's adventure, for the ladies seemed almost inclined to give him into custody. However, they did not do so, because (as they afterwards informed our hero) they had brothers who were volunteers, and who were also fond of making "dumme Streiche." Mr. Hackländer's comrades were marched off to prison, while he escaped. When all was quiet, he was conducted by the girls to a back-door which communicated with the garden; he climbed over the wall, and was in safety. Mr. Hackländer's military career lasted above two years, for it was his intention to get promoted to the grade of officer; indeed, he passed through the ranks of bombardier and serjeant, but quitted the service at the age of nineteen, because he got disgusted with the tedious routine of a soldier's life in peace. He travelled afterwards in Syria and Egypt, as secretary to one of the lesser German princes, and wrote a clever and amusing description of his journey under the title of "Daguerreotypes from the Orient." After his return he was appointed reader to the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, and has, of late, been attached to the court of that prince in the quality of "Hofrath." He has, therefore, no reason to regret his having quitted the Prussian service, for unless an officer possesses a private fortune, he is greatly to be pitied. A lieutenant's annual pay comes hardly up to thirty pounds. After deducting the charges for his mess and clothes from his monthly allowance, he has but a few shillings left to meet all his other expenses for the month. His position, as an officer and a gentleman, forces him to keep up appearances, and his pecuniary difficulties make his life

one continual torture, and cause him to envy the lot of the non-commissioned officers, who may do as they please, and whose incomes are comparatively much larger. The case has frequently happened that promotion was offered to non-commissioned officers, but they almost invariably refuse it. They refuse it, not on account of any ill-will or contempt shown to them by the other officers of the regiment, but because they prefer their own comparative affluence, to the semi-starvation of a lieutenancy. The economical principles of Prussia, however judicious and praiseworthy, are very hard upon the poor young men who devote themselves to the service of their country; for there is scarcely any chance of promotion to a higher grade. The lieutenants of a regiment rise by seniority. The death or promotion of a higher officer causes a gap now and then, but it is almost imperceptible in the lower regions. Some time ago I fell in with an army list of the year 1819, and was led by curiosity to compare it with a list of 1846. I found that a very great number of the junior lieutenants in 1819, were lieutenants still in 1846. Many of them, I knew, had nothing to live on but their pay, and I felt my heart ache at the idea of the sorrow, misery, and hopelessness of these twenty-seven years of their lives. And how long may they yet have to wait till they obtain the rank of captain, and a competency—that is to say, one hundred per annum! Thirty years' service, and at the end of them, one hundred pounds a year, or an annual pension of fifty pounds instead—these are the allurements of a military career in Prussia!

There is a hackneyed proverb about great effects and small causes. The low pay of the Prussian officers may one day be of importance to Europe. There are no hopes for them in time of peace: they are mad for war. "Death or promotion!" is their cry. It has been said that economy is the least important of the reasons which makes the Prussian War Office so cruel to the poor lieutenants, but that they are starved on the same principle as keepers do dogs in a kennel—to make them more eager to hunt down the game. But the experiment, at best, may prove an unsuccessful, if not a dangerous one. Dogs have been known to turn upon their keepers, whom they have devoured. Starvation, though it has produced a warlike enthusiasm in the minds of the Prussian officers, has failed in making them enthusiastic on the subject of the reigning family. They have been demoralized by hopelessness and misery. The proud among them are sullen and discontented; the less lofty of mind are toadies and sponges. Other absolute governments lean on a strong military party; they brave the people by petting the army. The house of Hohenzollern has no such party to lean on. Their lower officers will fight for them, it is true; but so impatient are they of a change, that they will also fight against them. The policy of the court of Berlin is selfish in the extreme. Half a century of that policy has not been lost upon the people; it has made them selfish. The Prussian national defences, though perfect in their kind, can, under existing circumstances, only serve to intimidate. The court of Berlin has, on the strength of them, a voice in the Council of Kings; its representatives *seem* to hold a heavy weight, which they may drop into any scale. But this is *seeming*, and seeming only. The Prussian armies, though ready to shed their blood in the real defence of their country, will be found on trial to be very backward to promote a policy, from which they can expect no good result for themselves, or to defend the throne of a king whom the natives of the Duchies of Cleve, Iülich, Berg, of Westfalia, and of Posen, consider almost as much a foreigner as the King of France. The intrigue, which, according to documents published by Louis Blanc,* was being hatched between the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, Charles X., may appear improbable in our days; but it is not impossible. The courts of Petersburg and Paris had almost agreed on a plan of dividing Prussia in the manner in which Poland had been divided. Russia was to have the Polish and France the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, while Austria was to come in for Silesia. A project of this kind would find the king of Prussia perfectly helpless. It is a great question whether the landwehr of those provinces would risk their lives and property in the cause of a king, who has not realized one of the hopes that were founded upon his accession to the throne. They would remember the *old* fable of the donkey and its master. But even if they would fight, they would have formidable odds against them, from being unaccustomed to real, matter-of-fact, war. A peace of thirty-three years' duration has left Prussia but a few veteran officers who have actually seen a field of battle. Even they have half forgotten what they then did learn. The wars of 1813 to 1815—the wars of *liberation*, as they were called at the time, were never great favorites with the kings of Prussia. A pledge was then given, which has since been violated. The old warriors of Leipsig and Waterloo, the men who fought under Gneisenau and Blücher, have been left to starve on miserable pensions. But few of them remain, and those few are not fit for war. Almost all other nations of Europe have regiments and armies that have braved the dangers, and know the vicissitudes of battles. England had her Chinese and Indian wars; France had Algiers, and Russia the Balkan and the Caucasus. Prussia alone has an army that has seen no fire, that has had none but prepared bivouacs; an army, whose knowledge of dangers is confined to the casualties of a parade, and whose skill has only been tested by grand reviews. Her soldiers are men of peace; her veterans have grown hectic over the desks of village courts, or their limbs have got cramped by the hard seat of a diligence. On a fine summer's afternoon in 1843, I was a passenger in the diligence between Elberfeld and Hückeswagen. As the carriage was slowly pro-

* Louis Blanc: Histoire de Dix Ans, Vol. 1.

ceeding up the mountain, at whose foot the town of Elberfeld is situated, I heard the report of small cannon from the valley below.

"What does this mean?"

"They are firing cannon," said the guard, who was sitting by my side; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; the more fools they?"

He was a fine old man, with snow-white hair. He had a deep scar on his forehead; one of his arms was lame. He wore three orders on his rough blue coat.

"You have been in the wars, conducteur?"

"I have. I fought from 1807 till 1814. I was of the King's own Hussars; a fine regiment, sir! I have four wounds on my body; the last was a ball, which broke my arm."

"But you are a bad Prussian, conducteur. You say the patriots down there are fools!"

"Damn Prussia, sir! But no! I will not curse my country! May God pardon those who make an old man curse on the very day he received his last wound! But they are fools, sir, with their firing. What has the battle of Waterloo done for them? What has it done for us, who have fought in that long and cruel war? Here I am a broken cripple; here I am in my carriage, going my stages, summer and winter, day and night; week-days and Sundays. There is no rest, no sleep, hardly any bread to eat! Could they not spare some gold from the spoils of Napoleon, to feed the invalids who rescued the Prussian crown by their blood and their limbs? Fools! fools! are they who rejoice on this day!"

The old man's face was as pale as death, and his thin body trembled with the violence of his passion. He was right; there was no food, no rest, no sleep for him! I have often thought of that Prussian veteran. Poor old man, he is now at rest!

From the Examiner.

The Planet Neptune: an Exposition and History. By J. P. Nichol, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: John Johnstone.

The Stellar Universe: Views of its Arrangements, Motions and Evolutions. By J. P. Nichol, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: John Johnstone.

The delicate state of Professor Nichol's health is understood to have prevented his distinguishing himself in the field of astronomical observation and discovery, to the full extent of his zeal and talents; but as herald to the general public of the newest progress and state of the science, and as a missionary of the study, his labors are invaluable.

His *Planet Neptune* is another of his well-timed expositions of the most recent achievements of astronomers, and of their importance. The prognostication (upon strictly mathematical deductions from pre-ascertained data) that a new planet, occupying a certain place in the solar system, might be discovered by telescopic observation in a certain region of the heavens, afterwards confirmed by the actual discovery of the planet in the very region indicated, is well calculated to enhance our estimate of the powers and destinies of the human mind. That this discovery should have been made nearly at the same time by two entirely unconnected and independent thinkers, pursuing the same train of investigation, increases our confidence in the science to which they are devoted. The earth is one hundred millions of miles distant from the sun; Uranus is nineteen times further off; by hypothesis the newly discovered planet was expected to be twice as far. M. Leverrier predicted that its heliocentric longitude on the 1st of January, 1847, would be 326° 32′; it was actually found to be 327° 24′, less than one degree of difference in the 360° which compose the circle! The planet was found, indeed, to be considerably nearer the sun than previous observations of planetary intervals had led Messrs. Adams and Leverrier to expect; but its less bulk accounts for the diminished disturbing influence, which had been attributed to its greater remoteness.

Professor Nichol's observations on the position of M. Leverrier, while announcing his discovery to the French Academy, are equally eloquent and just:

His labors at length were terminated; and he announced finally to the French Academy the following elements:—

Radius of the orbit, 36·154 times that of the earth.
Period of revolution, 217·387 years.
Mean longitude, Jan. 1, 1847, 318·47
Mass - - -

From which an easy computation showed that the true heliocentric longitude on 1st January, 1847, must be 326°32
instead of 325°

as roughly given by his first approximation. How singular that scene in the Academy! A young man, not yet at life's prime, speaking unfalteringly of the necessities of the most august forms of creation—passing onwards where eye never was, and placing his finger on that precise point of space in which a grand orb lay concealed; having been led to its lurking-place by his appreciation of those vast harmonies, which stamp the universe with a consummate perfection! Never was there accomplished a nobler work, and never work more nobly done! It is the eminent characteristic of these labors of Leverrier, that at no moment did his faith ever waver; the majesty of the enterprise was equalled by the resolution and confidence of the man. He trod those dark spaces as Columbus bore himself amid the waste ocean; even when there was no speck or shadow of aught substantial around the wide horizon—holding by his conviction in those grand verities, which are not the less real because above sense, and pushing onwards towards his New World!

To his exposition of the process by which the discovery was made, Professor Nichol has added a dispassionate and earnest estimate of the merits of the English and of the French discoverer; and of the part taken by several eminent scientific characters in regard to the discovery, and the controversy which has arisen out of it. With obvious

regret Professor Nichol feels himself called upon to condemn the language used by M. Arago in reference to the claims of Mr. Adams; and in doing so takes occasion to hazard an important practical suggestion relative to our own Royal Society.

I can comprehend the vindictiveness of Arago. I can understand on his part a vehemence, prepared even to crush—worthily or otherwise—alike truth and opposition; for *La Grande Nation* has never been in high repute for tenderness towards men who would share its glory, or of toleration for foreign claims. But that the body in England, whose duty—if not its foremost one, certainly with lower sanctions than none—has been understood by the state to be protective of the rights of its meritorious countrymen—that this body, composed of the élite of British men of science, and of British noblemen and gentlemen, should have bowed itself before Gallic pretension, and purchased some hollow compliments about liberality and freedom from prejudice, by the sacrifice of the then obscure graduate of Cambridge; yes! this almost inclines one to the hope that the name of Adams may never illustrate its roll! Of this act of our Royal Society I have heard but one opinion; and it is further unfortunate, that without such a retracing of steps as false pride is always sufficiently potent to prohibit, the error and injustice do not appear remediable. One thing, however, is remediable, viz., those faults in the constitution of this important Society which render so great and grievous erring possible at any moment. The occasion ought not to pass without serious inquiry as to the nature of that malformation which has thus far denationalized it, or so lamentably weakened its sympathies with merit, however illustrious, provided that at the time it is untitled and obscure: and also wherein is that difference which in the Institute of France has substituted for cold hauteur—uninformed as freezing—an active and earnest friendship for any Frenchman, whatever his condition or existing fame, who manifests desire and ability to illustrate and enlarge the glory of France!

We are happy to direct attention to this passage at this particular time, when it is understood that a duty is about to devolve on the Royal Society which will test its character, and mark its future place amongst the enlightened circles of Europe. To pass once without recognition the services of Mr. Adams, is bad enough, but redeemable: to pass by, for a second time, the transcendant claims and services of Herschel to occupy its chair of presidency, would be a disgrace quite irrecoverable. Let the fellows of the society who are really anxious for its welfare stir themselves in time.

The second publication of Professor Nichol, of which we have given the title, is an attempt to present, in a less expensive form, and in language more on a level with the apprehensions of the young, the substance of some of his earlier works. The *Stellar Universe* will be found useful and interesting to occupants of the upper forms.

WILLIAM THOM.

William Thom, the humble poet of Inverury, has fallen among the thousand sacrifices to the total want of provision in our social scheme for men of his class. Thom was a weaver, not averse from the patient and courageous industry of his craft. He had faced want and domestic misery without losing his good heart. But he had refined perceptions, which made him conscious of what was uncongenial in his lot; and his natural aspirations received a delusive stimulus from a transient patronage.

The tribe of humble poets and littérateurs are wont to come to London, like moths to the candle, to be scorched and fevered in a blaze that imparts no vital warmth. He was fêted, and probably received some temporary help: he was made to *know* the life of the educated, without being enabled to share it as a denizen. He went back to his loom; bore up bravely against disappointment; sang to the last of cheerfulness and brotherly union; and died. It appears that he had married a second time; and he leaves a widow with several children quite destitute.

It is a disgrace to our social system that this history should so often have to be written. If any proof were needed that refined natures can grapple with the duties of industry, however humble, Thom gave it. But material industry will not supply sustenance for such natures. Out of a congenial atmosphere, they pine and are lost. That is not a fault to deplore, but simply a fact. The fleeting and intoxicating indulgence which such spirits snatch in the saloons of lionizing idlers and professed exhibiters, serves only to excite wants which it supplies no means of satisfying. Yet it would not be impossible to contrive a system of employments which might be performed by men of literary bent, so that they should fulfil the duties of labor, but within an atmosphere suited to their organization. This has been suggested before; but the list of sacrifices continues.

The substitute for a living endowment of literary poverty, now in vogue, is a posthumous subscription to support the widows and orphans. Thom having perished, it is remembered that his wife and children are mortal; and a subscription is set on foot in Dundee, under the lead of the Provost Mr. Thoms, the Reverend George Gilfillan, and other gentlemen. Already we see eminent names in the list of subscribers. It will of course be yet further extended, as humanity seeks to compensate its neglects by these penitential and posthumous attentions.

How to punish those who injure you.—Addin Ballou tells the following anecdote:—"A worthy old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, 'God forgive you, my son, as I do!' It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error; and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, 'God bless you, kind mother, I 'll never do so again!'"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

[We are indebted for this article to the early reprint of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co.]

FALL OF THE THRONE OF THE BARRICADES.

"Deus patiens quia Æternus."—St. Augustin.

Eighteen years ago, when the throne of Charles X. was overturned amidst the universal exultation of the liberal party in this country, we ventured, amidst the general transports, to arraign the policy and condemn the morality of the change. We pleaded strongly, in several articles,* that that great event foreboded nothing but a long series of calamities to France and to Europe; that liberty had been rendered impossible in a country which, casting aside all the bonds of religion and loyalty, had left no other foundation for government but force; and that the external peace of the continent would be put in imminent peril by an ardent military population, heated by the successful issue of one great revolt, placed in the midst of monarchies in which the feudal institutions and chivalrous feelings were still in ascendency. We doubted the stability of a government founded on the success of one well-organized urban insurrection; we distrusted the fidelity of men who had begun their career by treachery and treason. Nominally the aggressor, we concluded that Charles X. was really on the defensive; he attempted a *coup d'état*, because government in any other way had become impossible. We were told, in reply, that these were antiquated and exploded ideas; that the revolution was necessary to save the liberties of France from destruction; that a new era had opened upon mankind with the fire of the Barricades; that loyalty was no longer required when the interest of mankind to be well governed was generally felt; and that a throne surrounded by republican institutions was the best form of government, and the only one in which the monarchical principle could any longer be tolerated in the enlightened states of modern Europe.

With how much vehemence these principles were maintained by the whole whig and liberal party in Great Britain, need be told to none who recollect the rise of the dynasty of the Barricades in the year 1830. To those who do not, ample evidence of the general delusion, and of the perseverance with which it was combated, will be found in the pages of this Journal for 1831 and 1832. Time has rolled on, and brought its wonted changes on its wings. More quickly than we anticipated, the perilous nature of the convulsion which had proved victorious was demonstrated—more clearly than we ventured to predict, was the necessity of Prince Polignac's ordinances demonstrated. It soon became apparent that France could be governed only by force.

The government of Louis Philippe was a continual denial of its origin—an incessant effort to crush the spirit which had raised it. The repeated and sanguinary disorders in Paris; the two dreadful insurrections in Lyons; the awful drowning of the revolt of the cloister of St. Méry in blood, demonstrated, before two years had elapsed, that the government had felt the necessity of extinguishing the visionary ideas which had been evoked, as the means of elevating itself into power. More than once it stood on the edge of the abyss; and it was saved only by the vigor of the sovereign, and the newly awakened terrors of the holders of property, which prevented them from openly coalescing with the determined republicans, who aimed at overturning all the institutions of society, and realizing in the nineteenth century the visions of Robespierre and Babœuf in the eighteenth. In the course of this protracted struggle, the new government felt daily more and more the necessity of resting their authority on force, and detaching it from the anarchical doctrines, amidst the triumphs of which it had taken its rise. Paris was declared in a state of siege; the ordinances of Polignac were reënacted with additional rigor; the military establishment of the country was doubled; its expenditure raised from nine hundred millions to fifteen hundred millions francs; an incessant and persevering war waged with the democratic press; and Paris surrounded by a chain of forts, which effectually prevented any other will from governing France but that of the military who were in possession of their bastions. Such was the result to the cause of freedom in France of the triumph of the Barricades.

But in eighteen years an entirely new generation rises to the active direction of affairs. In 1848, the personal experience, the well-founded fears, the sights of woe which had retained the strength of France round the standards of the Barricades, were forgotten. The fearful contests with anarchy by which the first years of the reign of Louis Phillippe had been marked, had passed into the page of history, that is, were become familiar to a tenth part only of the active population. To those who did learn it from this limited source, it was known chiefly from the volumes of M. Louis Blanc, who, in his "Ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe," painted that monarch in no other light but as one of the most deceitful and sanguinary tyrants who ever disgraced humanity. Thus the lessons of experience were lost to the vast majority of the active citizens. The necessity of keeping at peace, which Louis Philippe so strongly felt, and so energetically asserted, became in the course of years an insupportable restraint upon a people fraught with revolutionary ideas, and heated by the glowing recollections of the empire. A nation containing six millions of separate landed proprietors,* the great majority of whom were at the plough, and not possessed of six pounds a year in the world, necessarily chafes against any power which imposes the restraints of order and peace on the appetite for plunder and the lust of conquest. This was the true secret of

* "On the French Revolutions," Nos. I.—V. Jan.—May, 1831.

* 5,468,000 in 1836, which must be at least 6,000,000 in 1848.—*Statistique de la France*—(*Agriculture*, 84-89.)

the fall of the dynasties of the Restoration and the Barricades. They fell because they kept the nation at peace with its neighbors, and at peace with itself—because they terminated the dream of foreign conquest, and checked the visions of internal utopia; because they did not, like Napoleon, open the career of arms to every man in the country capable of carrying a musket; or, like Robespierre, pursue the supposed advantage of the working classes by the destruction of every interest above them in society. Had either Charles X. or Louis Philippe been foreign conquerors, and the state of Europe had permitted of their waging war with success, they would have lived and died on the throne of France, and left an honored crown to their successors. There never were monarchs who mowed down the population and wasted the resources of France like Napoleon and Louis XIV.; but as long as they were successful, and kept open the career of elevation to the people, they commanded their universal attachment. It was when they grew unfortunate, and could call them only to discharge the mournful duties of adversity, that they became the objects of universal execration. The revolution has ever been true to its polar star, viz., worldly success.

In making these observations, we must guard against being misunderstood. We do not assert that the *present* leaders of the revolution desire foreign war, or are insincere in the pacific professions which they have put forth in their public proclamations. We have no doubt that "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," is what they really desire; and that with England in particular they are sincerely desirous to remain, at present at least, on terms of amity. The early promoters of the revolution of 1789—Siêyes, Bailly, Mirabeau, and Lafayette—were equally loud and probably sincere in their pacific protestations at the outset of the first convulsion. What we assert is another proposition entirely corroborated by past history, and scarcely less important in its present application—viz., that the members of the existing revolutionary government are placed in a false position; that they have been elevated to power by the force of passion, and the spread of principles inconsistent with the existence of society; that if they continue to fan them, they will ruin their country, if they attempt to coerce them, they will be destroyed themselves. This is the constant and dreadful alternative in which a revolutionary government is placed, and which has so uniformly led in past history to what is called a departure from the principles of freedom by its successful leaders. It was this which brought Lafayette into such discredit in Paris, that his life was saved only by his fortunate confinement in an Austrian dungeon; it was this which rendered Mirabeau in the end a royalist, and forever ruined him in popular favor; it was this which made Robespierre strive to restore the sway of natural religion in the infidel metropolis; it was this which gave Napoleon such a horror of the metaphysical "Ideologues," who, according to him, had ruined France, and rendered him the resolute and unbending opponent of the revolution. But even Napoleon's iron arm was unequal to the task of arresting the fiery coursers of democracy: he only succeeded in maintaining internal tranquillity by giving them a *foreign* direction. He turned them not against the Tuileries, but against the Kremlin; he preserved peace in France only by waging war in Europe. A "Napoleon of Peace" will never succeed in restraining the revolution.

Observe the pledges with which the provisional government are commencing their career. They are, that the state is to provide employment for all who cannot procure it from private individuals; that an ample remuneration is to be secured to labor; that the right of combination to raise wages is to be protected by law; that the house of peers is to be abolished, as well as all titles of honor, the bearing of which is to be absolutely prohibited; that a noble career to all Frenchmen is to be opened *in the army;* the national representation is to be placed on the most democratic basis of a national assembly, elected by *nine millions* of electors; all burdens on subsistence are to be abolished; unlimited circulation is to be provided for newpapers and the extension of knowledge; but *the taxes*, in the mean time at least, are to undergo *no diminution*. These promises and pledges sufficiently demonstrate what interest in the state has *now* got the ascendency. It is the interest, or rather *supposed* interest, of *labor*, in opposition to that of capital—of numbers against property.

The revolution that has taken place is a communist or *socialist* triumph; the chiefs who have been installed in power are the leaders of the party who think that the grand evil of civilization is the encroachment of the profit of capital on the wages of labor, and that the only effectual remedy for them is to be found in the forcible diminution of the former and extension of the latter.

The doctrine of this party in France has long been, that Robespierre perished because he did not venture to pronounce the word, *agrarian law*. It would be to little purpose to pronounce that word now, when the republic has got nearly six millions of separate proprietors, most of them not worth six pounds a year each. There is little but sturdy resistance to be got by attempting to spoliate this immense and indigent body, as they have spoliated the old territorial proprietors. But the capitalists and shopkeepers of towns stand in a different situation. In their hands, since the fall of Napoleon, very considerable wealth has accumulated. The peace and order maintained by the governments of the Restoration and the Barricades, though fatal to themselves, has been eminently favorable to the growth of bourgeois opulence. It is against *that* opulence that the recent revolution was directed. The shopkeepers, deluded to their own destruction, began the insurrection; they surrounded and compelled the abandonment of the Tuileries. All successful convulsions are headed, in the first instance at least, by a portion of the higher or middle ranks. But they were soon passed by the rabble who

followed their armed columns; and when the tumultuous mob broke into the chamber of deputies, fired at the picture of Louis Philippe, and pointed their muskets at the head of the Duchess of Orleans, it was too late to talk of Thiers and Odillon Barrot; the cause of reform was already passed by that of revolution; and nothing could serve the victorious and highly excited multitude, but the abolition of monarchy, peers, and titles of honor, and the vesting of government in the hands of dreamers on equality, and leaders of trades' unions in France.

Let the national guard, who brought about the revolution, and seduced or overcame the loyalty of the troops of the line, explain, if they can, the benefit *they* are likely to derive from this triumph of socialism over bourgeoisie, of labor over capital, of numbers over property. The revolution was the work of their hands, and they must reap its fruits, *as unquestionably they will bear its responsibility*. It is of more importance for us in this country to inquire how the promises made by government, and the expectations formed by the people, are to be realized in the present social and political state of France. Already, before the *Io Pæans* upon the fall of the Orleans dynasty have ceased, the difficulties of the new government in this respect have proclaimed themselves. Columns of *ten and fifteen* thousand workmen daily wait on the administration to insist on the immediate recognition of the rights of labor; their demands were promptly acceded to by the decree of 3d March, which fixes the hours of labor in Paris at *ten* hours a day, *and in the provinces at eleven* hours. They were formerly eleven hours in Paris and twelve in the provinces. This is quite intelligible: it is reasonable that the civil prætorian guards of the capital should work less than the serfs of the provinces. Cutting off an hour's labor over a whole country would be deemed a pretty serious matter in "l'industrieuse Angleterre:" but on the other side of the channel, we suppose, it is a mere bagatelle, important chiefly as showing from what quarter the wind sets. Other prognostics of coming events are already visible. Monster meetings of operatives and workmen in and around Paris continue to be held in the Champ de Mars, to take the interests and rights of labor into consideration: it is probable that they will still further reduce the hours of toil, and proportionately raise its wages. Already the stonecutters have insisted on a minimum of pay and maximum of work, and got it. Eight hours a day, and ten sous an hour, is their ultimatum. The journalists early clamored for the immediate removal of all duties affecting them. They succeeded in shaking off their burdens; other classes will not be slow in following their example. Meanwhile government is burdened, as in the worst days of the first revolution, with the maintenance of an immense body of citizens with arms in their hands, and very little bread to put into their mouths. How to feed this immense body, with resources continually failing, from the terrors of capital, the flight of the English from Paris, and the diminished expenditure of all the wealthier classes would, according to the former maxims of government, have been deemed a matter of no small difficulty. But we suppose the regenerators of society have discovered some method of arriving, with railway speed, at public opulence amidst private suffering.

The melancholy progress of the first revolution has naturally made numbers of persons, not intimately acquainted with its events, apprehensive of the immediate return of the reign of terror and the restoration of the guillotine into its terrible and irresistible sovereignty in France. Without disputing that there is much danger in the present excited and disjointed state of the population of that country, there are several reasons which induce up to believe that such an event is not very probable, at least in the *first instance*, and that it is from a different quarter that the real danger that now threatens France is, in the outset, at least, to be apprehended.

In the first place, although the reign of terror is over, and few indeed of the actual witnesses are still in existence, yet the recollection of it will never pass away: it has affixed a stain to the cause of revolution which will never be effaced, but which its subsequent leaders are most anxious to be freed from. Its numerous tragic scenes—its frightful atrocity—its heroic sufferings, have indelibly sunk into the minds of men. To the end of the world, they will interest and melt every succeeding age. The young will ever find them the most engrossing and attractive theme—the middle-aged, the most important subject of reflection—the old, the most delightful means of renewing the emotions of youth. History is never weary of recording its bloody catastrophes—romance has already arrayed them with the colors of poetry—the drama will ere long seize upon them as the finest subjects that human events have ever furnished for the awakening of tragic emotion. They will be as immortal in story as the heroes of the Iliad, the woes of the Atrides, the catastrophe of Œdipus, the death of Queen Mary. So strongly have these fascinating tragedies riveted the attention of mankind, that nothing has ever created so powerful a moral barrier against the encroachments of democracy. The royal, like the Christian martyrs, have lighted a fire which, by the grace of God, will never be extinguished. So strongly are the popular leaders in every country impressed with the moral effects of these catastrophes, that their first efforts are always now directed to clear every successive convulsion of their damning influence. Guizot and Lafayette, at the hazard of their lives, in December, 1830, saved Prince Polignac and M. Peyronnet from the guillotine; and the first act of the provisional government of France, in 1848, to their honor be it said, was to proclaim the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, in order to save, as they intended, M. Guizot himself.

In the next place, the bloodshed and confiscation of the first revolution have, as subsequent

writers have repeatedly demonstrated, so completely extinguished the elements of national resistance in France, that the dangers which threatened its progress and ensanguined its steps no longer exist. It was no easy matter to overturn the monarchy and church of old France. It was interwoven with the noblest, because the most disinterested, feelings of our nature—it touched the chords of religion and loyalty—it was supported by historic names, and the lustre of ancient descent—it rested on the strongest and most dignified attachments of modern times. The overthrow of such a fabric, like the destruction of the monarchy of Great Britain at this time, could not be effected but by the shedding of torrents of blood. Despite the irresolution of the king, the defection of the army, the conquest of the capital, and the emigration of the noblesse, accordingly, a most desperate resistance arose in the provinces; and the revolution was consolidated only by the *mitraillades* of Lyons and Toulon, the *noyades* of the Loire, the proscriptions of the convention, the blood of La Vendée. France was not then enslaved by its capital. But now these elements of resistance to the government of the dominant multitude at Paris no longer exist. The nobles have been destroyed and their estates confiscated; the clergy are reduced to humble stipendiaries, not superior in station or influence to village school-masters; the corporations of towns are dissolved; the house of peers has degenerated into a body of well-dressed and titled employés. Six millions of separate landed proprietors, without leaders, wealth, information, or influence, have seized upon and now cultivate the soil of France. Power is, over the whole realm, synonymous with office. Every appointment in the kingdom flows from Paris. In these circumstances, how is it possible that resistance to the decrees of the sovereign power, in possession of the armed force of the capital, the treasury, the telegraph, and the post-office, can arise in France elsewhere than in the capital? Civil war, therefore, on an extended scale over the country, is improbable; and the victorious leaders of the revolution, delivered from immediate apprehension, save in their own metropolis, of domestic danger, have no motive for shocking the feelings of mankind, and endangering their relations with foreign powers, by needless and unnecessary deeds of cruelty. It was during the struggle with the patricians that the proscriptions of Sylla and Marius deluged Italy with blood. After they were destroyed, by mutual slaughter and the denunciations of the triumvirate, though there was often the greatest possible tyranny and oppression under the emperors, there was none of the wholesale destruction of life which disgraced the republic, when the rival factions fronted each other in yet undiminished strength.

Although, however, for these reasons, we do not anticipate, at least *at present*, those sanguinary proscriptions which have forever rendered infamous the first revolution, yet we fear there is reason to apprehend changes not less destructive in their tendency, misery still more widespread in its effects, destined, perhaps, to terminate at last in bloodshed not less universal. Men have discovered that they are not mere beasts of prey; they cannot live on flesh and blood. But they have learned also that they can live very well on capital and property; and it is against these, in consequence, that the present revolution will be directed. They will not be openly assailed; direct confiscations of possessions have fallen almost as much into disrepute as the shedding torrents of blood on the scaffold. The thing will be done more covertly, but not the less effectually. They will take a leaf out of the former private lives of the Italians, and the recent public history of Great Britain. We have shown them that, under cover of a cry for the emancipation of slaves, property to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions can be quietly and securely destroyed in the colonies; that, veiled under the disguise of placing the currency on a secure basis, a third can be added to all the debts, and as much taken from the remuneration of every species of industry, throughout the country. These are great discoveries; they are the glory of modern civilization; they have secured the support of the whole liberal party in Great Britain. The *objects* of the French revolutionists are wholly different, but the mode of proceeding will be the same. The stiletto and the poison bowl have gone out of fashion; they are discarded as the rude invention of a barbarous age. The civilized Italians have taught us how to do the thing. Slow and unseen poison is the real secret; there are Lucretia Borgias in the political not less than the physical world. The great thing is to secure the support of the masses by loud professions of philanthropy, and the warmest expressions of an interest in the improvement of mankind; and having roused them to action, and paralyzed the defenders of the existing order of things by these means, then to turn the united force of the nation to their own purposes, and the placing of the whole wealth of the state at their disposal. Thus the ends of revolution are gained without its leaders being disgraced; the substantial advantages of a transfer of property are enjoyed without a moral reaction being raised up against it. Fortunes are made by some, without a direct spoliation of others being perceived; multitudes are involved in misery, but then they do not know to what cause their distresses are owing, nor is any peculiar obloquy brought upon the real authors of the public calamities.

We do not say that the present provisional government of France are actuated by these motives, any more than we say that our negro emancipators or bullionists and free-traders meant, in pursuing the system which they have adopted, to occasion the wholesale and ruinous destruction of property, which their measures have occasioned. We consider both the one and the other as *political fanatics;* men inaccessible to reason, insensible to experience; who pursue certain visionary theories of their own, wholly regardless of the devastation they produce in society, or the misery they occa-

sion in whole classes of the state. "Perish the colonies," said Robespierre, "rather than one iota of principle be abandoned." That is the essence of political fanaticism; it rages at present with equal violence on both sides of the channel. The present provisional government of France are some of them able and eloquent—all of them, we believe, well-meaning and sincere men. But they set out with discarding the lessons of experience; their principle is an entire negation of all former systems of government. They think a new era has opened in human affairs; that the first revolution has destroyed the former method of directing mankind, and the present has ushered in the novel one. They see no bounds to the spread of human felicity, by the adoption of a social system different from any which has yet obtained among men. They have adopted the ideas of Robespierre without his blood—the visions of Rousseau without his profligacy.

The writings of Lamartine and Louis Blanc clearly reveal these principles, particularly the "Histoire des Girondins" of the former, and the "Dix Ans de l'Histoire de Louis Philippe" of the latter. Lamartine says the Girondists fell because they did not, on the 10th of August, 1792, when the throne was overturned, instantly proclaim a republic, and go frankly and sincerely into the democratic system. If he himself falls, it will not be from a repetition of the error; he has done what they left undone. We shall see the result. Experience will prove whether, by discarding all former institutions, we have cast off at the same time the slough of corruption which has descended to all from our first parents. We shall see whether the effects of the fall can be shaken off by changing the institutions of society; whether the devil cannot find as many agents among the Socialists as the Jacobins: whether he cannot mount on the shoulders of Lamartine and Arago as well as he did on those of Robespierre and Marat. In the mean time, while we are the spectators of this great experiment, we request the attention of our readers to the following interesting particulars regarding the acts of the new government, the professions they have made, the expectations which are formed of them.

One of the most popular journals of the working classes of Paris—that is, the present rulers of France—the *Democratie Pacifique*, has adopted the following mottoes:—

The Revolution of 1789 has destroyed the old Regime; that of 1848 should establish the new one.

Social reform is the end, as Republic is the means; *all the Socialists are Republicans, all the Republicans are Socialists.**

The methods by which the plans of the Socialists are to be worked out, are in the same journal declared to be as follows:

PROGRAMME OF THE PEOPLE.

A man with a heart—a man greatly loved by the working classes, has lent his hand to the formation of a programme dictated by the popular will. The ideas on which it rests, treated as utopian yesterday, have no need to be discussed to-day. The last revolution is an explosion of light which has dissipated the darkness. The Socialist ideas railed at yesterday, accepted to-day, will be realized to-morrow. Its principles are—

I. *The rights of labor.*—It is the duty of the state to furnish employment, and if necessary a *minimum* of wages, to all the members of society whom private industry does not employ.

II. *House of refuge* for industry.

III. Despotism must be forever disarmed by the transformation of the army into *industrial regiments*, (en regiments industriels,) suited alike to the defence of the territory and the execution of the great works of the republic.

IV. *Public education, equal*, gratuitous, and obligatory upon all.

V. Savings' banks (caisses d'épargne) which keep capital dead, shall be *vivified by labor;* the people who produce all riches can afford to be their own bankers.

VI. A universal reform of *law courts*, juries everywhere.

VII. Absolute *freedom of communications of thought.*

VIII. A *progressive scale of taxation.*

IX. A progressional *tax on machinery* employed in industry.

X. An effectual guarantee for a *fair division of profits* between the capitalists and the workmen.

XI. *A tax on all luxury.*

XII. *Universal suffrage.*

XIII. *A national assembly.*

XIV. *Annual elections by all.*

"Vive la Republique!
Gardons nos armes!"*

To carry out these principles, they propose a general centralization of all undertakings in the hands of government, to be brought under the direct control of a simple majority of universal suffrage electors. In the same journal we find the following proposals:—

ABSORPTION OF RAILWAYS BY THE STATE.

Let us reproduce to-day, with the certainty of being heard by the country, the wishes which the *Democratie Pacifique* has announced every morning since its origin, seventeen years ago.

I. All railways, roads, canals, and public ways, by which the life of France circulates, to be *absorbed by the state.*

II. The state should undertake all stage-coaches, carriers, wagons, and means of conveyance or transport, of every description.

III. All joint-stock banks should be absorbed by the state—(A l'état les banques confédérées.)

IV. All insurance companies, mines, and salt-works, to be undertaken by the state.

V. No more forestalling, accumulating, regrating, or *anarchical competition.* Feudal industry is pierced to the heart; let us not allow it to raise itself from the dust.†

Such are the proposals to be found in a single journal which represents the ideas that are now fermenting in the mind of France.

These propositions will probably "donnent à pen-

* *Democratie Pacifique*, 1st March, 1848.

* *Democratie Pacifique*, 1st March, 1848, p. 1. † Ibid.

ser," as the French say, to most of our readers. Some of them will perhaps be of opinion that our lively neighbors are getting on at railway speed in the regeneration of society. We recommend their projects to the consideration of the numerous holders of French railway and other stock, in the British islands. They will doubtless get good round sums for their claims of damages against the French government, when it has *absorbed* all the joint-stock companies of the country!—the more so when it is recollected, 1st, That the damages will be assessed by juries elected by universal suffrage. 2d, That they will be paid by a government appointed by an assembly elected in the same way. We are not surprised, when such ideas are afloat in the ruling and irresistible workmen of Paris, who have just overturned Louis Philippe, at the head of one hundred thousand men, that the French funds have fallen *thirty-five per cent.* in these few days, and railway and other stock in a still greater proportion. The Paris 3 *per cents* are now (March 18) at 50; the 5 per cents at 72!

Nor let it be said these ideas are the mere dreams of enthusiasts, which never can be carried into practice by any government. These enthusiasts are now the ruling power in the state; their doctrines are those which will quickly be carried into execution by the liberal and enlightened masses, invested by universal suffrage with supreme dominion in the republic. Most assuredly they will carry their ideas into execution; the seed which the liberal writers of France have been sowing for the last thirty years will bring forth its appropriate fruits. What power is to prevent the adoption of these popular and highly lauded "improvements," after the government of Louis Philippe and Guizot has been overturned by their announcement? These persons stood as the barrier between France and the "social revolution" with which it was menaced: when they were destroyed all means of *resisting* it are at an end, and the friends of humanity must trust, to prevent its extension to other states, mainly to the reaction arising from its experienced effects in the land of its birth.

Already there appears, not merely in the language of the popular journals, but in the official acts of the provisional government, decisive evidence that the *socialist ideas* are about to be carried into execution by the supreme authority in France. On March 1st, there appeared the following decree of the provisional government:—

The provisional government, considering that the revolution made by the people should be made for them:

That it is time to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of the working-classes:

That the question of labor is one of supreme importance:

That there can be no higher or more dignified preöccupation of the republican government:

That it becomes France to study ardently, and to solve a problem which now occupies all the states of Europe:

That it is indispensable, without a moment's delay, to guarantee to the people the fruits of their labors:

The provisional government has decreed,—

That a permanent commission shall be formed, which shall be entitled, "The Commission of Government for the Laborers," and charged, in a peculiar and especial manner, with their lot.

To show the importance which government attaches to this commission, it names one of its members, M. Louis Blanc, president of the commission, and for vice-president, another of its members, M. Albret, mechanical workman.

Workmen are invited to form part of the commission.

It shall hold its sittings in the palace of the Luxembourg.

LOUIS BLANC.
ARMAND MARRAST.
GARNIER PAGES. *

How is the provisional government to *find funds* for the enormous multitudes who will thus be thrown upon them, or to satisfy the boundless expectations thus formed of them, and which their own acts have done so much to cherish? Already the want of money has been experienced. Nearly all the banks of Paris have failed: the savings' banks have been virtually confiscated, by the depositors being paid only a tenth in specie, and the Bank of France has suspended cash payments. The government has got into an altercation with a class of the highest importance, under existing circumstances, which is striving to liberate itself from the imposts which are more immediately felt by it. So early as March 2d, the journalists claimed an exemption from the stamp duties on the public journals; and on the government hesitating to comply with their requests, they loudly demand the dismissal of M. Cremieux, the new minister of justice. The *Democratie Pacifique*, of March 2d, observes—

The greatest danger of our situation is, not that which comes from without, but that which comes from within. The most imminent danger would be the slightest doubt on the intentions of government, the least retrograde step in the presence of events. That disquietude, we are bound to admit, already exists in the minds of many—distrust is the precursor of revolutions.

The government has had under its eyes the conduct of the people. Let it imitate it. Energy, constant energy, is the only way to do good. The people have proved it. It is by energy alone that the prolongation of struggles is prevented—the effusion of blood arrested—dangerous reactions averted.

Forward, and force to power! Such is the double cry of the republic.

The chamber of deputies and of peers must not only be interdicted from meeting; like royalty, they must be abolished.

M. Cremieux, the minister of justice, has forgotten his principles. He is not prepared for the part he has to perform. He blindly yields to old attachments and prejudices. At the moment when the most absolute liberty of the press, the most rapid and ceaseless emission of ideas, is the sole condition of the public safety—at the moment when we are in the midst of a chaos from whence we cannot

* *Democratie Pacifique*, March 1, 1848.

escape if light does not guide our steps—at that moment M. Cremieux proposes to extinguish it—he proposes this, a retrograde step, to the minister of finance—the reëstablishment of the stamps on journals.

A revolution of yesterday cannot be thus braved. These gentlemen wish a republic surrounded by republican institutions.

*The people have not yet laid down their arms.**

The government, after having made a show of resistance, yielded to their masters. The duties on journals were abolished, and absolute freedom given to the pouring of the rankest political poisons into the mind of France.

It is easy to see, with a government resting on such a basis, where the first practical difficulty will be found. Embarrassment of finance is the rock on which it will inevitably split: the more certain that it has been preceded by a huge deficit created by the former government; the more galling that it will be accompanied by the flight or hoarding of capital from the measures of the present one. Capitalists are universally alarmed over the whole country. A monetary crisis, as is the case with all successful revolutions, and that too of the severest kind, has ensued. M. Gouin's bank, the same which formerly bore the name of Lafitte, has failed under liabilities to the extent of three millions. Nearly all the other banking establishments of Paris have already followed the example. The payment of all bills was, by government, postponed for three weeks, from February 28: a further extension of the time of payment for a month after March 20, has been petitioned for by *eight hundred of the first bankers and merchants of Paris*. This amounts to a declaration of a general public and private insolvency. Overwhelmed by the difficulties of his situation, the first minister of finance has resigned; the second, M. Garnier Pages, has published a financial account, which exhibits so deplorable a state of the finances, that it may almost be said to amount to an admission of national bankruptcy. Despite all the efforts made to uphold them, the French three per cents, on this publication, fell to forty-seven. The terrors of the holders of stock are extreme.

An able eye-witness gives the following account of the state of Paris, amidst this terrible social and financial crisis:—

I have seen daily and intimately persons of all parties; legitimatists, *conservateurs*, or adherents of the late government—adherents of the Molé ministry of half an hour—adherents of the Barrot ministry, equally short-lived—friends and intimates of members of the provisional government. I can most truly and distinctly affirm, that I saw and heard nothing from any of them but alarm and consternation, mingled with the strongest condemnation of the two conflicting parties whose obstinacy had brought about a collision which everybody had feared, though no one's fears had come within the widest range of the reality. I heard only expressions of the conviction that the present order of things could not last; that, in spite of the heroic efforts, the excellent intentions, and the acknowledged talents of several members of the government, it had undertaken to construct an edifice which must fall and crush them under its ruins; that it was now forced by fear upon promises, and would be forced upon acts utterly inconsistent with the stability of any government whatever. In short, the profoundest anxiety and alarm is at the heart of the educated classes of France, of whatever party—and, not the least, of those who have undertaken the awful task of ruling her. Of that you may be fully assured.

English liberals will perhaps say, "This we expected; but the people!" Well, I must affirm that, if by "people" they mean the industrious, quiet working-classes, the real basis of society, the object of the respect and solicitude of all enlightened rulers—if they mean these men, the alarm and consternation are greater among them than in the higher classes, in proportion to the slenderness of the resources they have to fall back upon; in many cases this amounts to a sort or blank despair. The more clear-sighted among them see the terrible chances that await them; they see *capital leaving the country, confidence destroyed, and employment suddenly suspended or withdrawn, to an extent never seen before.*

Let me mention a few small but significant facts:—

My locksmith told me he had always employed four men; he has discharged three. An English pastry-cook, who has constantly employed fifteen journeymen, was about to discharge nearly all. *Everybody is turning away servants, especially men, as the more expensive.* I was told that good carriage-horses had been sold for five hundred francs each. A vast number of houses are becoming tenantless; the removal of the English alone would make a visible change in this respect. And what, think you, are the feelings of all the tribe of water-carriers, washer-women, and the humble dependents for existence on these houses? Nothing, during the three days, seemed to be more affecting and alarming than the sight of these humblest ministrants to the prime wants of life rushing from door to door, even in the quietest streets, to get their hard labor accomplished in safety. Our *porteur d'eau* was every morning our earliest informant of the events of the night, and I was struck with the good sense and clearness of his views. "*Ces messieurs parlent d'égalité,*" he said: "*est ce qu'ils veulent se faire porteurs d'eau? C'est absurde—ce sont des mensonges.*" ("These gentlemen talk of equality: will they turn water-carriers? It is absurd—these are lies.") "*Ils vont nous ruiner tous.*" ("They are going to ruin us all.") These last words I heard frequently repeated by persons of the working classes. A poor commissioner, who, for high pay, and through long *détours* conveyed a letter for me on the 23d, came in looking aghast. "*Nous voilà sans maître,*" ("Here we are without a master,") said he. "*Bon Dieu! qu'est ce que nous allons devenir?*" ("Good God! what will become of us?") "*Un pays sans maître ce n'est plus un pays.*" ("A country without a master, is no longer a country.") "*Nous allons retomber dans la barbarie.*" ("We shall fall back into barbarism.") This, indeed, was so soon felt by all, that masters were appointed. But has that restored the feeling of reverence for authority, or of confidence in those who wield it, indispensable to civil society?

I heard with astonishment English people on the road saying, "Oh, all is quiet now." "All is going on very well now." From no Frenchman have

* *Democratie Pacifique*, March 2, 1848.

I heard this superficial view of the case. Paris is indeed quiet enough, but it is the quiet of exhaustion, fear, distrust, and dejection. The absolute silence of the streets at night was awful. But a few nights before the 22d, I had complained of the incessant roll of carriages during this season of balls. From the night of the 26th to the 3d of March, the most retired village could not have been more utterly noiseless. Not a carriage—not a foot-fall—except at intervals the steady and silent step of the patrol of the national guard, listened for as the sole guarantee for safety. "Every man," said a grocer, wearing the uniform of the guard, to me in his shop, "must now defend his own. We have no protectors but ourselves; no police, no army."—*Times, March* 8, 1848.

These are sufficiently alarming features in the political and social condition of any country; but they become doubly so, when it is recollected that they coëxist with unbounded expectations formed in the laboring masses, in whom supreme power is now both practically and theoretically vested. The revolution has been the triumph of the workmen over the employers, of the "*proletaires*" over the "bourgeois," of labor over capital. How such a triumph is to eventuate with a vehement and indigent population, impelling the government on in the career of revolution, and capital daily leaving the country or hiding itself from the dread of the acts of a government about to be appointed by *nine millions of electors*, is a question on which it well becomes all the holders of property, in whatever rank, seriously to reflect in this country.

Some idea of the extravagance and universality of their expectations may be formed from the following passage in the description of a still later eye-witness:—

Paris is to all appearances tranquil; but there is much agitation that does not show itself outwardly. *The workmen of all trades are intent on legislation which shall secure more wages for less toil.* They beset the Luxembourg with processions, and fill the chamber of peers with deputations. Louis Blanc has discovered that to organize labor in a pamphlet and to put the theory into practice are two very different things. The walls are covered with the manifestoes of the several branches of occupation; every day sees a new crop; they reveal the existence of dissensions among the workmen themselves, though they are all based on nearly the same principles; the seven-hooped pot is to have ten hoops, and it is to be felony to drink small-beer. The *cochers* have secured a tariff, with an advance of wages; the tailors are demanding the same; the "cheap" establishments are in despair, for they supply classes that cannot buy at higher prices. An anxious employer placed the difficulty before some of the men; the only answer recorded was the comforting assurance that everybody will be able to pay five pounds for his coat "as soon as society is regenerated!" What is to be said to such magnificence of hope?—A *citoyen* coat-maker can only shrug his shoulders and wait for the end. One step has been taken that seems likely to lead to it—the commission has opened *a register of all employments, and all seeking to be employed in Paris.* Not till the stern truth is revealed by figures will the full difficulty be known, and some estimate formed of what a government can *not* do. All the edicts that can be forced from it by the pressure of the hour will break down under the weight of necessity, as they always have done.

Parallel with this agitation, which is material, runs another, which is philosophical. The republic is not perfect enough, and some vile distinctions still exist, irritating to the eye of equality. The government is petitioned to abolish all marks of honor for civilians; the names of distinguished citizens can be recorded in a golden book, a *livre d'or* of the republic, as the recompense of great services; but no cross or riband is to be worn. Equality *devant la mort* is also insisted on; the same place in the cemetery and the same bier for all are to render the grave in appearance, as in reality, the great leveller. This proscription of the poor vanities of life and death is made a serious object by some of the active spirits of the time, as if there were any real importance in them.*—*Times, March 13th,* 1848.

If, with material resources continually and rapidly diminishing, capital leaving the country, employment failing, bankruptcies general, the expenditure of the opulent at an end, the finances of the state in hopeless embarrassment, the French government can satisfy these extravagant wants and expectations without plunging in a foreign war, they will

*The present state of the finances of France is thus explained by the finance minister:—

"On the 1st of January, 1841, the capital of the public debt, the government stock belonging to the sinking fund being deducted, was 4,267,315,402 francs. On the 1st of January, 1848, it amounted to 5,179,644,730 francs. Far from taking advantage of so long a peace to reduce the amount of the debt, the last administration augmented it in those enormous proportions—912,329,328 francs in seven years.

"BUDGETS.

"The budgets followed the progression of the debt.

"Those of 1829 to 1830 amount to 1,014,914,000 francs. The entire of the credits placed at the disposal of the fallen government to the year 1847 amounts to 1,712,979,639f. 62c. Notwithstanding the successive increase of the receipts, the budgets presented each year a considerable deficit. The expenses from 1810 to 1847 inclusively, exceeded the receipts by 601,525,000 francs. The deficit calculated for the year 1848, is 43,000,000 francs, without counting the additional chapter of supplementary and extraordinary credits, which will raise the total amount of the budgets to the charge of the last administration to 652,525,000 francs.

"PUBLIC WORKS.

"The public works heedlessly undertaken simultaneously, at all points of the territory, to satisfy or to encourage electoral corruption, and not with that reserve which prudence so imperiously commanded, have raised the credits to 1,031,000,000 francs. From this sum are to be deducted the sums reimbursed by the companies, amounting to 160,000,000 francs; the last loan, 82,000,000 francs, making together 242,000,000 francs, and leaving a balance of 839,000,000 francs. Out of this sum, 435,000,000 francs has been expended out of the resources of the floating debt, and 404,000,000 francs still remain to be expended on the completion of the works.

"FLOATING DEBT.

"The floating debt increased in proportions not less considerable. At the commencement of 1831 it reached an amount of about 250,000,000 francs. At the date of the 26th of February last it exceeded 670,000,000 francs, to which is to be added the government stock belonging to the savings' banks, 202,000,000 francs, making altogether 972,000,000 francs. Under such a system the position of the central office of the treasury could not often be brilliant. During the two hundred and sixty-eight last days of its existence, the fallen government expended more than 294,800,000 francs beyond its ordinary resources, or 1,100,000 francs per day."—*Report of Finance Minister, March* 9, 1848.

achieve what has never yet been accomplished by man.

Who is answerable for this calamitous revolution, which has thus arrested the internal prosperity of France, involved its finances in apparently hopeless embarrassment, thrown back for probably half a century the progress of real freedom in that country, and perhaps consigned it to a series of internal convulsions, and Europe to the horrors of general war, for a very long period? We answer without hesitation that the responsibility rests with two parties, and two parties only—the king and the national guard.

The king is most of all to blame, for having engaged in a conflict, and when victory was within his grasp, allowing it to slip from his hands from want of resolution at the decisive moment. It is too soon after these great and astonishing events to be able to form a decided opinion on the whole details connected with them; but the concurring statements from all the parties go to prove that on the *first* day the troops of the line were perfectly steady; and history will record that the heroic firmness of the municipal guard has rivalled all that is most honorable in French history. The military force was immense; not less than eighty thousand men, backed by strong forts, and amply provided with all the muniments of war. Their success on the first day was unbroken; they had carried above a hundred barricades, and were in possession of all the military positions of the capital. But at this moment the indecision of the king ruined everything. Age seems to have extinguished the vigor for which he was once so celebrated. He shrank from a contest with the insurgents, paralyzed the troops by orders not to fire on the people, and openly receded before the insurgent populace, by abandoning Guizot and the firm policy which he himself had adopted, and striving to conciliate revolution by the *mezzo termine* of Count Molé, and a more liberal cabinet. It is with retreat in presence of an insurrection, as in the case of an invading army; the first move towards the rear is a certain step to ruin. The moment it was seen that the king was giving way all was paralyzed, because all foresaw to which side the victory would incline. The soldiers threw away their muskets, the officers broke their swords, and the vast array, equal to the army which fought at Austerlitz, was dissolved like a rope of sand. Louis Philippe fell without either the intrepidity of the royal martyr in 1793, or the dignity of the elder house of Bourbon in 1830; and if it be true, as is generally said, that the queen urged the king to mount on horseback and die "en roi" in front of the Tuileries, and he declined, preferring to escape in disguise to this country, history must record with shame, that royalty perished in France without the virtues it was entitled to expect in the meanest of its supporters.

The second cause which appears to have occasioned the overthrow of the monarchy in France, is the general, it may be said universal, defection of the national guard. It had been openly announced that twenty thousand of that body were to line the Champs Elysées *in their uniform* on occasion of the banquet: it was perfectly known that that banquet was a mere pretext for getting the forces of the revolution together; and that the intention of the conspirators was to march in a body to the Tuileries after it was over, and compel the king to accede to their demands. When they were called out in the afternoon, they declined to act against the people, and by their treachery occasioned the defection of the troops of the line, and rendered further resistance hopeless. They expected, by this declaration against the king of their choice, the monarch of the Barricades, to secure a larger share in the government for themselves. They went to the chamber of deputies, intending to put up the Duchess of Orleans as regent, and the Count of Paris as king, and to procure a large measure of reform for the constitution. What was the result? Why, that they were speedily supplanted by the rabble who followed in their footsteps, and who, deriding the eloquence of Odillon Barrot, and insensible to the heroism of the Duchess of Orleans, by force and violence expelled the majority of the deputies from their seats, seized on the president's chair, and, amidst an unparalleled scene of riot and confusion, subverted the Orleans dynasty, proclaimed a republic, and adjourned to the Hotel de Ville to name a provisional government! The account given of this whole revolt by an eye-witness, which has appeared in the *Times*, is so instructive, that we make no apology for transferring it to our columns:—

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 23, Paris was greatly agitated, but no severe fighting had taken place; a few barricades had been raised and retaken by the troops; the plans of the government were complete—Marshal Bugeaud had been named to the command of the forces in Paris, and M. Guizot informed the king that he was confident that the executive government could put down the insurrection. The royal answer was—a dismissal. The king dismissed M. Guizot, and dissolved the cabinet at that momentous instant, when all the energies of united power were required to fight in the streets a battle which it had itself deliberately provoked.

Still, however, the mischief might yet have been repaired if vigorous measures had been taken. But, from that hour, nothing but the most extraordinary blunders and pusillanimity marked the conduct of the court. Count Molé was sent for, and the evening of Wednesday passed in attempts, or no attempts, we hardly know which, on his part, to form a semi-liberal cabinet. In the city, the fall of the Guizot ministry was hailed with acclamation and illumination, as the first sign of popular victory; and at that same critical juncture the fatal discharge of musketry took place opposite the ministry of foreign affairs, which stained the pavement with blood, and inflamed the people to a revolutionary pitch. The night was spent in preparation for a more terrible morrow; but as yet the army had neither fraternized nor laid down its weapons. It was, on the contrary, for the most part prepared to act; but a circumstance occurred at court which totally paralyzed its resistance.

After Count Molé's failure, the king sent for M.

Thiers. That gentleman may be said to have actually formed a cabinet in conjunction with M. Odillon Barrot and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, for they instantly proceeded to the discharge of the highest possible duty which could devolve on ministerial responsibility. The one act of their government was the publication of that inconceivable proclamation, stating that *no further resistance should be made, and the promulgation of orders to the officers commanding regiments to withdraw them.* This was of course the capitulation of the monarchy. Marshal Bugeaud—who had the command of the troops, had now completed his preparations for the general attack of the barricades, and was confident of success—protested most energetically against this extraordinary order, and said that if it was acted on all was lost. The king's then ministers, M. Thiers and M. Barrot, insisted; the king took their advice, and Marshal Bugeaud resigned the command of the troops, observing that it was useless for him to retain it if nothing was done. General Lamoricière was therefore named to the command of Paris, and M. Thiers and his friends proceeded to effect their pacific arrangements. The effects of their orders were immediately perceptible although the declaration of their names was certainly not followed by the consequences they had anticipated. The officers of the army, indignant at so unexpected a termination of their duties, sheathed their swords; the men allowed themselves to be disarmed by the mob, whom they had been ordered not to resist; and the people, encountering no serious opposition except from the municipal guard, which was cut to pieces, rushed on to the conquest of the Palais-Royal and the Tuileries. To sum up this narrative in two words, the dismissal of the Guizot government rendered it impossible for the executive government to act effectually; the subsequent advice of M. Thiers and the resignation of Marshal Bugeaud rendered it impossible to act at all. If this be, as we have every reason to believe it is, a correct narrative of these transactions, we are not surprised that M. Thiers and his colleagues should not have made themselves conspicuous in the subsequent passage of this revolution.

The mob of Paris, at no hour of the day, (the 24th,) was formidable to ten thousand men, much less to a hundred thousand, or at least eighty thousand. On the Thursday (24th) public opinion had abandoned the *émeute. The national guard would now have done anything to reproduce order, but they had no time:* there was no opportunity to reünite themselves; besides which, they wanted courage and support, and did *not even dream of the extreme to which things might be pushed.* There never was, at any time, any *acharnement* among the people; the troops were everywhere well received; not a hostile head looked from a window. It was hoped that something might be done by a demonstration of public opinion, but nothing more. The *émeutiers* the first and second day simply took advantage of the absence of the national guard. They were all the time ill looked on by the real people of Paris, but they were permitted to go on as a means of action on the court and government. The accident, or rather the gross and infamous blunder, committed before the Bureau des Affaires Etrangères, (of which the accounts published are erroneous,) produced a violent irritation, which was ably worked upon by the republican committee, who were all along on the watch; but this irritation, which certainly changed the character of the contest, gave no arms to the people; and although it increased their numbers (they were never, even numerically, formidable, as I have said) to ten thousand men. As for the barricades, there was not one that was ever defended except against some weak patrol, and then, after a little popping, it was always abandoned. Literally, there was no fighting; there was skirmishing on the part of the brave municipals—the only force that acted—and I presume it acted on orders which did not emanate from the chief military authority, but had some separate and general instructions of its own. Literally, I repeat, there was no fighting. How could there be! There were no arms; that is, not a musket to a hundred men, till eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, when the troops, without orders—except "not to fire," or act against the people—became, in several parts of Paris, mixed up and united with them.—*Times, March* 8 *and* 14, 1848.

Here, then, is the whole affair clearly revealed. It was the timidity of government, and the defection of the national guard, which ruined everything; which paralyzed the troops of the line, encouraged the insurgents, left the brave municipal guards to their fate, and caused the surrender of the Tuileries. And what has been the result of this shameful treachery on the part of the sworn defenders of order—this "*civic*" prætorian guard of France? Nothing but this, that they have destroyed the monarchy, ruined industry, banished capital, rendered freedom hopeless, and made bankrupt the state! Such are the effects of armed men forgetting the first of social duties, that of fidelity to their oaths. How soon were these treacherous national guards passed in the career of revolution by the infuriated rabble! How soon were Odillon Barrot and Thiers supplanted by Lamartine and Arago! How rapidly were the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris expelled at the point of the bayonet from the chamber of deputies—the cry for reform drowned in that of revolution! How many of the twenty thousand national guards, who by their treachery brought about the revolution, will be solvent at the end of two months? Not a tenth of their number. They will perish deservedly and ignobly; ruined in their fortunes, beggared in their families, despised by their compatriots, execrated by Europe! That they may anticipate what history will say of their conduct, let them listen to the verdict which it *has* pronounced on the national guard which, on a similar crisis, 10th August, 1792, betrayed Louis XVI., as pronounced by an authority whom they will not suspect of leaning to the royalist side—M. Lamartine.

The national guard, on the 10th August, returned humiliated and in consternation to their shops and counting-houses; *they had justly lost the lead of the people.* Thenceforth it could no longer aspire but to be the parade force of the revolution, compelled to assist at all its acts, at all its fêtes, *at all its crimes; a vain living decoration of all the mechanists of the revolution.**

Of which revolution is Lamartine now speaking; of that of 10th August, 1792, or of 24th February,

* Lamartine, "Histoire des Girondins," iii., 244, 246.

1848? Beyond all doubt history will pass a severer judgment on the treachery which overthrew Louis Philippe than on that which consummated the destruction of Louis XVI.: for the former had the example of the latter for its guide; they knew how soon the massacre of September followed the triumph of August, and what incalculable calamities the defection of their predecessors in the Place Carrousel brought upon their country and Europe.

What benefit have the working classes derived, or are they likely to derive, from this deplorable convulsion? Great ones they doubtless expect, as it has issued in a triumph of labor over capital. But what has *it* realized? We shall mention one or two particulars to illustrate the benefits hitherto reaped by this class from its victory.

The savings' banks of France had prospered immensely under the firm and pacific government of Louis Philippe. The following account of them is derived from official sources.

The state of the savings' bank, in France at the time of the revolution indicated an extraordinary degree of confidence in the stability of the late government. In 1834 there were only seventy savings' banks in France, and the amount of deposits on hand was 34,000,000 francs. In 1839 there were four hundred and four banks, and the deposits had increased to 171,000,000 francs; in 1848, at the moment of the revolution, the deposits had risen to 355,000,000 francs, or ten times the amount deposited fourteen years before. In 1839 the average value of each deposit was 550 francs, which is probably increased to 600 francs average at the present time. The partial suspension of payment by these institutions must affect at least half a million of persons of the most industrious and economical part of the population, chiefly belonging to the towns, and they are deprived of a large portion of their savings at the very moment they most need them.—*Times*, *March* 14, 1848.

Now, these savings' banks, holding deposits to the amount of about £14,000,000 at the commencement of the revolution, and which had increased *ten-fold* during Louis Philippe's reign, have to all practical purposes *been rendered bankrupt*. Unable to stand the dreadful run upon them after the outbreak, or to realize the amount of their deposits by the sale of their funded property, in consequence of its prodigious fall, they had no resource but to suspend payment. By a decree of government, the holders of deposits in the savings' banks are to receive only *a tenth* in cash, the remainder being payable six months hence, in a paper now practically worth nothing. By this single result of the revolution, above five hundred thousand of the most meritorious and hard-working of the operatives of France have been in effect deprived of the savings of a whole lifetime.

Nor is the condition of the laboring population in any degree more favored. In the *Times* correspondent from Paris of March 14, we find the following account of their present condition:—

The financial question, the state of trade and commerce, and the task of providing work and food for the people, with which the government has charged itself, are additional motives for seriousness, however. The credit of more than one banking-house is to day said to be tottering. One firm, it is openly mentioned, has resolved to stop payment to-morrow. Trade is very bad. Work will soon become scarce, and distress and outcry must be expected; and with the knowledge of all these facts, and with the determination to do everything possible for the relief of the working classes, possessed by the provisional government, this source of uneasiness is menacing to-day. I wish a more cheerful view of the situation of affairs were more general than it is, for it might check the departure of rich natives and foreigners from the capital, who *continue to retire from it in alarming numbers*, and obviously, with no view to return, for we hear of sales of carriages and horses, for a *fifth part of the value* they bore three weeks since. *Twelve thousand servants are said to be already discharged* in Paris, and many houses or hotels in the fashionable quarters have become literally devoid of occupants.—*Times*, 14th *March*, 1848.

That such a state of things must in the end terminate in domestic or foreign war must be evident to all who have looked even on the surface of past events. The causes which at present uphold, and must ere long destroy the republican government in France, are thus ably stated by the Paris correspondent of the same well-informed journal:—

The provisional government continues to exist at the moment only from two causes. The first is, that all respectable persons hasten to its support under the influence of fear. The other day everybody expected to be robbed and murdered; as the provisional government showed a strong desire to preserve order, all those individuals, still surprised to find themselves unplundered and unassassinated, attributed the miracle to the government, and ran to its support in self-defence. The adhesions have been readier and more numerous many times over than in 1830. The second cause which gives a short reprieve to the government is, that it *humors the ferocious monster that made it*—and which is ready at any moment to overturn it as it is set up—by the most absurd indulgences, by still more fatal promises for the future. The same set of ruffians (heroes) who forced the chamber, and who thrust the provisional government on the deputies, are still there to invade the Hotel de Ville, and substitute another idol for Lamartine and Co. Still I believe they will not do so just yet; perhaps we may get on till the constitutional or national assembly meets, but I doubt it. But then, even then—what is to take place? Faction, clubs, war to the knife. The French are precisely the same men they were in '89—they are not changed in the least. Classes have been modified by wealth, commerce, prosperity, &c.; but *these are the quiet classes, who will be swallowed up in the course of the next five years*. At the present moment the working, or the *soi-disant* working classes, who are literally the sovereign power, are looked upon with fear, disgust, and abhorrence by every man in France of a superior condition, *including the national guard;* and they are all speculating how to get quit of them, while, on the other hand, Louis Blanc is keeping them quiet by preaching utopianism. He is doing so, honestly and enthusiastically it is said; and certain it is, that a great mass of the people is flattered and

soothed by the idea of converting work into an amusement, of obtaining perpetual easy employment by the state, and a pension at fifty-five years of age. This pause, however, does not deceive the commerce, *the capital, the education, of France, and, as I said, the universal consideration now is how to throw off the many-headed tyrant.* The plan of doing so, most consonant with the French character, is war. The national guard is convinced they must shortly fight these men themselves, or send them to fight the foreigner; the latter is the expedient that will be hit upon; and unfortunately the state of Europe incites them to interfere in the concerns of others, from whom they will receive invitations which, in the condition of men's minds in this country, it will be impossible for any government to reject. Besides which, even Frenchmen of the best order are, on questions of national glory or honor, not to be relied on for a moment; the best of them may be carried away by a word, a paragraph, a rumor, and all rave "Frontier of the Rhine," "Waterloo," and a thousand other follies, which, however sad, may be excused in the present state of their neighbors, though not for that reason the less to be lamented. In all international questions whatever, the characteristics of the French are arrogance and susceptibility of so extreme a nature that no body of Frenchmen can be dealt with by foreigners. A sovereign and a minister or two in cold blood, and with all the weight of undivided responsibility upon them, are difficult enough to manage even by the ablest and most impartial of negotiators; but the masses must always be intractable.

I give the present provisional government immense credit for their efficient exertions, and I have considerable reliance on the good intentions of the majority of them; but they will not last; and, above all, whether they last or not, they must obey and not pretend to guide. Lamartine, by his genius, has now and then gained a point; but he, as well as the rest, have been rather *the organs of the sovereign of the day than his directors and guides.*—*Times, March* 13, 1848.

It is not surprising that views of this description should be entertained by all well-informed persons on the spot in France, for the new "national assembly," in whom the formation of a constitution is to be intrusted in that country, is to be composed in such a way as renders the direct or indirect spoliation of property a matter of almost certainty. The following is the decree of the provisional government on the subject:—

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

The provisional government of the republic, wishing to resign as soon as possible into the hands of the definitive government the powers it exercises in the interest, and by the command of the people,

Decrees,

Article 1.—The electoral assemblies are convoked in each district, for the 9th of April next, to elect the representatives of the people in the national assembly, which is to frame the constitution.

Article 2.—The election shall have the population for its basis.

Article 3.—The total number of the representatives of the people shall be 900, including those of Algeria and the French colonies.

Article 4.—They shall be apportioned by the deputies in the proportion indicated in the annexed table.

Article 5.—The suffrage shall be direct and universal.

Article 6.—All Frenchmen 21 years of age, having resided in the district during six months, and not judicially deprived of or suspended in the exercise of their civic rights, are electors.

Article 7.—All Frenchmen, 25 years of age, and not judicially deprived of or suspended in the exercise of their civic rights, are eligible.

Article 8.—The ballot shall be secret.

Article 9.—All the electors shall vote in the chief town of their district, by ballot. Each bulletin shall contain as many names as there shall be representatives to elect in the department.

No man can be named a representative of the people unless he obtain 2000 suffrages.

Article 10.—Every representative of the people shall receive an indemnity of 25f. per day during the session.

Here is a tolerably democratic constitution, which will probably excite some little disquietude in the breasts of the holders of French stock and railway shares. Universal suffrage—a single assembly of nine hundred members, each of whom is to be paid a pound a day during the session. To make the experiment still more perilous, the minister of public instruction to the provisional government has issued a circular to the ministers of instruction throughout the country, in which he enjoins them to recommend to the people "*to avoid the representatives who enjoy the advantages of education or the gifts of fortune.*"* This circular excited, as well it might, such a panic in Paris, that the other members of the provisional government were obliged to disown it, and M. Ledru Rollin has in consequence resigned. But that only makes matters worse; it shows what the provisional government really meant, and how completely they have already come to stand on the verge of civil war. The projected decree for levelling the national guard, by distributing the companies of voltigeurs and chasseurs (the *élite*) through the whole mass, has already produced an address by their battalion *in uniform*, to the provisional government, which was received at the *Hotel de Ville* by an immense crowd with cries of "*A bas les Aristocrates! on ne passe pas!*" It is no wonder the national guard are at length alarmed. The aristocracies of knowledge and property are to be alike discarded! Ignorance and a sympathy with the most indigent class are to be the great recommendations to the electors! This is certainly making root and branch work; it is Jack Cade alive again. Paris, it is expected, will return for its representatives

11 of the provisional government,
5 Socialists,
18 Operatives.

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34

* "La plus grande erreur contre laquelle il faille premunir la population de nos campagnes, c'est que pour être representant il soit nécessaire d'avoir de l'education ou de

Truly the national guard will soon reap the whirlwind; we are not surprised the French funds have undergone so prodigious a fall. The holders of Spanish bonds and American States debts know how universal suffrage assemblies settle with their state creditors. Sidney Smith has told the world something on the subject.

The "pressure from without" on the provisional government becomes every day more severe and alarming as time rolls on—wages cease, stock falls in value, savings' banks suspend payment, and all means of relief, save such as may be extorted from the fears of the government, disappear. The following is a late account of the state of matters in this important respect, from the French metropolis.

France, crowded, impoverished, indebted, and straitened at all points, sees an opening in the exercise of a sovereign people's will. It gets a glimpse of light and life through the Hotel de Ville. Hence this desperate competition for the national resources; and hence, we grieve to add, this wasteful and improvident distribution.

These deputations are a congenital evil. They began from the very moment the provisional government was proclaimed in the chamber of deputies. Its progress thence from the Hotel de Ville was a deputation. The members immediately began to thunder at the doors and clamor for admittance. A club orator has since boasted that, had it not been for this importunity, nothing would have been done—that not a step has been taken without external impulse, and that the people had to wait two hours, on that wonderful Thursday, before the provisional government would announce a republic. Since that moment the deputations may be said *never to have ceased in Paris*. For the first week they did not effect a distinctive character, but came as accident had thrown them together—*ten thousand from this quarter, and twenty thousand from that; sometimes the people, and sometimes the national guard, or a medley of all sorts. In those days they were armed.* Lamartine had to turn out six times a day, make gestures half an hour for a hearing, and then spend his brilliant eloquence on a field of bayonets and blouses. When the poet had sunk from sheer exhaustion, the indefatigable deputation adjourned to the ministry of the interior, and drew forth M. Ledru Rollin, who had not learned his way about the apartments, or the names of the officials, before he was required to promulgate, off-hand, a complete system for the internal administration of France. It is possible that his first thoughts might have been as good as his second on this subject; but the demand was nevertheless premature. The stream of deputation has since become less turbid, violent and full; but it has been quite continuous, and, to all appearance, *labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum*.

We believe there is not a single branch of employment or of idleness in Paris, that has not marched *en masse* to the Hotel de Ville to demand *more wages, less work, certainty of employment, and a release from all the rules and restrictions which the experience of their masters had found to be necessary*. It is unwise to damp the expectations of five thousand armed men. In some cases, therefore, the government capitulated on rather hard terms. By and by it adopted what we really think the best possible alternative. It requested the trades to nominate their several deputies, and set the operative parliament to adjust all its rival pretensions at the Luxembourg. Then there came deputations of women, of students, of pawn-brokers' tickets, of bankers, of bread-eaters, of bread-makers, of cabmen, of 'bussmen, of sailors, of porters, of everything that had, or had not, an office and a name. France, of course, has had the precedence, having, in a manner, the first start; but the nations of the earth are beginning to find room in the endless procession. All the world will run into it in time. The vast column is just beginning to form in Chinese Tartary, and is slowly debouching round the Caspian Sea. Already we see a hundred European sections. They follow in one another's trail. An Anacharsis Klootz is waiting to receive them at the barriers, and marshal them to the Hotel de Ville.—*Times, March* 15, 1848.

This state of matters is certainly abundantly formidable to France and to Europe. A great experiment is making as to the practicability of the working-classes governing themselves and the rest of the state, without the aid of property or education. France has become a *huge trades union*, the committee of which form the provisional government, and the decrees of which compose the foundation of the future government of the republic. Such an experiment is certainly new in human affairs. No previous example of it is to be found, at least, in the old world; for it will hardly be said that the republic of 1793, steeped in blood, engrossed in war, ruled with a rod of iron by the committee of public salvation, is a precedent to which the present regeneration of society will refer, in support of the principles they are now reducing to practice. We fear its state has been not less justly than graphically described by an able correspondent from Paris, who says—"They are sitting here at a pantomime; everything is grand and glorious; France is regenerated, and all is flourish of trumpets. Meanwhile France is *utterly insane—a vast lunatic asylum without its doctors.*"

The present state of Paris (March 21) and the germs of social conflict which are beginning to emerge from amidst the triumph of the Socialists, may be judged of from the following extracts of the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, dated Paris, 18th March:—

Paris, Friday Evening.—There has been another day of great excitement and alarm in Paris. Upwards of thirty thousand of the working classes congregated in the Champs Elysées, and went in procession to the Hotel de Ville to assure the government that it might depend upon their assistance against any attempt that might be made to coerce it, from whatever quarter it came. I need hardly inform you that this formidable demonstration is intended as a *contre coup* to the protest presented by the national guards yesterday against M. Ledru Rollin's decree dissolving the grenadier and light companies of the national guards. It is not the least alarming feature in this affair, that it exhibits an amount of discipline among the working classes, and a promptitude of execution, which are but too sure indications both of the power and the readiness of the leaders of the movement to do mischief. It was only yesterday that the demonstration took place

la fortune."—*Circulaire du Ministre d' Instruction publique, March* 6 *et* 9, 1848.

which displeased the masses; yet, in one short night, the order goes forth, the arrangements are made, and before ordinary mortals are out of their beds, fifty thousand of the working classes are marshalled under their leaders, and on their march to make a demonstration of their force, in presence of the executive government—a demonstration which, on the present occasion, to be sure, is favorable to the government, but which to-morrow may be against it. Who have the orders proceeded from that drew together these masses? How were they brought together? The affair is involved in mystery, but there is enough in it to show an amount of organization for which the public was not prepared; and which ought to show all those within its operation that they are sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder. The fact is—and there is no denying or concealing it—Paris is in the possession of the clubs, who rule not only it, but the ostensible government. The national guards, so powerful only a week ago, are now impotent whether for good or evil. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The national guards have quarrelled. The chasseurs look with jealousy on the *compagnies d' élite*—the *compagnies d' élite* will not fraternize with the chasseurs. The eighty-four thousand men, who formed the national guards before the 24th of February, look with contempt on the one hundred and fifty thousand new men thrust into their ranks by M. Ledru Rollin, for election purposes, and call them *canaille*. The new levies feel that they cannot compete in wealth with the good company in which they so unexpectedly find themselves, and they call the old guards *aristocrats*. Add to this the discontent of the grenadier and light companies at being deprived of their distinctive associations and dress, the displeasure of the old officers, who are about to be deprived of their epaulettes by their new and democratic associates, and the intriguing of the would-be officers to secure a majority of suffrages in their own favor, and you may arrive at a judgment of the slight chance there is of the national guards of the present day uniting for any one purpose or object. The result of this is obvious. In case of an outbreak, the national guards, who were so useful in reëstablishing order on the two days after the abdication of Louis Philippe, could no longer be depended on. Paris would be in possession of the mob, and that mob is under the direction of leaders composed of the worst and the most unscrupulous of demagogues.

The same correspondent adds:—

The financial and commercial crisis which has created such ravages here for the last week is rapidly extending. I have already given you a distressing list of private bankers who have been obliged to suspend payment. Another bank, though not one of any great name, was spoken of yesterday as being on the eve of bankruptcy; but on inquiry, I find that the bank is still open this morning, although it is doubtful if it will continue so to the end of the day. I abstain from mentioning the name. The commercial world is just in as deep distress as the financial world. *Every branch of trade is paralyzed.* It is useless to attempt to give particular names or even trades. I shall, therefore, only mention, that in one branch of trade, which is generally considered one of the richest in France, namely, the metal trade, there is an almost total suspension of payments. It is not that the traders have not property, but that they cannot turn it into cash. They have acceptances to meet, and they have acceptances in hand, but they cannot pay what is due by them, for they cannot get what others owe. In short, *trade is paralyzed*, for the medium by which it is ordinarily carried on has disappeared. In other trades precisely the same circumstances occur; but I only mention this one trade as showing the position of all others. How long is this to last? No one can say; but one thing certain is, that no symptom of amelioration has hitherto shown itself.—*Morning Chronicle, March* 20.

As the experiment now making in France is new, and in the highest degree important, so it is to the last degree to be wished that it may go on *undisturbed*. The other powers of Europe cannot be too much on their guard against it; but no armed intervention should be attempted, if France retains the pacific attitude she has hitherto assumed in regard to other states. The republicans of that country have never ceased to declare that the first revolution terminated in internal bloodshed, military despotism, and foreign subjugation, because it was not let alone—because the Girondists plunged it into war, in order to provide a vent for the ardent passions and vehement aspirations of the unemployed multitudes in that country. Lamartine admits, in his celebrated circular, that in 1792 "war was a necessity to France." He disclaims, as every man of the least knowledge on the subject must do, the idea that it was provoked by the European powers, who, it is historically known, were drawn into it when wholly unprepared, and as unwillingly as a conscientious father of a family is forced into a duel. Lamartine say the same necessity no longer exists—that the world has become pacific, and that internal regeneration, not foreign conquest, is the end of this revolution. We hope it is so. We are sure it is ardently desired in this country that pacific relations should not be disturbed with the great republic, provided she keeps within her own territory, and does not seek to assuage her thirst at foreign fountains. By all means let the long-wished-for experiment be made. Let it be seen how society can get on without the direction of property and knowledge. Let it be seen into what sort of state the doctrines of the Socialists and St. Simonians, the dictates of the trades-unions, the clamor of the working masses, will speedily reduce society. Theirs be the glory and the honor if the experiment succeeds—theirs the disgrace and the obloquy if it fails. Let all other nations stand aloof, and witness the great experiment—"A clear stage and no favor" be the universal maxim. But let every other people abstain from imitating the example, *till it is seen how the experiment has succeeded in the great parent republic.* It will be time enough to follow its footsteps when experience has proved it is conducive to human happiness and social stability.

But while, as ardently as any socialist in existence, we deprecate the commencement of hostilities, by any European power, and earnestly desire to see the great social experiment now making in France brought to a pacific issue, in order that its practicability and expedience may forever be determined among men, yet it is evident that things

may take a different issue in that country. It is possible—though God forbid we should say it is probable—that the great republic may, from internal suffering, be driven to foreign aggression. This, on Lamartine's own admission, has happened once: it may happen twice. France has four hundred thousand regular troops under arms; and every man capable of bearing a musket is to be forthwith enrolled in the national guard. Twenty-five thousand of that body have already been taken into regular and permanent pay, at thirty sous, or about fifteen pence, a day, and sent to the frontier. It is impossible to say how soon this immense and excited mass, with arms in their hands, and little food in their stomachs, may *drive* the government, as in 1792 they did that of the Girondists, on Lamartine's admission, into foreign warfare. It behoves Europe to be on its guard. Fortunately the course which its governments should pursue in such an event lies clear and open. They have only to resume the Treaty of Chaumont, concluded in 1813, to curb the ambition of the great military republic, of which Napoleon was the head. Let that treaty be secretly but immediately renewed as a purely *defensive league*. Let no one think of attacking France; but the moment that France invades any other power, let the four great powers forthwith bring a hundred and fifty thousand each into the field. Let not the wretched mistake be again committed, of the others looking tamely on when one is assailed—"et dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur."* The moment the French cross the Rhine or the Alps, the states of Europe must stand side by side as they did at Leipsic and Waterloo, if they would avoid another long period of oppression by the conquering republicans.

Nearly sixty years have elapsed since Mr. Burke observed—"The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophists, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex—that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life—the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiments—is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half of its evil, by losing all its grossness."† What a commentary on these well-known and long-admired words have recent events afforded! It is indeed gone, the loyalty to rank and sex—the proud submission, the dignified obedience, the *subordination of the heart*, which formerly characterized and adorned the states of modern Europe. With more courage than the German Empress, the Duchess of Orleans fronted the revolutionary mob in the chamber of deputies; but no swords leapt from their scabbards in the chamber of deputies when her noble appeal was made to the loyalty of France—no generous hearts found vent in the words, "Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa." It could no longer be said—

Fair Austria spread her mournful charms—
The queen, the beauty, roused the world to arms.

The infuriated rabble pointed their muskets at the royal heroine, and the few loyal members of the assembly were glad to purchase her safety by removing her from the disgraceful scene. Not a shot was thereafter fired; not a show even of resistance to the plebeian usurpation was made. An army of four hundred thousand men, five hundred thousand national guards, thirty-four millions of men, in a moment forgot their loyalty, broke their oaths, and surrendered their country to the worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants.

"The unbought grace of life," says Mr. Burke, "the *cheap defence of nations*, is at an end." What a commentary has the triumph of the barricades, the government of Louis Philippe, afforded on these words! M. Garnier Pages, in his financial report, has unfolded the state of the French finances, the confusion and disastrous state of which he is fain to ascribe to the prodigal expenditure and unbounded corruption of Louis Philippe. He tells us, and we doubt not with truth, that during the seventeen years of his government, the expenditure has been raised from 900,000,000 francs (£36,000,000) to 1,700,000,000 francs (£68,000,000;) that the debt has been increased during that period, by £64,000,000: and that the nation was running, under his direction, headlong into the gulf of national bankruptcy. He observes, with a sigh, how moderate in comparison, how cheap in expenditure, and pacific in conduct, was the government of Charles X., which never brought its expenditure up to £40,000,000. It is all true—it is what we predicted eighteen years ago would be the inevitable result of a democratic revolt; it is the consummation we invariably predicted of the transports following the fall of Charles X. The republicans, now so loud in reprobation of the expenditure of the citizen king, forget that his throne was of their own making; that he was a successful democratic usurper; that his power was established to the sound of the shouts of the republicans in all Europe, amidst the smoke of the barricades. A usurping government is necessarily and invariably more costly than a legitimate one; because, having lost the loyalty of the heart, it has no foundation to rest on, but the terrors of the senses, or the seductions of interest. It was for precisely the same reason that William III. in ten years raised the expenditure of Great Britain from £1,800,000 a year, to £6,000,000: and that, in the first twenty years of the English government subsequent to the revolution, the national debt had increased from £600,000 to £54,000,000. When the moral and cheap bond of loyalty is broken, government has no resource but an appeal to the passions or interests of the people. The conven-

* Tacitus. † Burke's *Works*.

tion tried an appeal to their republican passions, and they brought on the reign of terror. Napoleon tried an appeal to their military passions, and he brought on the subjugation of France by Europe. Louis Philippe, as the only remaining resource, appealed to their selfish interests, and he induced the revolution of 1848. Mankind cannot escape from the gentle influence of moral obligations, but to fall under the reaction of conquest, the debasement of corruption, or the government of force.

But all these governments, say the republicans, fell, because they departed from the principles of the revolution, and because they became corrupted by power as soon as they had tasted its sweets. But even supposing this were true—supposing that Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe were all overthrown, not because they took the only method left open to them to preserve the senators, but because they departed from the principles of the revolution; do the republicans not see that the very announcement of that fact is the most decisive condemnation of their system of government? Do they expect to find liberals more eloquent than Mirabeau, republicans more energetic than Danton, socialists more ardent than Robespierre, generals more capable than Napoleon, citizen kings more astute than Louis Philippe? Republican power must be committed to some one. Mankind cannot exist an hour without a government; the first act of the infuriated and victorious rabble in the chamber of deputies was to name a provisional one. But if experience has proved that intellect the most powerful, patriotism the most ardent, genius the most transcendant, penetration the most piercing, experience the most extensive, are invariably shipwrecked amidst the temptations and the shoals of newly acquired republican power, do they not see that it is not a form of government adapted for the weakness of humanity; and that if the leaders of revolution are not impelled to destruction by an external and overbearing necessity, they are infallibly seduced into it by the passions which, amidst the novelty of newly acquired power, arise in their own breasts? In either case, a revolution government must terminate in its own destruction—in private sufferings and public disasters; and so it will be with the government of M. Lamartine and that of the new national assembly as it has been with all those which have preceded it.

"Deus patiens," says St. Augustin, "quia æternus."* What an awful commentary on this magnificent text have recent events afforded! Eighteen years ago Louis Philippe forgot his loyalty and broke his oath; the first prince of the blood elevated himself to power by successful treason; he adopted if he did not make a revolution. He sent his lawful monarch into exile; he prevented the placing the crown on the head of his grandson; he forever severed France from its lawful sovereigns. What has been the result of his usurpation? Where are now his enduring projects, his family alliances, his vast army, his consolidated power? During seventeen years he labored with indefatigable industry and great ability to establish his newly acquired authority, and secure by the confirmation of his own, the perpetual exile of the lawful sovereign of France. Loud and long was the applause at first bestowed by the liberal party in Europe on the usurpation; great was the triumph of the bourgeoisie in every state at seeing a lawful monarch overturned by a well-concerted urban revolt, and the national converted into a prætorian guard, which could dispose of crowns at pleasure. But meanwhile the justice of Heaven neither slumbered nor slept. The means taken by Louis Philippe to consolidate his power, and which were in truth the only ones which remained at his disposal, consummated his ruin. His steady adherence to peace dissatisfied the ardent spirits which sought for war; his firm internal government disconcerted the republicans; his vast internal expenditure drew after it a serious embarrassment of finance. He could not appeal to the loyal feelings of the generous, for he was an usurper; he could not rest on the support of the multitude, for they would have driven the state to ruin; he could not rally the army round his throne, for they would have impelled him into war. Thus he could rest only on the selfish interests; and great was the skill with which he worked on that powerful principle in human affairs. But a government which stands on selfish feelings alone is a castle built on sand; the first wind of adversity levels it with the dust. Napoleon's throne was founded on this principle, for he sacrificed to warlike selfishness; Louis Philippe on the same, for he sacrificed to pacific selfishness. Both have undergone the stern but just law of retribution. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, has been meted out to both. To Napoleon, who had sent so many foreign princes into banishment, and subverted so many gallant states, a defeat in the field, a melancholy exile, and unbefriended death, in a foreign land; to Louis Philippe, who had dethroned his lawful sovereign, and carried the standard of treason into the halls of the Tuileries, the fate which he allotted to Charles X., that of being expelled with still greater ignominy from the *same halls*, being compelled to eat the bread of the stranger, and see his dynasty expelled from their usurped throne amidst the derision and contempt of mankind.

"If absolute power," says M. De Tocqueville, "shall reëstablish itself in whatever hands, in any of the democratic states of Europe, I have no doubt it will assume a form unknown to our fathers. When the great families and the spirit of clanship prevailed, the individual who had to contend with tyranny never found himself alone, he was supported by his clients, his relations, his friends. But when the estates are divided, and races confounded, where shall we find the spirit of family? What form will remain in the influences of habit among a people changing perpetually, where every act of tyranny will find a precedent in previous disorders, where every crime can be justified by as

* "God is patient because eternal."

example; where nothing exists of sufficient antiquity to render its destruction an object of dread, and nothing can be figured so new that men are afraid to engage in it? What resistance would manners afford which have already received so many shocks? What would public opinion do, when twenty persons do not exist bound together by any common tie; when you can no more meet with a man, a family, a body corporate, or a class of society, which could represent or act upon that opinion, where each citizen is equally poor, equally impotent, equally isolated, *and can only oppose his individual weakness to the organized strength of the central government?* To figure anything equal TO THE DESPOTISM which would then be established amongst us, we would require to recur not to our own annals; we would be forced to go back to those frightful periods of tyranny, when manners being corrupted, old recollections effaced, habits destroyed, opinions wavering, liberty deprived of its asylum under the laws, men made a sport of the people, and princes wore out the clemency of Heaven rather than the patience of their subjects. They are blind, indeed, who look for democratic equality, in the monarchy of Henry IV. and Louis XIV."* What a commentary on this terrible prophecy have recent events! The revolutionists say that France is entering the last phase of the revolution. It is true, it is entering it; but it is the last phase of punishment to which it is blindly hurrying. The sins of the fathers are about to be visited on the third generation. To talk of real freedom, stable institutions, protected industry, social happiness in such a country, is out of the question. With their own hands, in the first great convulsion, they destroyed all the bulwarks of freedom in the land, and nothing remains to them, after the madness of socialism has run its course, but the equality of despotism. They have thrown off the laws of God and man, and Providence will leave their punishment to their own hands. "The Romans," says Gibbon, "aspired to be equal; they were levelled *by the equality of Asiatic bondage.*"

Amidst so many mournful subjects of contemplation, there is one consideration which forces itself upon the view, of great importance in the present condition of this country. This revolution in France being a revolt of labor against capital, its first principle is a *deadly hostility to the principle of free trade.* The recent barbarous expulsion of the English laborers from France, several thousands in number, after having enriched the country by their labor, and taught them by their example, proves what sympathy foreign industry meets with from the great and *fraternizing* republic. The confiscation of their hard-won earnings by the cessation of the savings' banks to pay more than a tenth in cash, shows what they have to expect from the justice and solvency of its government. With the rise of the communist and socialist party in France to power, whose abomination is capital, whose idol is labor, it may with certainty be predicted that the *sternest and most unbending prohibition of British goods will immediately be adopted by the great philanthropic and fraternizing republic.* All other countries which follow in any degree the example of the great parent republic, by the popularizing of their institutions, will, from the influence of the labor party, do the same. America already draws nineteen million dollars, or nearly £5,000,000 sterling, from its imports, the greater part of which is a direct tax levied on the industry of this country. Reciprocity, always one-sided, will ere long be absolutely isolated. We shall be,

"Penitus divisos orbe Britannos,"

even more by our policy that our situation.

What chance there is of free-trade doctrines being adopted by the present socialist and free-trade government in France, may be judged of by the following quotation from the *Constitutionnel*:—

Is not, in fact, the consumer, such as the free-traders represent him to us, a strange creation? He is, as he has been wittily described, a fantastic being—a monster who has a mouth and a stomach to consume produce, but who has neither legs to move nor arms to work. We do not fear that the operative classes will suffer themselves to be seduced by those doctrines. We are aware that they have constantly rejected them through the organs of the press more especially charged with the defence of their interests; but it behoves them likewise that the provisional government should remain on its guard against principles which *would be still more disastrous* under existing circumstances. M. Bethmont, the minister of commerce, has declared, in a letter addressed by him to the association for the defence of national labor, that he would never grant facilities of which the consequences would be calculated to injure our manufacturers. We see by this declaration that the dispositions of the provisional government are good. The very inquiry which is now being held to devise means to ameliorate the moral and material condition of the operatives, ought to confirm the government in the necessity of maintaining the system *which protects industry.* Let us inquire what the consequence would be, in fact, if we were so imprudent as to suffer foreign produce to enter France free of duty. Political economy teaches us that wages find their balance in consequence of the competition existing between nations; but they find their equilibrium by falling and not by rising. If that were not the case, there would be no possibility of maintaining the struggle. Now, if we opened our ports, this cruel necessity would become the more imperious for us, as, being placed opposite to England in conditions of inferiority, greater in respect to capital, to the means of transport, and to the price of matters of the first necessity, we could not redeem those disadvantages except by a reduction of wages. This, in fact, would be the annihilation of the operative.—*Constitutionnel, March* 16, 1848.

This is the inevitable result of republican and socialist triumph in the neighboring kingdom, and the impulse given to liberal institutions, and inlet thereby opened to manufacturing jealousy all over the world. Debarred thus from all possibility of reciprocal advantages; shut out forever from the smallest benefit in return, is it expedient for Great Britain to continue any longer her concessions to

* De Tocqueville, *Democratie en Amerique*, ii., 268.

foreign industry, or incur the blasting imputation of a suicidal policy towards her own inhabitants in favor of ungrateful and selfish foreigners, who meet concessions with prohibition, industry taught by savage expulsion from the instructed territory!

"No revolution," says Madame de Stael, "can succeed in any country, unless it is headed by a portion of the higher, and the majority of the middle classes." Recent events have afforded another to the many confirmations which history affords of this important observation. Had the national guard of Paris stood firm, the troops of the line would never have wavered; the government would not have been intimidated; a socialist revolution would have been averted; public credit preserved; the savings bank, the place of deposit of the poor; the public funds, the investment of the middle classes, saved from destruction. When we contemplate the dreadful monetary crisis which has been brought on in France by the revolution; when we behold the Bank of France suspending payments, and all the chief banks of the metropolis rendered bankrupt by the shock; when we behold wealth in ship-loads flying from its menaced shores, and destitution in crowds stalking through its crowded and idle streets, we are struck with horror, and impressed with a deeper sense of thankfulness at the good sense and patriotic spirit of the middle classes in this country, which has so quickly crushed the efforts of the seditious to involve us in similar calamities. No one can doubt, from the simultaneous breaking out of disturbances in London, Glasgow, Manchester, and Edinburgh, immediately after the French Revolution, that the chartists thought the last hour of the British constitution had struck. They have found their mistake. "The unbought loyalty of men—the cheap defence of nations,"—still, thank God! subsists amongst us. The poison of infidelity has not destroyed the moral bonds of society—the rolling-stone of revolution has not crushed the institutions of freedom amongst us. There are hearts to love their country—arms to defend their queen—not less among our civil than our military defenders. The pillage of Glasgow on the first outbreak of the disturbances there, their speedy suppression, by the energy of the inhabitants, has not been lost on the empire. It is not in vain that twenty thousand constables came forward to be enrolled in one day in Glasgow, and eleven thousand in Manchester. We see what we have to expect from the seditious; they see what they have to expect from the middle classes of society, and the whole virtuous part of the lower. With such dispositions in both, Great Britain may be exposed to local disorder, or momentary alarm, but it can never be seriously endangered, or undergo that worst of horrors—a social revolution. Nor will she, with such dispositions in her people, be less prepared to assert the ancient glory of her arms, should circumstances render that alternative necessary. She has no internal reforms to make that she cannot achieve peaceably, by the means which her constitution affords. Her giant strength slumbers, not sleeps. How soon, in Mr. Canning's noble words, would her ships of war, that now, like sleeping birds of the ocean, reflect their gorgeous plumage in the waves, start into life in new bravery, and awake their dormant thunders!—how soon would the flag of Waterloo again be unfurled to the breeze!

From the Spectator, of 18 March.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The superabundant activity of the provisional government at Paris has drawn upon it a constantly increasing mass of work, and it responds to the exigency by ever-increasing exertion. In every branch of administration it is indefatigable; and whatever may be thought of its judgment, its zealous industry must be admired. Foremost among the great duties of the time is that of preparing for the election of the national assembly. Every effort is made to secure the election of persons devoted to the new régime. The minister of the interior instructs the local commissioners of government to effect a general bouleversement in the personnel of local offices, so as to have none but approved republicans: the provisional government undertakes even to displace municipal bodies where they do not exhibit the right color of opinion. The minister of instruction appoints the primary instructors to be missionaries of republican opinions, and promulgates the doctrine that even education is not to be required as a qualification in candidates. Immense efforts are made to enrol national guards in Paris, in order to influence the election of officers in that body and to swamp the middle-class opinions of the old national guard. These efforts are seconded by political clubs recently called into existence; and by the journals, which strive to deter persons of other than republican opinions from interfering just now in public affairs. Passive obedience is the doctrine generally enforced. Paris used to rule France; some doubt now obtains as to its absolute supremacy, and the ministerial organs seem to apprehend a reaction among the rural population, whom they seek to disparage as ignorant and servile. A vigorous and comprehensive effort to procure the return of a national assembly favorable to a republican form of government is a natural instinct; but the provisional government seems to overlook two things—that it does not become the special champions of liberty to excel an absolute government in the exertions to suppress all opinion except their own; and that the first duty of a provisional government is, not to establish particular institutions, but to refer the whole question of government, political institutions, and social arrangements, to the nation at large. M. Lamartine seems to have been rather startled at these coercive doctrines; which, in the name of the provisional government, he disclaims—with less explicitness than might be wished. But he promises a further manifesto.

A mass of financial difficulties crowd upon the provisional government; met with a resolution and activity that defy overwhelming. M. Garnier-

Pagès has put forth what purports to be a financial statement; but it is not so much a complete report as an ex parte representation in support of certain measures to which the minister resorts for keeping or obtaining that valuable engine of all governments, cash. Retrospectively, it accuses the late government of the most lavish expenditure; continually-increasing money-votes, a still more largely increasing outlay, an enormously increasing addition to the public debt. M. Garnier-Pagès endeavors to show that national bankruptcy was impending, and was only *prevented* by the revolution. A bold stroke of rhetoric! The late government, indeed, endeavored to postpone the day of reckoning, and would have been obliged to dispose of its immense arrears; but there is nothing to show that it would have been obliged to do worse than augment the national debt, or that it would have ceased to command the ordinary arts and resources of all established governments for maintaining its credit. The finance minister does not vouchsafe any distinct or intelligible account of the actual state of the treasury "till." He discloses vast liabilities inherited from the late government, but does not state the cash in hand; a remarkable omission. His measures seem hardly calculated to restore public credit. He proposes to suspend cash payments at the savings banks except for small sums, to raise a new loan by voluntary contributions, to sell certain lands and jewels forming the public property of the crown, and to reduce the expenditure in official salaries rather by diminishing the number than the individual amount of each. These measures are authorized by decrees, but have yet to be substantiated in results. The signs of success do not appear; the difficulties augment under the effort to meet them. Commerce is panic-stricken; the Bank of France suspends cash payments; great commercial firms fail; others wind up their affairs rather than trust to the vicissitudes of a revolutionary atmosphere. The significant hints put forth by republican writers, against the withholding of capital or the emigration of capitalists, only exasperate the panic.

Ministers are almost suffocated by the hosts of working people who flock to demand "organization of labor." The most eminent missionaries of coöperative doctrines are on the alert to keep M. Louis Blanc and M. Albert at their duty. Agricole Perdiguier, the reformer of the "compagnonnage," is invited to take an active part. "George Sand" contributes her literary exhortations to make an actual beginning in establishing coöperation as a national institution. A delegation of men and masters is sitting under the patronage of the government to deliberate. M. Louis Blanc has startled the earnest and impatient regenerators by a solemn statement of the "difficulties" in the way of abolishing existing methods. Meanwhile *the* paramount and appalling difficulty, the immediate deficiency of employment, appears without solution. The theoretical movement helps the practical difficulty, by increasing the general unsettlement. The "competitive system" is taking revenge of its censors by withholding its employments. It looks as if labor would sit down to legislate for itself in hungry idleness.

The character of the intelligence from Germany is far more hopeful than that from France. A general calmness—not apathy, but an animated self-possession—has succeeded to the first excitement. The people appear everywhere to manifest the same aspirations—for liberal institutions in their own states, and for some kind of popular representation in the national diet. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* professes to favor that idea of an effective federal government; suggests that it will want an army, and therefore a revenue; and proposes to hand over to it the fund of the Zollverein. Suspicious advocacy! The smaller states are greedy for their share of the Zollverein revenues, and perhaps the purpose is to disgust them with the notion of a more complete federal government, which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* would seem to advocate. But the character of the movement appears to be far too popular, substantial, and elevated, to be materially influenced by journalism, however adroitly insidious. The German people are evidently of one mind. They know their unanimity. They know that they are needed by their rulers; also that armies are composed of citizens. The royal classes of Germany evince a decided sense that the new movement is not to be trifled with; they make concessions with alacrity, and the tone of political society is changed throughout Prussia—not by force, but a recognition of consentaneous demands. In many states the press is freed; King Frederick William, virtually the head of the German confederation, assents to a general law for a free press—which would force it upon Austria and Hanover. Even Hanover is obliged to listen to new counsels. Already, too, the federal diet has invited popular delegates to aid its deliberations on the general demands. All this has happened in a country that teems with the most cultivated intellect, and probably possesses a greater number of active pens than all Europe put together. "Litera scripta manet:" these acts will be written, and Germany has already recorded steps that cannot be retraced.

From Italy too the news is cheering. Short of doing all that is needed, it is better that Austria should do nothing: hence it is satisfactory to note in Lombardy the sullen *status quo* that awaits the tardy course of deliberations at Vienna; the bitter facetiousness that converts the eating of maccaroni into a political manifesto; the stern nonintercourse that prefers Genoa velvet to Austrian cloth; the domestic nationality that lisps hatred of Austria in childhood. Every week of this mood curtails the Austrian tenure in Italy by whole cycles. But the startling burst of light reflected on the Austrian mind from Germany may illumine the imperial councils before it is too late. Austria is now invited by a German league as well as an Italian league; and Hungary is unchanged.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 5th April, 1848.

IMPORTANT and startling events, or phenomena, or portents, accumulate so rapidly that the readiest writer, with the amplest leisure, would despair of keeping due pace. Whoever is in the midst of them partakes, moreover, of the excitement and amazement, in a degree to arrest or nearly absorb his faculties. He must refer to the newspapers for the details. In Galignani's Messenger, which I send, are most of the occurrences and documents that may slake the curiosity and guide the judgment of your readers. Your correspondent unavoidably confines himself to the desultory contents of his note-book.

This metropolis heaves still, like the sea immediately after a hurricane, and when the horizon threatens new storms. The revolution ought to be considered as over: not so; disorder prevails in the minds and conduct of all who have been held in any kind of subjection and subordination. The state of affairs is called a peaceable anarchy—peaceable, because everything is yielded which the multitude choose to ask.

The intrinsic weakness of all the monarchies has been conclusively exemplified. For a considerable time past there has been about equal danger for them in refusing and in conceding reforms. An inch being given, an ell was sure to be taken or asked. Every reflecting reader must be struck with the pregnant articles of the London Daily News on the condition and perils of the British government. The same journal designates the house of lords "the true incubus upon the country," and cogently recommends organic reform. The strain in which several of the influential London papers discuss the question of British commotions and changes is abundantly ominous. Since the commencement of history, vicissitudes of fortune so sudden, unexpected, overwhelming and diffusive have never happened within the same period —a few weeks. The London Times recently observed that the middle-classes, or cits, of the British metropolis looked with contempt on the Yankees, because the latter have not *royal* idols; courts, nobility and gentry to worship. A modification of this tune may be soon expected.

The whole English old scheme of diplomatic and military action on the continent of Europe is subverted; Austrian power and subserviency vanish for all the wonted purposes. Russia, too, has lost her two instruments, Prussia and Austria; the events in Sweden and Denmark destroy her prepotency in those kingdoms. An alliance, offensive and defensive, between the czar and Great Britain is reported and discussed in the Paris journals. Surely Lord Palmerston will not help to ruin himself, as M. Guizot did, by a foreign policy odious at home.

According to letters in the Journal des Débats, the King of Prussia's manœuvre in pretending to install himself at the head of the German Union projected on all sides meets with ridicule or indignation or clamorous resistance in most quarters. The Austrian emperor and the new monarch of Bavaria plead the venerable claims of their respective houses; but stentorian cries are heard in the capitals and universities—"What should prevent Germany from confederating *without princes*, as the United States and Switzerland have done so easily and with so much benefit?" Not a single monarch, north of Italy, has shown a masculine or truly regal spirit; not one has proved game; of all of them we read that they blubbered, vacillated and succumbed in dismay. The King of Bavaria says in his address, "I ascend the throne by the will of my father;" another and stronger will impends over his majesty; the Dukes of Modena and Parma and Placentia, so lately flourishing "by the grace of God," are terrified fugitives seeking some charitable sublunary grace; military *power*, so called, no longer exists on this continent, except in Russia and Spain, for monarchical or domestic purposes. We may augur from the nature of the sanguinary conflicts at Madrid, of which we had authentic tidings on the 2d April, that Spain will not long be an exception. The dictator Narvaez has energy and sway with the troops; yet he must yield to the blasts from beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps; the Iberian peninsula is naturally too well divided, and politically and socially too well seasoned for federal republicanism to escape contagion. The *National*, (organ of a part of the government,) of the 22d inst., observes:—"The Poles will take the dangerous initiative of an attack on Russia; the Germans, *with the French*, will support them. Poland being free, the republican principle will rule from the banks of the Vistula to the ocean which bathes Cadiz." The day before yesterday, a procession of some three hundred Spaniards resident in Paris was ushered into the Hotel de Ville with an address of sympathy for the French republic. Lamartine answered them in very kind terms of course, but he took care to inform them that France did not undertake to impose her institutions, wishes or interests on any other nation. He gave the Polish addressers likewise to understand that the republic would not coöperate even with them in any aggression. The Spaniards on their return sang the hymn of Riego and drew crowds after them, who vociferated Vive l'Espagne!

Every morning we undergo a shower of decrees, as well as proclamations and addresses. The transportation of wine, throughout France, from hamlet to hamlet in the country, from street to street in the towns, was exceedingly oppressive and troublesome, and quite unfair for the poor. This evil has been partly rectified by the suppression of the manifold excise called *exercise*. We may expect less of that adulteration which accompanied the old system, and which was more mischievous than the excess of price. An edict of yesterday allots an addition of bread, fresh meat, and salted lard to the seamen in the navy, and provides a committee for the cure of abuses in the choice and distribution of their provisions.

The first indication which I have seen of real spirit in the Paris police department is in a circular

issued, 2nd instant, by the mayor of the capital, to the twelve district mayors, whereby he enjoins it on them to employ the national guards and patrols for the repression of the tumultuous assemblages at night that march with torches, discharge rockets, and pètards, and force the inhabitants of the streets, in every quarter, to illuminate their windows. It has been a sad nuisance. New York has experienced trouble with her anti-renters, but what think you of a convocation of very many thousands of small tenants in a central and populous division of this capital, who compel their landlords to come forth and give them receipts for rent *not paid* and *never to be paid!* The impression seems to be almost universal with the French that revolution dissolves all contracts. Take this instance of lawlessness in the provinces, related in the Lyon's Gazette:—"On the 28th March, a band of workmen entered a private mansion, occupied by ladies, on a domiciliary search for arms. The domestics persuaded them to wait until the next day. In the interval the terrified ladies repaired for help to the prefect of police. He advised them to submit. The band returned, and explored minutely; they exhibited an order and warrant from one of the *sixty* clubs of Lyons."

Small offerings to the provisional government, in aid of the drained treasury, are numberless, and many of them admirable. Bodies of workmen of every description—all sorts of societies and clubs—and hosts of individuals, with greater or less means, make their "patriotic gifts." The silver forks and spoons, his only plate, bestowed in this way by the Archbishop of Paris, have produced a distinct and lively sensation. Our Moniteur teems with the grateful acknowledgments of the government to the charitable deputations. A special committee has been appointed to receive the offerings, and record and publish the names of the donors. Lamennais is the chairman; Beranger, the poet, vice-president thereof. The mayors throughout France invite, by placards and addresses in the journals, every citizen to contribute his mite. On the 1st instant a delegation of the people to the government asked that all persons possessing any revenue should be required to tax themselves according to their substance and their own sense of equity. This would be a new form of income-tax. A manifestation more explicit and formidable occurred yesterday, 3d inst. Early in the morning, placards appeared at every corner convoking the whole people in the Champ de Mars, with the view to *compel* the rich to *sacrifices*, which, said the placard, the law does not, but popular will should, exact. The government conceived alarm; it immediately took measures for an assemblage of the students of all the public schools, the Polytechnic, the Normal, and the Deaf and Dumb included. These marched to the Champ de Mars, where they found a concourse of at least a hundred thousand men, with whom they mingled at once, ingratiated themselves, and after *eight* hours of communion, prevailed to a good end. The masses were persuaded to a collection for the government among themselves; they went in mighty procession, fraternally, with their offering, which they augmented by the way, with a contingent levied on the bystanders or spectators. It is emblazoned by the Moniteur as a magnificent affair, a glorious day; nevertheless, the facility of the immense convocation inspires distrust greater than the confidence which the result is represented as fit to inspire.

About ten days ago my attention was attracted by a crowd on the Place Vendome, near to the matchless monument. It proved to be a procession of eight hundred needle-women, nearly all young, headed by an officer of the Polytechnic school, who were going to petition the government for work in a national grand *atelier* for the sex alone. Under a heavy shower of rain, and with sorry habiliments, these poor creatures seemed quite gay, as if engaged in a frolic. The next morning, I encountered in the Rue St. Honoré a band of young women, two and two, sauntering—a sort of parade in imitation of the *manifestations* of the workmen, which has often been witnessed since. On the 3d instant it became necessary, as you will see in Galignani's Messenger, to exert force for the dispersion of several hundred of them who were squealing, "Down with Lamartine! down with *Madame Lamartine!*" with whose dispensation of work they had quarrelled. Their leader was a youthful dandy, richly *mustachioed*, and armed with pistols.

The death of M. Guizot's mother, in London, is a circumstance which touches me, because I had often enjoyed, in his hotel, the aged dame's perfect happiness in the seeming transcendent prosperity of her son, and the bright prospects of her three fine grand-children. The chagrin of the sudden reverse, and the fatigue of her flight to England, were too much for her eighty-three years. You can form no idea of the number of afflicting cases of extreme adversity in the circles with whom I had established a pleasant and valuable intercourse during ten successive winters. The whole world to which I belonged—polite, literary, scientific, *artistic*, is broken up;—a part of the individuals, not the greater, are, indeed, yet visible; but how changed in their circumstances, their looks, their spirits, their hopes! They know not how to shape their lives, whither to direct their steps; what is to be their fate, or that of their country. All abstract philosophy, and all the higher studies, must be regarded as under an eclipse, though not a ban or persecution.

The public stocks experienced a terrible depreciation the 3d inst.; among the reasons assigned is the report of a serious misunderstanding between the British and French governments, not at all probable. The vast mob in the Champ de Mars may have operated strongly on the market. The shares of the Bank of France went further down, although its loan of fifty millions of francs, or exchange of that sum for exchequer-bills, does not materially affect its general proportion of specie to paper. The discredit is political. It is calculated still that the silver and gold coin circulating in Europe does not exceed by more than a third the

amount in France. Heavy failures in Rhenish Prussia and several of the large commercial cities of Germany. The new French national discount offices do much business—rather precarious we may conjecture. An ex-aid-de-camp of Louis Philippe, General de Chabonnes, protests in the newspapers that his old master had placed no funds abroad, and saved nothing at home. France is utterly incredulous. Some four or five or more years ago, I had occasion to propose to his majesty the purchase of Mr. Dunn's splendid Chinese collection, then in London. Count Montalivet, in various conferences on the subject, always assured me that the king could not afford the sum asked; that the civil list and privy-purse were in a sea of debt. The collection was duly prized, the acquisition of it really desired—a million of francs or even less could not, however, be spared by any possibility. Most of the endless caricatures of Louis Philippe, which divide the gaze of the Parisian, are founded on notions of his stupendous wealth and insatiable avarice. I never believed in the personal avarice; the wealth was a universal persuasion. It may be that the Orleans family, altogether, possessed considerably less than their repute; their share was certainly inordinate, as not earned by labor or correspondent merits—like that of all the royal stocks, the gradual accumulation upon whom was a national wrong and curse.

The list of Paris clubs now extends to two hundred. They have despatched more than five hundred emissaries into the provinces, who are to act upon the people in the elections by universal suffrage for the national assembly. Protests have been numerously signed at Nantz and in some of the large southern cities, against the meeting of this body in Paris, where, it is alleged, there can be no real freedom of discussion and deliberation. A friend of mine, last week, asked Berryer, the prime orator of the French bar and of *legitimacy*, what he thought of the national assembly. "I am thinking," he answered, "whether there will be a national assembly." A portion of the Paris clubs and journals have roundly declared that they will have no such convention without an overwhelming republican majority, and no constitution other than a democracy. The *National*, of the 2d inst., observes, "We know what the urn of universal suffrage will yield, because we are sure of the will of the country—*dans la force même des choses*—by the very force of circumstances. Among these, we may lay considerable stress on the unlimited, unqualified efforts of two departments, or three, of the provisional government, and of the radical committees and clubs to intimidate, baffle, crush, in the provinces, opposition to their candidates, the republicans of the day *before* the revolution—those of the day *after* being proscribed as well as the old conservatives and legitimists, who have not embraced the new gospel." The discord about antecedent and exclusive republicanism prevails far and wide. I shall proceed to translate for you a few paragraphs from a southern paper of much authority, by which you may collect the sentiments common in the interior, and almost sufficient to warrant an apprehension in many quarters that the provinces may bid defiance to the capital, expel the commissaries put over them by the provisional government, and all its other new functionaries with its laws and innovations, and elect a constituent assembly to sit in one of the large, central provincial cities. This would be civil war; for Paris *would not* abdicate without a desperate struggle.

There are, in France, thirty three millions of inhabitants, of whom very little account is taken, in consequence of the sad system of centralization. Forty thousand *communes* are chained by the *commune* of Paris, and it is this *commune* that has the arrogance to impose now her yoke on France, as she formerly did. It is only necessary to listen a little, and observe what is passing, to know how insolent are the pretensions of this eldest sister of forty thousand others, of which the fraternity is quite despised.

Is it not said, in fact, loud enough for everybody to hear, that if the choice of the provinces for the national assembly is not agreeable to the *commune* of Paris, the representatives will be thrown out of the windows? No despot has ever held more brutal language! Never have any people, ancient or modern, been insulted by some bully who wore a crown, in a more detestable manner!

But this is not all; insult does not suffice this *despotic commune;* it requires *serfs* attached to the soil, and behold them ready to her hand! Ten millions of tax-paying cultivators of the earth, hard working men who till our fields, and who feed the country; patient laborers, who weep and pray over their misery, and who are treated like Helots by fifty thousand workmen—masters of the streets of Paris; *privileged* workmen—dictators—who labor at their own hours, and are supported by the public treasury—which is supplied by the sweat of the workmen of the provinces.

Is this the *republic* prepared for us? It is not such as the nation expects. She is weary of usurpations under whatever name they be disguised. What she wishes is liberty, order, and the economy of her funds.

As we have a thousand pamphlets and loose sheets, broaching every possible theory of government, administration and social existence, so the clubs debate every topic with the vivacity of the national temperament and the passion of the crisis. They deprive, by their stronger attractions, even the favorite theatres of their auditors; the tribune beggars the stage. In the house where Rachel plays and recites the *Marseillaise*, partly on her knees, the proportion of her annual stipend, for the night of Monday last, was about equal to the whole receipts. The manager of the second French theatre, the Odeon, absconded to Brussels. He was charged in the newspapers with having carried off the money-chest. He published in defence, that this being absolutely empty, he thought he might use it for his tattered wardrobe. The Vaudeville is closed. A large female association puzzles the million by its title, *des Vesuviennes*. They are supposed to mean that they will be found *volcanic*, unless the equality, liberty, and law of divorce, which they claim, should be

granted. It must be acknowledged that the clubs indignantly repel, unanimously scout, the least suggestion of executions. An amusing scene is related of a recent meeting of the Central Republican. An orator, of a countenance quite pacific, set out with demanding thirty thousand *heads* to save the country—(uproar, hisses, bursts of laughter)—he jumped from the tribune and was soon cast from the door. Another took his place, not at all more ferocious in aspect or tone, and exclaimed, "I, too, demand thirty thousand heads" —(another storm)—but he waited and gesticulated in a way to gain a hearing. "You did not catch my idea; God forbid that I should injure a hair on any man's head;—*I am a hatter;* give me the thirty thousand to cover, and my fortune is made, to say nothing of work for the patriots in these hard times." He then threw into the crowd a handful of his cards of business. The joke was abundantly relished.

On the first day of the revolution, when the multitude and the national guards were shouting *reform*, the druggist-boys—*les garcons-pharmaciens* —in the midst, cried "*Vive le Chloroforme.*" so they comprehended the example. I was glad to read in the series of resolutions passed on Tuesday, by the club of the Mountain, the following: "That the government be requested to cause all the indecent pictures and statues to be removed from the public localities which are infested and dishonored by them." The royal police was far too indulgent or callous on this head. We may anticipate a hint from the club of artists against the three hundred liberty-trees planted in the open places. They are unsightly in the extreme, and associated with ugly extravagances. On Friday last the beautiful weather drew a great many equipages and equestrians to the Champs Elysées. In the centre, at what is called le Rond-Point, a host of *bloused* workmen and gamins had just erected a tree with tawdry flags and faded branches. They formed a compact body across the two causeways, stopped the carriages, opened the doors, put their hats forward, and received *voluntary* contributions. The precipitate return of the *promenaders* on the city-side, when they perceived the process, was an amusing spectacle.

The benediction of the clergy has been established part of the planting-ceremonial. In most instances the priests have performed their task with good grace, and without experiencing the least indignity. At the public fountain, near the royal library, the abbé commanded the mob to kneel while he recited the blessing, and they did so, not a few crossing themselves devoutly. I met, on the 30th ult., in returning from a visit to the editor of the Moniteur, a long train, on the quays, of men and women, about fifteen hundred, repairing to the Hotel de Ville, with flags borne by girls dressed in white and with garlands on their hair. They were the functionaries and operatives of the National Tobacco Manufactory. Some of the spectators cried "*Down with the Régie!*" that is, the government monopoly. Writers in the journals call for this *reform* likewise—free sale, cheap pipes and cigars, and unrestricted culture throughout France equally with the province of Algeria. Thus, the states of Maryland and Kentucky may hope from the revolution what they could well despair of under the monarchy. It seems to me, however, impossible for any government, present or to come, to renounce soon the treasury-profits from the monopoly—twenty millions of dollars. The article must be taxed in one form or other. The announcement to-day that the provisional rulers have sequestrated the railroads of Orleans and the centre—that is, undertaken the management—indeed, assumed the property of them—occasions a sensation of fear among large-property or stockholders of every description. The reason assigned in the National is, that the companies were not able to effect the necessary transportation—*assurer le service des transports.* All the new governments and the *modified* are borrowing—regiments have mutinied in various French garrisons, on the principles, Reform, Liberty, and Equality.

Paris, 6th April, 1848.

To the prostration of mercantile and monetary credit we may add the general suspension of productive labor, as a very serious concomitant of the revolution of February. Wherever the violent political changes have occurred on the continent, the same evil must have ensued in a greater or less degree. In this capital, from the morning of the 22d, Tuesday, until that of the Monday or Tuesday following, the shops continued shut, and there was a complete suspension of business. Scarcely anything has been done since; all minds and all hands have been diverted to political emotions and schemes, and social alarms closed nearly ledgers and purses. Most of the great bankers of the continent are winding up; the principal merchants failing; the manufacturers stopping their machinery, and defending themselves against their former dependants. As the cultivators of the soil in this country, in Germany and in Italy, have partaken of the excitement, and fallen as voters into the political cauldron, besides taking a full share in the tumults and wars, we can hardly anticipate plentiful harvests, without calculating on an extraordinary or phenomenal bounty of Providence. American staples must again be in wide request, according to common probabilities; but they cannot be accorded without peculiar caution, and some risk.

There is at least as much likelihood as otherwise of a diffusive war in Europe; for this opinion, I refer you to the manifestations and events in Russia, Germany, Italy, to the language of the British ministers in parliament, and to their preparations, as well as to those of our provisional government. Independently of the impulsion which it experiences in favor of the Poles and the Italians, it may be compelled to regard a conflict beyond the border of France, as the best or only expedient for restoring some order and tranquillity within and establishing some regular government. It mus be desirous of employing the troops in a

way to habituate or break them anew to discipline, and to cast from the home-body, politic and social, the swarms of leeches now exhausting all authority and all revenue. The new disposable national guards—the *prolétaires*, were informed the day before yesterday, officially, that they would soon be marched to the frontiers, and the garrisons of the middle and southern provinces (most inclined for mutiny) to the borders of Savoy and Spain. As I have heretofore mentioned to you, the members of the provisional government take every opportunity to disclaim the design or wish of war, or of any interference in the domestic concerns of other nations. Lamartine's answer to the delegation of Irish repealers, part of which I send you, is eminently judicious. He gave them distinctly and emphatically to know that the French government would not *act* in any mode in the Irish question. Switzerland has declared her neutrality, and refused passage to German bands of radical reformers. You will note how many *free corps*, like those which began the Swiss revolution, have sallied, or are about to sally, from France—French zealots and desperadoes, united with Germans, Belgians, Poles, Italians, respectively—embarrassing the provisional government by their enterprises, yet a good riddance for the police and the treasury. We have, among the newspaper items of yesterday, that Savoy had *annexed* herself to France—Sardinia, Tuscany and Rome formed an offensive and defensive alliance against the Austrians—fifty thousand men of the Papal dominions to rendezvous at Bologna for Lombardy—civil war in the Danish monarchy from the Schleswig Holstein-question, which must end in the separation of the duchies—a customs' union between Holland and Belgium; and you cannot fail to remark the proceedings of the convocation at Frankfort, and the outlines of the national and federal constitution for Germany. The American system must have been impressed on the minds of the committee. Would that we could cause it to be suitably applied or infused in the work of the French national assembly! *Cæteris paribus*, it might serve beneficially in all its principles, and several of its principal arrangements. But things are not alike in national traits and tendencies. When the French politicians who seek information from me, sanguine as to feasibility, express their purpose and confidence, I am reminded of the language which Gouverneur Morris held in July, 1789, in a letter from Paris to William Carmichael.

"Our American example has done them good: but like all novelties, liberty runs away with their discretion, if they have any. They want an American constitution, with the exception of a king instead of a president, without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support that constitution. Mankind see distant things in a false point of light, and judge more or less favorably than they ought; this is an old observation: another, perhaps as old, but which all are not in the position to feel, is, that we try everything by the standard of preconceived notions; so that there is an impossibility almost, of knowing by description a distant people or country. Whoever, therefore, desires to apply, in the practical science of government, those forms and rules which prevail and succeed in a foreign country, must fall into the same pedantry with our young scholars, just fresh from the university, who would fain bring everything to the Roman standard."

Venice is, once more, a so-called republic. Mark what the pope uttered in his valedictory blessing to the 12,000 volunteers from Rome to Lombardy. "As head of the church, I am at peace with the universe; as an Italian prince, I have a right to defend our common country." "Live Pius IX!" was the liberty and battle cry in all the cities that cast out the Austrians. The Milanese, on their deliverance, sent him an address as to their inspirer and savior. The Italian clergy have thrown themselves, as his church militant, with the utmost zeal, into every popular effort and danger. Archbishops and bishops carried aloft torches in one hand, and crucifixes in the other, while the Milanese stormed the Austrian works. Among the best designs of the earliest engravings from Italy, exhibited in Paris shop-windows, was the pope, staying with his right hand the impetuous ardor of a Roman volunteer, and having the left clasped in the right of a figure of Christ a little behind. He has dropped the right even against a Catholic power. Intelligent American travellers, just from Italy, tell me that the universal *holy* enthusiasm for national independence has suppressed all the old sectional rivalries and antipathies. The Tuscan government is almost wholly *Italianized*. The martial gallantry of the northern Italians is truly matter of admiration, as well as of some little surprise. Tuscany and Piedmont will gain in contiguous territory, but how the peninsula may be definitively cast in its divisions and constitutions, remains a problem, like the case of Germany. The confidential mission, on which, according to an authorized article in the London Times, the Prince of Prussia (heir presumptive) has visited the Queen of England, is not destined, if real, to be desirably fruitful. Clubs are multiplying in Berlin, *à la mode de Paris*.

The circumstances of the opening of the Prussian diet are narrated in our morning papers. Universal suffrage at the age of twenty-four, universal eligibility at that of thirty, freedom of the press, right of association, are proposed by the monarch himself. The diet assembled in one house, without distinction of orders or classes. It is to frame an electoral machinery for a convention to digest the new constitution. Can the *royalty* stand against an assembly *democratically* chosen? The deputies of Posen (for the diet) did not appear, lest they should be presumed to sanction the idea of a permanent connection with Prussia. The duchy is in serious turmoil from Polish agitation. The *voluntary* diet of Frankfort separated on the 2d inst, leaving a standing committee of fifty, which, if a national German parliament should not be regularly and fully elected, must convoke one within a month. The Hungarian diet is to

assemble at Pesth-Bude, in the heart of Hungary —more beyond Austrian influence than Presburg! On the 1st inst. Savoy declared herself a republic, with a provisional government. No complaint is preferred against her old sovereign of Sardinia, but she intends to decide her own lot by a convention. The affair must end by an amicable arrangement for her incorporation or confederation with France. A correspondent at Milan, date 31st March, says—"Wonderful change; not an Austrian is to be seen in this capital." The Princess of Belgioso, whom I have often seen in the Paris salons, and sometimes at the soirées of M. Guizot, marched to Milan, at the head of two hundred cavalry, styling herself the Italian *Joan of Arc*—remains of beauty, more than of sexual reputation A street-concourse of some ten thousand dictators has changed the ministry at Naples, and torn down all the insignia of the Austrian legation. The entire separation of Sicily is deemed inevitable According to the latest Milan official bulletin, the whole region from the Po to the Tyrolean Alps was in revolt and well armed, and would reduce the Austrian commander Radetsky to capitulate. The customs' line between Sardinia and Lombardy is suppressed. In the advices from Madrid to the 31st ult. are included revolutionary movements at Valencia, Salamanca, and some other cities, which are supposed to have been connected with the abortive one at Madrid. A few of the leaders of the progressist party had fled from that capital, and two of their presses been seized and crushed. The Danish government sends a force of 1500 men to subdue the insurgents of the duchy of Schleswig—the inhabitants of Copenhagen enthusiastically contributed money, and raised a special subscription for a war steamer, fully equipped.

Yesterday, the elections for the colonels of the national guards began in Paris. Four hundred localities were open for the purpose. No absolute disturbances. The *National*, of this day, does not seem quite satisfied with the results. It could not carry at once, with one regiment, its chief favorite and near relative among the candidates. Too many votes were thrown for the gentlemen-republicans of the day after the revolution. It says "You can do nothing with your special or elect national guard—it can be nothing. You must finally depend on the armed mass." This organ, in another article observes—"If the national assembly should proclaim Henry V., or a regency, or a Napoleon, it would be a *revolution*, and a stupid one, instantly to end. A republic is a necessity for the assembly; in every other respect it may be free." The legions of guards are told that if they do not elect radical colonels, they will suffer perilously in public opinion. A request is preferred to the police, to put down without delay the great number of gambling-tables opened within the few weeks past; *lansquenet* and *roulette* are absorbing large sums, when the factories stop from pecuniary inanition. The increase of obscene ballads sold and sung is also signalized.

The seizure or sequestration of the two rail roads occasions a continued fall in the stocks of all the French roads. It has not been satisfactorily explained by the government. The directors of the two companies have met and resolved on a general meeting of the stockholders, and an urgent demand on the government for a recall of the sequestration. It may be that the measure was indispensable or warrantable; but it has an unlucky effect on the feelings of all capitalists and proprietors. All public funds look, more and more, down. The government undergoes, hourly, a storm of projects of remedy. The schemers insist, at the same time, that it do not cease for a moment, to "direct the regeneration of the world."

M. de Tocqueville has issued a new edition (pretended to be the 12th) of his Democracy in America, with a short preface, in which he adverts to his prediction, fifteen years ago, that the advent of democracy was near, irresistible, universal, for the world. He adds—"The institutions of America, which were but a subject of curiosity for monarchial France, should be one of study for republican France. The United States have solved the problem of democratic liberty, by order, stability, universal prosperity; where else can we find such lessons, and such grounds of hope? We need not copy servilely; we must consult our peculiar circumstances; we can borrow principles at least—principles of fixity and tranquillity, of the equipoise of political powers, of true freedom, of profound respect for law—all indispensable."

Arago is appointed minister of war, by a decree dated yesterday. This famous savant is expected to prove another Carnot, whom he resembles, indeed, in his faculties and energies. He administers the navy department, *ad interim*. It is designed to fortify, at once and completely, Brest and Toulon; the state of the exchequer does not admit the full armament of the other principal ports and the colonies; but they are to be fortified "in the second degree." The war department was tendered to General Charganier; he is said to have professed his readiness to accept it on one condition —a garrison of forty thousand regular troops for Paris. Cavaignac, the governor-general of Algeria, first nominated, declined for reasons which determined the choice of Arago. The turbulence of portions of the army renders his task superlatively arduous. In the month of December last he remarked to me, that from the sensible decline of his health, he believed himself nearer to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise* than any other goal. He may be *revitalized* by the genius of universal emancipation, whose inspirations he has always cherished.

From the 31st ult. to yesterday, the weather has been oppressively warm, and of fine vegetative influence. The groves of the Tuileries underwent an immediate transformation, from naked branches to rich foliage. On Sunday, the myriads of men, women, and children, generally well-dressed, in the garden, reminded the spectators from the Rivoli windows of the old displays. Yet the change in the groves and gardens, is not more striking in

plenitude and rapidity than that of the social physiognomy of the capital in general, especially on the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevards. A new race seems to have been let loose suddenly to cover the pavements. A titled conservative whispered to me—"Voila ce qui est bien décousu; il faut maintenant tacher de recoudre." What has been conceded—what promised—cannot be conjured back. Chagrin has already killed a number of aged and distinguished personages. The government is obliged to modify in practice the decree which added forty-five per cent to the direct taxes. No possibility of payment.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

JANE EYRE.—Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., of Boston, have published a handsome edition of this book. We were surprised to see that the work which Messrs. Harpers had issued in pamphlet form for 25 cents, contained so large a quantity of reading.

From Baker & Scribner, New York.

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE THEORIES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, by Lawrence, Pritchard and others. Founded upon Animal Analogies: and an Outline of a new Natural History of Man, founded upon History, Anatomy, Physiology and Human Analogies. By WM. F. VAN AMRINGE.

Of this large and handsome volume we are obliged to confess that we have not yet had time to gain further knowledge than we gather from the title. Hereafter we hope to tell our readers further about it. It has received very great praise from a gentleman whose opinion we highly value.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Geo. L. Craik and Charles McFarlane, assisted by other contributors. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This invaluable work is now completed in four handsome octavo volumes. The successive numbers have been favorably spoken of in our columns, but their fragmentary character, and the frequency of their issue, have made it inconvenient to speak of them at any length. Now that the whole work is before us, we desire, in view of its great importance and value, to speak more distinctly of its unique character. The importance to us, rationally, of a good history of England, cannot be overrated. "To a people of 'movement,' as we are," it has been well observed, "it is all important to have something in their horizon fixed."

This *is* a good history; as a popular history, the best, we do not hesitate to say, that has yet been written. As intimated in the title-page, its authorship is shared by several. Indeed, the work has been divided into seven departments; and each has been written by one specially skilled in the subject confided to him. This division of labor is the great secret of the extraordinary interest and value of the work. The whole has a perfection which has never before been reached in a historical work. It engaged the several writers employed upon it seven years; and their labors were constant and unwearied. The civil and military transactions have for their historian Mr. McFarlane; the history of religion, Mr. Thomas Thomson; the constitution, government, and laws, Mr. A. Bisset; national industry, Mr. J. C. Platt; literature, science and the fine arts, Sir Henry Ellis; costumes and furniture, manners and customs, Messrs. Planche and Thomson; condition of the people, author not named.

The "Pictorial History of England" differs from all others in that it is not a record exclusively, or even mainly, of governmental or kingly acts, but a history—perhaps more properly an exposition—of the institutions of the country, the habits, manners and progress of the *people;* their local customs and institutions, and religious advancement. Instead of the throne or its occupant engrossing the historian's attention, the people are his theme, and the throne an incidental topic. The illustrations greatly aid the reader, impressing vividly upon the mind events and characters which otherwise might be forgotten or might altogether escape his observation. Most earnestly do we commend this great work to every one who desires to be well informed in the history of England.

OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE; or, Adventures in the Camanche Country, in search of a Gold-mine. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This will probably be quite as successful a work, in the rapidity and extent of its sale, as was "Omoo." In one respect, we apprehend, it is of similar character. Mr. Webber has a knowledge of the localities he describes, and of the customs of the people among whom his stirring scenes are laid. Possibly some of the incidents are "founded on fact," or have had their parallel amid the strange events of border life. But whether the narrative is partly or entirely fictitious, the author has contrived to throw around it such an air of reality, putting in with consummate skill those minor touches of detail which give seeming truthfulness to every story, that it has all the freshness of a veritable history of his adventures, with the additional absorbing interest of romance. Wonderful incidents are narrated with earnestness and rapidity in good keeping with the subject, and the book cannot fail to be universally read.

NEANDER'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Translated by Professors McClintock and Blumenthal. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The object of this work, which has passed to a fourth edition in England, is to counteract the evil effects of Strauss' life of the Redeemer, which aimed at invalidating the extraordinary events in the Saviour's life, on the two grounds of apparent contradictions in the accounts of the Gospels and the alleged impossibility of miracles. Neander takes *substantially* the orthodox view of the life of Jesus, acknowledging him to be the "God-man," and the only ground of salvation, and receiving the New Testament as divinely inspired truth. On some points there is a lack of clearness of definition—the German school of theology sometimes shows itself—but, as the translators in their address to the reader justly observe, the tendency of the whole is so decidedly evangelical and beneficial, that the work will prove a great bulwark against the inroads of an infidel philosophy. It forms a thick octavo volume. On account of its intrinsic and permanent value, we could wish that it had been printed on better paper, and its general typographical execution of a higher character.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

This is the somewhat poetical name of a book* published for the purpose of rationalizing the ancient, though of late exploded belief in prophetic dreams, spiritual appearances, and other mysterious things. What first strikes the "candid reader," is the amazing moral courage of the author: she, a novelist of some reputation, and a woman of the world, to come boldly out with the profession of a belief in what the intelligent public has long condemned as only fit matter for vulgar wonderment —even though she profess a philosophical object and a wish to fortify the conviction of the spirituality of our nature, and to elevate thereby our moral life—it must be acknowledged to be no common phenomenon in literature. A second feeling, on dipping into the book, will be surprise at the rifeness of such matters in these cool, unwondering days—so contrary to the common notion that they have disappeared along with the disposition to believe in them. It appears as if, while scepticism is the general profession, a vast number of persons had yet experiences which they could not resolve into accordance with the admitted course of nature, and which they are willing to disclose in certain circumstances, but always with an injunction as to concealment of names, lest they be suspected of a secret leaning to an unfashionable belief. These Mrs. Crowe has determined to collect and arrange, with the view of endeavoring to bring them within the domain of science. "Because, in the seventeenth century," she remarks, "credulity outran reason and discretion, the eighteenth century, by a natural reaction, threw itself into an opposite extreme. Whoever closely observes the signs of the times will be aware that another change is approaching. The contemptuous scepticism of the last age is yielding to a more humble spirit of inquiry; and there is a large class of persons amongst the most enlightened of the present, who are beginning to believe that much which they had been taught to reject as fable, has been, in reality, ill-understood truth." If such a reaction be actually in progress, it is a fact of obvious importance. Perhaps the reception of the "Night Side of Nature" will in some degree be a test how far it is a fact.

Our author starts with a chapter of speculation on the ideas which have been entertained regarding the inner spiritual nature of man. Adopting the doctrine of there being a spiritual as well as fleshly body, she seeks to show how some faint gleams of its attributes may at times shoot up through the clay in which it has taken up its temporary abode; through this medium, she thinks, we may, under certain perhaps abnormal conditions, have communication with the spiritual world, so as to become cognizant of things above the apprehension of the bodily senses. Disease often supplies these conditions; mesmerism supplies them to some extent; so does common sleep; often, however, the communication takes place without any extraordinary conditions being observable.

Revelations by dreaming she takes up first, as being the simplest class of phenomena; and of these she presents a number of curious examples. Take as a specimen the following:—"Mr. S—— was the son of an Irish bishop, who set somewhat more value on the things of this world than became his function. He had always told his son that there was but one thing he could not forgive, and that was a bad marriage—meaning by a bad marriage, a poor one. As cautions of this sort do not always prevent young people falling in love, Mr. S—— fixed his affections on Lady O——, a fair young widow, without any fortune; and, aware that it would be useless to apply for his father's consent, he married her without asking it. They were consequently exceedingly poor; and indeed nearly all they had to live on was a small sinecure of forty pounds per annum, which Dean Swift procured for him. Whilst in this situation, Mr. S—— dreamt one night that he was in the cathedral in which he had formerly been accustomed to attend service; that he saw a stranger, habited as a bishop, occupying his father's throne; and that, on applying to the verger for an explanation, the man said that the bishop was dead, and that he had expired just as he was adding a codicil to his will in his son's favor. The impression made by the dream was so strong, that Mr. S—— felt that he should have no repose till he had obtained news from home; and as the most speedy way of doing so was to go there himself, he started on horseback, much against the advice of his wife, who attached no importance whatever to the circumstance. He had scarcely accomplished half his journey, when he met a courier, bearing the intelligence of his father's death; and when he reached home, he found that there was a codicil attached to the will, of the greatest importance to his own future prospects; but the old gentleman had expired with the pen in his hand, just as he was about to sign it.

"In this unhappy position, reduced to hopeless indigence, the friends of the young man proposed that he should present himself at the vice-regal palace on the next levee day, in hopes that some interest might be excited in his favor; to which, with reluctance, he consented. As he was ascending the stairs, he was met by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he belonged to the church.

* By Catherine Crowe. 2 vols. London: Newby. 1848.

"'Good heavens!' said he to the friend who accompanied him, 'who is that?'

"'That is Mr. ——, of so and so.'

"'Then he will be Bishop of L——,' returned Mr. S——; 'for that is the man I saw occupying my father's throne.'

"'Impossible!' replied the other. 'He has no interest whatever, and has no more chance of being a bishop than I have.'

"'You will see,' replied Mr. S——. 'I am certain he will.'

"They had made their obeisance above, and were returning, when there was a great cry without, and everybody rushed to the doors and windows to inquire what had happened. The horses attached to the carriage of a young nobleman had become restive, and were endangering the life of their master, when Mr. —— rushed forward, and, at the peril of his own, seized their heads, and afforded Lord C—— time to descend before they broke through all restraint and dashed away. Through the interest of this nobleman and his friends, to whom Mr. —— had been previously quite unknown, he obtained the see of L——. These circumstances were related to me by a member of the family."

Akin to such cases are presentiments, a class of phenomena exemplified also in the lower animals. Many of these prove to be warnings against danger, and an instruction as to the means of avoiding it. For example—"A few years ago, Dr. W——, now residing in Glasgow, dreamt that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living; that he started on horseback; and that, as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal, where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and released him. Whilst at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came; and, smiling at the odd *coincidence*, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go; but by and by he arrived at the moor, which he recognized, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt towards him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr. W—— declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety." Mrs. Crowe thinks that there is no need to suppose supernatural intervention in such cases. It may be only from some cause connected with the condition of the individual that the apprehension takes place—"an accident in the sense that an illness is an accident; that is, not without a cause, but without a cause that we can penetrate."

Mesmerism has some pretensions to throw light upon these mysteries, as will appear from the following anecdote in connection with one ensuing upon it. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, are asleep at Cheltenham, occupying the same bed. The mother, Mrs. C——, dreamt "that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him; but, owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, 'Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!' 'Oh, so have I!' returned the mother: 'I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law.' 'My dream was about him too,' added Miss C——. 'I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in, wearing a shroud trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me, he said, "My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind."'

"As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C—— hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead, and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night."

The magnetic illustration was related to the author by Mr. W. W——, a gentleman well known in the north of England. This gentleman "had been cured by mesmerism of a very distressing malady. During part of the process of cure, after the *rapport* had been well established, the operations were carried on whilst he was at Malvern, and his magnetizer at Cheltenham, under which circumstances the existence of this extraordinary dependence was frequently exhibited in a manner that left no possibility of doubt. On one occasion, I remember, that Mr. W. W—— being in the magnetic sleep, he suddenly started from his seat, clasping his hands as if startled, and presently afterwards burst into a violent fit of laughter. As, on waking, he could give no account of these impulses, his family wrote to the magnetizer, to inquire if he had sought to excite any particular manifestations in his patient, as the sleep had been somewhat disturbed. The answer was, that no such intention had been entertained, but that the disturbance might possibly have arisen from one to which he had himself been subjected. 'Whilst my mind was concentrated on you,' said he, 'I was suddenly so much startled by a violent knock at the door, that I actually jumped off my seat, clasping my hands with affright. I had a hearty laugh at my own folly, but am sorry if you were made uncomfortable by it.'"

The question will of course arise—What is this *rapport* or relation between the parties, and how is it established? Even admitting the facts, who can answer this question?

We are told, in ensuing chapters, of persons

who had the power of entrancing themselves, in which state their spirits were free to roam abroad to any determinate place, and for determinate purposes. "One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little: he was grave, benevolent, and pious; and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether *lawful*. Many extraordinary stories were told of him, and amongst the rest the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a voyage to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her; and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he were dead. She of course did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons, but that he was then in a coffee-house in London, and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly he arrived; and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding, that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him.

"I have no authority for this story," says Mrs. Crowe, "but that of Jung Stilling: and if it stood alone, it might appear very incredible; but it is supported by so many parallel examples of information given by people in somnambulic states, that we are not entitled to reject it on the score of impossibility."

This leads to the class of phenomena called in Scotland *wraiths*—that is, appearances of persons where bodily they were not. This, says our author, sometimes occurs at the time of death, but often at an indefinite period before it, and sometimes where no such calamity is impending. "In some of these cases, an earnest desire seems to be the cause of the phenomena." Maria Goffe of Rochester, dying at a distance from home, said she could not die happy till she had seen her children. "By and by, she fell into a state of coma, which left them uncertain whether she was dead or alive. Her eyes were open and fixed, her jaw fallen, and there was no perceptible respiration. When she revived, she told her mother, who attended her, that she had been home and seen her children; which the other said was impossible, since she had been lying there in the bed the whole time. 'Yes,' replied the dying woman, 'but I was there in my sleep.' A widow woman, called Alexander, who had the care of these children, declared herself ready to take oath upon the sacrament, that during this period she had seen the form of Maria Goffe come out of the room, where the eldest child slept, and approach the bed where she herself lay with the younger beside her. The figure had stood there nearly a quarter of an hour, as far as she could judge; and she remarked that the eyes and the mouth moved, though she heard no sound."

There is nothing remarkable in the following wraith anecdote; but it recommends itself, because of the parties being well known in Scotland. "Mrs. K——, the sister of Provost B——, of Aberdeen, was sitting one day with her husband, Dr. K——, in the parlor of the manse, when she suddenly said, 'Oh, there 's my brother come; he has just passed the window!' and, followed by her husband, she hastened to the door to meet the visitor. He was, however, not there. 'He is gone round to the back door,' said she; and thither they went; but neither was he there, nor had the servants seen anything of him. Dr. K—— said she must be mistaken; but she laughed at the idea; her brother had passed the window and looked in; he must have gone somewhere, and would doubtless be back directly. But he came not; and the intelligence shortly arrived from Aberdeen, that at that precise time, as nearly as they could compare circumstances, he had died quite suddenly at his own place of residence. I have heard this story from connections of the family, and also from an eminent professor of Glasgow, who told me that he had once asked Dr. K—— whether he believed in these appearances. 'I cannot choose but believe,' returned Dr. K——; and then he accounted for his conviction by narrating the above particulars.

"I have met with three instances," says Mrs Crowe, "of persons who are so much the subjects of this phenomenon, that they see the wraith of most persons that die belonging to them, and frequently of those who are merely acquaintance. They see the person as if he were alive; and unless they know him positively to be elsewhere, they have no suspicion but that it is himself, in the flesh, that is before them, till the sudden disappearance of the figure brings the conviction." We happen to know that one of these persons is an eminent man of science in Scotland. So familiar are his family with the circumstance, that one of them has been known to express apprehensions as to the early death of a distant friend, "because —— has seen him."

One curious circumstance in many such narratives, is the irrelativeness of many of them to a useful or dignified object. "Some few years ago, a Mrs. H——, residing in Limerick, had a servant whom she much esteemed, called Nelly Hanlon. Nelly was a very steady person, who seldom asked for a holiday, and consequently Mrs. H—— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favorably heard: but when Mr. H—— came home, and was informed of Nelly's proposed excursion, he said she could not be spared, as he had invited some people to dinner for that day, and he had nobody he could trust with the keys of the cellar except Nelly; adding, that it was not likely his business would allow him to get home time enough to bring up the wine himself.

"Unwilling, however, after having given her consent, to disappoint the girl, Mrs. H—— said that she would herself undertake the cellar department on the day in question; so, when the wished-for morning arrived, Nelly departed in great spirits, having faithfully promised to return that night, if possible, or, at the latest, the following morning.

"The day passed as usual, and nothing was thought about Nelly till the time arrived for fetching up the wine, when Mrs. H—— proceeded to the cellar stairs with the key, followed by a servant carrying a bottle-basket. She had, however, scarcely begun to descend, when she uttered a loud scream, and dropped down in a state of insensibility. She was carried up stairs and laid upon the bed, whilst, to the amazement of the other servants, the girl who had accompanied her said that they had seen Nelly Hanlon, dripping with water, standing at the bottom of the stairs. Mr. H—— being sent for, or coming home at the moment, this story was repeated to him, whereupon he reproved the woman for her folly; and proper restoratives being applied, Mrs. H—— at length began to revive. As she opened her eyes, she heaved a deep sigh, saying, 'Oh, Nelly Hanlon!' and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she corroborated what the girl had said—she had seen Nelly at the foot of the cellar stairs, dripping as if she had just come out of the water. Mr. H—— used his utmost efforts to persuade his wife out of what he looked upon to be an illusion; but in vain. 'Nelly,' said he, 'will come home by and by, and laugh at you;' whilst she, on the contrary, felt sure that Nelly was dead.

"The night came, and the morning came, but there was no Nelly. When two or three days had passed, inquiries were made; and it was ascertained that she had been seen at the fair, and had started to return home in the evening; but from that moment all traces of her were lost, till her body was ultimately found in the river. How she came by her death was never known." Here, it will be observed, there is an element of triviality. To appear at a cellar door seems below the dignity of a spiritual existence. Yet, it may be said, what is it inconsistent with, but only our sense of taste—that sense under which we select incidents for fiction? We are not necessarily to expect that there is any such law presiding over these phenomena. On the theory, moreover, of an earnest desire being concerned in the case, it was natural for Nelly, at the moment of danger or death, to think of the duty which she would have been performing if she had not that day left her home.

Nearly akin to wraiths are what the Germans call *döppel-gangers*, (double-goers,) or self-seers—that is, appearances of a second self, sometimes seen by the individual as if it were a reflection of his own person, and sometimes only by others, either in his presence or at a distance. Catherine of Russia saw a figure of herself sitting on her throne, and ordered her guards to fire at it. Dr. Kerner states the case of a Madame Dillenius, who was lying in bed when her sister saw her also walking about the room. No particular incident followed this event. "Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into an argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading and looking over its shoulder, he observed that the book open before it was a Bible, and that, with one of the fingers of the right hand, it pointed to the passage, 'Make ready thy house, for thou must die.' He returned to the company, and related what he had seen; and in spite of all their arguments to the contrary, remained fully persuaded that his death was at hand. He took leave of his friends, and expired on the following day at six o'clock in the evening."

Of such anecdotes there is a large store. "A Danish physician is said to have been frequently seen entering a patient's room, and on being spoken to, the figure would disappear with a sigh. This used to occur when he had made an appointment which he was prevented keeping, and was rendered uneasy by the failure. The hearing of it, however, occasioned him such an unpleasant sensation, that he requested his patients never to tell him when it happened." In such cases, a strong wish of the person seen to be at the spot at the moment seems to have a great concern in the phenomenon; but there are many cases in which no such wish was felt. A Berlin professor, walking home one evening, saw a duplicate of himself passing in the same direction on the other side of the street. Arriving at home by a short cut, he saw it at the door. It rang; the maid opened; it entered; she handed it a candle; and as the professor stood in amazement on the other side of the street, he saw the light passing the windows, as it wound its way up to his own chamber. He then went in, and proceeded to his own room, where, as he was about to enter, the ceiling fell with a loud crash. Here the case seems like an intervention.

So much for the present. We shall resume

the review of the work next week; till which time, moreover, we postpone any general remarks that may occur to us on the subject.

From Chambers' Journal.

SOCIAL OUTLAWRY.

In almost every ancient and modern state assuming to be civilized, there has sprung up a class of persons deprived of the usual privileges of citizens, and in a sense outlaws. The commission of crimes, or other violations of the law, has of course been in all ages a common cause of expulsion from society; but history and experience too surely demonstrate that misfortune of birth, as in the flagrant case of the Pariah tribes of India, has been a greatly more prevalent source of this monstrous evil. The truth seems to be, that a disposition to do even-handed justice to the whole of its denizens irrespectively, is about the last concession made by any state—such being the force of inveterate prejudice and interest which requires to be overcome. Curiously enough, this dislike of justice is not exclusively or most frequently manifested by nations of a monarchical or aristocratic character. It happens in this, as in some other cases, that the aristocratic in name is perhaps the least aristocratic or exclusive in practice, and that the form of injury and injustice we speak of is most strongly maintained by people who themselves have suffered under a similar oppression. Let us select a few of the more flagrant instances of social outlawry.

Switzerland is reputed to be the *freest* country in Europe. This is an error, arising most likely from the common notion that the country is a confederacy of republics, which wrested its freedom from surrounding despotisms. It is one thing to throw off a foreign yoke, and another to establish internal freedom. Switzerland, at the present day, with all its wonderful industry and spirit of liberality in matters of international trade, is, in point of fact, a cluster of little despotisms, the despots in each case being a majority of the population which oppresses the minority—oppression on the score of religion and of birth. Ignorance, and selfishness—which is only a manifestation of ignorance—are conjointly the cause of this discreditable state of affairs. Under the common name of Swiss, three great European races meet and nestle about the heart of the Alps—the French from the west, the German from the north and east, and the Italian from the south; and the want of communication, till of late years, has kept these races apart and ignorant of each other. Nowhere, also, is the distinction of religion more marked. Two thirds of the Swiss are Protestant, and the remaining one third Catholic; and the Protestant and Catholic cantons, as the recent civil war has shown, hate each other as the hostile clans in the Highlands hated each other two hundred years ago. Besides, though Switzerland, compared with most countries, is a land of mountains, the greater part of it is composed of plains amidst the stupendous Alps. Two hours' stiff climbing suffices to change from the neat-trimmed flower-garden and stuccoed cottage of the industrious artisan of Zurich, into the lofty hill-country of Schweitz, where the mountaineer leads a half-vagabond existence, tending his numerous goats among storms and mist, while his children run ragged and barefooted along the road, begging from travellers. Between people so variously situated there can be little sympathy.

A consequence of this national disintegration has been, that the rights of citizenship possessed in one canton have always been good for nothing in another. The citizen of Geneva, who was driven to settle in the Valais, was allowed toleration; but neither he nor his posterity could, by any length of residence, become denizens of their adopted country. A Roman Catholic at Lucerne, who turned Protestant, lost all his property, and was liable to banishment; a Protestant at Berne turning Roman Catholic, was punished in like manner. Several of the present cantons continued, up to the time of the French revolution, to be vassals to the larger ones. Thus the canton of Berne was sovereign lord of the present cantons of Vaud, Uri, and Tessin, which it crushed with taxation, without admitting its subjects to any political rights whatever. Thus, in process of time, it came to pass that all over Switzerland there grew up a distinct body of men, the descendants of individuals who had lost their civil rights in their respective cantons, either in consequence of change of religion, or of misdemeanors for which they were sentenced to banishment, or of illegal marriages, or lastly, as foreigners settled in Switzerland. The stigma thus cast upon the fathers descended upon the children to the last generation. They formed a separate class called Heimathlosen—literally, the homeless—people to whom the law allowed nothing—involuntary outlaws. They exist at the present moment in steadily-increasing numbers; and as injustice always reacts on itself, the parties so degraded form an organized body of mendicants, hucksters, pilferers, and often robbers, like the gypsies of other countries, but much more numerous, compact, and formidable to the society which has cast them out.

Some years ago, these Heimathlosen were become so troublesome, that their state was forced upon the attention of the Swiss diet, which instituted inquiries accordingly, the result of which is now before us. The report stated the Heimathlosen to amount to many thousands in number in all the central cantons, from the Lake of Geneva to the Grisons, beginning at the Hanenstein in canton Soleure on the west, and extending on the east beyond the Rhine into the Austrian principality of Lichtenstein. None of these thousands had any fixed trade, or were allowed by the law to possess a permanent house or lodging. When they ventured into the towns, they assumed, for the time, the characters of thread-twisters, match-sellers, bird-catchers, and menders of pots and kettles. Whenever they might, they lived by choice in the woods and mountains, supporting themselves by all

kinds of thievery. At night, they creep into caves, or sleep round a fire in the open air; and this through the depth of winter. Marriage is unknown among them; none of those examined could tell their own age, and very few knew who were their fathers and mothers. As soon as the children can walk, they are sent into the towns to beg and steal, and bring their plunder at night to the elder vagrants, who remain meantime encamped in the forests. They have still a voluntary government, and their leader at this time was a noted housebreaker named Krusikans, subsequently executed. Wherever and whenever discovered, they are liable to be imprisoned without cause assigned; and formerly, when the prisons were overcrowded, many were executed without even the formality of a trial. They are now, as soon as seized, escorted by troops to the boundaries of the canton, and thrust into the next, by which they are expelled in like manner, unless they can meantime escape. The report recommended various plans for absorbing this unwholesome population, which have been frequently since discussed; but nothing has been done, and the troubled state of the country renders any improvement now less likely than ever.

Vaud was a few years ago the scene of some enormities on the score of religion, and while we now write, intelligence has reached England that the council of state of that canton, which is Presbyterian, has enacted that all religious meetings of parties, not in connection with the authorized church, are illegal; public worship of all such bodies is accordingly put down by military force, and ministers are in danger of their lives. A more startling instance of the tyranny of a majority over a minority could scarcely be found in modern times.

Let us proceed to another example. The West Indian Islands, during the last century, were troubled with a race of outlaws, whose existence is a curious corollary upon the working of the slave system. In all times and lands, one inevitable consequence of a legalized slavery is the constant tendency among the slaves to escape out of the pale of the society through which they are slaves, and thereby, as it frequently proves, to get beyond all laws whatsoever, the good as well as the bad. The timid suffer; and the bold, if they cannot throw off the yoke, fly from it as far as may be; and thus by allowing freedom to none, the slave system generates a race of outlaws who subsist by war upon the body which has cast them out. It very rarely happens that a slaveholding country exists side by side with a free one, which may receive the refugee into its bosom, and under the guardianship of its institutions. Slavery, besides, in a productive point of view, is only worth keeping up in a thin population where labor is dear, both from the want of competition and the ease of acquiring land. Among populations like these, the superior land only is tilled; the mountains, marshes, and forests subsist as nature made them, offering a ready refuge and an impregnable fortress in which the fugitives may collect and grow apart.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, almost every West Indian island had its organized outlaws; hunters and robbers by turns, who, when game failed them, or prompted by revenge, stole into the cultivated flats, fired the canes, drove off the cattle, and often consummated their inroad with the massacre of the planter and his family. So dreadful a scourge were they, that the early West India records treat of nothing else. In the smaller islands, where the cover was less, they were hunted down and exterminated like so many wild beasts: in the larger, they lasted longer. In all alike they bore the same title of Maroons, which some derive from a native word signifying "wanderer," and others from "marrow," the Spanish name for the wild hog, on which they principally lived.

There is a very full and curious account of the Jamaica Maroons in the works of Dallas and Bryan Edwards—the one a soldier, and the other a civilian—who look at their subject very differently, yet agree in most of their details. The year 1733 was the end of a lengthy, troublesome warfare, stained with much bloodshed on both sides, in which the damage done by the Maroons was roughly reckoned at £240,000 sterling, besides a loss of from three to four thousand lives. For the next sixty years both parties lived at peace. A large tract was assigned to the Maroons, on which they hunted undisturbed, and where they built three small towns, or rather villages, the chief one called Trelawny Town. It would seem that a very few years of kindness, and attention to the introduction among them of humanizing habits, would have sufficed to absorb them peacefully among the free black population; but to take any trouble for a negro, never entered a planter's head in those days. The Maroons lived on hunting, as if in the middle of Africa—a kind of Pariahs, dreaded and neglected; and the planters lived on, heedless of the past and the coming peril, though Trelawny Town was only eighteen miles either way from the principal ports of Falmouth and Mondego Bay; and it needed but a three hours' march of the Maroons, as the event proved, to burn down half of the sugar plantations in the island.

The slave emancipation act would have effectually dissolved this strange society, by destroying the causes which led to its existence; but it was destined to come to a more speedy and violent end. In 1794, the negro insurrection broke out in St. Domingo, and produced a great effect among the blacks throughout the West Indies. In the following year the Maroons were in full revolt. The war which ensued lasted for a year and a half, and cost the island in direct expenditure more than half a million sterling; and all the plantations were burned to ashes. Cultivation was at a stand, the courts of justice were shut up, the whole male white population was drafted into the militia, and the island at large became one entire garrison.

We have no intention to go into the details of this miserable conflict. The Maroons were not six hundred in number; the regular infantry employed against them alone amounted to fifteen hundred, with eight thousand militia; but the nature of the country and warfare made this disparity of numbers of little effect. From the precarious life which these savages had led, their powers of sight and hearing were incredibly acute; with their bare feet and hands they could climb trees and cliffs like monkeys; and their aim was deadly: it was a common thing among them to strike a dollar with a bullet at one hundred yards. The whole country was a mass of forest and underwood, impassable except to the Maroons, who cut narrow paths through it known only to themselves, and would crawl for miles on hands and knees through the tracks made by the wild hogs, till, coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our sentries, while the marksman was unseen. Driven at length from their towns, they retreated to a range of narrow glens in the interior, walled in by cliffs two hundred feet high, in which they continued as safe as in a fortress, till the English, by cutting a road, were enabled to bring up their heavy guns, and throw shells with effect from the upper ground, when the Maroons escaped at night through the cordon of troops, broke into small parties, and carried fire and sword through the island.

At last the assembly, in the month of September, utterly despairing of success, resorted to an expedient which no extremity could justify; they determined to send to Cuba for bloodhounds. The employment, according to Edwards, to which these dogs are generally put by the Spaniards, is the pursuit of wild bullocks, which they slaughter for the hides; and the great use of the dogs is to drive the cattle from such heights and recesses in the mountainous parts of the country as are least accessible to the hunters. Much opposition was made to the plan, as cruel and dastardly, reviving the worst atrocities of the Spaniards, and disgraceful to the British troops; but at length, on the 14th of December, a commissioner landed at Montego Bay with forty chasseurs, or Spanish hunters, and about a hundred dogs.

When these new allies were landed, the wild and formidable appearance of the men and dogs spread terror through the place. The streets were cleared, the doors were shut, not a negro ventured to stir forth, as the muzzled dogs, ferociously making at every object, and dragging forward the chasseurs, who with heavy rattling chains hardly held them in, proceeded onwards.

Dallas, in his history, gives the following account of their first appearance before the commander-in-chief:—"Anxious to review the chasseurs, General Walpole left head-quarters, the morning after they were landed, before daybreak, and arrived in a postchaise at Seven Rivers, accompanied by Colonel Skinner, whom he appointed to conduct the intended attack. Notice of his coming having preceded him, a parade of the chasseurs was ordered, and they were taken to a distance from the house, in order to be advanced when the general alighted. The Spaniards soon appeared at the end of a gentle acclivity, drawn out in a line containing upwards of forty men, with their dogs in front, and muzzled, and held by cotton ropes. On receiving the command 'fire,' they discharged their guns, and advanced as upon a real attack. This was intended to ascertain what effect would be produced on the dogs if engaged under the fire of the Maroons. The volley was no sooner discharged, than the dogs rushed forward with the greatest fury, amid the shouts of the Spaniards, who were dragged on by them with irresistible fury. Some of the dogs, maddened by the shouts of attack, while held back by the ropes, seized on the stocks of the guns in the hands of their keepers, and tore pieces out of them. Their impetuosity was so great, that they were with difficulty stopped before they reached the general, who found it necessary to get expeditiously into the chaise from which he had alighted; and if the most strenuous exertions had not been made to stop them, they would most certainly have seized upon his horses."

This scene was well got up, and it had its effect. General Walpole was ordered to advance on the 14th of January following, with his Spanish dogs in the rear. Their fame, however, had reached the Maroons, and the general had penetrated but a short way into the woods, when a supplication for mercy was brought from the enemy, and 260 of them soon after surrendered, on no other condition than a promise of their lives. "It is pleasing to observe," adds Edwards, "that not a drop of blood was spilt after the dogs arrived in the island." Those who had actually borne arms were soon after transported to Halifax in North America, and ultimately to Sierra Leone, where it is believed their descendants are still to be found. A portion had sided throughout with the English. These have continued a separate people, employed by the authorities as local police, for which their perfect acquaintance with the woods, and capacity of endurance, completely fitted them; but partially civilized, and few in numbers, they differ in little from the rest of the free black population. In the British West Indies, the Maroons may be considered extinct.

France, which assumes to herself the leadership of European civilization, still upholds slavery in her colonies; but these are too few and scanty to have much effect upon the progress of the emancipation struggle. The largest of the French West Indian islands (Guadeloupe) consists, in fact, of two islands, respectively called Grandeterre and Guadeloupe, separated by a salt-water channel, some thirty yards broad. Grandeterre is flat, cultivated, and thickly peopled, almost clear of wood, and without cover. Guadeloupe is one mass of rugged volcanic mountains, rising steeply from the sea, and rent by subterranean fires. In the midst towers the Souffrière, or Sulphur Mountain, to a height of 5500 feet above the sea, which is constantly smoking. There are ravines and caves

enough to hide a dozen armies. The whole island is a maze of thickets, in which Columbus with his sailors were bewildered three centuries ago, and which remain in the same state at present.

Many years ago, a slave-ship from Africa, in attempting to beat up to Basseterre harbor, during the hurricane months, came ashore on this coast. The crew took to their boats, and the slaves found no difficulty in knocking off their fetters and hiding themselves in the mountains. Once there, they were safe. Other runaways joined them; the negroes deserted by wholesale; and the united body took the name of Kellars—it is not known from what. The planters, for whom a neighborhood like this was a continual peril, assembled in force to hunt them down, but did not even succeed in coming in sight of their light-footed foes. The same night the Kellars made a descent on the plain, and set fire to the sugar-canes. The wind was strong, and spread the flame, and nearly a half of the magnificent plantations were reduced to ashes. When daylight came the incendiaries were invisible. Pursuit was impossible, and it was resolved to treat. A treaty was made accordingly, which, with few exceptions, has been kept steadily to the present time. The Kellars were allowed the free possession of their mountains, and on their side pledged themselves to commit no further depredations. Matters remain on this footing at the present day. One half the island is populous, richly cultivated, and reflects across the Atlantic the civilization of France, while the other half is a howling wilderness, in which the persistence of a nation calling itself Christian, in a system forbidden alike by Christianity and common sense, perpetuates on a smaller scale the barbarism of interior Africa, which will here, as in Jamaica, assuredly one day work out its own retribution.

It would be easy to multiply instances of social outlawry, or at least deprivation of social privilege. The unhappy colored races throughout the greater part of the American continent offer the more flagrant examples; but others of lesser note haunt our own and other countries. In France, with all its revolutions and code-Napoleons, justice is denied to parties not naturalized; in other words, if one Englishman plunder another Englishman in France, the law admits of no redress. Some years ago, an Englishman who died in France bequeathed his property by will to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. The society claimed the money from the trustee, an Englishman in Paris. He resisted payment: the society brought the case into the French courts, and these finally determined that they could not interfere between foreigners! The trustee keeps the property, amounting to several thousand pounds! How different the law of Scotland! A Parisian tradesman sued Charles X. while at Edinburgh, before the Scottish supreme court, and the case was determined as if between two British subjects.

It appears to us that the privileges still claimed by royal burghs, and to the *freedom* of which they occasionally admit strangers, is a relic of the past, which it is time should be swept away. It amounts to this—that certain inhabitants, called burgesses or freemen, claim some kind of superiority of privilege over neighbors less fortunately situated. Think of an advocate of free trade being, by way of compliment to his principles, presented with the *freedom of a city!* If the presenters really love freedom, they ought long since to have denuded themselves of privileges partial in their operation, and which require to be bought or given away. The whole thing is an inconsistency. It is a lingering token of social outlawry.

From Chambers' Journal.

WALKS TO OFFICE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the noise, dirt, and discomforts of London, there are thousands of its population who prefer it to all other places. We have known some of these town-worshippers: when, after much deliberation, they visit a country friend, they are always miserable until they get back again. Charles Lamb, who

> —"Ranged the crowded streets
> With a keen eye,"

affords a memorable instance of love of urban life, amounting almost to a devout feeling. We have another example in Dr. Johnson; his attachment to London breaks out in many parts of his writings. In one place he says: "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." And Davy, speaking of the metropolis, observes: "It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought, and action. * * * There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety, that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science." To multitudes, however, London is a place to be inhabited only from necessity, which compels them to a weary and monotonous course of task-work. How many of those you meet during a walk to office are mere machines, who have outlived all desire to go and look upon a green field! Their holidays are spent in lounging at the corners of streets, or in the dingy parlors of out-of-the-way taverns. Stand for a few minutes on any one of the bridges, and watch the human tide as it goes by. You shall see objects of misery such as can be seen nowhere but in London. Not mere penury or destitution, but hopeless misery, that stamps a wolfish expression on the victim's features, and kindles a fiery madness in the eye. They move with the throng, but are not of it. Notice, too, how some men's trade tells upon their physical constitution; the one now approaching, with one shoulder higher than the other, head inclining a little to the right, the left

hand always carried in advance, while the right, with bent fingers, is held back—he is a filer in some engine factory. The next, in threadbare coat, with a slight stoop, curved legs, slouching gait, and right arm swinging in uneasy jerks—is a tailor; you cannot mistake him. Here is another with a dirty canvass apron twisted round his waist; he takes long, slow steps, and turns in his left foot—he is a cabinet-maker; and in the same way might we go on reading off each one's calling or character for a whole day. The peculiar expression, however, varies in different quarters of the town. "Let any one," says the Tatler, "even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollens, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears to lie hid in the race for two or three generations."

In the daily walks to office much may be seen of the petty trades of London—the under-current of its commercial activity. Things are turned to account here. In front of patten and clog makers' shops, stand small baskets filled with the little lumps of beech sawn off the ends of the sole pieces —"only a penny." A little further on, at a place half shop, half shed, a man and two or three boys are busy sawing and splitting firewood. One saws the blocks to the required length, a second splits them, and a third, with the aid of a small lever and a strong loop, ties them up into bundles with marvellous accuracy and celerity. This, though classed among petty trades, requires the employment of large capital. We have seen a wood yard, half an acre in extent, by the side of the Surrey Canal, completely filled, and piled to the height of thirty or forty feet with the "chunks" of pine brought from Canada, to be split up and sold four bundles a penny, to kindle fires in London. A few of the old cobblers' stalls, little dens, half in the cellar, and half in the street, are still to be seen. Pass when you will, their occupants are always busy; it does not appear, however, that any of them ever remove into a shop or more roomy premises. A parallel class of out-of-door workers, are the men who go from one butcher's shop to another to sharpen and set the saws. Half-a-dozen files, a hammer, and "saw-set," a wooden stand with screw-clamps, constitute their stock in trade. The stand is generally painted the professional blue; and the filers appear to be merry fellows, for they whistle blithely while at their work, generally performed at the edge of the pavement. Another form of petty trade is presented by butchers' and provision shops; the latter with pennyworths of bacon and scraps of cheese; and the former with fragments—cuttings and trimmings of mutton and beef—of most repulsive appearance. Yet nothing is lost; however indifferent he article offered for sale, there is always a purchaser for it. The New Cut, in Lambeth, the upper extremity of White Cross street, and Clare Market, offer a spectacle fraught with profound instruction about the animal food supplied to the humbler classes of London.

"Garret masters," as they are called, represent a considerable amount of petty trade. They are turners, carvers, cabinet and chair makers, and almost every other business that can be mentioned. How often, on a Monday or Tuesday morning, you meet the wife or boys of one of these small traders, with a plank and cane for chairs, or veneer for workboxes—material for another week's struggle! On Saturdays you will see the man with tea-caddies, a table, or half-a-dozen chairs upon his shoulder, panting along with hungry and anxious look to find a purchaser. Poor creatures! many of them are to be pitied; for very often the price they obtain does not exceed the cost of the materials on which they have expended six days' labor. Several of the large advertising houses derive their supplies of goods from these sources. Boys, looking keen and experienced as grown-up men, are seen both morning and evening delivering and vending newspapers—how they collect round the doors of newspaper offices on the announcement of a "second edition," waiting for news as jackals for carrion! A singular fact connected with these boys is, that they go "on 'Change." Turn up Catherine street any afternoon about four, and there, within hearing of the Strand, you will find them congregated, and with a perfect Babel of cries exchanging papers. "Times" for "Herald" —"Standard" for "Chronicle"—who wants "Globe?"—who wants "Daily News?" are calls kept up for the better part of an hour with vociferous iteration. Watch the group for a few minutes, and you will see that the newsboy is as great an adept in turning a penny as the stock-broker further east. Our present purpose is to describe only the more obvious of what presents itself to the eye in a walk to or from office; much more might be written, were we inquiring into the multiplied resources for gaining a livelihood to be found only in great cities. One more instance, and we must leave this part of our subject. Every day, "except Sundays and holidays," two rather grim-faced, weather-beaten men may be seen walking up and down under the portico of Somerset House. For years have they taken up their position in this place, from ten to four, and will probably continue to do so until incapacitated by age or infirmities. They look like man-of-war's men "in shore-going toggery;" and their business is to stop the sailors, great numbers of whom are continually calling at the admiralty office, within the quadrangle of the building, and advise them how to proceed in making their inquiries. With the proverbial generosity of seamen, the applicants, on leaving the office, hand over a fee to their two informants, or invite them to drink at a neighboring tavern It is only in such a place as London that it would be worth any one's while to come out in all weathers, with

clean polished shoes, and well-brushed though threadbare coat, to watch for the chances of a living from such an apparently uncertain source.

It sometimes happens that the routine of official duty is disturbed by some unexpected stroke of business; on such occasions, a brief interval is allowed for refreshment at a coffee-house—a half hour, in which some of the peculiarities of London life may be studied. How the disposition to avoid all unnecessary expenditure of words appears in the short, technical orders issued to the attendants! With some customers it borders on slang; "Coffee and a thin un!" or, "Dab o' grease and ball o'pipeclay!" may be heard from some remote corner; the speakers' requirements being a cup of coffee and a thin slice of bread and butter, or a pat of butter with an egg. You may observe, too, how the demand for bread serves as an index to the season. In cold weather, brown and cottage loaves are most in request; but in warm weather, nothing will go down but light French rolls and tea-cakes. London coffee-houses would be nearly all that could be wished, if their arrangements included ventilation, and real coffee for the fluid supplied to customers.

Should it happen to be a Saturday on which the unexpected detention occurs, the walk home late in the evening reveals many new features of life in the great city. The people who now crowd the streets are quite of a different class to those seen during the day; laborers, operatives, and artisans with their wives and children, are making their purchases for the week or the next day. This is the time to see the infinitesimal system of dealing carried out at butchers "and grocers," or any place where food is sold. Petty dealers, never seen at any other time, now station themselves at the entrance of alleys and corners of streets, offering skewers, meat-hooks, penny roasting-jacks, cabbage-nets; in short, a complete *batterie de cuisine*. They invite purchasers in most vociferous tones, and it is hard to say whether they or the beggars are the more importunate; the latter have to provide for a blank day on the morrow, and make most moving appeals to the charity of bystanders. Presently you come to a ready-made clothes warehouse, flaring and flashy, in front of which half-a-dozen musicians, engaged by the proprietor, have been blowing away most lustily ever since noon, and will keep on till midnight. This is a frequent mode of advertising in the transpontine regions, and is often adopted by enterprising bakers, when the usual "glass of gin," or "penny returned with every loaf purchased," fail to attract. So bewildering are the noise and confusion, that you feel a sensible relief as the walk homewards carries you into a quieter neighborhood.

It is pleasant to note the succession of flowers, from the crocuses and violets of early spring to the roses and carnations of summer, offered for sale in the streets. The taste for flowers has increased of late years; some persons you will see never walk to town without a flower in their button-hole during the fine season. From the markets, as centres, they are carried in hand-carts, barrows, or baskets, into every quarter of the town; even back streets and dismal alleys are visited by hawkers of flowers; and is it too much to expect that the sweet-scented things may have a humanizing influence? Another pleasure of the summer season, is the opportunity for varying the daily walk by a trip in one of the cheap steamboats. You make for the nearest bridge, walk on board, and for a halfpenny, are set down close to your place of business. These river omnibuses are admirable places for observation; here you may detect many peculiar characteristics of the Londoner. Rather than wait two minutes and a half for the next boat, they overcrowd the deck until the little vessel is top heavy, and stand wedged together, half suffocated, without the possibility of changing their position. They will land at all sorts of inconvenient wharfs, with imminent risk of life and limb, week after week, and month after month, or until it may please the proprietors to provide better accommodation. Extremes meet; and London is at once the fastest and slowest of cities. The man who cannot stay to answer your salute in the street, will live with exemplary patience close to some horrid nuisance for ten or twenty years. He wonders what people can possibly find to do with themselves in the country, and goes night after night to the same parlor, in the same tavern, to hear the same vapid talk that he already knows by heart.

You walk home leisurely on summer afternoons, resting a while to contemplate the animated view from the bridge you may choose to cross, or halting at some of the frequent book-stalls. All the world is thirsty; the benches in front of public-houses are crowded with porter drinkers, who imbibe the contents of pewter pots with infinite relish; and venders of ginger beer offer their cooling draught at every hundred yards. Frequent parties of strangers are now met on the shady side of the street, gazing with wondering delight on all they see. Among these some have evidently come to settle in London; you may see them cheapening furniture at the brokers' shops; perhaps a widow with two or three children, eking out a scanty income to the utmost. According to Johnson, whom we have before quoted, "there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London; more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than everywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place; you must make a uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen."

If the weather be at all rainy, the approaches to the bridges are beset by retailers of second-hand umbrellas; "Only one shilling each!"—"Save a shower for a shilling!" It is a better business than would at first sight appear; for, apart from those who can afford only a shilling for an umbrella, there is many a well-to-do citizen who would rather lay out that sum than get wet to the skin. Day after day, as your eye glances along the line of

clerks and men in office walking homewards, you are sure to see one carrying a blue bag. A blue bag is considered respectable; it has an official look about it; it suggests ideas of papers and parchments tied up with red tape. But appearances are often deceptive; if that young clerk there, who has not yet reached his first promotion, would show you the contents of his bag, you would see a leg of mutton, a bargain from Leadenhall or Newgate market. We have known oysters, ox-tails for soup, onions, crockery, to be carried home in a blue bag. The bag enables many to economize, who otherwise would be ashamed to do so.

But the days begin to draw in; by and by both sides of the street are shady; and those who look for sunshine as they walk home, see it only on the gilded weathercocks of church steeples, or slanting through the opening of some side street in long sickly-looking rays. And then, before you are aware of it, the return walk is all by lamplight; and the long suburban roads, with their lines of flame on either side, remind you, as you look down them, of the avenues described in the "Arabian Nights," brilliant with lights, but ending at last in a gloomy void. Butchers and grocers are decorating their shops again with holly, which reminds us that our Walks to Office have made the round of the seasons.

From Punch.

PUNCH has a picture of a fine tall man, with sleeves rolled up, bearing a very large roll, "The Charter." Little Lord John Russell stands at the bottom of the steps of the house, and says, very politely:—

"My mistress hopes you won't call a meeting of her creditors; but if you will leave your bill in the usual way, it shall be properly attended to."

THE "TREE OF LIBERTY."—We are glad to find there is at last some abatement of the melancholy folly of planting Trees of Liberty in Paris, with the accompanying mockery of forcing every one in the neighborhood to light up—whether he liked it or not—in celebration of the establishment of freedom. It is impossible to say how many poplars—for the "tree of liberty" is only a poplar after all—have been sacrificed to the triumph of pop'lar principles. Wherever one of these members of the leafy tribe is visible, it is liable to be dragged off root and branch to some open space, and stuck up in a hole, amidst the letting off of crackers, the firing of guns, and the shouts of "*Vive la République;*" or at least such was the case until a few days ago, when a proclamation against such mummeries was issued by the provisional government. If the official prohibition should fail of its intended effect, perhaps the following lines from us may be received in a proper spirit. They are suggested by the well-known song—

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Frenchman, spare that tree,
Its roots lie very low;
You 'd better let it be—
Elsewhere 't will never grow.

Though it may nobly thrive,
If tranquil it could stay,
'T will never keep alive
If rudely torn away.

If freedom, newly won,
You to that tree compare,
'T is, when all 's said and done,
A very poor affair.

Upon the soil beneath
It hath no hold at all;
Stirred by the slightest breath,
Its leaves, all withered, fall.

Vitality, to-day,
Within it there may be,
It perishes when moved away—
So, Frenchman, spare that tree.

THE GERMAN PIPE OF LIBERTY.—"Among other things," says the *Times*, "the Germans have conquered by revolution, is the right of smoking in the streets." Thus Liberty walks abroad in Germany not only uplifting her head and unfolding her banner, but also smoking her pipe. The Teutonic Goddess of Freedom should be represented in a student's cap, with a meerschaum in her mouth. Our imagination glows with an ideal picture of liberty behind a pipe. The natural consequence of being free as the wind is the potentiality of blowing a cloud. But as there is really much room for reform in Germany, we hope this is merely "the beginning of the end" of the popular movement in that country. We rejoice to see German freedom commencing in smoke, but shall be sorry to behold it terminate where it has begun.

AN ALLEGORICAL GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.—Lo, yonder Liberty, torch in hand, is kindling her glorious flare-up over the continent. See, Fraternity is cementing the hearts of Europe in one brotherhood. Behold, Equality, with extensive survey, is reducing the nations beneath her dumpy level. How spirit-stirring, how exciting is the view! But amid the scene of transport and enthusiasm, what form is that so lengthy of visage, so dejected and wo-begone of aspect? What being is it, so stationary amid the general commotion? Who is it, the dull, the flat, the heavy? Alas! it is Business, oppressed by Panic, paralyzed by Dismay, the offspring of Hubbub. It is Business at a stand-still, with his hands in his pockets, because he is afraid to employ them. It is Business pining for his absent mate, Quiet, scared by Confusion. Good people, the reign of Rumpus has lasted long enough; begin to listen to the voice of Order. Restore Quiet to the bosom of her beloved, and suffer Business to go about himself.

THE POLITICAL APHIS AND THE BOROUGH ROT.—(*By our own Smee.*)—Our tubers have scarcely recovered from the disease which destroyed the food of millions, when we find the same pestilent scourge attacking the roots of our political system. The Harwich and other election committees have proved that though the rot has departed from the potatoes, it is now devastating the boroughs. The cause of this national blight may be traced to the ravages of an insect, which may be called the *Aphis Senator*. This creature is furnished with *antennæ*, or feelers, which it extends in all directions where it is capable of exercising its corrupt influence. It has at its sides a kind of pouches or bags, which are the instruments of its noxious agency. A few of these *aphides* have been dislodged from their boroughs; but their number is inconsiderable in comparison with those that remain, infesting the tree of the

British constitution, and tainting the very cockles of the heart of the British oak.

Robbery by a Gentleman of Talent and Fortune.—The French dramatists are beginning to retaliate on the English translators. Scribe has had all his pieces borrowed—and never improved in the borrowing—for the English stage. He is now beginning to help himself to the British drama. His first loan has been *La Nuit de Noël*, the plot of which is taken from a piece performed some six years ago at Madame Vestris', called *St. Mark's Eve*. We are astonished at this—for we should have as soon suspected Rothschild of petty larceny as Scribe of translating; but we mentjon the fact to show that the thieving is not all on this side of the channel. One robbery certainly does not justify another; still, it is a comfort to think that, poor as our drama is, it cannot be so very reduced, since the first dramatist of France is not above picking a little piece out of it. We shall gain one benefit, however, by this system of international robbery; for English society will not be so absurdly caricatured on the French stage, if French authors will only take the representations of Englishmen instead of inventing their own. This may, in time, lead to the abolition of all the public sales of English wives at Smithfield, which have been carried on at the Ambigu, Gâité, and Porte St. Martin, lately, to the most barbarous extent.

The Aerial Mail.—We are informed that when Radetski occupied the gates of Milan, and thus commanded the town, the people within kept up a correspondence with the country without by means of little balloons conveying letters. This mode of epistolary communication is so analogous to the celebrated Long Range, that it might be described as a sort of Warner correspondence. We would put it to Mr. Rowland Hill whether the notion of an aërial mail-bag might not be adopted in this country. All that would be necessary would be to have the letter-bag attached by way of car to a balloon; a link of the connecting medium to be composed of a cartridge, which shall be exploded by a fusee calculated to burn according to the distance from a given point to a given post-office. On the explosion of the cartridge, the bag would drop plump down through the office skylight, just as certainly as the Warner shell through the gangway of a man-of-war.

Questions for Anybody who chooses to answer them.—How do the French now deal with their playing-cards? Do they still retain the kings and queens, or are they thrown out of the pack, according to the game now being played throughout Europe? What do they substitute for the kings and queens?—a greater proportion of knaves? or clubs? or what? At Paris, at all events, the clubs seem to win everything, and to make what game they please; but the game is one so completely of chance, that it would be the greatest gambling to speculate upon what would be the turn-up to-morrow. As far as the game has gone hitherto, honors do not count, excepting Lamartine, who is certainly a great card, and has proved himself in every instance a trump, though he has had to play against such shocking bad hands that any one else would have thrown them up.

A Philanthropist.—A gentleman who, we request to state, was a bachelor, has left the munificent sum of £3,000 for the invention of a shirt *without buttons!*

Something New at last.—We wager we have seen something which has never yet been seen by a pair of mortal eyes. We were eating a bun at the time, and involuntarily dropt it from surprise. This sacrifice was occasioned by a special constable appearing suddenly at the door. He was attired in the garb of a Quaker!

The Anti-English Movement in France.—The anti-English feeling in France has, we understand, extended to the canine species, among whom it seems more appropriate than when exhibited by human beings professing an attachment to the cause of liberty, equality, and fraternity. We have heard that several Parisian poodles have registered a (bow) wow to exterminate all the Boule-dogues—*Anglicè*, bull-dogs—found on French soil, and an influential British cur has been walking about the boulevards with a placard tied to his tail, complaining of the rights of hospitality having been cruelly cur-tailed. There would be no end to the modes of developing this narrow spirit in every country if it were to be carried out, and we might begin in England by hunting out all the Welsh rabbits from our shores, packing off to Belgium the whole of our Brussels sprouts, and exterminating, as a Jerusalem pony, every donkey we happened to come across.

We are glad, however, to see that this ill feeling towards anything British in France has at last gone to the dogs, where we trust it will remain.

Parisian Fashions for April.—Mob caps without crowns are much in fashion. Large bustles are also greatly in vogue, and threaten, if they increase, to block up the widest thoroughfares. There is not a Joinville tie to be seen anywhere.

The Wisdom of Parliament.—The *Times*, discoursing of what constitutes treason in England, and what does not constitute it in Ireland, says:—

"In England the *intention*, if evidenced merely by uttering or writing what directly tends to treason, is itself treasonable. The act of George III., under which treason is so construed, does not extend to Ireland."

Here is wisdom of parliament! This is as if it were unlawful to explode fire-works in any part of her majesty's dominions, except in such parts as should be in the neighborhood of a powder-mill.

How to invade England.—Come as an exile, and not an arm will be raised against you.

MAXIMS.

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.

Perhaps it does; but there are many who have no sooner gone to open the door, than they find the knock proceeded from a runaway.

He that will steal an egg will steal an ox.

Undoubtedly he will, if, after stealing an egg, he should find an ox under the yolk.

It is no small conquest to overcome yourself.

If this be true, you are never so triumphant as when you have regularly knocked yourself up.

Keep your tongue within your teeth.

This is not always advisable, for you may occasionally find yourself bitten by your own over-caution.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE STORY OF A FAMILY. BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT."

CHAPTER I.—EXILE AND SEPARATION.

In the hall of an old house, on a fair summer afternoon, stood two persons, a clergyman and a lawyer. The clergyman was in the late evening of life; his face was full of a venerable calmness, the forehead wide and smooth, with white hair flowing back from it like a natural glory; the eyes clear and tranquil, the lips steadfast, though benign. And yet he had seen nearly eighty summers! How unruffled must have been that past, whose still waters were not able during so long a space of time to efface the seal of childhood from his countenance! Not so; there had been storm and tempest, and an angry blast lashing the waves; but the voice had gone forth upon them, saying, "Peace! Be still!" and the second calm was deeper and more abiding than the first.

The lawyer was younger, but every year that he had lived seemed to have graven a furrow upon his face. He looked keen, thoughtful and wary; not cunning, nor by any means bad, but like one who had learned goodness, not by a loving worship of its beauty, but by a recoil from the known hideousness of evil. A modern fashion of education, this, not always perfectly successful. The child who is taught grammar by having a number of falsely-constructed sentences submitted to it for correction, becomes so habituated to the sight of what is wrong, that it is in danger of losing its ready apprehension of what is right. This is true of the intellect; may it not be true also of the conscience?

The house itself is worth a passing description. It was originally something between a castle and a cottage; in fact, one of those fortified granges of which there are still a few picturesque specimens left in England. The low-arched portal, with its oaken door, strengthened and decorated by iron tracery; the corner turret with its long, square-headed loop-holes; the broad, massy buttress, jutting far out into the water of the moat, and lifting its chimneyed top through the line of battlemented wall, all spoke of danger expected, and defence prepared. But the stationary drawbridge, with its supports encrusted by soft green moss, and its broken chain hanging down to sustain a white creeper rose; the yellow lilies set like a coronal on the brow of the sleepy water, the falling tresses of ivy, clothing the brown wall and smoothing away the sharpness of outline at the angles, the opened windows, the quiet procession of obedient kine coming down the far slope after their serpentine and irregular fashion, as the milking-time drew near, all seemed to indicate that the danger was imaginary, and the defence a show. And so the very peacefulness of the place was melancholy; it looked like the sepulchre of a dead idea—a fragment of the past preserved in æsthetic syrup for the antiquarian epicure. Such, in truth, it was; a covered bridge connected this portion of the building, now used only for offices and bed-rooms, with the modern mansion which, sublime in colossal neatness, stared at it from the opposite side of the moat very much as an aristocratic dandy might survey through his eye-glass some noble of Nature's making, who lacked the alloy of fashion and the stamp of birth to make his pure gold into current money of the realm. The drawing-room windows opened on a wide terrace, from the outer edge of which a parterre, abundant in flowers, sloped gently downwards, till it met the undulating expanse of park which stretched far away as the eye could reach, somewhat deficient in timber, but admitting many a peep of the blue distance between its turfy eminences, and one shadowy glimpse of quiet sea, cradled amongst clouds and hills, and glistening in the sunlight.

There was, of course, a story belonging to the place; in fact, there was a dungeon still in existence, a haunted chamber, a tapestried wall, and a trap-door; so that it was as complete an epitome of the past as any melo-drama that ever was written. Only the eastern window of the beautiful little chapel, rich with the thousand colors which the sun kindled upon it as he sank, looking like an inlet of the eternal splendors through the veil of this earthly and mortal, told of an element in the past, which melo-dramatic epitomes are rather apt to overlook. In this one particular there seems a strange affinity between history (at least, popular histories) and the melo-drama. Evelyn Manor—for this was its name—with the fair lands annexed to it, had belonged time out of time to the Lees of Evelyn. The family claimed a Saxon origin, and boasted that the blood of Alfred still ran in their veins. The ancestral castle had been levelled to the ground during the wars of York and Lancaster. The grange itself dated from the days of Henry the Seventh. Some hundred and fifty years ago, the representative of the family had been infected with a building mania, which he gratified by expending a few thousands more than he possessed in erecting and duly fitting up the stuccoed palace which we have already described. His son and heir, succeeding to an impoverished estate and an extravagant disposition, married a penniless beauty, who disputed the palm with Mary Lepel, and the too famous Chadleigh, while her husband sought to mend his fortunes at the gaming-table. Poorer and poorer grew the Lees of Evelyn. Grove after grove was cut down in the once umbrageous park, acre after acre parted with; the place and the name seemed dying out like an unfed taper. Very sorrowful was the heart of Bernard Lee, more honest, though not, alas! more economical than his predecessors, when, exactly twenty-seven years before the date of the present story, he came to the resolution of selling the Manor, with the scanty remnant of unalienated land which still belonged to it. He had a sickly wife, seven children, and debts that it would have required treble his annual income to pay by instalments in more years than his creditors were disposed to wait; so perhaps after all the merit of his honesty is somewhat questionable. There was

nothing else left for him to do; so he made a virtue of necessity, and did it with a good grace. The younger children ran merrily through the desolate rooms, and wished good-by to every favorite spot in the garden, and wondered what their new home would be like, but wondered still more at the quiet tears which were stealing down their mother's pale cheeks, and the knitted brow and compressed lip of their father, usually so prompt to sympathize in their pleasures. Happy childhood—secure of sympathy, eager for consolation, ready to forget; how great a mystery is the silence of grief to thee! But the eldest boy looked steadily at the familiar walls, and at the gay flower-bed from which his little brother was carefully uprooting some special treasure to decorate their new abode, and said cheerfully—

"Don't cry, mamma; I mean to earn a great deal of money, and I shall be very saving, and buy it all back again, and then I shall let you and papa come and live with me."

"Won't you *give* it to mamma for her own, when it is yours, Alic?" inquired the bright-haired gardener, looking up from his employment.

"No, indeed," replied Alic without a moment's hesitation. "If I earn it I shall have a right to it for *my* own, and I shall be master, and papa and mamma will be my visitors. I shall like very much to have you all for my visitors, only I shan't let you dig up the flowers out of my garden then, little Percy."

"But I shall dig them up if mamma lets me," returned the undaunted little Percy, "and I know it must always be mamma's own garden, whether you buy it or not. I *know* it must," reiterated he with double emphasis; "we all belong to mamma, and the king couldn't buy us away from her if he wanted us ever so much."

"That is only because we are children," said Alic with dignity; "when we grow up we shall belong to ourselves."

The sentiment passed unnoticed; it was fast maturing into a principle.

"Shall we?" questioned little Percy, "then I shall give myself to mamma!" And he left his flowers to run by her side and cover her hand with kisses.

"Oh, must we go away?" sobbed Eleanor, the eldest girl, as she hid her face on her father's arm. "Oh, Percy dear, don't take up the gentianellas, they will never grow anywhere but here. We shall never be *at home* again."

"My darling," said the mother, checking her grief for the first time, "we carry our home with us, you know. As long as we are all together we are at home anywhere."

And they passed where the white spire of the village church stood out against the clear blue sky like a pyramid of ivory, and the cross on its summit glistened in the sunlight, and seemed to pierce the heavens with its sharp point; but no one spoke of a home there. Yes—as they traversed the churchyard, Bernard Lee looked down upon the quiet graves, and wished himself asleep in one of them—that was the only home he thought of.

The property was bought by a wealthy American merchant, whose name was Clayton. He sedulously restored and preserved the ancient part of the dwelling house, and seemed to make it his object to reünite the scattered domains of the exiled family. He was an oddity—a humorist, and this appeared to be one of his fancies. Somewhat parsimonious in general, he became liberal almost to extravagance when the purchase of the merest corner of the alienated lands was in question; and within ten years of his first coming into possession, the Evelyn estates were again united under a single head, and the goodly park was extended to its former limits, though not even the omnipotence of money could restore the guardian shadow of its venerable trees. When this great object was achieved, Mr. Clayton, who had hitherto lived in the most inexorable seclusion, astonished the neighborhood by giving a dinner party; no less than thirty guests did he assemble in his spacious hall, culled from the principal families around, all curious to see with their own eyes the renovated splendors of Evelyn Manor, and judge for themselves of the singularities of its master. He received them courteously, with an urbane stateliness which suited better with his present station than with his supposed origin. Lord Pinkney noticed to the honorable Mr. Delany that "the elaborateness of his affability betrayed the tradesman—he was as deferential as if he were speaking to a customer." And Lady Pinkney whispered to her friend Miss Wynyard, "that she should have known him for an American anywhere by his face, even before he spoke, though of course his voice told it directly." All looked somewhat wistfully at the portrait of the founder of the Lee family, which hung above Mr. Clayton's chair at the dinner table; scrutinized the aristocratic features, and expression of high breeding, and sighed over the contrast in the living face below.

In the centre of the table stood a magnificent cup of beaten silver; it was a "peg tankard," choice in the eye of the antiquary, the interior being decorated with a series of silver nails or pegs at regular distances, marking the depth to which each successive person was required to drink when it was passed round the board in the old-fashioned manner. The cover bore the royal arms, and the feet were in the form of lions. Mr. Delany, who was somewhat curious in such matters, detained it a moment to examine the richness of the carving; the hollows on the interior surface bore witness to the elaborate workmanship by which the external groups were produced.

"How old do you reckon this to be?" inquired he, addressing his host. "I have one which bears date 1702—but I should think yours is older."

"By more than fifty years," returned Mr. Clayton. "It was presented to an ancestor of mine by Charles the First."

A slight but instantly repressed expression of amusement and wonder was visible on all the faces

round the table, and Lady Pinkney, who had a pretty smile and a sweet voice, and was in the habit of saying the rudest conceivable things to gentlemen, in the full persuasion that she had the gift of graceful badinage, and that they liked to be put out of countenance by her, inquired immediately—

"Given to an ancestor of yours! Dear me, how interesting! What *was* his name, and why did the king give it to him?"

"I believe it was only a matter of personal friendship—not earned by any particular service," said Mr. Clayton. "His name was Alfred."

"Yes, but his *sirname*," persevered the lady.

"His sirname? Oh, Lee, of course—Alfred Lee. You know, we boast our descent from the great Saxon, and preserve his name carefully among us. My own first name is Alfred."

This speech was followed by total silence; politeness prevented any demonstration of astonishment, but it was strained to its utmost in so doing, and could attempt no more. Mr. Clayton surveyed his guests with a somewhat humorous glance, and then said, addressing himself more especially to Lady Pinkney,

"You are inclined to quiz me a little for my pride of birth, are you not? Well, I frankly confess to the weakness, if such it be. I am prouder of my name than of anything else that belongs to me."

"As proud of your name as young Lord Moreton is of his new moustaches," replied she, shaking her curls, and looking him archly in the face. "By the bye, how pretty they are! they look just as if they were real."

"Like the tinsel which sometimes passes, in society, for the gold of wit," was the rejoinder. After a moment's pause, Mr. Clayton continued, turning to the rest of the company: "It has been the work of many years to reünite the scattered possessions of my family into one whole. You wonder what I mean, and according to the charity of your respective dispositions you are mentally pronouncing me a madman, an imposter—or *perhaps* a man speaking a new and puzzling truth. The father of that Bernard Lee who left Evelyn Manor ten years ago was my brother."

And the old humorist threw himself back in his chair, and softly rubbing his hands together, enjoyed to the uttermost the discomfiture of his fair antagonist and the amazement of the audience in general.

His story was, briefly, as follows:—When he was one-and-twenty years old, observing with a shrewd and resolute eye the embarrassed state and miserable prospects of his father, and judging that they were not likely to be improved by his elder brother, who had duly inherited the family taste for expenditure, he announced his determination to accept a place offered him in the counting-house of a merchant, whose son was his intimate friend at college. The dismay with which this declaration was received can scarcely be imagined. His mother wept and pleaded; his father swore to disinherit him and never to see him more if he took such a step; and the son and heir, *a petit-maître* of the old school, professed that "if it were not for the unfortunate connection between them, he should undoubtedly have demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman for such an insult to the honor of the family." Nothing daunted by these threats, and (outwardly at least) nothing moved by those entreaties, young Lee left his paternal roof, and from that moment his name was interdicted in the shadow of his home and the presence of his nearest kindred, and, save perhaps in some hidden nook of the mother's heart, the very memory of his childhood was turned into bitterness. Gradually his existence seemed to be forgotten; and when the fading cheek and wasting form of poor Mrs. Lee were noticed, it was not uncommonly said that she had never recovered the death of her younger son, a regular *mauvais sujet*, who ran away to America, and died shortly after his arrival there. Report added, that her last illness was occasioned by the shock of receiving some terrible information concerning his misconduct; and the nurse who attended her avouched that in the ravings of delirium—for it was of brain fever that she died—she frequently repeated his forbidden name, and murmured strange, sad words about some letter, which, with the most touching expression of entreaty, she implored her husband to give her.

Like most popular rumors, this had a slight though imperfect foundation of truth. Five years after Alfred Lee's departure, a letter bearing his handwriting on the address, and with the postmark "Quebec," was placed in his father's hands at the breakfast table. The poor mother, who had been so long enduring the torture of a silent but ceaseless suspense, but who had not dared to break the seal of this, the first communication which her son had ventured to make to his family, trembled as she gave it to her husband. Mr. Lee's face flushed crimson as he looked at it, and without a word, he flung it unopened into the fire. Before night his wife lay on that bed from which she never arose, and such was the blindness of his habitual pride and despotism, that it never once occurred to him that he had killed her—as surely as if he had plunged a knife into her heart, and far more cruelly.

But who would not envy that quiet sleep of hers, when the worn and anxious face assumed in a moment the tranquillity of infancy, and the head that once ached so wearily lay still and cold upon the pillow, and the palms were softly folded together upon a bosom that throbbed no longer beneath the burning torch of grief? What a transfiguration—what a visible putting on of immortality is the first hour of death! Perhaps the first dream that visited her sleep revealed to her all that her troubled spirit had so pined to know; perhaps that instant, wherein time passed into eternity, united her at once to the child from whom she had been so long parted; perhaps that first true silence was more eloquent to her than the speech of a lifetime! Oh,

in how strange an allegory does our language wrap truth! Life is the sleep—death the true awakening!

In the mean time young Alfred Lee had continued steadily to persevere in the course which he had chosen. If he had a heart, it was a very orderly, decorous, well-behaved heart, and never gave him nor anybody else the least trouble. His object was to make a fortune, and of this he never lost sight for a moment. The pride of family developed itself in him after a somewhat singular fashion; he resolved never to assume the name of his ancestors till he had attained wealth enough to reünite their scattered domains. He never for a moment doubted that he should so attain; and by the strength of an unflagging and invincible will, his faith became a fact. If the passing away of those who might have shared his wealth and restored honors was in any manner grievous to him, he never showed that it was so. He returned to England when, after a career of successful industry whose uninteresting details we shall not record, he had achieved the means of greatness, and then waited patiently till the fortunes of the Lee family had reached their lowest point of depression, and the moment for action had arrived. Little was known of his personal demeanor towards the exiled Bernard Lee, beyond the fact that he had placed in the hands of trustees a sum of money which was to be divided in equal portions among the children, with the restriction that as each boy arrived at the age of seventeen, his share was to be expended in establishing him in life, while each girl was to receive hers as a dowry. The total was by no means enormous, and the Lees had still much ado to maintain the appearance of gentility, and carry on the necessary expenses of education. The master of Evelyn Manor held no communication with them as a kinsman. Disgusted with the incurable extravagance which seemed to be the inalienable birthright of his race, he resolved to separate himself entirely from them, doing for them just so much as the narrowest and most worldly view of duty demanded of him, and no more. He would not entangle his feelings in the affairs of persons whom it was folly to befriend. The exceeding care which some people take to protect their feelings from any possible injury is the more noticeable, because it commonly occurs in cases where the feelings might have been safely left to take care of themselves. The work of a Fra Angelico may well be covered and shielded, lest the mere breath of heaven should sully its marvellous purity; but would you bestow the same cautious tendance upon a sign-painting? There is one reason, however—so long as these said feelings are kept strictly under lock and key, the world may imagine them as luxuriant as it pleases, for it cannot see the smallness and coldness of the reality; which is an advantage both to their possessor and to the world.

And now this prosperous man was dead, and not a single tear was shed for him, save the few drops which oozed slowly from the eyes of his old housekeeper, as she heard the clock strike nine, and no bell summoned her to carry the chocolate to her master's chamber. Twenty years will invest the commonest habit with a sanctity and pathos which reason may strive to combat in vain. "Never again," is not a word which can be uttered calmly, though the practice thus inexorably forbidden be nothing greater than the carrying of chocolate; all through life it is a knell tolling the present into past—never again to see that familiar face, or hear that accustomed voice; never again to do the trifling service, to offer the poor consolation, to forgive the little wrong—never again! Yet is there *one* moment when it breaks into a strain of reverent jubilee, the first note of the chorus which shall be completed in Paradise. That moment is the moment of death to him who has striven to live well. Never again to grieve, to struggle, to be tempted, to sin, to repent in bitterness of heart; never again to lean on breaking reeds and trust to vanishing shadows, and give the whole soul for words which cease and die away into vacancy. Never again!

We will not undraw the curtains of the deathbed and inquire in what aspect this thought presented itself to him who lay thereon. His life had been without love—how should his death be without fear? The only hold which he had on the hearts of those among whom he had lived, was a miserable negative. He had *not* been unkind, that was all that his best friends could say for him. Every deed of active charity is a seed sown, whose blossoming shall not be on the earth—a round added, as it were, to the ladder whereon the spirit may mount heavenwards. It is foolishness, indeed, to leave the ladder unbuilt, in the hope that death will bring you a pair of wings as a substitute for it.

The face of the good clergyman was somewhat sorrowful; perhaps he was musing on some such theme as this. It was the day after the funeral, and he had been invited by Mr. Coniston, the solicitor and intimate acquaintance of the deceased, to assist him in receiving the members of the Lee family, who were expected to assemble, in preparation for the reading of the will, which, by the express wish of the deceased, was to take place on the morrow. Mr. Clayton Lee left a written paper to the effect, that all the survivors of Bernard Lee's family should meet at Evelyn Manor on this day, and that on the day following, Mr. Coniston should read his will in the presence of them all. The funeral he had desired to be quite private and unattended, save by the clergyman and the lawyer. Several of the Lees were married, and he had added a special desire that the children should accompany their parents; the necessary letters had been despatched, and they were now hourly expected. Not one of them had seen the gates of Evelyn Manor since the day when they passed through them to go forth to exile and poverty. Bernard Lee and his gentle wife were both dead, and the children had grown up, and been scattered about the world in all directions, with various for-

tunes and various characters. Mr. Becket, the vicar, had known them all, and it was strange to him to recall the light-hearted little ones, and wonder how far they were changed, and how each one of them would feel on returning to his old home. He paced the hall for some time in silence, and at last came to the side of Mr. Coniston, who was curiously examining a family picture over the mantelpiece, and who turned to question him as he approached.

CHAPTER II.—ARRIVALS.

"The late Mr. Bernard Lee's seven children, I believe," said the lawyer interrogatively. "An interesting *groupe*—classical, very. Refreshing, this glimpse of modern art after the antique horrors against the walls yonder. To be sure our forefathers were a little behindhand."

"In the art of portrait-painting? Yes, I think they were," returned Mr. Becket, absently.

Mr. Coniston was a man of progress, and his one ruling passion was to divest himself of all outwards signs or symptoms of his profession. To him it would have seemed the highest possible compliment to be mistaken for anything but what he was. The unrealities which arose out of this little monomania (which, by the bye, is far from being uncommon) disfigured a character otherwise unimpeachably respectable; he affected a taste for art of which he knew nothing, and assumed a critical tone on literary subjects with which he was only acquainted through the medium of an occasional review.

"Good likenesses, evidently," pursued he, still contemplating the picture. "Nothing ideal about these heads—a phrenologist might sketch a character from any one of them. What a benevolent countenance that eldest boy has!—you remember him, of course?"

"Alexander? yes, I remember him," replied Mr. Becket. "An excellent likeness, and nothing ideal about the head, as you say. He was a clever boy, the cleverest of the family; he was senior wrangler, and afterwards distinguished himself at the bar. I have seen nothing of him since his childhood. That fair, gentle face beside him, is poor little Ellenor; she was the image of her mother, most lovely and graceful. She married, and went out to India, and has now returned a widow, with two sons. She was the brightest, gayest, most buoyant creature I ever beheld—in that respect very different from her mother; but I dare say she is like her now."

He stopped and sighed. There came upon him like a dream the memory of a scene which he had once witnessed on board a steamer that was about to start for Malta. He saw how the mother and daughter clung to each other, as though the clasp of those weak arms could have stayed the giant wheel of circumstance, till it was necessary to separate them by force. He saw how the young bride dropped her face upon the breast of him who extricated her from her mother's embrace, murmuring as she did so, "But I have *you* still—I can bear anything with *you*." And then he remembered how soon that young bride was left a widow—how sorrowfully she returned to her mother's grave. But not one word of all this did he *say*, the whole history was comprised in that meagre sentence, "She is a widow with two sons." Conversation often reminds me of a churchyard; ever and anon a cold stone, graven with a few cold phrases, marks the place of a corpse, and chronicles the mystery of a life.

Mr. Coniston continued his lucubrations. "That upturned profile to the left is very nicely touched—the shadow melts into the light so that you can't define the boundary of either. Very much the same features as the eldest girl, but a finer expression. More soul here, I should say—nearly half as much soul again—eh? am I right?"

"That is Melissa," said Mr. Becket, so following the train of his own reminiscences, that he scarcely grasped the full meaning of his companion's comments, and listened to them only as a kind of permission to go on soliloquizing aloud. "I wonder how she grew up; a dull child she was, slow both in learning and in conversation, and rather fretful tempered, poor little thing! She is single still. And so is that chubby-cheeked fellow there in the corner, who is holding up the cherry before his little sister's eyes—jovial Johnny, as his brothers used to call him; he was the best-tempered child I ever knew. That little sister did not live to grow up—and the baby, too, died in infancy. There are only five of them now."

"But you have passed over the finest head in the picture," suggested Mr. Coniston; "that dark-eyed boy in the centre; his face is perfectly Italian, so full of life, fire, and archness. It reminds me of the poet—eh—ah—hem—you recollect?"

Mr. Coniston was very frequently reminded of the poet, but as he invariably broke down before he arrived at the quotation, and finished off by a short series of inarticulate ejaculations, his friends were quite at a loss to discover who this pertinacious and obtrusive minstrel was who seemed to stick to him so closely, and to thrust himself upon his recollection so frequently, without affording any distinct or satisfactory information concerning his name or other qualifications.

A cloud settled upon Mr. Becket's face, and his features contracted as if with pain. "Ah, little Percy!" sighed he, shaking his head; "most lovable of human beings—generous, tender-hearted, high-spirited boy! His poor mother! she would have kissed the very dust beneath his feet."

"Did he die also?" asked the man of the world, who could conceive no deeper cause of grief for a beloved one, than his death. "I thought letters were sent to five."

"No," was the answer, with a sudden change of tone and manner. "He will be here, I suppose, among the rest. He was in India, too, but not in the same presidency as his sister. Your letter must have met him on his return; he was bringing his little child home, I heard, and they

came by the mail which has only just arrived; he has but one child, and I know not whether it is a boy or a girl—his wife died in giving birth to it."

And Mr. Becket sank into deep thought. Presently, rousing himself, he said, "There is a portrait of Mrs. Lee in the library. Shall we go and look at it?"

They adjourned to the room in question, and Mr. Coniston had full leisure to indulge in the raptures of connoisseurship, for his companion did not utter a word. The face of the picture was very beautiful, with dark pathetic eyes that seemed glistening with unshed tears, transparent cheeks, and lips soft but pensive; gentle was it, matronly and tender, yet, if the epithet be intelligible, intensely human in its expression, like one whom sorrow would rather crush than sanctify. They were still engaged in contemplating it when the servant announced, "Mr. Lee and Mrs. Aytoun."

They entered—a tall, fine-looking man, scarcely forty years old, accompanied by a lady some two years younger; she wore widow's weeds, and perhaps the regularity of her beauty was rendered all the more conspicuous by the plainness of her dress. She seemed struggling with some emotion, for she trembled, changed color, and rather clung to than leaned upon her brother's arm; at last perceiving Mr. Becket, she held out both her hands to him, essayed to speak, and burst into tears. Mr. Lee resigned her to his charge, with a kind of compound smile, betokening the perfection of sympathy and of self-command, and then turned to pay his compliments to Mr. Coniston, which he did very courteously, but with the air of giving rather than of receiving a welcome.

"I am very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Coniston," said he; "I believe my late relative was much indebted to your kindness during the last years of his life. I shall always be glad to see you at Evelyn."

The lawyer bowed with a slight, scarcely perceptible, expression of irony, and they moved together to the window, in order to allow Mrs. Aytoun time to recover herself.

"My sister is naturally a good deal overcome," pursued Mr. Lee, lowering his voice. "It is seven-and-twenty years since we were here; the place is altered very much for the better—it is something like what it used to be in days very long gone by. My relative must have expended vast sums upon it—how much now, allowing for the reduction of principal, do you take his annual income to have been at the time of his death?"

"He made no secret of it," replied Mr. Coniston; "it was about twelve thousand."

"Clear?" inquired Mr. Lee.

"Clear!" responded the lawyer.

"I am a good deal overcome n.yself," resumed Mr. Lee, reverting to the state of his feelings, "but I never give way. In these cases, you know, one makes a great effort, and suffers for it afterwards. A little small talk on indifferent topics is the best method of acquiring self-control;" he looked from the window again. "Does the whole of this land," said he, sighing, and speaking with very *evident* effort, "belong to the Evelyn property?"

"The whole of it," answered the agreeable Mr. Coniston.

"Ah, here are the boys—I see them coming up the walk. I am glad they are come to divert our minds from these painful recollections. Ellenor, here are the boys, and they have caught their uncle John somewhere on the road, and are bringing him with them."

As he spoke, a stout, ruddy, good-humored looking gentleman was seen to ascend the slope in front of the terrace at a kind of agonized trot, being vehemently impelled from behind by two breathless, laughing boys of nine and ten years old. They did not set him free till they had hurried him as far as the portico, and deposited him with considerable force against the hall door. Here they were joined by a youth of eleven, of somewhat more staid appearance, who seemed endeavoring to keep the peace; an altercation ensued, the subject of which was not audible, but which was cut short by the youngest of the party breaking away from the rest, running with the activity of a greyhound to the terrace, and making one bound through the library window, which brought his feet sharply in contact with the shins of Mr. Coniston, who was standing there, quite unprepared for so sudden an intrusion. He drew back, more hurt than he liked to acknowledge, and brought the confusion to its climax by the overturn of a stand which supported a glass bowl filled with gold and silver fish; the vessel was shattered to pieces, the water streamed over the carpet, and the amazed fish flapped and struggled upon the floor.

"You little rascal, you deserve to be horsewhipped," said Mr. Lee, who, not having in any manner suffered himself, was disposed to be more amused than angry at this ebullition of his nephew's youthful spirits. Mr. Coniston looked as if it would have afforded him intense gratification to administer the chastisement in person; but the culprit escaped them both, and springing up to his mother with a shout of undiminished glee, exclaimed in the tone of one who offers an unanswered defence for his conduct,

"Uncle John told me not to do it, mamma, so I was determined I would!"

"But, my dearest Godfrey, that is not good," replied the gentle mother, drawing him towards Mr. Becket, and parting the thick curls which hung over his beautiful boyish face, with a most eloquent gesture of love and admiration. "You ought to do as you are told, you know; you must always mind when you are spoken to, or else you will be a naughty boy. See, now, you have broken the vase, and scattered all the pretty fish about—and they are so unhappy because they have no water to play in. That is cruel—and I am sure you don't mean to be cruel."

"Oh, the fish, the fish!" cried Godfrey, jumping about in an ecstasy. "I did n't see them; what fun they are! I am sure they are very

happy, they flap their tails so. O look, mamma, do look—look at that little darling in the corner; it has quite a side-face—I did n't know fish had side-faces—what an odd mouth it has! It is smiling—I 'm sure it is—and it is so like uncle Alexander; just look at its mouth, and the whites of its eyes—now, uncle Alexander, is n't it like you?"

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mr. Lee; "you ought to be very sorry for the mischief you have done, instead of standing there talking such absurd nonsense."

"But I did n't do the mischief," retorted the undaunted Godfrey; "it was that strange gentleman there, who threw it down, because he was so cowardly he could n't stand a kick on the shins! As if a man ought to mind being kicked! Oh, I must pick up those fish—ha, ha, ha! how wet they are and slippery! Do let me put one on your neck, mamma! just stoop down, now, will you, for a moment! It will make you jump so—it is so wet and nice, and it does n't keep still for an instant: mamma, you *must* let me."

Whether Mrs. Aytoun would have yielded the point or not cannot now be ascertained, for the entrance of Uncle John, accompanied by the other boys, turned the current of Master Godfrey's thoughts for the moment; and he allowed the servant to dry the carpet, collect the broken glass, and carry off the insulted fish without further disturbance. His tranquillity was perhaps partly the result of Uncle John's first words: "Come, come, you rogue," said he, "you must be quiet now. Aunt Melissa is coming, and what will *she* say to you?" He then advanced to Mr. Becket, who was contemplating the scene in silence, but with rather a grave eye, and saluted him very cordially, telling him in a loud whisper that his sister Melissa was at the door, and he was anxious that she should not be in any way startled or hurried, for her nerves were very delicate, and she was feeling immensely at coming back to the old place.

"She is thinking so much of my mother, you know," he added, with a half laugh and a quivering lip.

A sob from Mrs. Aytoun reminded him of her presence, and his countenance fell instantly as he became conscious of the inadvertence of which he had been guilty.

"Why, my dearest Ellenor, I did n't know *you* were here," cried he, kissing her. "And here is Frederick, whom you have not introduced to Mr. Becket yet. Come here, Master Fred., and take care of your mother; you know you ought to be very attentive to her, for she has nobody but you to depend upon. Crying again! tut, tut, tut!" (making a clicking noise with his tongue, expressive of intense vexation with himself,) "how badly I *do* manage to be sure!"

Frederick, a graceful, fair-haired boy, with an open brow and a countenance full of intellect and sweetness, came to his mother's side, and with instinctive delicacy addressed Mr. Becket, so as to give her time to recover from her agitation. Godfrey clasped her hand between both his, and looked at uncle John with flashing eyes, as though, if he could only feel sure that *he* was the cause of those tears, he would have knocked him down in a minute. Uncle John himself began to make an immense bustle by way of "quieting matters" previously to Melissa's entrance. He shook hands heartily with his eldest brother, introduced himself to Mr. Coniston, whom he mistook for the doctor, and to whom—for he piqued himself on always saying something apposite to everybody—he addressed a hurried medical remark, which reduced that individual to a state of hopeless bewilderment; forced his nephew, Alexander, to sit down on a footstool beside the window, which created the most dire and vengeful feelings in the breast of that young gentleman, inasmuch as his sole object in life was to be esteemed more manly than his years; insisted upon helping the housemaid to collect the broken glass, and overset it upon the floor again in his eagerness; and finally, in hurrying to open the door for the said housemaid on her departure, rushed violently against his sister Melissa, who was just entering from the head of the stairs.

Miss Melissa Lee, who was gliding forward with a great deal of deliberation and delicacy, and who could neither recover nor conceal her exceeding discomposure at the manner of her reception, was about one-and-thirty years old, and still, in the eyes of some, a very pretty woman. Her figure was light and slender, but without grace; and she had her sister's well-cut and regular features, wanting, however, the changefulness of color and expression which lent such a charm to the countenance of the other. Her good looks just stopped short of beauty—her precision was very nearly elegance. She was dressed in the highest fashion; and the deep velvet mantilla, and rich folds of the black watered-silk pelisse, set off her taper waist to advantage, and gave her figure that appearance of roundness in which it was by nature deficient. She had her handkerchief in her hand, and her whole manner was intended to have been refined, gentle, and plaintive; but the intention was altogether frustrated by poor uncle John's awkwardness, and after the portentous frown and indignant outcry into which she had been surprised, it was difficult for her to resume her original deportment. Her best plan, therefore, was to sink upon the first chair she could find, and become slightly hysterical; and this accordingly she did, with entire success. The whole party gathered round her; sympathy and restoratives were duly administered; and her agitation having gone just far enough to vindicate her claim to sensibility, judiciously ceased, without becoming so violent as to disfigure her beauty, or mar the perfection of her toilette. It was fortunate that she recovered when she did, for the repentant uncle John had just arrived to her rescue with a large tumbler of cold water, which in another moment would have inundated her face and bonnet, and utterly destroyed the spiral elasticity of her sable ringlets.

There now occurred one of those awkward, restrained, and unnatural conversations which, paradoxical as it may sound, are far more common among members of the same family, or very near friends, under particular circumstances, than among mere acquaintance. When there is one subject present in the thoughts of all which all are equally anxious to avoid discussing—when each is speculating upon the nature of the other's feelings, and wondering what the others are thinking about himself—when small-talk would be an absurdity because you are too intimate, and argument would be an impertinence because you are too much preoccupied, and badinage would be a crime because some esteem it the mark of callousness, and expression of feeling would be impossible, either because you could not say enough, or would be sure to say too much, or because your hearers are not congenial—this is a kind of miniature martyrdom, the genuineness of which many hearts will recognize. In this world, reserve is the law of all deep and delicate feeling—it is the condition of its existence—the rule of its development. Love dwells among adverse elements; she moves like a weary swimmer in deep waters; she pants for the free air and the strong pinion; her utterance is like that of a young child, lisping and stammering imperfect words and half-sentences, for her language is the language of Paradise, and she cannot rightly learn it out of her native land. So she betakes herself to tones, and looks, and deeds, speaking chiefly by symbols which suggest the unutterable mystery of her fulness. Seeming prodigality and lavishness of expression are no breach of the law of reserve, because the utmost they can do falls so far short of the reality. Outward coldness and niggardliness are no proof of poverty, but rather of a despairing generousness, which, finding no sufficient outlet for its vast wealth, grows miserly in very scorn of its own incompetence. For love fears not to reveal herself; it is only that a full revelation of her is impossible. Judge her not hardly; have faith in her even when her external aspect is least satisfying; be not wroth with the stranger and the captive! Of her highest achievement, we can but say compassionately, "She hath done what she could!" When the necessity for reserve shall be done away, and its very existence obliterated, when spirit shall read the depths of spirit, and full comprehension and perfect sympathy shall be blended in the unity of a speechless eloquence, then shall we see love face to face, and learn, perchance, how often we have wronged her, so long as we only saw her in a glass—darkly.

"Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lee?" inquired uncle John, addressing his brother Alexander.

"She was not quite equal to the journey," was the reply; "she has been out of health for some time. I think of taking her down to Malvern for the summer."

"Dear Emily is nervous about herself, I know," said Melissa, between whom and Mrs. Alexander Lee there was a perpetual quiet feud, because each considered herself a genuine invalid, and believed the other to be fanciful and self-indulgent; "but happily she has an excellent constitution: you should take her to Leamington—Dr. Jephson would cure her in a week."

"Ah! he 's a very clever fellow!" interposed uncle John, "and I 'm uncommonly delighted to find that you have come round to my opinion at last, Melissa. He did you a vast deal of good—why, you were not the same creature while we were at Leamington. Only, to be sure, he *is* rather a rough diamond. How he did abuse you! —positive abuse it was—no words were bad enough for you."

Melissa's face flushed a little, but she continued to address her brother Alexander in her sustained, monotonous, but somewhat harsh voice, which resembled the prolonged creak of a rusty door-hinge, as though poor uncle John had not spoken at all. "Jephson wholly mistook *my* case," said she, "but I think he would understand Emily in a moment. He very nearly killed *me*."

"I think that would scarcely encourage me to take my wife to him," said Mr. Alexander Lee, quietly.

Master Godfrey had been tranquil so long that his mother now began to be afraid he was plotting some mischief. She looked anxiously after him, and saw him busily engaged with the tumbler of water which had been procured for his aunt, and in which he had placed one of the unhappy gold fish which he had succeeded in concealing from the vigilance of the housemaid, and purloined for his own especial entertainment. Mrs. Aytoun, who doated upon him, and was in momentary terror of his disgracing himself in the eyes of his relations, thought this would be a capital opportunity for beguiling him quietly and happily out of the room with his treasure, before any tremendous outbreak had occurred. The door was half open, and she was stealing towards it, beckoning her son meanwhile with an air that promised some mysterious pleasure, to be revealed elsewhere, and hoping to escape unperceived, when uncle John darted before her, and closing the door with a bang and a smile of heartfelt politeness ere she could reach it, exclaimed, "My dear Ellenor! I know you are afraid of a draught! Why did n't you ask *me* to shut the door?"

The baffled lady thanked him, and returned to her seat.

"And how do my little friends get on with their studies?" said Mr. Lee. "How is Euclid, Frederick?—can you say the forty-seventh proposition without book?"

"I don't like Euclid at all, uncle," replied Frederick, "I think Virgil is much nicer."

"Oh, my dear!" interposed Mrs. Aytoun, "but you know you are getting on very well with your mathematics, and you ought to take as much pains with what you dislike as with what you like. He is too imaginative," she added in an apologetic whisper to her brother, "to take much pleasure

in that sort of study; but he is such a good industrious boy; all his masters are so fond of him."

"Greek and Latin are very necessary," said Mr. Lee; "they must be acquired, because they are the stamp which the world has agreed upon, and no education can pass current without them. But mathematics are the real education of the mind: they develop and sharpen the reasoning faculty; they are the only training that can make a philosopher; the habit of intellect which they produce is the best preparation for every possible species of study to which the mind can address itself. I should be very sorry to think that Frederick was not making progress in mathematics."

Frederick, a gentle, timid, sensitive boy, blushed to the temples, and looked down as though he had received a reproof.

"But he *is* making progress," shouted uncle John, clapping him encouragingly on the back, "I know he is. Don't be afraid, Fred—speak out like a man! Let us hear you say that same forty-seventh proposition which your uncle asked you for."

Mrs. Aytoun made a deprecatory sign, and her good-natured brother's countenance fell immediately. "Well, my boy," said he, "I dare say you are shy, and don't like to exhibit your learning before company. All the better—all the better. Conceit would spoil your wisdom, if you were as wise as Solomon himself. But if you can't say it word for word, I am sure you can tell us what it is about;—now then—now for it—come, make haste, or your mother will be ashamed of you."

The poor boy's color rose till the tears stood in his eyes, and he replied hesitating and abashed, "It is something about—going round—a square."

This speech was received with a shout of laughter; and Master Alexander, who had risen from his footstool as soon as he was free of his uncle's eye, came forward and said with a polished, self-possessed air, "Going round a square! I do believe Fred thinks he has discovered the quadrature of the circle."

"Very fair, Alic—very good indeed, my boy!" cried his father, laughing still more; "a very fair hit indeed, that. But you must help your cousin out of his difficulties. Come now, let us hear whether you can recite the forty-seventh proposition, and I dare say he will be able to do it afterwards."

"The square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle—" began Alexander, in an easy and assured tone. A loud scream from his aunt Melissa, followed by an agonized "Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey!" from Mrs. Aytoun, interrupted him. The dreaded catastrophe had taken place;—poor Mrs. Aytoun's attention had been wholly absorbed by the trial of her elder son, so that she had suffered Godfrey unobserved and unmolested to mount a chair behind the sofa on which his aunt Melissa was sitting, and then and there to put in execution his cherished scheme, by dropping the little fish, fresh from the water, upon the back of her neck, just where the black velvet mantle allowed a small triangular piece of skin to be visible. He shouted and clapped his hands. "Oh, you dear little thing, how well you did it!" cried he. "How frightened she was! Did n't she halloo? Oh, how she jumped! Oh, what fun!" Frederick, the dignified Alexander, and even uncle John, joined in the laugh, which indeed the rest of the party found it rather difficult to restrain. But Godfrey's mirth was changed to fury in an instant, when Miss Melissa Lee, who was in too great a passion to faint, having first administered to him a hearty box on the ear, hurled the unhappy fish out of the window with all her might. "You wicked, cruel woman!" cried he, stamping both his feet on the ground, while his mother could scarcely withhold him from returning the blow, "I don't mind your hitting me, but you have killed it—you have killed the poor, pretty little fish, because you were in a wicked passion. You ought to be hanged—that you ought—you cruel, ugly old woman!"

"Godfrey, Godfrey," cried poor Mrs. Aytoun, almost in tears, "come out of the room with me directly. You are a very naughty boy. You must be punished."

Mr. Becket gently, but very decidedly, offered his assistance in conveying the kicking, struggling rebel towards the door; while Miss Melissa, having somewhat recovered her composure, began a harangue, with a kind of stately pathos very impressive to her auditors. "My dear Ellenor, you really must allow me to say ——" She was not fated to proceed any further. "Who is this?" exclaimed Mr. Coniston, in a tone of surprise; and everybody, including even the refractory Godfrey, turned to see the cause of the ejaculation. The door had opened, and a new comer had entered during the confusion.

It was a little girl of four years old. She wore a white frock, with a blue ribbon round the waist; her head was uncovered, save by a profusion of golden curls, which fell upon two soft rounded shoulders nearly as white as the dress. Her eyes were dark blue, full of that sweet, wistful, wondering expression which is the mystery of childhood—they looked like glimpses of a summer heaven. Her delicate cheeks were somewhat flushed, yet she seemed rather puzzled than frightened, like one so nourished upon love that she knows of nothing else, and thinks that strife, and trouble, and sin, which she does not understand, must needs be some new and strange form of love which she shall learn to comprehend by-and-by. Blushing with this natural modesty, yet not hesitating for a moment, she looked around her, and then walked straight up to Mr. Becket, and lifting her clear eyes to his face, and stretching out her little hand, while her sweet lips parted with one of those serene smiles never seen save in childhood, she said, with the tone of one who gives a full and satisfactory explanation of every possible difficulty—

"Papa sent me."

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. London, 1847.
2. *Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of my Life and Opinions.* By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Second edition, prepared for publication in part by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, completed and published by his widow. London, 1847.
3. *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of William Taylor of Norwich, containing his Correspondence of many years with Robert Southey, Esq.* Compiled and edited by J. W. ROBBERDS, F. G. S., of Norwich. London, 1843.

THE lives of Coleridge and Southey are yet to be written. For that of Coleridge a large quantity of materials has from time to time been thrown before the public; much of which relatives must have wished withheld. Perhaps the best thing now remaining for the family, would be to find a kind and discerning friend, to whom might be entrusted the relating truly, but without exaggeration, the unhappy passages of his life. It is impossible to read five pages of Mr. Cottle's reminiscences, without seeing that he has one of the kindest hearts joined to one of the worst judgments of any man that ever lived. His revelations, to which there is a very large addition in this new edition, appear to leave no longer any choice to those, who, from affection to his person or admiration of his genius, must desire that the life and character of Coleridge should be known and remembered for good as well as for evil—for something better than a long train of humiliating weaknesses and neglected duties.

Among the additions to Mr. Cottle's new edition are a number of letters from Southey. Indeed, almost the whole of what relates to him is new; and of all Mr. Cottle's disclosures concerning Coleridge, the opinion of him, as expressed in these letters, is the most painful. The disapprobation, severely as it is delivered, does Southey no discredit; no impartial person can deny its justice. At the same time, he never can have wished that his harsh judgment should go forth alone and be supposed to represent his estimate of the whole of Coleridge's character, or all his feelings towards him. Above all, most assuredly he never could have imagined that a confidential correspondence with their common friend and benefactor would have been published to the world, while any children of Coleridge were alive to be pained by their uncle's testimony against their father. He cannot have anticipated that Mr. Cottle would "think this proper."

Except for the unseasonable publication of these passages, we should thank Mr. Cottle, without any abatement, for giving us so many of Southey's letters. His life might be almost written from his correspondence with William Taylor for the period comprised in it. And his extensive correspondence with other friends will supply his biographer with materials for the rest. This is a fortunate thing for Southey, for his letters are the perfection of letter writing, or nearly so; clear, lively, unaffected, largely dashed with humor, and entering into whatever he is writing or reading. But, what is still more in his favor, he is not seen here as the fierce controversialist or uncharitable politician. On the contrary, the kind and friendly heart beams out continually from them; so that, while fresh from the perusal of them, our sympathy with his attachments disposes us to leave him a little more latitude for the capriciousness of his antipathies than of old, and we are willing to put a lenient construction upon those unpleasant faults of temper, and provoking prejudices and errors into which people are pretty sure of falling, when they shut themselves up with their women, their admirers, and their books. "Am I the better or the worse," he asks, in one of his letters to Mr. Taylor, "for growing alone like a single oak?" In many respects worse, there can be no doubt. We meet in his letters with many a harsh criticism on contemporaries, of whom, if he had known them, he would have judged differently; and many broodings on political events, which he would have discarded, had he but come a little oftener to London, and let himself be hustled in its streets and contradicted at its dinner tables. Such passages might have provoked us to anger, if we had still to deal with Southey living; but he is gone:—the grave has closed over a writer and a man of whom England has reason to be proud, and our angry controversies are buried with him.

The new edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" was begun and carried some way by his nephew, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and has been since completed by a lady who is the poet's daughter, and nephew's widow. Of such a work we would speak with the respect due alike to her position, her talents, and her feelings. She describes, in a few touching words, the task, which had thus descended on her, as one "full of affecting remembrances, and brought upon me by the deepest sorrow of my life." A biographical sketch, begun by her husband, but which does not proceed further than Coleridge's twenty-fourth year, and which even so far has the appearance of only a skeleton sketch, is appended to the work. To this Mrs. Nelson Coleridge has only added a brief chronological account of her father's publications. But she has prefixed a long "Introduction," in answer to various attacks. We abstain from particular criticism. The publication of Mr. Cottle's second edition of his "Reminiscences," a few days after the appearance of the new edition of the "Biographia Literaria," must have painfully convinced her, how disqualified even the gifted daughter of a gifted parent may be for the strict responsibilities of a judge, in a case like the present—no less, how vain her affectionate endeavors to clear the memory of her father from all, and even heavy blame.

It appears that when Mr. Cottle was engaged in preparing the first edition of his book, he consulted Southey about it. Southey's letters on this occasion are now published. He wrote as follows,

14th of April, 1836, and again, on the 30th of September, to the same effect:—

If you are drawing up your "Recollections of Coleridge," for separate publication, you are most welcome to insert anything of mine which you might think proper: but it is my wish that nothing of mine may go into the hands of any person concerned in bringing forward Coleridge's MSS.

I know that Coleridge, at different times of his life, never let pass an opportunity of speaking ill of me. Both Wordsworth and myself have often lamented the exposure of duplicity which must result from the publication of his letters, and of what he has delivered by word of mouth to the worshippers by whom he was always surrounded. To Wordsworth and to me it matters little. Coleridge received from us such substantial services as few men have received from those whose friendship they had forfeited. This, indeed, was not the case with Wordsworth, as it was with me, for he knew not in what manner Coleridge had latterly spoken of him. But I continued all possible offices of kindness to his children, long after I regarded his own conduct with that utter disapprobation which alone it can call forth from all who had any sense of duty and moral obligation.

After this it is vain for relatives any longer to let their affections dictate to them more than a qualified version of the life of Coleridge. It is a brother-in-law who writes; and that brother-in-law, Southey. The facts cannot be got rid of. But we must bear in mind that incidents arising out of their family connection probably aggravated his asperity of feeling; and that a hasty letter to a friend would not be likely to contain the calm and comprehensive review of the character of his departed brother-in-law, for which he would wish to be held responsible to the world. They had become brothers-in-law forty years before. There arose, even then, a misunderstanding between them, and for several months an estrangement. In 1796, they were living in Bristol, on opposite sides of the same street, holding no intercourse. Southey made the first overture for reconciliation, by sending across the street a slip of paper with these words from Schiller's Conspiracy of Fiesco written upon it: "Fiesco! Fiesco! thou leavest a void in my bosom, which the human race thrice told will never fill up." Forty years, whatever may have happened to excite wrath, would not have utterly effaced such feelings. His admiration of the intellectual powers of his friend was even greater. Some years after, when he thought Coleridge was dying, he could not help expressing it to William Taylor—a less partial judge:—

Coleridge and I have often talked of making a great work upon English literature: but Coleridge only talks, and, poor fellow! he will not do that long, I fear; and then I shall begin, in my turn, to feel an old man—to talk of the age of little men, and complain like Ossian. It provokes me when I hear a set of puppies yelping at him, upon whom he, a great good-natured mastiff, if he came up to them, would just lift up his leg and pass on. It vexes and grieves me to the heart, that when he is gone, as go he will, nobody will believe what a mind goes with him—how infinitely and ten thousand-thousand fold, the mightiest of his generation.

This was written in June, 1803; in December he was still desponding about Coleridge's health.

I know not when any of his works will appear, and tremble lest an untimely death should leave me the task of putting together the fragments of his materials: which, in sober truth, I do believe would be a more serious loss to the world of literature, than it ever suffered from the wreck of ancient science.

Southey's admiration was reciprocated by Coleridge; and what it might fall short of in homage to his genius, it more than made up for in its testimony to his moral nature. We are tempted to extract from the "Biographia Literaria" (of which we are glad to have a new edition, though we should have preferred it less burdened with commentary) a portion of an eloquent eulogium on Southey, to which his nephew informs us that Coleridge referred in his will, as expressing his latest feelings. It is a pity that Southey should have ever heard of anything to the contrary.

To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanor, which, in his early manhood and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove: this will his schoolmates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits: the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power to achieve more, and in more various departments, than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labors, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied in the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which, in the aggregate, so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility: while, on the contrary, he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind in those around him, or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great con-

cerns, cannot but inspire and bestow; when this, too, is softened, without being weakened, by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety: his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence, and of national illumination.—(Vol. i., p. 62.)

Coleridge and Southey first met in the summer of 1794 at Oxford. Southey was at that time an undergraduate at Baliol, and in his twentieth year. Coleridge was two years older, and an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. Coleridge was then at Cambridge for the second time, after having been discharged by his friends from the regiment in which he had enlisted; and at the beginning of the long vacation he happened to take Oxford on his way to Wales, where he was going on a pedestrian tour with some Cambridge friends. He was introduced to Southey. Their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. They had many points of common interest; besides both being poets and philosophers, while all around them were tasking their faculties by academic rule. The young enthusiasm of both had been kindled by the French Revolution. "Wat Tyler" was written about this time; "Joan of Arc" had been composed the year before. Both had abjured university orthodoxy, and declared themselves Unitarians. Southey, who had gone to Oxford with a view to the church, was now on the point of quitting it without a degree, because he had become an Unitarian. Coleridge had imbibed Unitarianism at Cambridge from Frend, who was a fellow of his college, and he had narrowly escaped rustication the year before for shouting at Frend's trial. The two new friends soon parted. Southey went home to his mother at Bath, bidding good-by to Oxford; Coleridge made his Welsh tour, at the end of which he too was to have gone home to Ottery St. Mary; but instead of this, he diverged to Bristol, and remained there and at Bath, planning with Southey a colony of choice spirits on the banks of the Susquehannah, where all property was to be held in common, and vice and misery to be unknown.

This is the scheme known by the imposing name of Pantisocracy. The original idea was Coleridge's; he had mentioned it to Southey at Oxford, and the scheme was reproduced at Bristol, when the two friends determined on emigration. Southey had found two other companions; George Burnet, an Oxford friend, the son of a Somersetshire gentleman-farmer, and Robert Lovell, a young Quaker residing at Bath. Eight more recruits at least were wanted. Coleridge was to write a quarto volume explanatory of the project; which, besides filling up their numbers, was expected by its sale to augment the colonial exchequer. Ways and means were much needed. "With regard to pecuniary matters," Coleridge wrote to a friend, whom he was anxious to enlist in the service, "it is found necessary, if twelve men with their families emigrate on this system, that £2,000 should be the aggregate of their contributions; but infer not from hence that each man's *quota* is to be settled with the littleness of arithmetical accuracy." ("Biographia Literaria," new edition, vol. ii., p. 344.) Southey and Coleridge, who had no money, were to strain every nerve to raise funds by writing. At the end of the long vacation Coleridge returned to Cambridge, to complete a series of "Translations of Modern Latin Poems," for which he had issued proposals, and had already obtained a large number of Cambridge subscribers; while Southey staid at Bristol to see what he could do with "Joan of Arc," and to write more poetry.

Both, in the mean time, had taken steps to provide themselves with one requisite for the founders of a new colony—a wife. They were engaged to be married to two sisters living at Bath—Edith and Sara Fricker. A third Miss Fricker was already married to their fellow-Pantisocratist, Lovell.

Coleridge went to Cambridge, and published there the "Fall of Robespierre," a joint production by himself and Southey; but nothing was done with the projected "Translations;" they shared the fate of innumerable other projects, and were never finished. At the end of the term he went up to London; and there, in the pleasant society of Charles Lamb and other old Christ's Hospital school-fellows, Miss Fricker and Pantisocracy seemed for a while forgotten.

Coleridge did not come back again to Bristol, Southey writes, till January, 1795; nor would he, I believe, have come back at all, if I had not gone to London to look for him; for having got there from Cambridge, at the beginning of the winter, there he remained without writing either to Miss Fricker or myself. At last I wrote to Favell, (a Christ's Hospital boy, whose name I knew as one of his friends, and whom he had set down as one of our companions,) to inquire concerning him and learnt, in reply, that S. T. Coleridge was at the "Cat and Salutation," in Newgate street Thither I wrote. He answered my letter, and said that on such a day he should set off for Bath by the wagon. Lovell and I walked from Bath to meet him. Near Marlborough we met with the appointed wagon; but no S. T. Coleridge was therein. A little while afterwards I went to London, and not finding him at the "Cat and Salutation," called at Christ's Hospital, and was conducted by Favell to the "Angel Inn," Butcher Hall street, whither Coleridge had shifted his quarters. I brought him then to Bath, and in a few days to Bristol.—(*Cottle*, p. 405.)

Charles Lamb's readers will remember his fond and frequent references to the evenings spent with Coleridge at the "Cat and Salutation," when they sat together, reading poetry and "speculating on Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth,"

and "drinking egg-hot and smoking Oronooko." Lamb did not then know the pain, which every additional day of Coleridge's lingering in London was giving to an affectionate and trusting heart at Bath.

Southey, since they parted, had been working earnestly and to some purpose. He and Lovell had published a small volume of poems together; and he had struck a bargain with a Bristol bookseller for the publication of "Joan of Arc," such a bargain as probably was never made before or since, by a young and unknown author for a first epic. The bookseller was Joseph Cottle, the author of the "Reminiscences;" at that time a book-seller at Bristol, of about four years' standing. Southey, who had already announced "Joan of Arc" for publication by subscription, was introduced to him by Lovell. On reading some parts of it one evening to Cottle, he was astonished by the generous offer of fifty guineas for it, and fifty copies for his subscribers—more than the subscription list amounted to. Coleridge, on his return, was speedily introduced to their new Mecænas; and can have had little difficulty in closing with an offer of thirty guineas, to be paid immediately, for a volume of small poems, a great part of which was still to be written. Besides this, Southey was also to furnish a volume of small poems on the same terms; and some lectures which they gave at Bristol, were well attended and profitable. Pantisocracy seemed now in the ascendant. Coleridge was the first to marry. He married in October, 1795, and retired with his wife to a small cottage at Clevedon, of the humble rent of five pounds a year; this was to be their temporary abode until everything was arranged for emigration to the Susquehannah. Southey, meanwhile, was cooling upon the plan; and when he married, a month after Coleridge, he had renounced Pantisocracy. A temporary quarrel, in consequence, ensued.

Southey was married on the morning of the 14th of November, 1795, without the knowledge of his family, no other persons being present than Cottle and Cottle's sister. On the afternoon of the same day he started for Lisbon by way of Corunna and Madrid. He went with his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, who had supplied the place of father to him, had educated him at Westminster and Oxford, and was now chaplain to the British embassy at Lisbon. Southey deposited his wife with Cottle's sisters. He had just corrected the last proof-sheet of "Joan of Arc," and left it to be published in his absence. A letter to Cottle from Falmouth before embarkation, explains his clandestine marriage. The conscientious sense of duty, so predominant in it, promised ill for his union with Coleridge, whatever it might do for that with Mrs. Southey:—

My dear friend—I have learnt from Lovell the news from Bristol, public and private, and both of an interesting nature. My marriage is become public. You know that its publicity can give me no concern. I have done my duty. Perhaps you may think my motives for marrying (at that time) not sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe was not mentioned to you. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband: and (do not show this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would then love and cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow. Of such an evil there is but a possibility; but against possibility it was my duty to guard. Farewell.

In six months Southey returned to his deferred honeymoon, and to hear of the success of "Joan of Arc." In November, 1796, he went up to London, entered at Gray's Inn, took lodgings at Newington Butts, and began to keep terms and read for the bar. On arriving in town he wrote to Cottle with characteristic energy. But to combine poetry with law baffled even Southey:—

I am now entering on a new way of life, which will lead me to independence. You know that I neither lightly undertake any scheme, nor lightly abandon what I have undertaken. I am happy because I have no want, and because the independence I labor to attain, and of attaining which my expectations can hardly be disappointed, will leave me nothing to wish. I am indebted to you, Cottle, for the comforts of my later time. In my present situation I feel a pleasure in saying thus much.

Thank God! Edith comes on Monday next. I say thank God, for I have never, since my return from Portugal, been absent from her so long before, and sincerely hope and intend never to be again. On Tuesday we shall be settled, and on Wednesday my legal studies begin in the morning, and I shall begin with "Madoc" in the evening. Of this it is needless to caution you to say nothing, as I must have the character of a lawyer; and though I can and will unite the two pursuits, no one would credit the possibility of the union. In two years the poem shall be finished, and the many years it must lie by will afford ample time for correction.

I have declined being a member of a literary club, which meet at the Chapter Coffee House, and of which I have been elected a member. Surely a man does not do his duty who leaves his wife to evenings of solitude; and I feel duty and happiness to be inseparable. I am happier at home than any other society can possibly make me. With Edith I am alike secure from the wearisomeness of solitude, and the disgust which I cannot help feeling at the contemplation of mankind, and which I do not wish to suppress.

Disgust at mankind, is strange language, except in the mouth of Swift. It represents a feeling which no sensible man will ever countenance, and which no good man could harbor and be happy: so leaving Southey till he is in better humor with his fellow-creatures, we are the less sorry to return to Coleridge in his cot at Clevedon. His nature was not such as to justify us in expecting to find him happy, however favorable his outward circumstances: but, unfortunately, his first year of married life was clouded by continual uneasiness about the means of living, and by continually changing schemes of subsistence. He had

not Southey's determination, perseverance, and self-reliance. The volume of poems, which Cottle had been unwary enough to pay for beforehand, had made little progress when he married; he engaged to furnish copy every day, but every day brought some new excuse for postponing writing till to-morrow, when, of course, nothing should prevent him. After a long series of most amusing notes of this description, and after many delays and disappointments, the long expected volume was, at last, published in the spring of 1796. Before his marriage, Cottle had promised him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of poetry he might bring him after the volume was finished; and on the strength of this promise Coleridge married. Alas! little did he know himself. He could sketch out books in his head, and compose rapidly in thought, but it was with the utmost difficulty that he could force himself to write. Some of the visions which were floating through his head at the time of his marriage, found their way into a letter to his friend Mr. Poole three days afterwards:—

I shall assuredly write rhymes; let the nine Muses prevent it if they can. I have given up all thoughts of the Magazine for various reasons. It is a thing of monthly anxiety and quotidian bustle. To publish a magazine for one year would be nonsense; and if I pursue, what I mean to pursue, my school-plan, I could not publish it for more than one year. In the course of half-a-year I mean to return to Cambridge, having previously taken my name off from the University's control; and, hiring lodgings there for myself and wife, finish my great work of *Imitations* in two volumes. My former works, I hope, prove somewhat of genius and of erudition: this will be better, it will show great industry and manly consistency. At the end of it I shall publish proposals for a school.—(*Biogr. Lit.*, Vol. ii., p. 348.)

None of all this came to pass. In a short time Coleridge found Clevedon too far from men and books, and moved to Bristol. In the beginning of 1796 he projected a weekly newspaper called the "Watchman," travelled to most of the chief towns in the manufacturing districts for subscribers, preaching wherever he stayed a Sunday in the Unitarian chapels, and returned to Bristol with a subscription list full of promise. The first number of the "Watchman" was published on the 1st of March; it was dropped at the tenth number with a loss. The management of a periodical publication was the last thing for Coleridge to succeed in. Soon afterwards, an accidental visit of Mr. Perry to Bristol opened a prospect of profitable connection with the "Morning Chronicle," and Coleridge made up his mind to establish himself in London. This went off. He sustained another disappointment in the loss of a situation, which had been offered him, of private tutor to the sons of Mrs. Evans, a widow lady living in Derbyshire. He had actually gone with Mrs. Coleridge to stay in Mrs. Evans' house. It was then suggested to him, with offers of patronage, to take a house at Derby, and receive pupils; he engaged for a house: but this plan was also given up, why does not appear. At the end of a year of restless and feverish uncertainty, Coleridge settled himself, towards the close of 1796, in a small cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, adjoining the grounds of Mr. Poole. He had now a child, whom in the height of his admiration of Hartley's Metaphysics, he christened Hartley. At this time, too, his means were increased by receiving as an inmate a Cambridge friend and brother poet, Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy Birmingham banker, who had been led by the mere force of love and admiration to propose living with him. Here Coleridge remained till he went to Germany in the autumn of 1798. This is the residence referred to in the beautiful lines to his brother:

Beside one friend
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of husband and of father; nor unhearing
Of that divine and nightly whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colors.

Mr. Poole was a Somersetshire country gentleman and magistrate, a man of great benevolence, and combining considerable practical talent with a highly cultivated taste: Southey and Coleridge had become acquainted with him accidentally, while they were meditating "Pantisocracy" at Bristol; and he took a great interest in their fortunes ever afterwards. He had lately circulated among some friends a proposal for a subscription for an annuity for Coleridge; which, by relieving him from actual want, might set his mind more at ease for the prosecution of works worthy of his talents; not succeeding in this, he invited Coleridge to take up his residence in a cottage by his house. To Mr. Poole Coleridge owed three friendships, which had a great effect on his after life; those of William Wordsworth, and the two brothers Thomas and Josiah Wedgewood. Wordsworth, at the time of Coleridge's settling at Stowey, was about twenty miles off, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire; and in the summer of 1797 he moved to a place called Allfoxden, close to Stowey. The two poets rambled together over the Somersetshire hills, discussed the principles of poetry, and planned and produced the famous "Lyrical Ballads." Each wrote a tragedy: Coleridge undertook his at the suggestion of Sheridan, who, when it was sent to him, took no notice of it; it was "Remorse," and was not published till 1813. Mr. Wordsworth's is still unpublished. Making every allowance for the enthusiasm of youthful friendship, Coleridge's testimony, in a letter to Cottle, of the impression which it made upon him at the time is certainly remarkable; more especially as the warmest admirers of Mr. Wordsworth have never considered his genius dramatic:—

I speak with heartfelt sincerity and I think, with unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not

think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me, there are in the piece those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the "Robbers" of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.

Through the Wedgewoods Coleridge became acquainted with Mackintosh, and by him was introduced to Stuart, Mackintosh's brother-in-law, then editor of the "Morning Post;" in consequence of which he afterwards wrote occasional poetry for it. In the beginning of 1798 he received an invitation to settle as an Unitarian minister at Shrewsbury; Thomas Wedgewood hearing of it wrote to dissuade him, and sent him a present of a hundred pounds; but, as the Shrewsbury invitation opened to him for the first time the prospect of a certain income, he determined to entertain it—and returning Wedgewood his cheque, he went off to Shrewsbury to preach the probation sermon. Among his auditors on that occasion was William Hazlitt, whose father was Unitarian minister at Wem, and who has published a vivid account of the delight and admiration which the sermon kindled in him. The impression was universal. But the Shrewsbury Unitarians were to be disappointed of their preacher; for the Wedgewoods, bent on securing Coleridge for literature, wrote to him at Shrewsbury, and offered him, if he would come back, an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds for life. The offer was immediately and gratefully accepted. The first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," containing the "Ancient Mariner" and a few other small poems by Coleridge, but the greater part of them Wordsworth's, was published by Cottle in the summer of 1798; and in the autumn Coleridge and Wordsworth set out together for Germany.

Have you seen, (writes Southey to Wm. Taylor, Sept., 1798,) a volume of Lyrical Ballads, &c.? They are by Coleridge and Wordsworth, though their names are not affixed. Coleridge's ballad of the "Ancient Mariner" is the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw. Many of the others are very fine; and some I shall read upon the same principle that led me through Trissino, whenever I am afraid of writing like a child or an old woman.

Such a criticism on the "Lyrical Ballads" by one of the "Lake Poets" will probably take many of our readers by surprise. But a variance in their tastes, so deeply grounded, ought to prepare us for the converse of this proposition, and for at least an equal indifference on the part of Wordsworth to the poetry of Southey. They do not appear to have yet fallen in one another's way. Their friendship did not begin till some years later, after Southey had settled at Keswick.

From the time Southey had gone over to the law, he seems to have seen or heard little of Coleridge. But they are together again for a few weeks in Devonshire in the autumn of 1799, immediately after Coleridge's return from Germany. The latter had worked hard there; and was now full of a projected "Life of Lessing," for which he had made a large collection of materials, but which (we might almost say, of course) was never written. In the mean time Southey, who had previously spent two legal years in London, had been living for the last twelve months at Westbury near Bristol. We make no doubt but that he went up regularly enough to London to eat his Gray's Inn dinners; the evidence that he was prosecuting his poetical studies with a keener sense of his true calling, is more substantial. He had already finished "Madoc" and commenced "Thalaba!" During his residence at Westbury he acquired an intimate friend in Davy, who had lately come to Bristol as assistant to Dr. Beddoes at the Pneumatic Institution, and was laying there the foundation of future eminence. Southey has commemorated this happy year in one of those pleasant autobiographical prefaces, which give such interest to the collected edition of his poems.

This was one of the happiest portions of my life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Charles Lamb, and had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy, then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury, there was a fresh portion of "Madoc" for his hearing.

Coleridge, on rejoining Southey, after so long a separation, would have much to report of his fellow-traveller, Wordsworth; in return, Southey would have much to relate of his friend Davy. "He is a miraculous young man," Southey wrote to William Taylor, "whose talents I can only wonder at." Southey was at this time editing an "Annual Anthology;" and Davy was supplying him with poetry for it. Coleridge and Southey projected, while they were together, a joint poem in hexameters, on Mahomet: the memory of which survives, we suppose, in that striking fragment, beginning,

"Utter the song, O my soul, the flight and return
of Mohammed," &c.,

one of the few readable attempts of the kind (being only fourteen lines) in the English language. When they next parted, Coleridge went from Devonshire to London to write leading articles for the "Morning Post;" and Southey to a house that he had taken in the village of Burton, near Christchurch, in Hampshire.

Coleridge spent the next six months in London, engaged in writing for the "Morning Post," and in translating "Wallenstein." He seems never to have worked so hard as during his residence in Germany, and for several months afterwards. In consideration of his tendency to describe as done

that which was only intended, some deduction, perhaps, is to be made from the report he rendered to Mr. Thomas Wedgewood of his present labors :—

I shall remain in London till April. The expenses of my last year made it necessary for me to exert my industry, and many other good ends are answered at the same time. Likewise, by being obliged to write without much elaboration, I shall greatly improve myself in naturalness and facility of style, and the particular subjects on which I write for money are nearly connected with my future schemes. My mornings I give to compilations, which I am sure cannot be wholly useless; and for which, by the beginning of April, I shall have earned nearly 150*l*. My evenings to the theatres, as I am to conduct a sort of dramaterye, or series of essays on the drama, both its general principles and likewise in reference to the present state of the English theatres. This I shall publish in the "Morning Post." My attendance on the theatres costs me nothing; and Stuart, the editor, covers my expenses in London. Two mornings and one whole day, I dedicate to these essays on the possible progressiveness of man, and on the principles of population. In April I retire to my greater work —"The Life of Lessing."—(*Cottle*, p. 430.)

In another letter from London he gives us the impression made upon him by a visit to the gallery of the house of commons :—

Pitt and Fox completely answered my preformed ideas of them. The elegance and high finish of Pitt's periods, even in the most sudden replies, is *curious;* but that is all. He argues but so so, and does not reason at all. Nothing is rememberable of what he says. Fox possesses all the full and overflowing eloquence of a man of clear head, clear heart, and impetuous feelings. He is to my mind a great orator; all the rest that spoke were mere creatures. I could make a better speech myself than any that I heard, except Pitt and Fox. I reported that part of Pitt's speech which I have enclosed in brackets; not that I report *ex officio*, but my curiosity having led me there, I did Stuart a service by taking a few notes. I work from morning to night, but in a few weeks I shall have completed my purpose, and then adieu to London forever. We newspaper scribes are true galley slaves. When the high winds of events blow loud and frequent, then the sails are hoisted, or the ship drives on of itself. When all is calm and sunshine, then to our oars.

In the spring Coleridge went to Stowey, and after a short time removed to Keswick, within reach of Wordsworth, who by this time had made out his way to Grasmere. Coleridge was now settled at the Lakes for some years. He continued to write from Keswick for the "Morning Post," but Mr. Stuart will be believed when he says, very irregularly. We will extract from a letter to Mr. Josiah Wedgewood (Nov. 1, 1800) his own view of his new residence at Keswick, the house which afterwards became Southey's home for life :—

The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes; the two lakes, the vale, the river and mountains, and mists, and clouds, and sunshine, make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were forever talking to each other. Often when in a deep study, I have walked to the window and remained there looking without seeing: all at once the lake of Keswick and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale at the head of it have entered into my mind, with a suddenness as if I had been snatched out of Cheapside and placed for the first time in the spot where I stood, and that is a delightful feeling —these fits and trances of novelty received from a long known object. The river Greta flows behind our house, roaring like an untamed son of the hills, then winds round and glides away in the front, so that we live in a peninsula. But besides this ethereal eye feeding, we have very substantial conveniences. Our garden is part of a large nursery garden, which is the same to us and as private as if the whole had been our own, and then too we have delightful walks without passing our garden gates. My landlord, who lives in the sister house, for the two houses are built so as to look like one great one, is a modest and kind man, of a singular character. By the severest economy he has raised himself from a carrier into the possession of a comfortable independence. He was always very fond of reading, and has collected nearly 500 volumes, of our most esteemed modern writers, such as Gibbon, Hume, Johnson, &c. His habits of economy and simplicity remain with him, and yet so very disinterested a man I scarcely ever knew. Lately, when I wished to settle with him about the rent of our house, he appeared much affected, told me that my living near him, and the having so much of Hartley's company were great comforts to him and his housekeeper; that he had no children to provide for, and did not mean to marry, and, in short, that he did not want any rent from me. This of course I laughed him out of; but he absolutely refused to receive any rent for the first half year, under the pretext that the house was not completely furnished. Hartley quite lives at the house; and it is, as you may suppose, no small joy to my wife to have a good, affectionate, motherly woman divided from her only by a wall.

Southey's health had, in the mean time, given way under his various and incessant labors; and in the spring of 1800, he sailed, with his wife, for Lisbon, with the intention of spending a year in Portugal. Medical advisers had recommended change to a warmer climate. If an Englishman at that time had had greater choice, Southey nevertheless would probably have chosen Lisbon, for his uncle was still chaplain there; and the thought of writing a History of Portugal had already crossed his mind. A southern climate speedily revived him, and he was soon at work as hard as ever, collecting materials for a Portuguese history, and finishing "Thalaba," which he sent home, to be published before his return. Davy, and an old school-friend, Danvers, corrected the press for him. Of his historical researches, he sent an interesting account to W. Taylor :—

I am up to the ears in chronicles, a pleasant day's amusement; but battles and folios, and heroes and monarchs tease me terribly in my dream. I have just obtained access to the public manuscripts, and the records of the Inquisition tempt me—five folios—the whole black catalogue; yet I am somewhat shy of laying heretical hands upon

these bloody annals. The holy office is not dead, but sleepeth. There, however, it is that I must find materials for the history of the reformation here and its ineffectual efforts. I obtain access through one of the censors of books here, an ex-German divine, who enlisted in the Catholic service, professing the one faith with the same sincerity that he preached the other; a strong-headed, learned, and laborious man, curious enough to preserve his authoritative revisions of all that is permitted to be printed or sold in Portugal. These revisions I have seen, and by this means become acquainted with what is not brought to light. The public library here is magnificently established; the books well-arranged, with ample catalogues, a librarian to every department, and free access to all—without a cloak. The museum is also shut to all in this the common dress, a good trait of national honesty. The ruin of the priests gave rise to this foundation. Their libraries were all brought to Lisbon, and the books remained as shovelled out of the carts for many years. They are not yet wholly arranged. English writers are very few, scarcely any. But for what regards the peninsula, for church and monastic history, and the laborious and valuable compilations of the two last centuries, a more complete collection does not probably exist. I regret my approaching return to England, and earnestly wish I could remain six or seven years in a country whose climate so well suits me, and where I could find ample and important occupation. Once more I must return, when my history shall be so far completed as is possible at home, to give it its last corrections here.

Southey returned to England in July, 1801, with restored health, and a large collection of historical materials. He had had thoughts while in Lisbon, from his experience of the benefits of a warm climate, of going out to the Indian bar, but these were soon dismissed; it would have prevented him from writing the History of Portugal, and this was to be his great work, and passport to posterity. On his return to England, prospects of official preferment, compatible with his literary plans, dawned upon him. "I have the hope and prospect," he announces to W. Taylor, "of visiting Italy in a provident way—as secretary to some legation there—an office of little trouble; with the prospect of advancement. My destination will probably be Palermo; if peace comes, as likely to any of the other states, and as willingly. Ultimately, I look to Lisbon, and certainly to a long absence from England." In the mean time he was to be with his brother-in-law. "I am going to Keswick, to pass the autumn with Coleridge—to work like a negro, and to arrange his future plans with my own. He is miserably ill, and must quit England for a warmer climate, or perish. I found letters announcing his determination to ship himself and family for the Azores; this I have stopped; and the probability is that he will accompany me abroad." But Dublin, and not Palermo, became Southey's destination. As early as November, he was appointed private secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish chancellor of the exchequer, for one year. He was a stranger to Mr Corry, but had been recommended to him by Mr. Rickman, afterwards clerk of the house of commons—at that time private secretary to Abbott, secretary for Ireland. Southey had made Rickman's friendship at Burton, while relaxing from his law studies, in the long vacation of 1796. The appointment was limited to a year, that the master and secretary might see how they suited each other before they were further bound. At the end of the year, Southey ceased to be secretary: "losing," he writes, "a foolish office and a good salary. The salary I might have kept, if I would have accepted a more troublesome situation, that of tutor to his son. All this was transacted with ministerial secrecy and hints; but with respectful civility—so much for that." He had valued the appointment only as giving him a salary, which would place him above the necessity of writing for daily bread, and would leave him time for the careful composition of the works which were to bring him fame. His heart had been all the while in his literary pursuits. Within ten days of his installation as private secretary, he wrote to W. Taylor, projecting a new review. During his year of office, half of which was spent in London, and the other half in Dublin, he made some progress with the "Curse of Kehama," and worked steadily at his history. When he lost his private secretaryship, he found consolation for the loss of income in the sense of freedom. He was now at liberty to bury himself in the country, and pursue his studies in quiet. His first thought was to settle in Wales, and a treaty for a house in the Vale of Neath was all but concluded. Disappointed of this, he took up his quarters for some months at Bristol, where he was always, as it were, at home, and house-hunted in all directions, but without success. The loss of his first and then only child drove him away in August, 1803; he joined Coleridge at Keswick, and did not again move. Greta Hall, Keswick, continued their joint residence till the spring of 1807, when Southey took the house for himself.

The letter, in which he conveyed to his friend W. Taylor the intelligence of his planting himself for a permanence at the Lakes, contained other important news. On the break-up of the administration of "All the Talents," Lord Grenville had procured him a pension of 200*l.* a year. In the following passage, as it is printed in W. Taylor's Life, a blank is left for the name of Wynn; but the blank has been filled up by Mr. De Quincey, in his sketch of Southey, in "Tait's Magazine." And it was right to do so; for the fact is equally to the honor of both parties. Mr. Charles Wynn and Southey had been school-fellows and college-companions; and it was the happy pivilege of the wealthier friend to help our aspiring student in his early struggles, and place him above want, before he had attained an independence by his own indefatigable labors.

When the late ministry saw that out they must go, Wynn thought of saving something for me out of the fire; he could only get an offer of a place in the island of St. Lucia, worth about 600*l.* a year. There was no time to receive my answer, but he divined it rightly, and refused. Instead, one of

Lord G.'s last acts was to give me a pension of 200*l.*, to which the king "graciously assented. You cannot be more amused at finding me a pensioner, than I am at finding myself so. I am not however a richer man than before. Hitherto Wynn has given me an annuity of 160*l.*, which I felt no pain in accepting from the oldest friend I have in the world, with whom my intimacy was formed before we were either of us old enough to think of difference of rank and fortune. But Wynn is not a rich man for his rank; and of course I shall receive this no longer from him, now that it is no longer necessary. Of 200*l.* the taxes have the modesty to deduct 36*l.*, and the Exchequer pays irregularly; he is lucky who has only one quarter in arrear, so Bedford tells me, who has an office there. I therefore lose 16*l.* per year during the war, and gain 20*l.* whenever the income tax is repealed, having the discomfort always of uncertain remittances. It is but wearing a few more grey goose quills to the stump in the course of the year, and in the course of one year I have better hopes than I ever yet had of getting ahead, as you will presently see. The last copy of MS. for "Espriella's Letters" sets off this night on its way to Richard Taylor.

The letter goes on to describe the work he had on hand—an edition of "Palmerin of England," "Kirke White's Remains," the "History of Brazil," (a part, and, in proper order, the last part, of his "History of Portugal," but to be brought out first on account of the interest then felt in South America,) and a translation of the "Cid." He had just brought "Espriella's Letters," and three volumes of "Specimens of English Poets," through the press, to the eve of publication. Besides all this, there was magazine writing. We quote again from the same letter:—

About a fourth part of the first volume of the History (of Brazil) is done, and I shall, perhaps, print it volume by volume. Two quartos are the probable extent. I might doubtless obtain five hundred guineas for the copyright; but I will not sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. This is not all: I cannot do one thing at a time; so sure as I attempt it, my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night, and, though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either, for half-an-hour after supper; and thus neutralizing one set by another, and having (God be thanked) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be. The "Cid" is therefore my other work in hand: I want only an importation of books from Lisbon to send this to the press, and shall have full time to complete the introduction and notes, while the body of the work is printing. It will supply the place of preliminaries to the "History of Portugal," and exhibit a complete view of the heroic age of Spain. I had almost forgotten to say, that the reason why you have not received a copy of my Specimens is that it is delayed for some cancels. Lastly, I have to tell you that before the change of ministry took away all my expectations, I was weary of them; and as some arrangements of Coleridge's made it necessary that I should either decide upon removing hence at a fixed time, or remaining with the house, I have chosen the latter alternative. Here, then, I am settled—am planting currant trees, purchasing a little furniture, making the place decent, as far as scanty means will go, and sending for my books by sea, perfectly well contented with my lot, and thankful that it has fallen in so goodly a land.

Meanwhile, Coleridge had gone to Malta in the spring of 1804, in search of health, leaving his wife and family at Keswick. The office of chief secretary becoming vacant while he was there, Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, appointed him to act until a new secretary came from England. He acted for about eighteen months; the office of treasurer, then associated with the secretaryship, he declined to undertake, losing thereby the half of 1000*l.* a year, the salary of the two offices. He returned to England in 1806, by way of Sicily and Italy. His health had not improved; nor, though he might have deluded himself as to the cause of his sufferings, could any one else, who knew the fatal habit he had contracted, expect improvement from change of climate. He had become an opium-eater before he went to Malta, and he returned an opium-eater still.

None of the various accounts of Coleridge, which have yet been published, enter into any detail concerning the next seven or eight years of his life. Mr. Cottle saw nothing of him between his lecturing at Bristol in 1807 and his coming back to lecture there in 1814; and he tells us only what he knows himself. Mr. Gillman's unfinished biography, a very meagre performance, gives us no information for this period. Keswick remained Coleridge's nominal residence till 1810: but his absences became frequent, and his returns, as Southey says, more difficult to be calculated than those of a comet. He was often with Wordsworth at Grasmere. He was occasionally in London, lecturing. The "Friend" occupied him at Keswick and Grasmere during the year 1809 and part of 1810. He had not in the interval become better adapted for the conduct of a periodical than when he failed with the "Watchman" in 1796; it was brought out very irregularly, managed expensively, and not written so as to please generally. It lingered on through twenty-seven numbers, though Southey had predicted a much earlier demise. Southey writes, (Sept. 1809,) "Coleridge has sent out a fourth number to-day. I have always expected every number to be the last; he may, however, possibly go on in this intermitting way till subscribers enough withdraw their names (partly in anger at its irregularity, more because they find it in heathen Greek) to give him an ostensible reason for stopping short." In 1810 Coleridge went to London, and lived for a short time with Mr. Basil Montagu; from him he passed on to an old Bristol friend, Mr. Morgan, then residing at Hammersmith. Mr. Morgan removed afterwards to Calne, and Coleridge removed with him; where for some three or four years Mr. Morgan's house continued to be his home. In 1813, his play of "Remorse" was brought out at Drury Lane, with

very great success: so much so, that Lord Byron, who was a great admirer of his genius—placing him and Crabbe at the head of their contemporary poets—was most urgent with him to set about another tragedy. Instead of which, he kept writing a great deal for the newspapers, chiefly for the "Courier." It was in 1814 that he returned to Bristol, to lecture; here Mr. Cottle becomes again communicative—and this is the sad part of Mr. Cottle's book. Coleridge was now the slave of opium; whatever money he made, went at once in the purchase of that destructive poison, to the ruin of his health, his principles, and character; domestic disagreement is a weak word for the inevitable consequences of such habits; he became, in poetic language, a voluntary exile from his family, a wanderer on the face of the earth. We are not of opinion that the private life of every eminent person becomes public property immediately on his death, even though higher objects, than amusement only, may be attained by publication—for instance, what is familiarly called a moral lesson. But, after the course Mr. Cottle has taken, there is an end to any question of the kind in the case of Coleridge. There is no longer a possibility of concealment; and, under the circumstances, we are satisfied that his memory will derive far more honor from such a letter as the following, than from any attempts to deny or to distort the published truth. The letter was written in 1814 by Coleridge to one of his oldest and most attached friends, Mr. Wade, of Bristol:—

Dear Sir—for I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused: accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have.

I used to think the text in St. James, that "he who offended in one point offends in all," very harsh: but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. For the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and unnatural cruelty to my poor children! self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach, nay too often actual falsehood!

After my death I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful, S. T. COLERIDGE.—(*Cottle*, p. 394.)

Such was Coleridge's terrible confession! Southey had addressed two remarkable letters to Cottle on this painful subject, a few months before; recommending earnestly self-restraint and labor, and returning home.

The restraint, which alone could effectually cure, is that which no person can impose upon him. Could he be compelled to a certain quantity of labor every day for his family, the pleasure of having done it would make his heart glad, and the sane mind would make the body whole. I see nothing so advisable for him, as that he should come here to Greta Hall * * * here it is that he ought to be. He knows in what manner he would be received—by his children with joy; by his wife, not with tears if she can control them, certainly not with reproaches; by myself only with encouragement.

To Keswick Coleridge would not and did not go; nor to Mr. Poole. He returned to the Morgans. In April, 1816, he placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a surgeon at Highgate, in the hope that he might be broken of his fatal propensity. In Mr. Gillman he found the kindest of friends, and he lived in his house till his death, on the 25th of July, 1834. Mr. Cottle's reminiscences of Coleridge close with the year 1814: Mr. Gillman's first volume does not go beyond the time of Coleridge's coming to reside with him—so that the particulars of his eighteen years at Highgate are yet to come.

What a different picture will Southey's biographer have to draw! His life at Keswick was, like all his previous life, one of uninterrupted industry. Year by year his reputation grew, and his humble means, the honest produce of a most conscientious industry. In 1809 he undertook to write the historical part of the "Edinburgh Annual Register, at a salary of 400*l.* a year; and took a twelfth share of the property, which he expected would return him 40 per cent. So that at last he thought himself well paid for his labors; with "a fair prospect (life and health permitting) of beginning in a very few years to get above the world, in the worldly meaning of the phrase." In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate, Scott having previously declined the honor. From this period his correspondence with Wm. Taylor begins to flag.

Southey survived Coleridge nearly nine years. He died on the 21st of March, 1843; having been for nearly a year before his death in a state of complete unconsciousness. His overworked mind had broken down. Two singular incidents happened to him in his later life. In 1826 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Downton, while abroad, without his consent. On the meeting of parliament he wrote to the speaker to inform him that he was not qualified as required by law, and could not take the prescribed oaths. Sir Robert Peel, during his short tenure of office in 1835, offered him a baronetcy; which, however, he at once declined, as incompatible with his worldly circumstances. Upon this, Sir Robert conferred on him a pension of 300*l.* a year. He received it joyfully: it released him from all further necessity of writing for bread. As soon as his current engagements were discharged by the completion of his edition of Cowper, and of his "Lives of the British Admirals," in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," he looked forward to devoting him

self to his favorite work, the "History of Portugal." But time was not granted him for this. Large materials have, doubtless, been left, which the public cannot afford to lose; for the history of Portugal is still a desideratum in our literature. Three volumes from his "Common Place Book" are now passing through the press; good news for all who relish the "Omniana" and the "Doctor." While in his "Life and Correspondence," which will soon appear under the editorship of his son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, the lovers of pleasant English prose may make sure of having as agreeable a specimen of unconscious autobiography, in the form of letters, as any in the language.

Other works, also, Southey is known to have meditated through life, and to have been compelled to defer, under the necessity of writing for subsistence; until at last, when he had obtained a competence, too little of life remained to turn to account the materials which he had been long collecting. Among these works were a "History of the Monastic Orders," a "History of English Literature from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth," and a "History of English Domestic Life." If, at the age of thirty, or even forty, a wise distribution of bounty had given him the pension, with which it was reserved for Sir Robert Peel to secure the comforts of his old age, how great would have been the gain to our literature! Let the rest be said by his friend Henry Taylor, in the last of those striking essays, his "Notes from Life:"—"By a small pension, and the office of Laureate, (yielding together about 200*l.* per annum,) he was enabled to insure his life, so as to make a moderate posthumous provision for his family; and it remained for him to support himself and them, so long as he should live, by his writings. With unrivalled industry, infinite stores of knowledge, extraordinary talents, a delightful style, and the devotion of about one half of his time to writing what should be marketable, rather than what he would have desired to write, he defrayed the cost of that frugal and homely way of life which he deemed to be the happiest and the best. So far it may be said that all was well; and certainly man was never more contented with a humble lot than he. But at sixty years of age he had never yet had one year's income in advance; and when between sixty and seventy his powers of writing failed, had it not been for the timely grant of an additional pension, his means of subsistence would have failed too. It was owing to this grant alone that the last years of a life of such literary industry as was the wonder of his time, were not harassed by pecuniary difficulties; and at his death the melancholy spectacle was presented of enormous preparations thrown away, one great labor of his life half finished, and other lofty designs which had been cherished in his heart of hearts from youth to age, either merely inchoate or altogether unattempted. We mourn over the lost books of Tacitus and Pliny, and rake in the ruins of Herculaneum to recover them; but 300*l.* a year—had it been given in time—might have realized for us works over the loss of which our posterity may perhaps mourn as much, or more!

> "'Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
> Make sadder transits o'er Truth's mystic glass
> Than noblest objects utterly decayed.'"

The nature of the subject has carried us further into Southey's letters, as part of our narrative, than we were quite aware: but we cannot close this paper without extracting one letter more from Mr. Cottle's Reminiscences; a very beautiful one, being an answer to Cottle's expression of his regret that, on retiring from the bookselling business, he had not returned to Southey the copyrights of his early works.

My dear Cottle—What you say of my copyrights affects me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest. They were yours; fairly bought and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, which no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought, they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not published "Joan of Arc," the poem would never have existed, nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left my Edith during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return, it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of our cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you are not, I would entreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am, that there never was a more generous nor a kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me when I add that there does not live that man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs, and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night, my dear old friend and benefactor.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.—This accounts for the occasional rudeness and want of manners shown by the editors of newspapers, who naturally get an amount of evil communications that must try the politeness, as well as the patience, of the best bred and the best tempered man in the world.

PROPER DIGNITY. The Regent's Park zoological professors have dropt their admission from one shilling to sixpence. As soon as the elephant heard he was to be shown at half price—with a dignity worthy of even an eminent tragedian—he resolved to show himself only in profile.

From the Spectator of 1 April.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF EUROPE.

The European settlement of 1815 is breaking up before our eyes. We await the political reconstruction of the continent with the firmest hope that, after the crisis, the peace and liberties of the world will be better secured than they were by the dictation from Vienna; but it is not to be concealed that elements of danger are at work, and that the utmost benefit will not be secured for the nations unless a mutual intelligence be established. In several parts, recognized rights are invaded, but in such a manner or by such influences that the invasion is neither to be avoided nor regretted. Lombardy is in the hands of its own people; the Austrians are expelled, but not without aid to the revolt from Piedmont. Our government is said to have "protested" against this infraction of treaties —formally and technically, we presume, but in no more practically cogent sense than it protested against the absorption of Cracow. Poland reäppears on the map of Europe, "cum privilegio et auctoritate," in its Prussian section; but will the Poles of Galicia and Warsaw view the emancipation of their countrymen in passive contentment? Hardly. It seems probable that the speculation which we hazarded last week will be realized, and that Poland will be reintegrated, with the connivance of Germany, to be an equal ally and member of the contemplated Germanic confederation. In the commotion, Schleswig-Holstein clings to its cognate state, and threatens to shake off the Danish rule. On these important points of Europe a re-adjustment of territory and political geography has become a practical and urgent question—a question that will scarcely be solved without attempts at reaction. Austria will not simply acquiesce in her own dismemberment, north or south; and the Danish government is goaded, even by its people in the metropolitan province, to resist the separation of the Germanic duchies. The resistance that will be offered on this ground will probably restore courage to those governments which have yielded to the revolutionary movements with reluctance—to Naples and the smaller states of Italy, to Hanover and the smaller states of Germany. And Russia stands ready to lend to any bad animus in Europe a body of strength.

The elements of disorder, therefore, are neither few nor despicable. Protracted dissension and unsettlement will call into more active play the anarchists of all Europe—the republicans and ultra-revolutionists of Italy; the not extinct jacobins, terrorists, and propagandists of France; the communists of Germany; with that host of soldiers of fortune who now drive the trade of revolution—the blacklegs of civil war, who infest the capitals of Europe in multiplied numbers and excited activity. The old absolutists who have refused to learn —the thickheaded scions of antiquated princely houses in Italy and Germany, the race of nobles who ignore the universe beyond a court, the valets and lackeys of unconquerable convictions—will foment counter-revolution, and throw in heavy stakes to keep up the game. Poland may be made an element of disorder or of order. Russia, if suffered to enter Western Europe, can only act as an element of disorder; for she can only act against the grain of the times. She is alien to the European system of our day. Geographically she lies beyond the ring fence of high civilization; her races are still rude, and her ruling family favors the rude aboriginal manners: chronologically she belongs to the "old style" of an earlier epoch. She has neither the faculties nor the machinery to interfere amongst us beneficially.

Not only is the "balance of power" utterly disordered during the political storm, but it is visibly assuming new directions. The elements of military power are in an extraordinary condition. The armies of Europe have grown political. But that is not all; for to a state in which opinions are free and convictions settled a political sense in the army is a source of safety; some among the armies of Europe, however, are very singularly placed. In the German states, the armies seem to be very well disposed to fall in with the constitutional views of the people. But the forces of Austria are curiously interchanged; she has many Hungarian regiments in Italy—manifesting sympathy with the alien race given into their custody; and she has forty thousand Italians in Hungary, or her other provinces above the Alps—ready, of course, to repay the debt of the Lombards in kind. The army of France is in a very anomalous condition; the social anarchy has infected the line, discipline is dissolved, and the force appears to be thoroughly demoralized. Such a condition can be brought about in no time, but it cannot be remedied in a hurry; the plague may be caught in an instant, but the cure is tedious and precarious. An obvious consequence is, that the army of France is a force not to be relied on, as it once might have been, for antagonizing the northern hordes who may be poured into the battle fields of Europe. At least until it is tried, the army of France cannot be trusted. It does not follow that France is crippled for propagandism; the anarchy that is increasing may overcome the self-possession which the provisional government has on the whole so laudably maintained, and mere love of mischief may send forth her hordes to seek adventures in Europe, and burn other thrones besides that of the Tuileries. But a brawl between the extremes of absolutism and revolution is not what Europe wants; and in surveying the available forces of the continent for a true and tranquil *balance* of power, it should be remembered that the French army is not available just now.

The elements of order are many and mighty. The conviction that governments in antagonism to their peoples cannot be firm and strong, seems to have newly possessed the most influential rulers of two great and important regions—Italy and Germany. A better understanding than ever is gaining ground between the enlightened statesmen of Europe, crowned or uncrowned. At the critical points where danger is most imminent, the

guardian powers are most efficient Napoleon said of the Piedmontese, that they must, by geographical position, be a military people, and that the battles of Italy must be fought on their ground; they are prepared, and they are enlisted on the side of those liberal but wise and moderate opinions which have just manifested so striking an ascendancy throughout Europe. Prussia, one of the most military states, keeps guard of Schleswig-Holstein and Poland. The Poles, a most military race, may be restored to their country, and will gladly hold it, reconsolidated to their hands, on the tenure of military service to Europe; a noble and appropriate service for those to whom Russia is the hereditary foe. Liberal opinions span the Baltic; the establishment of a thorough understanding throughout constitutional Europe would redeem Sweden from an isolated position, and would throw upon Denmark the responsibility of becoming politically isolated from her immediate neighbors. The small and once retrograde state of Brunswick has signified its adhesion to King Frederick William's movement for restoring German unity; a useful and promising example. The unmistakeable function of the newly-constituted Germany will be to vindicate constitutional monarchy and the peace of Europe. The elements of order, then, will yet prove too many for barbaric absolutism.

But in order to endow them with a complete existence, to bring them into active and harmonious operation, it is necessary, we say, to establish a clear understanding between the orderly states of Europe. The reader will have anticipated the suggestion, that no time should be lost in preparing for an European congress; not one of crowned heads or their agents, but of national governments; not one for dictation, but for mutual intelligence. Its principal functions would be—first, to collect the wishes and views of the several states; secondly, to record those wishes and views, and the judgment of Europe thereupon; thirdly, to smooth away difficulties and expedite the completion of tranquil order. One way in which this last function would be performed would be in meditating in the amicable transfer of territory and the readjustment of political boundaries; needful operations that might be impeded by false shame, stiff-necked etiquette, or weakness affecting the airs of strength, but which would be rendered less mortifying by the solemn sanction of a congress in which the parties immediately interested might share. Many disorders which may be committed by the extravagant on either side would be prevented by the knowledge of the opinion of Europe, to say nothing of the explicit information which it would furnish on the important subjects of practicability and alliance. Even England would derive direct advantage from a congress that should quiet those disorders in Europe on which the seditious in Ireland are speculating as a collateral aid for prolonging their agitations.

At this moment, perhaps, affairs are scarcely ripe for the positive action of a congress; but they soon will be so. As soon as France, Italy and Germany have settled their own constitutional arrangements—which must be speedily—or have decidedly failed in the attempt at settlement, the elements of disorder would become more active for mischief; and congress might step in with its moral intervention just at the nick of time. To hit that opportunity, the congress should at least be prepared. Perhaps its sitting and watching the course of events, even before the final crisis, might not be disadvantageous. At any rate, a new settlement of Europe will be desirable in a very few months, to replace that of 1815; and it can in no way be turned to so much account for the benefit of Europe, for the advancement of civilization and the good of mankind, as by a thorough and timely understanding between those powers that actually rule the world.

THE LONDON TIMES PRAISING AMERICA.

[We are indebted to the New York Courier for this extract from the Times—date not given, but at the end of March.]

We can easily imagine the exultation of triumph with which the news of this month will be received on the other side of the Atlantic. The proved hollowness of despotisms, the liberation of intellect, the majestic advance of young democracy—we think we hear already the magnificent periods with which the American "caucusses" are by this time ringing on such themes as these, and to which each successive mail will give a louder and loftier tone. Nor can it be denied that things look as though the philosophic vaticinations of M. De Tocqueville were about to be realized, and the old world were going to learn a new political alphabet at the feet of her Transatlantic offspring. The exiles whom the Europe of the 16th and 17th centuries, disinherited as prodigal children, planted their ideas in a congenial soil, and the luxuriance of their growth is overshadowing and blighting the parent tree. It would be considered irrelevant at this juncture, to inquire accurately into the respective *merits* of the two systems of government which are at issue; as to which produces the greatest amount of individual happiness, of national greatness, of moral and intellectual fruit. *There is no question at any rate as to which is the most powerful and prosperous*, and America may be allowed to take full advantage of the popular tendency to cry *væ victis*, and shout with the winning side.

No doubt it is a good and valid argument, as far as it goes, against despotism, that it appears to be in its nature evanescent, and to carry with it the seeds of its own decay; the civilized world seems to have outgrown it so gradually as to have been unconscious of its own progress; till at a touch from without, the mask falls off, and the whole pageantry of arbitrary power, vanishing "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind." Strength and stability are essential points to be considered in deciding the respective merits of different forms of government, and it is useless to prove, on paper, that a certain constitu-

tution is the best, if, as a matter of fact, we find that it cannot stand alone, when we attempt to realize it. Just now, the fact that if the American people were polled to-morrow, from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence, every single individual would vote for precisely the form of government which he now possesses, is undoubtedly *a strong argument in favor of that government.* Of course, we do not say that it is a conclusive one; we ourselves happen to like something different—only we imagine that, as between a stable, that is "conservative" democracy and a decadent, that is, "revolutionary" despotism, there can be but little doubt which to prefer. And so we may assume that, for the present at least, and till we see what the upshot of the new state of things may be, the advocates of arbitrary power will be silent, if not convinced: and the constitutional questions which will be henceforth warmly argued, with a view to practical results, are rather those which concern the degree of power which the people should hold in their own hands, the definition of the word "people," the modes in which they can best exercise that power, and the mutual relations of different communities and states.

Dropping, therefore, for the present the question between popular and arbitrary principles of government, which will not be stirred at least for some time to come, we wish to draw attention to another great principle which we think likely to be brought prominently forward, and to exercise great influence; a principle the exemplification of which, in the fullest extent, we also owe to the Americans; we mean the principle of federalism. The most important improvement in the practice of modern constitutional countries, as compared with ancient, is the introduction of the system of representation. In the Athenian *ecclesia*, and in the Roman *comitia*, the people deliberated, discussed, and voted, in the mass, upon each separate question of policy. The idea of electing, from time to time, plenipotentiary delegates to do their political business never occurred to them. It is needless to point out the extreme inconvenience of the ancient plan, and the incalculable extent to which the transaction of public affairs has been facilitated by its abolition. But it would seem that the idea which representation embodies has as yet been but partially and inadequately carried out in Europe, and that we must look for its most effectual and consistent development to the United States. We conceive that idea to be the union of individual participation in power with an effective combination of individual powers for common purposes; in modern technical phraseology, legislative centralization with administrative localism.

There is at this moment a very evident tendency, all over Europe, in two directions apparently opposite; to local self-government, and to national unity. In 1815 certain lines were drawn upon a map, according to which states were carved, as it were, out of the continent, without reference to language, habits, race, feelings, antipathies, or any of those influences which constitute real nationality. The consequence was that the desire of national independence, in the provinces thus subjected to foreign dominion, went hand in hand with the wish for popular institutions; they became convinced that they could not have the one without the other; they have long struggled for both, and at length they appear on the eve of winning them. But these provinces have, in almost every case, national unities of their own, to which, when rid of the crude and Procrustean arrangement of 1815, they are beginning naturally to look, as supports to their new-born independence, and rallying points for their awakened patriotism. Thus Italy is gathering under one name and banner her estranged and provincialized children; the scattered and disunited states of Germany are craving earnestly for union; Poland is uniting; Switzerland is uniting; it will not, perhaps, be long before we see a Panslavonic nation constituted in the east of Europe. Yet none of the provinces would like the idea of ceasing to manage locally their own affairs, in order to secure the safety and dignity of a greater father land. The question, then, for them to consider is, whether, by an adoption of the principle of federalism, their wants may not be supplied and their tendencies satisfied.

Let them observe the working of federalism in America. The most complete national unity is there preserved as regards foreign nations; complete freedom of trade, complete uniformity of action in all respects essential to national life; while, at the same time, the inestimable habit of self-government is created and retained, and the power of adapting local institutions to local wants exercised so fully, that no American citizen has to complain that the interests of his locality suffer by the distance or neglect of the legislative centre. The German in Pennsylvania, the Frenchman in Louisiana, the Spaniard in Florida, had no need, when they came to participate in the advantages belonging to the great American Union, of sacrificing one iota of the local institutions to which they were attached. So wonderfully elastic and expansive is this principle of government, *that the entire American continent might, as it appears to us, be absorbed in one vast federation, with but little inconvenience or danger resulting from its extent and diversity of characteristics.* If a similar system of permitting local self-government, in subordination to a supreme legislative head had been pursued in Lombardy and Poland, we do not believe that even the fact of the central head being an arbitrary monarch would have induced, in either case, the declaration of independence which has now ensued. The Spanish monarchs had no subjects so loyal as the inhabitants of the Basque provinces; the fidelity of the Tyrolese to Austria is proverbial; because the former lived practically under the shadow of their own *fueros*, and the latter were not deprived of their ancient *grundgesetz*. The Romans understood this principle, and left to the *municipia* of their own enormous empire the full enjoyment of their institutions, and

management of their affairs. This was the cause of the astonishing duration of their rule, and of the general contentedness of their subjects. In France, on the contrary, where the utmost point of administrative centralization had been obtained, the "people" are utterly demoralized and incapacitated for liberty by the habit of having everything done for them; the consequence now is, that the mob of Paris now rules France; the 35,000,000 individuals who inhabit the provinces follow like sheep after a leader, even though it be down a precipice.

If there be any truth in these speculations, the object of which we have rather indicated than explained, the good or bad success of the unprecedented movement now going on in Europe will depend, in great measure, upon the extent to which the different nations engaged in it may succeed in reconciling and turning to account the principles which we have been describing—that of local self-government, the true nurse of freedom, and that of national unity, the best safeguard for peace, civilization, and social progress. It is impossible to lay down, beforehand, how far and in what manner it may be possible, in each particular case, to do this; but the tendency of the attempt, however, imperfectly developed, is in the right direction; the ideal perfection of it would be a Utopia,

"Where the drum should throb no longer, and the battle flag be furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

[Suppose these European nations to have settled their governments, and then to have made a Federal Union of the whole, within which peace and free trade should be perpetual, as they are between our states. And then suppose the United States of America were invited to join with the United States of Europe, not in political connection, but on the basis of peace and free trade! We desire to prepare our readers for such a question. It may not soon happen, but almost all Christian people think it has been clearly revealed in the Bible that it will come to pass. Who is ready to welcome the time?]

From the London Times, 30th March.

VANISHING OF AUSTRIA.

The disappearance of an empire is not even now an event of every-day occurrence. We who see it must take care to mark it, unless, indeed, the change should absolutely outstrip our observation. Austria is dissolving like a giant of snow. Death strikes the whole mass at once. As in that fearful disease the return of which has been recently announced, it is hard to say whether the vitals or the extremities are the first assailed. Surrounded by revolutions, while Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardy are discovered to be at the point of revolt, Vienna itself rises, the army is popularized, and in the hour of trial the head and heart of the empire are found to be gone. Who will trust in princes after this? Not only legitimists, but quiet and orderly people of every designation believed in the Austrian empire. Even Prince Metternich thought he had a lease for his own time, and kindly bequeathed a deluge to his successors. The whole has fallen with a crash. The materials are solid, but there is no holding. It has been an union of force, not of mutual advantage. Austria has been installed, not naturalized, in Italy. It has disowned the dignity of an Italian power. Lombardy was only a humble dependent. The day of revolution has arrived, and the artificial ties that bound these discordant materials are worth no more than tow in the flames. It was but the other day that Austria occupied Ferrara, menaced Rome, prepared to reduce both the Sicilies to order, dictated an *ultimatum* to constitutional Italy, and was fast completing its Italian army to the war standard of one hundred and fifty thousand men. The army is now returning homewards.

For the four or five days previous to the 25th Milan was the scene of a struggle which, to judge from the numbers and fury of the belligerent parties, must have surpassed even the sanguinary contests at Palermo or Berlin. Meanwhile, the Austrian commander found himself oppressed by a combination of untoward circumstances calculated to quench all the energies and hopes of his cause. His own government was in the crisis of a revolution, which just then threw it into the hands of those who would sympathize at heart with the cause of the Milanese. The all-potent chancellor had fled. The Hungarian forces, it is supposed, could not be trusted to act against the people. The aid of Russia was forfeited. In the immediate neighborhood of the revolted metropolis, the whole population was rising. City after city was sending its contingent. All political states and relations being disregarded, there was a simultaneous movement against Austria and despotism. On the 19th Padua, and even, it is reported, the strong position of Mantua, were in revolt, the garrison of the latter place having declared in favor of the Milanese. There was a revolution at Parma on the 19th, at Modena on the 20th, and popular convulsions at Placentia, Pontremoli, Lavanza, Massa, and Carrara. The lake districts of Como and Lugano had joined the movement. In the south of Italy the Austrian commander saw nought but discouragement. Free corps were rushing to the strife from newly-organized Switzerland. On the authority of Florence papers of the 21st, we are told that on the 19th *Venice and Florence were in open insurrection.* Meanwhile, on the side of Piedmont an army appeared, which, if it had no actual share in the conflict, must have convinced Count Radetzky that a prolonged resistance was hopeless. In this overwhelming series of difficulties, the greatest has been omitted. The name and terror of republican France were as a host for the revolutionary cause. Under these circumstances, therefore, the Austrians, under a well-managed feint, concentrated forces from Pavia, Magenta, and other places on the western frontier on the 24th, and on the day following withdrew their whole army, it was believed on the Verona road, with a view to a complete evacuation of the soil of Lombardy. It will not be allowed, we think, the commander had no other alternative.

With a rising cause, with men whom he could trust, and against a panic-struck people, he might have kept his ground with a quarter of the force. But not one of these conditions were in his favor. Everything was against him.

It is satisfactory to reflect that this mighty and successful vindication of national dignity and independence has been really spontaneous, without the taint of foreign intrigue or intervention. Northern Italy has done this work for herself. We will not believe, for the present, the successive reports that the King of Sardinia had declared war against Austria, that he had been crowned at Milan King of Sardinia and Lombardy, or, on the other hand, that Genoa and Milan had both declared for a republic. A day or two will prove the truth of these tales, or consign them to the same limbo with the flight of the King of Prussia, the establishment of a republic at Berlin, at Vienna, at Cracow, at Munich, and we know not how many other places. Nothing has been authenticated that interferes at all with the national and spontaneous character of the act. Nor has anything occurred of a sort to involve us in the quarrel. For the consolation of panic-mongers we may as well observe, that even if Charles Albert or the provisional government had invaded the dominions of Austria, there exists no treaty upon which England could have been dragged into the quarrel. The treaty of Vienna does not touch the question. The treaty of Chaumont, in 1814, bound the contracting parties then allied against France to mutual defence against arbitrary violations of territory and right, but only for twenty years, the express object of the treaty being, to restrain the existing encroachments of France. That treaty, therefore, has expired. Nor is there, so far, much reason to dread any overt interference from France. In his answer to the Italian deputation it will seem that M. Lamartine, while he expressed his sympathy for the cause of Italian unity and independence with all his usual poetry and warmth, yet most carefully guarded himself against offering any pledge or hope of an armed intervention except in the case of a hostile intervention from another quarter. We know not how long M. Lamartine may retain his political position or his moral consistency, but as long as France is true to him and he to himself we shall not again see Italy deluged by the torrent of Gallican ambition.

From the Spectator, 8th April.

DIRECTION OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

It is scarcely a question any longer of peace or war—war must come, unless some very unexpected change should take place in Europe; but an ulterior question remains, of the utmost importance both to the fortunes of Europe and to the immediate interests of this country—the direction that the war may take. That the war should find its active field in certain quarters rather than in others, is a matter that more nearly concerns us than it did when we touched upon the subject some two years ago. We need not particularize the quarters in which war would be specially inconvenient. Moreover, the direction is a matter not altogether beyond our own control. Our statesmen in power, if they see their opportunity and have the will and tact to use it, can help in turning the course of warfare away from injurious directions political and geographical. No doubt, such an effect is not to be produced by any blind observance of the dogma of positive non-intervention. Nor yet is it necessary that our government should make or meddle, dictate or subsidize. The immense material power which this country possesses in reserve lends so much force and weight to our moral influence, that a merely negative or permissive intervention would suffice to turn the current of affairs. Only, to comprehend the case effectively, our statesmen should relinquish the puerile fashion of ignoring whatever lies beyond the pale of existing treaties however obsolete, and should learn to scan present affairs by their living merits. It were wise, practical, and beneficent statesmanship, to do so.

The existing, we might almost say the *late*, treaty system of Europe, has been broken up, mainly by two influences—by the breaches which Austria, Prussia, and Russia made; by the fact that events have outgrown the provisions of the treaties. They have lost their virtue and utility.

Lord Aberdeen has spoken as if this country were bound to maintain the old status quo in Lombardy; and Lord Lansdowne seemed to feel it incumbent on him to admit such a responsibility. The assumption is an anachronism in point of time, a gratuitous concession in point of moral obligation, a practical injustice in respect to the actual merits of the case, and a mistake in the policy which we are considering. If present calculations are to be trusted, the dominion of Austria in Italy is no longer practicable, and was not so innocent as her friends would have us believe. Austria was not quite so enlightened in her despotism as she affected to be. She resisted the endeavors of intelligent Italians to promote the material welfare of their country; she impeded the early efforts to promote a purely commercial league; she obstructed the formation of the great Italian railroad. When the commercial league was first broached, Austria formed a counter-league with the smaller duchies; under the pretext of an alliance with those insignificant states, reciprocally offensive and defensive, she obtained the right to throw all her forces into the duchies, and so cut off the communications between the native states that sought to form the league. She thus gave an impulse not only to the national feeling against her alien rule, but to the discontent with the governments that submitted to her dictation. Her presence in Italy kept alive reactionary influences and hopes even in the reconstituted states—especially Naples; whose monarch was naturally suspected of contemplating the paltry game played by Ferdinand and his son in 1821. Charles Albert is blamed for entering Lombardy; and he is excused on the plea that his subjects compelled him.

He was compelled by other motives; he entered Lombardy, not only by invitation of the Milanese, but to defend monarchy in Italy; it was only by taking the lead in the national movement against Austria that Italian monarchy vindicated its own existence. Had Charles Albert refused the application from Milan, Milan, repudiating Austrian sway, must have declared itself a republic: Florence would then scarcely have resisted the example and its appeal to her own traditions; and France would have had inconvenient emulators in Italy—perhaps also in more countries. The other princes of Italy have felt the same compulsion with Charles Albert; and troops from Tuscany and Rome impart to the anti-Austrian movement the aspect, not of a Piedmontese encroachment, but of an *Italian* movement. It is so. Austria will probably resist, and there may be war in the plains of Lombardy. It is a site not near enough to injure us, not too remote to evoke the energies of Italy and fructify in her regeneration. The success of Italy will be a gain to Europe.

There will be contest in Germany. Jealousies between the states already appear, and threaten evil to the people—unless they find vent against a common enemy. Russia will probably support Denmark against Prussia. Frederick William, with the rashness pertaining to a "provisional government," such as he now is, went too far in his promise to abet Schleswig-Holstein. But if Russia warred upon him, it would only be to enter Germany through Schleswig-Holstein, and to war upon German nationality and freedom. Russia is the natural foe to freedom; it is her policy to sap the nationality of her conterminous neighbors, that she may continue her encroachments. It is the policy of Germany, of Europe, to provide safer work for this common foe. Poland offers that pièce de résistance. France is preparing an increased army, not knowing how to dispose of her restless citizens. To concentrate a strong allied army in Poland, would be to raise up a barrier for the defence of Europe—a shelter behind which the "tree of liberty" would grow unnipped by the ice-blasts of the north. England might have diplomatic influence enough to hinder such a concentration of allied forces; she would mistake both policy and humanity if she acted so.

Austria detests her patron-ally, Russia—the giant that, like the cannibal in the *Arabian Nights*, nurtures her to devour her. Austria purchases present protection at the cost of future destruction. Nevertheless, she will probably try hard for her Italian provinces, and may appeal to those treaty alliances which Lord Aberdeen would have England uphold. It would be much more fortunate for England, and for Europe, if Austria were to forget those alliances; to resist, not invite, Russia; to abet, not refuse, the restitution of Poland; to facilitate, not impede, the reörganization of Europe; and to seek her compensation through independence of Russia and renewed influence on the lower banks of the river that flows by her capital.

In the oscillating balance of tottering empires and wavering purpose, England, for the advantage of her own interests and of mankind, without active intervention—without outlay of millions—without responsibility—might direct the course of warfare. A simply permissive act would carry by adventurous Englishmen, the moral aid of England to the great Italian people newly reäppearing among the powers of Europe; and it would send a great French army to aid, as allies, not enemies, of Germany, in restoring Poland to be a vanguard for the civilization of the world.

From the Examiner, 1 April.

AN ITALIAN EMPIRE.

Providence has evidently taken the management of European affairs into its own immediate hands. What boots it the character of princes? what the designs of statesmen? The wisdom of cabinets has been swept away like a cobweb; and princes, left to their own naked intellects and individual resources, stand like common mortals, destitute, shivering in despair, and furious and powerless as madmen, anon exchanging their fury for blandness and dissimulation. Altogether they cut a mournful figure. The King of Prussia, grasping at the German throne at the very moment that he can scarcely keep the Berlin one, and Charles Albert, snatching Lombardy whilst throwing away Turin, remind us of a simile well-known in the columns of this journal, which described the monkeys in Exeter Change, each regardless of the food before him, but each eagerly thrusting forth his hands to filch from his neighbor's can.

The sudden growth of Charles Albert's power is, however, not the result of his wisdom or prowess, but of a providential and inevitable series of events. Fate, and the outburst of popular will, have opened for the King of Piedmont an empire to the Adriatic; whilst the very same movement literally sweeps all Italy clean of its petty potentates, and rids the whole land of those tyrants whom the policy and the court intrigues of centuries past had fathered upon Italy. Italy, in fact, was the European convent. Whenever a royal race had a prince or princess whom it knew not what to do with, straight it was endowed with an appanage and a principality in Italy. All these are brushed away—Parma, Placentia, Modena, Lucca. There are left but the large compartments to deal with, of Naples, Rome, and Tuscany. They can form a confederation; and being so few, and of such few conflicting interests, they can form a confederation without difficulty. If they are wise, and have a sense of national independence, they will do so at once; and make Italy provide for its own defence, without interference or aid from France, or from any other power.

Savoy indeed they will lose, and so much the better; it is essentially Transalpine, and the French, in taking it, recover but a portion of their own territory, and a people of their own tongue. It is not likely that the French will be called on to do more. Lombardy is a country easily defended, at

least by its own population. It overflows with men, money, and resources, with lakes and rivers—all the sinews of defence, and the obstacles to invasion. No power could march an army into Lombardy against the will of the Lombards, without uncommon preparation and expenditure. Austria, almost bankrupt before the revolution, is not equal to such an attempt now; and the Italians would have ample time to complete both government and defence before an Austrian soldier could march back over the Tagliamento.

The difficulties of Northern Italy will be not so much a foreign war as an intestine commotion. Charles Albert is not much respected. He has but one claim, that of being an Italian prince, and of an Italian race. The Duke of Tuscany is an Austrian, the King of Naples a Bourbon. The Sardinian family alone is original Italian—its great and only claim to empire.

But republicanism has germed in North Italy as in North Germany. It was on the point of breaking forth at Turin, and it was simply in order to escape this that Charles Albert marched upon Milan. But a strong municipal and republican spirit prevails in Lombardy too, whilst the antagonistic sentiment of loyalty is utterly unknown. That Charles Albert or his dynasty should keep a sovereign hold over such a country, and in such agitated and uncertain times, seems very doubtful. He might do so were he called on to conduct a successful war. But in peace the ground will be mined beneath his feet, and his part will be even more difficult to play than that of the King of Prussia.

Another source of disquiet has arisen in the complete separation of Sicily from Naples. The king is said to have consented to this in despair. The bad effects which we anticipate from it, are not so much those likely to arise from Neapolitan and Sicilian enmity, as from the suspicions which France and other countries will probably entertain of English designs and influence over Sicily.

We may allay our disquietude, however, by the same opinion with which we commenced. Providence has taken these matters into its own hands for the present.

[It is a great comfort to be fully persuaded that it is *not only* "for the present."—L. A.]

From the Examiner.

GERMANY—AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

A BRIEF retrospect may enable the English reader, bewildered by the hurrying crowd of events in Germany, better to understand their real character, and conjecture their probable consequences. They are the necessary development of social and civil struggles under the counteracting impulses of the popular spirit engendered by the war of liberation in 1813, and the absolutism which has ever since, with few and occasional exceptions, been the guiding principle of German sovereigns.

The German empire had ceased to be animated by a vital principle before the French conquests gave it the *coup de grace*. All her princes who possessed or aspired to the electoral dignity, had established themselves in possession of territorial sovereignty; and the numbers of petty princes and immediate nobles who were thus left without a head to control or protect them, had established in great part of the empire a permanent anarchy. The free towns, with some half-a-dozen exceptions, had been absorbed into the territories of the neighboring princes. The fiefs, clerical and secular, had become mere sinecures, and were one and all in the possession of the nobility. On the other hand, the long peace which pervaded Germany previous to the revolutionary war had favored the acquisition of material wealth by the *bourgeoisie:* intellectual culture had followed in the train of riches; and the glories of Schiller and Göthe—both sprung from the burgher class, and the former true to his "order"—aided by a numerous, active, and intelligent literary class, had inspired the citizens with a sense of their own power. This was strengthened by the political influence with which legal appointments and ecclesiastical promotions invested many of *bourgeois* descent. Among this middle class the principles of the French revolution made many converts; but the domineering and plundering of the French armies produced a general revulsion of feeling as far as the French people were concerned. The Germans became intensely national; they dreamed of reëstablishing the unity of the empire; and between the animation of despair and indignation, under the guidance of this resolve, they expelled the conquerors from their country. But though their imaginations were filled with historical reminiscences, their impulses were democratic. They felt that Napoleon had played with their kings and princes, but that they, the people, had overthrown Napoleon. The sovereigns of Europe were equally aware of the fact, and timidly eager to fetter that blatant beast, the public, which had torn their master in pieces.

The Germans looked for a reëstablishment of the old imperial forms, but they also looked to their being animated by the popular spirit of the nineteenth century. Their princes were only bent on establishing their own power, and resolute to that end to acquire wealth and strength, at the expense, not only of the people, but of the weaker and less fortunate of their own order. Three things conspired to favor these interested views: the military power of the princes; the local jealousies and prejudices of the people, who were as much split up into cantonal societies as Italy—their parish patriotism being permanent, while their enthusiasm of nationality was effervescent; and, lastly, the interference of foreign powers, throwing their weight uniformly (a policy intelligible on the part of Russia, but suicidal and disgraceful on the part of England) into the scale of the sovereigns. Under these influences the German nation was not reincorporated either in the old or the new form. An aggregate of independent states was loosely, *seemingly*, bound together, as a confederation; and, in

all, the power was left for the time in the hands of the princes.

On the south-eastern frontier of the so-called confederation was placed Austria. This power was a member of the confederation in virtue of possessing Austria Proper, Tyrol, and Bohemia, constituent parts of the old German empire. But much of its wealth and the greater part of its military power was derived from extra-Germanic sources. The Austrian court was stupidly conservative. It was also a principal centre of the hereditary catholicism of Germany; round which had grown up a fantastic neo-catholic literary party, not without a straggling influence in most of the other capitals of the confederation. Prussia, in virtue of her original territories, occupied the north-western frontier of Germany, and, in virtue of her new acquisitions, coiled herself, serpent-like, round great part of the north and west. Prussia, like Austria, possessed extra-Germanic domains and interests; but they were subordinate. Prussia was essentially a German state. Her old territories were intensely Prussian; the annexations to the north-west were refractory. The Prussian government was, and its hereditary subjects were in the main, Protestant; but a strong Catholic interest existed in Westphalia and her Rhine provinces. The Prussian government and people were intelligent; they were habitually termed the French of Germany. Such were the two really influential and directing members of the diet. Austria brought a great deal, and Prussia a little, of foreign force, to keep the popular spirit of Germany under; and both leant upon Russia as a *corps de reserve*.

The minor states may be more hurriedly sketched. Bavaria was more deeply steeped in ignorance and Roman Catholic bigotry, in its most venerable form, than even Austria. Bavaria had acquired at the settlement a large portion of Franconia—great part of it similar in these two respects, though with a marked national difference. The Bavarian government had been, in the internal wars of the empire, the steady champion of ultra-montane catholicism, and the revolutionary storms left it unchanged. There was little of popular feeling among its subjects; but there was a fierce sectarian warfare waging between Catholics and Protestants. In the kingdom of Wurtemburg there was more of a developed citizen feeling; and the reigning house, with its revolutionary connections, was less antagonistic to it than most of the German sovereigns. Its own timidity, however, and the power of its great eastern neighbors, kept the Wurtemburg government in strict subjection. In Baden, Nassau, Rhenish Bavaria, and Darmstadt, though a strong sense of German nationality prevailed, the vicinity of France had infused a much stronger leaven of constitutional and philosophical doctrine among the citizen class, than in the countries hitherto passed in review. The suppression of most of the great ecclesiastical establishments in those countries, and the mediatization of the high noblesse, had removed the natural counterpoise to this spirit. Add to these circumstances that the south-eastern Germans, with equal strength, are less lubberly than the rest of the nation. The sovereigns of three of those states were liberally inclined, but the weight of Austrian and Prussian influence kept them quiescent. In the Prussian Rhine provinces, the philosophical and constitutional spirit was also strong; but here it had to wrestle with a powerful hierarchical influence. Both tendencies were hostile to the Protestant government of Berlin, but as a practical opposition they neutralized each other. And the large Prussian army, with Ehrenbreitstein for its centre of action, was an efficient check. In Hesse Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, and Oldenburg, as in the south-western German states, the constitutional and philosophical dogmas prevailed; but, among these more sluggish temperaments of the northern Germans, with less vivacity of expression. The government of Oldenburg was a nonentity. Hanover's government was neutralized so long as attached to the English crown, and has been more than neutralized since separated from it. The policy of the Brunswick dukes, and the brutality of the Cassel electors, have neutralized their influence for good. The kingdom of Saxony was inveterately hostile to the new order of things. Two thirds of its former extent had been absorbed by Prussia. But the antagonistic relations, which, ever since the electors of Saxony became renegades from the Protestant faith, had prevailed between the court and people, prevented its discontent from bearing any good fruit. The country was frittered down into two petty Saxon dukedoms; while the other little principalities of Germany, and the surviving Hanseatic republics, had, by their isolation, all comprehensive national feeling depressed, if not extinguished, in them, by the exclusive predominance of local polities.

Thus circumstanced, Germany could not fail to be subjected for a long tract of years to the principles of the holy alliance. Prussia and Austria—in the name of the confederation—suppressed the liberty of the press; neutralized representative government where it already existed; and prevented its introduction even where it had been promised with the most sacred pledges. The bigotry of Austria, and the martinet spirit of Prussia, were of themselves sufficiently prone to such a policy; and the influence of Russia, allied by marriage to Prussia and to several of the minor sovereigns of Germany, confirmed the predisposition. The national sentiment and constitutional principles had an abiding hold only on the literary class and the *élite* of the mercantile and military classes. The peasantry were far below this grade of civilization; and unfortunately the haughty spirit of the middle-class liberals repelled the uneducated masses. At first the energetic opponents of the holy alliance policy were confined to the literary class. From the political privileges of the universities; from the anxiety of all the German sovereigns to promote those institutions as a means of attracting foreign talent and money to

their states; and from their power as appellate jurisdictions, and the freemason unity engendered by them; the lawyers, diplomatists, and administrative *employés* of Germany, had been held together by the mere fact of education within their walls. The literary class is more numerous, more united, and if possible more influential than even in France. But the centralization of power in Germany effectively debarred the men of practical experience in this class from early assuming a hostile attitude to their employers. It was the inexperienced, the imaginative, and the bookworms, who took the lead. Their exhibitions were fantastic enough, but they kept the controversy between despotism and popular rights alive. The disproportionate severity of the punishments to which they were subject, too, awakened sympathy directly for themselves and indirectly for their cause. And in all the great commercial and manufacturing centres of Germany, and in all its camps, the intelligence of the capitalists, and of the real soldiers among the officers, became daily more disgusted with the imbecile despotism of the petty satellites of the Holy Alliance. Scattered through Germany were numerous "mediatized" families, irritated at being reduced to the rank of subjects to their former equals. It is true that "immured within the bastile of their rank," they formed no element of the growing national spirit; but they were kept aloof from the reigning powers whom their succession weakened. An unseen, but suspected and dreaded, constitutional party, thus grew up in Germany. Every dissatisfied interest courted it, or at least coquetted with it. At one time the Catholics of Rhenish Prussia, at another the Protestants of Bavaria, sought its aid; now it was the peasants of Suabia and Franconia, affected by relics of feudal privileges, anon the distressed operatives of Silesia or Westphalia, who invoked its assistance.

Of late years this party, encouraged by the jealousies which the minor sovereigns entertain for their masters, have made marked progress in the smaller states. The small German states are confirmedly constitutional; the people of Saxony have long waited an opportunity to compel their court to similar concessions or to abdication. In Hanover, Brunswick, and Cassel, a deep embittered spirit against the reigning powers predominates; and precisely at the moment when these elements of popular power were ripening, the financial embarrassments of Prussia and Austria have brought on a crisis. The utter and pervading distrust of the government finances is avowed by the states of Lower Austria as their chief inducement to demand a general representative government. It was the want of money that compelled the King of Prussia to assemble his states-general last year. The French revolution was the signal for rising: and nothing more than a signal was wanted. The German revolution is essentially a middle-class—an intelligent movement. The interference of disaffected Poles at Berlin, of disaffected Hungarians at Vienna, like the armless peasant insurrection in Suabia, and some communist indications of little importance here and there, are exceptional and transient phenomena. It would be rash to conjecture the exact course which events may take, but we are sanguine as to the results.

From the Examiner, 25 March.

REVOLUTIONS OF VIENNA AND BERLIN.

The political obituary is far too crowded. To publish even a brief epitaph upon each fallen statesman would demand inordinate space. To indulge in biography would be interminable. We have quite enough to do in chronicling the fall of empires, without fathoming the causes or indulging in reflections amongst the ruins. Never, indeed, was such food for moralizing, if one had time for it. But the mere perusal of events is like walking through a city in the midst of an earthquake. The destruction of a palace on one side is followed by the falling in of a dome on the other. And amid all the sublimity of the scene, one is brought back to think of self, and whether we too might not be crushed or caught amidst the crumbling ruins.

On consideration such fears are banished as idle. Nor are the catastrophes which reach us from abroad so very terrible or very alarming. There is no reason for aught but congratulation and gladness in the summary and rather tardy ejection of Prince Metternich from power. He has reigned at least twenty years too long. His escape on foot, and his hanging in effigy, are not punishments too great for his obstinate and superannuated stolidity. For the last fifteen years Austria has been in that state in which France found herself in 1787, bankrupt in finance, tottering in authority, and still holding the blanket of despotism over the people; which, nevertheless, found means to procure information, to fathom its wrongs, and get at a knowledge of its rights, in despite of censorship and bayonets. Metternich had just arrived at the conviction of Louis the Sixteenth, that he must have his states-general, or else a financial revolution would produce a political one. He had summoned the Austrian States, to consult with them —when, lo! the insurrection of Paris came on the wings of that social electric telegraph, public rumor; brought about the revolution all at once; and accomplished in one day what it took the French 1789 and 1790 to complete.

We forgot to mention a bright idea of Prince Metternich, when he saw revolution coming, and wished to render it harmless. He took for the motto of his domestic policy the old proverb of *Divide et Impera*. With this view he encouraged provincial nationality, flattered the Hungarians and Magyarism, the Bohemians and Sclavonianism; and by developing the genius of each kingdom at home, with the exception of Lombardy, which would not accept even this bribe, the Austrian statesman hoped to neutralize one by another. The consequence is, that his excellency merely drove more home the wedges which were destined to separate the empire. Hungary has won a separate constitution, and will probably demand its present Palatine for king. Bohemia will ask the same.

Lombardy will take without asking. What Austria will do remains to be seen. If reduced to a duchy, it can do no other than become a part and pillar of the new German Confederation. The total separation of Hungary almost precludes the idea, at least as yet, of realizing a knot or empire of Sclavonian states.

And what are the chances, what are to be the fortunes of Prussia? The revolution of Vienna has passed off without rancor, without mutual injuries dealt by class to class. The military made slight resistance. The aristocracy did not risk unpopularity. The prime minister, three of the archdukes, civic officers and functionaries, are the scape-goats, and the only exiles. There are elements for making the Vienna revolution of 1848 resemble ours of 1688. The Austrians are mild and loyal. The agricultural class, especially of Upper Austria, adore the reigning family. Republicanism or democracy would soon receive severe checks.

In Prussia, the revolution has been far more bloody, and must have sown a large crop of discontent and hate. The soldiery have slain thousands, who have not been avenged. The lower order are full of theories, social, religious, anti-religious. And many scenes of discord exist in Prussia, not known in the benighted south. Prussia, therefore, far more approaches to the condition of France, with no landed aristocracy, but in the place of it a functionary aristocracy, envied, not beloved. In both countries the entire population is armed, and knows the use of arms. There is also in the Prussian character, as in the French, a self-sufficiency, which prompts to innovation. The check of religion is little felt in either country. There are, however, some elements of order in Prussia, not existing in France. The descendants of the Great Frederick preserve the popular respect. There is no rival dynasty, nor horror of the dynasty. The municipal system is developed and powerful, and the middle class prominent and influential. The old soldiers of the Landwehr are staid, formidable; and would not, like the French citizens forming the national guard, be shoved aside or insulted. Prussia may therefore avoid the anarchy which seems to menace France.

But both Austria and Prussia have before them a task, which united France has not. Each has not only to provide for itself, but for the establishment of a German empire. It has federal duties and tasks, as well as its local and national ones. It has everything to do, and society is first to be reconstructed from the foundation to the summit of the edifice. The work of reëdification would be easier could it commence by levelling all existing piles and buildings to the ground. But leaving them as they are, to make an harmonious state out of them will almost surpass the wisdom of man, and the patience of revolutionary masses. There will, however, be no ultra-monarchical party in the parliament or congress, which will now supersede every other assembly. For each state, having made its revolution, must send the most advanced man of its liberal party to be its delegate. Baden has deputed Welcker. The King of Wurtemberg, already liberal, has fully joined the movement. King Ludwig, of Bavaria, has wisely resigned, leaving the difficulties of the present situation to his son. Saxony and the two Hesses are revolutionized. Bohemia is in insurrection, and will no doubt insist on being represented in the German congress, apart from Austria. All eyes, all hopes, all movements, will be turned towards the German federal assembly.

But there are already doubts and differences as to it. Prussia having summoned it to meet at Dresden, the southerns have refused, and declare they will meet at Frankfort. To this the King of Prussia has returned a bold defiance, declaring that Germany is in danger from more sides than one, that it must have a federal army, and that he will put himself at the head of it. His majesty has also hoisted the imperial tri-color. This is high bidding, and whether it will lead to schism or unity remains to be seen.

Let us, however, not lose ourselves in conjecture, and above all, in desponding conjecture. The great events of Germany, and the spirit displayed in them, are all as successful, glorious, and noble, as the most liberal friend of humanity could desire. The best of results cannot but be expected from the most called-for of revolutions; achieved, too, with moderation as signal as courage.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you 'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you 're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I 'll come,
And deck your silent home;
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere
My humble song of praise,
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land;
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 11th, 1848.

MOMENTOUS events, huge facts, extraordinary freaks, the gravest reflections and apprehensions, crowd upon us so fast, that it is almost impossible for a man of any business, in the midst of the clangor of revolutions, to frame a regular narrative or adequate commentary. The greater portion of Europe reminds me of Mr. Jefferson's phrase—(perhaps I do not quote it correctly)—the throes and spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter, his long lost liberty. This object of search must have been, indeed, long lost, for history does not show us when and where it existed in the old world, in its proper nature and shape; and nothing can be more equivocal in its aspects or doubtful in its results than what is now proclaimed and pursued in this capital. A journalist said, a few days ago, "We are no longer a nation; we are only a mass; there is no government, but only a tempest." The chief legitimist oracle calls for a republic on the basis "of universal suffrage, with *hereditary* power at the summit." The *National* exclaims, "We will not tolerate a divided or hesitating constituent assembly. There is no national safety without elections absolutely republican." The minister of the interior has issued a second circular to the general commissaries of the government in the departments, (nearly two hundred in all,) respecting the management of the elections, in a way to exclude from the assembly all save sterling republicans of notoriety, "honest and courageous men, ready to die for the people's cause." He is understood to proscribe all who served the late government, or professed fealty to it—the whole dynastic opposition—every one who concurred in the idea of a regency; an immense proscription as to numbers, and with reference to the talents, experience and repute included. Bold and able strictures are passed by several of the organs of parties, on this system of the minister, which, they allege, renders the elections a revolutionary process, and must render the assembly a turbulent faction. The motive semi-officially presented for the seizure and monopoly of all the railroads, is, that the present boards of directors do not occupy a multitude of laborers, as the state will do. This is interpreted into a scheme of official alms for them—the fund being the proceeds of the roads. The shares are in a hundred thousand hands—there must be an immediate fall below the 50 per cent. by which they are already reduced. The *Constitutionnel* of the 11th inst., devotes a long article to intelligent expostulation and rebuke. In the minister's circular, a constitution for the republic is sketched which must be greeted by every candidate to be deemed worthy of the assembly—"The assessment of taxes according to fortunes; a proportional and *progressive* tax on all inheritances; a judiciary freely elected; complete institution of jury; equal subjection to military service; gratuitous and equal education; the means of labor secured to all; democratic reconstitution of industry and credit; voluntary association substituted everywhere for the disorderly and selfish impulses of individual enterprise." Whoever, adds M. Ledru-Rollin, is not decided to sacrifice his repose, his prospects, his life, to the triumph of these ideas, cannot be other than a lukewarm and dangerous deputy. His influence would peril the peace of France. He must be blind to the fact that the old social order has perished, and that a new one is to be created.

Michel Chevalier has been dismissed from his chair of political economy in the College of France; his proximate sin is the able reasoning which he adventured in the Journal des Débats, against the "organization of labor" according to the theory of M. Louis Blanc, the member of the provisional government who presides over the convocation of workmen at the Luxembourg. You may see, in the London Morning Chronicle of the 6th inst, a just exposition of the doctrines of each teacher. Alison, in his article in the last Blackwood, on the fall of Louis Philippe, treats the present condition of Paris as an "organized insurrection of labor against capital." One could wish that it were truly *labor;* but it is *anti*-labor, with which capital has a worse chance. I am disposed to repeat the reviewer's counsel to Great Britain, for our Union.

We are sure (he says,) it is ardently desired in this country that pacific relations should not be disturbed with the great republic, provided she keeps within her own territory, and does not seek to assuage her thirst at foreign fountains. By all means let the long wished-for experiment be made. Let it be seen how society can get on without the direction of property and knowledge. Let it be seen into what sort of state the doctrines of the Socialists and St. Simonians, the dictates of the trades-unions, the clamor of the working masses, will speedily reduce society. Theirs be the glory and the honor if the experiment succeeds—theirs the disgrace and the obloquy if it fails. Let all other nations stand aloof, and witness the great experiment—"a clear stage and no favor" be the universal maxim. But let every other people abstain from imitating the example, *till it is seen how the experiment has succeeded in the great parent republic.* It will be time enough to follow its footsteps when experience has proved it is conducive to human happiness and social stability.

On the 1st inst., wearied with the Paris ebullition, I went to the town of St. Germain—about twelve miles—by the long coach route. We passed through the Champs Elysées. Before we reached the top of the hill beyond the Neuilly, (some two miles,) we saw from fifteen to twenty thousand able-bodied men and lads along the route, employed and paid by the government. Not a fifth of them were doing any work; the others were, chiefly in groups, talking and gesticulating. The official report of last week for the capital, shows nearly fifty thousand enregistered as subsisting on the treasury, and paid altogether nearly a hundred thousand francs per day. Hundreds or thousands of hands have been since thrown out of private work, by the increasing embarrassments of manufacturers and master-mechanics. The great

manufacturing centres, Paris, Lyons, Rouen, Lille, and others, become, of course, the main theatres of disorder and violence. Lille, which was eminently prosperous last year, during the scarcity, is now half-ruined by the tumults of the operatives; who stop labor, demolish machinery, and thus destroy their own means of livelihood. It is so in the factory districts of Belgium.

I passed the night at St. Germain, and the next morning witnessed there a truly brilliant spectacle in the joyous reception of a fine regiment of hussars, by the national guards and some ten thousand of the inhabitants. The ancient and vast chateau of St. Germain was a military penitentiary. It pleased a marauding party from the valley of the Seine, on the 25th February, to break into the chateau and enlarge the convicts, most of whom hied to the capital. This was a good riddance, but the garrison was ordered to another station a few days after; the regiment of hussars had occupied the barracks in 1842, and won the favor of the town by excellent conduct. Their arrival was hailed by all the decent classes as a personal security. The sunshine was bright; the spectators mounted the walls or arrayed themselves on the sides of the long and steep hill on which the town stands; the coup d'œil from the top, as the twelve hundred cavalry, preceded by the national guards, slowly ascended, was magnificent; the whole valley, with its streams and villages being likewise in view. The chief druggist of the town, who is a captain of the old national guards, and a man of great intelligence, told me that they had contrived so to distribute in the battalion the worthless and dangerous of the new recruits, a fifth or sixth, that they could easily keep them in order. Such is not the case in Paris, where the new greatly outnumber their predecessors.

The *Constitutionnel* of the 10th, contains a letter from Berlin dated the 6th, which has an authentic cast, and represents affairs there thus. "Tri-colored flags over all the principal edifices; national guards in common clothes patroling through all the streets; noisy gathering of workmen at large; clubs everywhere debating, day and night; hundreds of printed projects of changes and constitutions cried by hawkers, all infallible means of saving the country; trade and all kinds of industry stagnant; financial crisis; empty exchequer; chaos come again; endless diversity of political and social theories; some urge an impossible monarchy; others an improbable republic; the army, the *burcaucracy*, the nobility, and the higher orders of commerce, are disposed to a complete *royal* reaction."

A fortnight ago, the president of the Club of Communists, who edits an extreme radical journal, and has ascendency over a large part of the multitude called on me, as an old acquaintance, to converse about French and American affairs. He had vouchsafed support to the provisional government; I was therefore a little surprised at what I here report to you as the substance of his remarks. "The provisional government going headlong to ruin from internal discord and lack of republican energy: Lamartine publicly disavowing Ledru-Rollin; surrounded by flatterers, parasites and office-hunters; the *National*, organ of three of the members betraying the republican cause; rhetoricians and scribblers in the government, but no *statesman;* commissaries in the provinces too much restrained; not half enough of dismissals from offices in any division of France; Thiers was secretly consulted and retained dangerous influence; no member of the provisional government should have become the minister of a department; their political task quite sufficient for any human powers; the heads of the ministries should have been chosen among the leading radicals as an auxiliary force; little hope of satisfactory elections of the national guards—the colonels probably would be aristocrats: as for the elections of the national assembly, the government should have caused them to be held before the middle of March, or decreed a postponement of at least two months, within which time the true republicans might counteract in the provinces the machinations of legitimists, Orleanists, Episcopacy, spurious or feigned republicans, alarmed proprietors, old functionaries and others. The Paris clubs, who knew how the provinces were invaded and inveigled, believed that the national assembly, if soon elected, would be anti-republican and counter-revolutionary; they would not submit to its agency: if rebellion occurred out of Paris, civil war *ad internicionem* must follow. The provisional government really favored the old national guards; he (my informant) wrote the address of the mighty concourse at the Hotel de Ville on the 15th March; his object and that of his colleagues in the convocation was to impress the government with a proper sense of its true policy and dependence." I observed to him that the overthrow of the provisional government would at once occasion a fatal anarchy. If this do come, he answered, it will be the fault of the hesitating trimmers at the Hotel de Ville; go to your friend Lamartine and lecture him. The same politician paid me a visit yesterday evening; he entertained nearly the same views; however, he was less dissatisfied with the national guard elections than he expected to be. Poverty and misery were increasing fast and frightfully among the masses; these ills prevailed in most of the provinces as well as in the capital; the radicals of the true breed had, still, no hope of the national assembly; he could not venture to predict results, for hunger and extreme wretchedness were not counsellors of forbearance and resignation.

It would be difficult to express to you the anxiety with which intelligence of the issue of the monster Chartist procession on the 9th inst. in London was awaited by the moderate people of the French capital. They are relieved in a degree by the comparative failure of the Chartists, as they anticipated, from a possible complete mob victory in London, a new and awful excitement of their own population. The movable or disposable national

guard now consists, of twenty-four battalions of seven hundred men each; they will be fully equipped before the end of this month. England may again thank Providence for her *insularity*. If she had been accessible from France, the Chartists would have commanded a hundred thousand French coadjutors. The estimate of foreign workmen driven from France by the French operatives is fifteen thousand; I would say nearly double. The government, lamenting the barbarous expulsion, has issued an address, which places "under the safeguard of the French workmen the foreign workmen whom France employs" and confides "the honor of the hospitable republic to the generosity of the people." In days of yore, the British government would have demanded instant satisfaction for such treatment of British subjects: *tempora mutantur*. So would the continental countries that are repelling the irruptions of the free corps organized here.

Except the Pope, the Czar of Russia, and the Dane, perhaps, the wishes and aims of every monarch in Europe are limited to personal safety and the mere retention of the crown. Northern Germany still clings or adheres to monarchical institutions; southern, if not republican, is democratically imbued. All over Europe, the capital, property, real industry, the lucrative professions, entertain a prejudice against the republican theory. You will remark the czar's proclamation of neutrality, temperately worded. He is strenuously preparing to defend his lion's share of Poland. The sublime porte has been cruelly frightened by the convulsions in Christendom, not divining what new schemes of partition may follow the destruction of the whole patch-work of the congresses and of the old pretended equilibrium. M. de Bourqueney, a skilful diplomatist and polished gentleman, formerly at Washington, has been recalled from Constantinople, where he acted seven years. His friends aver that he will return as poor as he went—a case not quite so bad as that of most of our American envoys. The *National*, of the 9th inst., contains an editorial manifesto (No. 1) against King Leopold of Belgium: it declares a Belgium republic inevitable. Social inequalities and clerical sway are to be exploded. Belgium is too densely peopled and cankered with pauperism, to be soon brought into true order and security of any kind. Prussia Royal or the province of Prussia, enters into the Germanic confederation; the Duchy of Posen refuses as Polish. A congress of the constitutional states of Italy is to assemble at Rome for the formation of an Italian league. After the final ejection of the Austrians, there will arise considerable difficulty in settling institutions and determining territorial divisions. But the peninsula will be mistress of her affairs, abounds with enlightened patriots, and has a common object of veneration in a liberal, wise, intrepid, supreme pontiff—a sort of Washington in state and church. In the middle and south of France, particularly, bishops and curates are candidates for the national assembly, and serve in the national guards, as lieutenants, corporals, and even privates. A journal edited by ladies, having nominated *Madame* George Sands, the novelist, as a candidate for the national assembly; she declines in a formal epistle to the people. The *National* pronounces the whole body of the French judiciary to be removable at the pleasure of the provisional government—the life-tenure having disappeared with the monarchical charter. Monsieur or citizen Crémieux, minister of justice and public worship, (an Israelite,) has already acted on this principle in several of the higher courts; in some of the provinces the commissaries have done the same A report, in the Moniteur, of the minister of public instruction, apprizes us that "the College of France, with its eleven new chairs, four or five of which are to be possessed and illustrated by members of the government, is to become the focus whence will radiate over the whole world the ideas which are about to spring from the French mind, touching the government of republics." A new class is established in the institute, called of Arts and Trades, and connected with the Academy of Moral Sciences.

Non-intervention and fraternity are professed over Europe; nevertheless there is a universal vague apprehension of a general war, that may prove as fierce, rancorous, and obstinate as the old conflicts of the nations. The French military board of *defence* advises armies of observation on the side of Savoy, and on the whole southern and south-western frontier. Paris must be the chief fortress—*la place de guerre capitale*. The general staff (état major) consists of 8 marshals, 150 generals of division, and 1200 brigadiers; too many of them *old*. Algeria furnishes the youngest and best commanders. When General Chargarnier arrived at Algiers, with his credentials as governor-general in his pocket, Cavaignac told him that he (C.) had refused the post of minister of war, and would retain his position; Chargarnier was fain to return to Paris. We are informed this day, that he will be sent as envoy to Berlin. The *corps d'état major* is of 560 officers, from the grade of lieutenant to that of colonel—able body, equal to any service. It was organized by Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr. The infantry, *styled* the effective, has 8770 officers and 200,000 subalterns, soldiers, drummers, &c. But France could scarcely put at once on foot 100,000 infantry. The cavalry (effective) has 2750 officers—55,000 men; but it is not to be estimated at more than thirty thousand for immediate service; it is not well-mounted. There are ten thousand *gens d'armes* well-mounted —excellent troopers. The artillery consists of 30,000, including officers; it cannot, however, count upon a train of more than 100 *bouches a-feu*; it is complete in every respect. The *corps de génie* is of 8700, officers included, admirably composed and trained. The total regular force *now* available in France, is 153,000 men and 45,000 horses. A vast volunteer-strength is invited and can be compassed. I give you these details because, truly, all the European atmosphere is full

of martial sounds. The French are arming universally—partly to keep each other in peace or at bay, or in awe, and partly to settle Europe. You may have occasion for a proclamation of neutrality by the American government, and a strict abstinence from any coöperation with the Trojans or Grecians abroad. It is well to rejoice in the demolition of bad governments, but wise and fair to pause for the sequel. There may be a prolonged, organized anarchy—a republicanism as distinct from the felicitous American, as arbitrary and devastating rule is from genuine, regulated democracy. Institutions, political and social, for the *exclusive* benefit of the working classes in the confined and popular sense of the denomination, would be a return finally to barbarism—the reverse of American republican civilization.

Paris, 13th April, 1848.

A desultory epistle, copious enough, was thrown into the post-office yesterday for your readers. You must accept, for this day, a random collection of paragraphs from my note-book and the journals of the capital. Let us begin with some of the scenes in the streets and at the Hotel de Ville.

Last week more than two hundred corporations or trades met in an open place, either to appoint delegates for the examination of questions of common interest, or to organize themselves *fraternally*. When a division of the Polish refugees set out on their northern expedition, they were stopped at the door of a great edifice near the Palais Royal by a favorite actress of the Historical Theatre, who tendered to them a purse, as containing all her money, and divested herself of her ear-rings, bracelets, rings, which she added as an offering to the cause of liberty. *Vive la République!—Vive la Citoyenne!* shouted the Poles, as they pursued their march. A month ago, in a morning ride, I remarked several hundred women, generally of decent appearance, in close pressure in a narrow street, near a mayor's office, waiting for alms. In the Paris *National* of the 11th inst., there is the following editorial paragraph: "We claim the attention of the mayor of the capital to the distribution of charity to females in the different districts. This proceeding occasions in each a great concourse of them. These assemblages are far from being as quiet and manageable as those of an equal number of men would be. There might result a little more order and regularity if some sub-division could be managed that should lessen the crowds. We may conjecture, likewise, that the charity does not accrue exclusively to those who are in extreme need." We have daily processions of the sex to the Hotel de Ville, summoning the government to supply them with work or stipend equally with the men. These poor creatures, like the operatives of the factories, carry, at the same time that they petition for employment, small patriotic gifts. The spacious edifices called *the Stables of the King*, in the faubourg du Roule, are appropriated as a national *atelier* for females. The *Moniteur* of the 10th inst. reports a deputation, the day before, to the Hotel de Ville, from the washer-women of a particular quarter, thus: "Their object was a donation of three hundred francs to the republic. A band of girls, robed in white, with garlands on their heads, and tri-colored scarfs, carried an elegant *corbeille* containing the money. The youngest held the long strings. One of them, Annette Maina, the daughter of a combatant of July, read a patriotic piece of verse; then the young Louisa Maillin delivered an address." This address is highflown in sentiment and diction. The answer of the deputy-mayor is romantic and complimentary—"Youth is charming," &c.

The Paris central committee of elections has published in the *National* a full list of the candidates for the constituent assembly whom it prefers and offers for the suffrages of the army and navy. All France is included. Several of the journals complain that this amounts to a choice or formation of the whole assembly by the committee. The provincial candidates are reported by the government commissaries and the clubs. The *Siècle* of this day (organ of the old dynastic Left) expresses satisfaction with many of the names as of men of former good service and general merit, adding, sarcastically, that it was impossible for the committee to find nine hundred candidates that would pass any muster out of their own party, the avowed republicans before the 24th of February—*Republicains de la Veille*. The *Union* (former legitimist oracle) affirms that no list, of the same extent, ever imagined, had so many unknown patriots, or "illustrious obscure." The commissaries have set up in the departments a number of democratic journals to support their agency. Some of them have been suppressed by mobs. There is in the interior a general democratic condition and proneness; no theoretic or intelligent republicanism. Most of the precautions and arbitrary measures adopted to counteract obnoxious influences on the people, argue a sense of their present unfitness for universal and truly free suffrage. No nation is more plastic or of quicker apprehension than the French: we must trust to instruction and practice. It is impossible that the old influences of property, birth, character, function, family, every kind of personal authority, habit, should be at once dissipated. One material thing remains to be taught and understood—submission on the part of the minority in elections. Our Paris clubs enact that they will not brook an equivocal constituent assembly. The *Courrier Français* of this morning proclaims that, in the metropolis, "the revolution is armed, permanent, suspicious, distrustful, and will scrutinize the representatives from the interior." Bugbears are deemed expedient, and therefore the same journal has repeatedly denounced Orleanist conspiracies, with the Prince de Joinville, the least *committed* of the dynasty, as pretender. The day before yesterday the Courrier commenced—"We have deplorable tidings from the provinces; the commissaries of the republic have been driven from several." True; but even the *National* admits that with the

rebels the question was one of persons, and not of principles. The commissaries unceremoniously cashiered mayors, municipal councils, magistrates, old and popular acquaintance, and functionaries of the people. An unknown man jumps up from the *malle-porte*, minister plenipotentiary in the utmost latitude, and instantly begins the execution of his errand—substitution to suit the views of the Paris central committee.

The provisional government has decided on the 20th inst. for a grand review of all the national guards in the *Champ de Mars*. New colors are to be distributed; battalions of regular troops to appear and fraternize. "We must," says the National of this morning, "show the nature of our whole strength, when France may soon be called by the voice of the nations to succor the democratic cause against the plots of the kings of Europe." You may be struck with the language of the London Observer of the 9th inst.:—"War must come, unless some very unexpected change should take place in Europe; the only question that remains is the direction the war will take." We desire the prompt expulsion of Austria from Italy in order that France shall not have obligation or pretext to fight. Austria (the reformed and liberalized) can scarcely persevere in the contest; a project of compromise with her former Italian provinces is mentioned. Our latest intelligence is that her troops were in strong positions on the Adige, awaiting reinforcements from Vienna; that the army led against them by the King of Sardinia exceeded fifty thousand—with one hundred pieces of artillery—and received daily accessions of militia and volunteers. The Austrians had burnt most of the bridges and subjected the fortified cities of which they retained possession to the most rigorous sway and exactions. We learn by yesterday's mail that Hungary will grant to the Austrian government no recruits against Lombardy; that Bohemia insists on the freest institutions; that the representatives of Prussia in the Germanic diet are to be chosen by the people, one for every fifty thousand, and not by the Prussian diet, as at first arranged; that the committee of fifty left at Frankfort enjoys and exercises more authority than ever public body did before over Germany; that Emperor Nicholas pledges protection to the French residents in St. Petersburg; that the people of Naples have compelled Ferdinand to admit a new ministry, (of *progress*,) to swallow a freer constitution, and to send troops without delay to Lombardy. Anarchical disturbances have agitated Manheim and Carlsruhe. This day's record of similar riots in France is sad, though they may expedite general quiet by stimulating the provisional government and the real majority—the substantial citizens—to a due exertion of power. Havre, Rheims, and the neighborhood of Rouen, again have just witnessed bloody affrays. Several of the enclosed newspaper paragraphs exhibit more distant cities under the same visitation. Yesterday the pupils of the college *Louis le Grand* mutinied and cast the professors out of the windows. A government commissary has restored some quiet and instituted a *judicial* investigation. College rebellions are quite common in the interior.

Within the two days past, French stocks have risen a little and remain firm, owing to the failure of the Chartist demonstration and the relinquishment of the government notion of monopolizing the rail-roads, canals and banks. Yet the roads are to be bought by the treasury, and that soon. All the directors of the several companies are summoned to receive this evening, at the hotel of the minister of finance, the definitive proposition. Gold is less dear than it was last week, by reason of an influx from London. Our "most advanced" republican sheets do not concede that the Chartists have been defeated. The *National* says:—"A deep, thorough reform, social and political, must take place in England; the red coats can only defer it." Utter revolution may be averted, Irish insurrection repressed, but the British government must now seriously address itself to the task of popular reforms, social ameliorations and fiscal retrenchment. It will not escape your notice that Mr. Lushington gave notice, on the 10th, in the house of commons, that he meant to ask the noble lord at the head of the government whether he could hold out any distinct hope that he would, during the present session, introduce any measure for the extension of the suffrage, the abridgment of the duration of parliament, the formation of electoral districts, and the vote by ballot.

The committee charged with the revision of the Swiss federal compact has terminated its labor, and reported a scheme, national and federal, akin to the American. Each canton is to send as many deputies to the *national chamber* as it counts of twenty thousand souls; each voter is to share in the nomination of all the deputies; another chamber (senate) will consist of forty-four deputies from the twenty-two cantons, and act freely, without instructions, under a presiding officer chosen by itself from its bosom. The two branches are to meet annually; a federal university is to be established on the widest basis. But the directorial or executive power is to be vested in a council of five, appointed for three years, by the two chambers. Unity, such as ours, would be preferable. The civic condition of the French clergy is to be regulated by the constituent assembly.

Let our United States remain scrupulously *neutral* in this chaotic vicissitude of Europe, protect well their commerce abroad, and doubly prize and cherish their peerless institutions.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ANY historical work from Alison's pen will of course command attention. The subject of this volume will become in his hands clothed with peculiar interest, and we anticipate high gratification from the perusal; for we cannot doubt that he has done ample justice to his theme. The volume is of convenient size, and accompanied by half a dozen neatly executed battle plans.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Quarterly Review.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By JOHN LORD HERVEY. Edited, from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.

IT has been known, ever since Walpole published his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors in 1757, that John Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of Pope, had left memoirs of the court of George II.; and it was stated by Bowles, in his edition of Pope, 1806, that Lord Hervey's dying injunction must prevent their appearance during the lifetime of George III. That injunction, however, was not Lord Hervey's, but contained in the will of his son Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, whose nephew, the first marquis, now at last, twenty-eight years after the death of George III., authorizes the publication. Mr. Croker's fitness for the editorial task had no doubt been suggested by his edition of Lady Hervey's Letters, 1821. That lady (the famous Mary Lepell) survived her lord for many years, and several of her friends, among others probably Lord Hailes and Horace Walpole, had been allowed by her to peruse parts of the memoirs; but Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as "written with great freedom," hinted that whenever they appeared the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be "revealed to posterity"—and that promise is not redeemed in the text now given to the world.

The explanation of this seems to be, that the marquis, upon the expiring of the testamentary injunction, examined the MS. with a view to publication, and not only conceived that a still longer suppression would be expedient, but that some of its contents ought never to be revealed at all. His lordship accordingly cut out and burnt various passages; and as he was careful to mark the place and extent of each laceration, the editor concludes from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. It is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; for it is evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical inquirers will now be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's Memoirs show that the parental animosity did go so far as to contemplate, if possible, his actual disinheritance:—an extravagance alleged by Frederick himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of *Prince Titi*, but not heretofore confirmed by any better authority.

It is to be wished that the noble owner of the MS. had consulted some experienced literary adviser before he made irremediable mutilations, some of them possibly of no ordinary importance. Mr. Croker tells us *he* has altered nothing of the text confided to him except words or phrases not compatible with modern notions of decorum—a liberty which every recent editor of old letters or journals has (or ought to have) exemplified. No man can be justified in publishing for the first time gross indecencies; and expressions that have this character to every modern eye abounded in the familiar intercourse, oral or epistolary, of the purest men and even women a hundred years ago—as well as in the most classical literature of their age. But Mr. Croker felt that this is a very nice and difficult part of an editor's task. To omit such things wholly and leave no indication of them—is really to destroy historical evidence both as to individual character and national manners. His rule has been "to suppress, but not to conceal." We are to take it for granted, then, that wherever we see *editorial* asterisks or brackets there was heinous offensiveness—for the text, as we have it, is still "written with great freedom" in every sense of that word. We doubt not Mr. Croker's discretion; but there is no small risk, especially in these days of blue-stocking activity, that the scruples of delicacy may be indulged to the serious damage of historical testimony—and we venture to suggest that among all our book-clubs there might well be one to perpetuate unmutilated copies of private memoirs and correspondence. The plan of limited impressions, kept exclusively for a small circle, might in this case be serviceable to purposes of real value.

These memoirs extend over the first ten years of George the Second's reign, (1727–1737,) during seven of which the author was domesticated in the palace. Of his personal history before they commence, and after their conclusion, we have even now rather slender information; but Mr. Croker has probably given us all that the world will ever have. He has certainly added a good deal to what we formerly possessed, and, we think, enough to prepare us very tolerably for the appreciation of Hervey's posthumous narrative, as well as to render intelligible not a few hitherto dark allusions in the prose and the verse of his friend Lady Mary Wortley, and their common enemy, Pope.

John Hervey, the second son of the first Lord Bristol, was born in 1696. His father, the representative of an ancient and wealthy family, was one of the leading whig commoners at the revolution, created a peer by Queen Anne in 1703 through the influence of Marlborough, and rewarded for his Hanoverian zeal by the earldom on the accession of George I.: a man of powerful talents, elegant accomplishments, and unspotted

worth in every relation of life, but not without a harmless share in that hereditary eccentricity of character which suggested Lady Mary Wortley's division of the human race into Men, Women, and Herveys. After his elevation in 1714 he appears to have lived constantly at his noble seat of Ickworth, in Suffolk, where he divided his active hours between his books, his farm, and his country sports, and solaced his leisure with eternal grumblings. The peerage—the earldom—sufficed not; he would fain have had political office, and since this was not tendered him, he would take no further share in the business of parliament. His wife was a lady of the bedchamber to Caroline both as Princess of Wales and as Queen of England, and four of his sons, as they grew up, were provided for by royal favor, two of them with places in the household; but still he grumbled; and though the most distinguished of his progeny inherited few or none of his virtues, he imitated and exaggerated all the good man's foibles.

Lord Bristol's eldest son, Carr Lord Hervey, was early attached to the household of the Prince of Wales, (George II.,) and is said by Walpole to have been endowed with abilities even superior to those of his brother John. He died young and unmarried; but his short life had been very profligate. According to Lady Louisa Stuart, (in the Anecdotes prefixed to the late Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley's works,) it was generally believed that Carr was the real father of Horace Walpole, and besides various circumstances stated by Lady Louisa in corroboration of that story, it derives new support from the sketches of Sir Robert Walpole's interior life in the memoirs now before us, but still more, perhaps, from the literary execution of the memoirs themselves, and the peculiar kind of talent, taste, and temper which they evince. If the virtuoso of Strawberry Hill was not entitled to a place in Lady Mary's third class, he at least bore a most striking resemblance to those of that class with whom she was best acquainted; and certainly no man or woman—or Hervey—ever bore less likeness than he did, physically, morally, or intellectually, to the *pater quem nuptiæ demonstrabant*.

John Hervey, on leaving Cambridge in 1715, travelled for some little time on the continent, and then, not immediately succeeding in his application for a commission in the guards, attached himself to the "young court" at Richmond, where the prince and princess had his mother and brother already in their household. Caroline was then a little turned of thirty, comely, high in health and spirits, and, besides the Chesterfields, Scarboroughs, Bathursts, the Howards, Bellendens, and Lepells of her proper circle, had also in her neighborhood and confidence Pope and the minor literati of his little brotherhood. Lady Mary Wortley, too, occupied a villa at Twickenham. To all this brilliant society John Hervey found ready access, and he soon became one of its acknowledged lights; his person was eminently handsome, though in too effeminate a style—his wit piquant—his literature, considering his station and opportunities, very remarkable—his rhymes above par—his ambition eager—his presumption and volubility boundless—his address and manners, however, most polished and captivating. He by and by stood very high in the favor of the princess and, perhaps, for a season, in the fancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope received and cultivated him with most flattering attention, but in what bitter hostility that connection ended is known to everybody—although it is not to this hour clear in how far the change in Pope's feelings towards Hervey was caused or quickened by a change in the relations between Lady Mary and

"Tuneful Alexis, by the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' *plaything* and the Muses pride."

In 1720 John Hervey married the flower of the maids of honor, Miss Lepell, and, Carr dying in 1723, they became Lord and Lady Hervey. In 1725 he was returned for Bury, and, following the lead of "the young court," joined Pulteney in the opposition to Walpole. No early speeches are recorded, but it appears from a letter included in these Memoirs, that Sir Robert soon conceived a respect for his ability and a desire to convert him. In 1727 George I. died, and, the new king speedily adopting the minister whom he had as prince abhorred, Lord Hervey naturally took a similar course. He received a pension of 1000*l.* a year, deserted Pulteney, and supported Sir Robert in the house of commons, but still more efficiently by a series of pamphlets against Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the other wits of the "Craftsman:" but his father not having been converted, the change in the son's politics cost him fresh grumblings, and by-and-by the son himself grumbled audibly. No difference in politics, nor in still more weighty matters, ever disturbed the affectionate confidence between them. Lord Hervey talked of giving up his pension unless Walpole would give him place. "Quite right," said the Earl of Bristol; and added generously, "whenever you choose to drop it I will give you an equivalent myself." However, the grumbling never took the shape of resignation, and at last, shortly after a foolish duel with Pulteney, Hervey received the key of vice-chamberlain, at which point (1730) the peculiar interest of these Memoirs begins.

That office in those days implied constant residence in the palace, and, of course, as his wife had ceased on her marriage to have any post in the household, something very like a virtual separation *à mensâ et thoro*. Such conditions would have seemed hard enough in 1720:

"For Venus had never seen bedded
So handsome a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell"—

and they were then as fond as graceful; but by 1730 there seems to have been no particular difficulty. Hervey indeed had spent the year 1729 in Italy *en garçon*—an excursion which left such traces in his tastes that several years later Lady

Mary Wortley calls him, for shortness, "*Italy*." Lady Louisa Stewart (Anecdotes, p. 66) says, "that *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sévigné advises us to peep at, would have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey lived together on very amicable terms—*as well-bred as if not married at all*, according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one." On this Mr. Croker says:—

As Lady Hervey was going out of the world as Lady Louisa came into it, she could not have spoken from any personal knowledge; and one or two slight touches of her grandmother's satirical gossiping pen are too slight to affect a character so generally respected as Lady Hervey's.—Vol. i., p. xvii.

But in this instance, as in several others, our editor is perhaps too ingenious. It is true that Lady Mary died in 1762, when Lady Louisa was in the nursery; but Lady Mary's daughter, the Countess of Bute, survived till 1794—and who can doubt that it was to her mother and her mother's coeval friends that Lady Louisa Stewart owed her peeps at the *dessous des cartes* of the Court of George II.? Mr. Croker proceeds to say:—

On the other hand, it is only too clear, from some passages in the following Memoirs, that the gentleman's conjugal principles and practice were very loose, and that his lady, if she had not had an innate sense of propriety, might have pleaded the example and the provocation of her husband's infidelity. And here it may be as well to state that this laxity of morals was accompanied, if not originally produced, by his worse than *scepticism*. How a son so dutiful and affectionate, and resembling a singularly pious father in so many other points, was led into such opposite courses both in morals and religion, we have no distinct trace; but about the time that he exchanged the paternal converse of Ickworth for the society of London and the free-thinking court of the prince, Tindal, Toland, and Woolston were in high vogue, and it is too certain that Lord Hervey adopted all their anti-Christian opinions, and, by a natural consequence, a peculiar antipathy to the church and churchmen.—p. xviii.

All this is very true; but we are sorry to say we think it is quite as plain, from Lady Hervey's letters to *the Rev.* Mr. Morris, that, if she never had any occasion to plead "the example and provocation of her husband's infidelity," her "innate sense of propriety" could have derived little support from religious principle. (See Letters, pp. 98 and 251.)

Lady Louisa says:—

By the attractions she retained in age she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome, and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge which some called affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.—*Anecdotes*, p. 66.

The Lepells were proprietors of the Island of Sark, where the people are more than half French, and her partiality for French society and manners was such that she seems never in her later days to have been so happy as in Paris; nay, her correspondents, whenever any battle has occurred between the nations, drop hints that she cannot be expected to sympathize heartily with the English side. We may add from Lady Louisa a singular circumstance, which Mr. Croker has overlooked or rejected. This maid of honor to Caroline, Princess of Wales—this wife of George II.'s vice chamberlain, and mother of three servants of that government—was nevertheless through life in her private sentiments a warm partisan of the exiled Stuarts. We may also observe, though we are far from insinuating that Lady Hervey received Voltaire's personal flattery as readily as we are afraid she did his sceptical philosophy, that this French-English lady had the rare distinction of being the subject of English verses by the author of Zaïre:—

"Hervey! would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast,
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed;

In my silence see the lover—
True love is by silence known,
In my eyes you 'll best discover
All the powers of your own."

Lady Hervey was a woman of both solid and brilliant talents, (we think the editor of her letters speaks less highly of them than they deserve,) and no one doubts that she had many most amiable qualities. She was an excellent mother to a large and troublesome family, and the correspondence of her widowhood expresses both respect and tenderness for her husband's memory. To all these circumstances Mr. Croker will naturally point in support of himself against Lady Louisa's *dessous des cartes*. We have no wish to prolong the controversy—but she and her lord certainly lived together on a footing of confidence "more French than English." To her he left the care of these memoirs. In them he expatiates on some infidelities of his own, earlier and later, interrupted and renewed, with a perfect tranquillity of self-satisfaction; and he quite as coolly recites that both Pulteney and Walpole had made love to his wife, explaining in a tone of the most serene indifference that, though she admired their talents, she did not like either of their persons, and that they were both unsuccessful; and clearly implying, which indeed the course of his history rendered superfluous, that such liberties never at all disturbed his cordiality of intercourse with either the first or the second of his political captains.

Pope, who had often addressed the maid of honor in a style only less impudent than that of Voltaire's stanzas to the married woman, either retained a kindness for her, or fancied that her praise would annoy her husband—for in most of his attacks on Hervey he was careful to introduce her as a contrast. We need not add, that the whole strain of his invective was expressly designed to represent Lord Hervey as one who must be to every woman an object of contempt and disgust.

Whatever the original offence had been, it was Pope who threw the first stone in the eye of the world. The acquaintance appears to have dropped about 1725. In the Miscellanies of 1727, and again in the first Dunciad of 1728, Hervey was sneered at as a poetaster. In 1732 came out the satire with the contemptuous lines on *Lord Fanny*, and the unquotable couplet on *Sappho*. Upon this, Hervey and Lady Mary laid their heads together in the "Lines to the Imitator of Horace," (Lady M. Wortley's Works, vol. iii.,) and Hervey penned the prose philippic against Pope, entitled "Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity;" both these appeared in 1733. To the letter Pope replied in prose—and that production, which Johnson treats very slightingly, was estimated far differently by Warburton and by Warton, in whose opinion Mr. Croker concurs as to the brilliant execution of the piece, though he adds that its substance was borrowed from a preceding libel by Pulteney, and repeats Dallaway's just animadversion on the baseness of Pope's denying that by Lord Fanny and Sappho he had meant Hervey and Lord Mary. Whether Warburton is right in saying that this, certainly the best specimen of Pope's prose, was printed as well as written in 1733—or Mr. Croker in deciding that it was never printed till after Pope's death—is a question that will not greatly interest our readers; though probably most of them will incline to think that Pope's own friend, executor, and first editor could hardly have been deceived as to such a matter, and that when Johnson says "the letter was never sent," the doctor means merely that it never reached Hervey except in the shape of a pamphlet—that it was a letter, not for the post, but for the press. However, in the following year Pope administered a finishing flagellation. We doubt if in the whole literature of *modern* Europe there is anything to match that awful infliction—on which all the malignity and all the wit of a dozen demons might seem to have been concentrated—the character of Sporus in the Epistle to Arbuthnot (1734.)

Every syllable, no doubt, did its work at the time; but the reader of the memoirs now before us, and of Mr. Croker's very piquant preface, will understand it far better than has been possible for those who had no clue to its minuter allusions, except what they might find in the notes of Pope's successive commentators. Pope remains the worst-edited of our first-rate authors. Lord Hervey, in 1734, was still only vice-chamberlain; but he was, in fact, of more importance to the government than any member of the cabinet, except the premier, and an attack like this upon him was calculated to give more deadly offence to the real moving power of the state than any possible castigation of any other British subject whomsoever. Sir Robert Walpole only governed George II. by governing Queen Caroline, and he mainly governed her through the influence of our vice-chamberlain—the only gentleman of the household whose duties fixed him from January to December under the same roof with the queen. A favorite before she was queen, he had not occupied this post long before he had no rival in her confidence. There was not the least scandal; but, as her majesty pleasantly remarked, she owed that escape only to her years. When he received his key in 1730 she was forty-seven—he but thirty-four; and so youthful was his appearance years later, that she still used to call him "this boy." He, to be sure, was made for a carpet-knight; he abhorred all rough out-of-doors work—seldom even mounted a horse—but, the queen always following the king when he hunted at Richmond, in her open chaise, the vice-chamberlain attended her majesty in that vehicle—to which opportunities of confidential talk we owe much. In 1734 he says:—

> Lord Hervey was this summer in greater favor with the queen, and consequently with the king, than ever; they told him everything, and talked of everything before him. The queen sent for him every morning as soon as the king went from her, and kept him, while she breakfasted, till the king returned, which was generally an hour and a half at least. She called him always her "child, her pupil, and her charge;" used to tell him perpetually that his being so impertinent and daring to contradict her so continually, was owing to his knowing she could not live without him; and often said, "It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature." Lord Hervey made prodigious court to her, and really loved and admired her.—Vol i., p. 382.

However flattering her favor, and sincerely and affectionately attached to her as Hervey really seems to have been from the beginning, full of admiration as he certainly was for her talents, partaking most of her opinions, and very heartily sympathizing in all her dislikes—it is easy to understand, nevertheless, that he should have by and by considered his fixture in the vice-chamberlainship as a legitimate grievance. His generous father, it is evident, continually made such suggestions to him, and we must infer, from conversations reported and letters inserted in his memoirs, that he himself laid his complaints before Sir Robert Walpole, who evaded them as well as he could by strong expressions of his own personal anxiety for his friend's advancement, coupled with significant hints that the difficulty lay with the king;—a stroke of art on which Walpole must have hugged himself, for the bellicose and uxorious monarch had, in the earlier period, a considerable distaste for the slim chaise-hunter, and his Italian cosmetics—and his majesty was not addicted to conceal his prejudices—and no one knew so well as Hervey that a prejudice of his could never be assailed with the least chance of success except through the queen—and Walpole felt quite sure that Hervey would never attempt to bring that engine to bear upon that particular prejudice, because to tell the queen that it was hard the king stood between him and promotion would have been telling her that there were things in the world which seemed to "her child and charge" more desirable than the hourly enjoyment of her society. The *tone* of the memoirs leaves little doubt that

Hervey was never quite satisfied with Walpole's apologies—but it must have puzzled him to answer them. We have no repetition of the complaints after an early chapter—and thenceforth, though Walpole is occasionally criticised pretty smartly, the king is kept before the reader, page after page, present or absent, as the one great object of spleen and abuse. The narrative stops with the queen's death in 1737; but Lord Hervey must have understood the *dessous des cartes* of his own case in the sequel. Queen Caroline once gone, Walpole soon proposed him for a cabinet office—and the king made no sort of objection. It must have been evident then, that Walpole had kept him in the household for so many years, merely because he was the most convenient instrument he could have had for the most delicate task of his administration—the best sentinel for the *ruelle*—the adroitest of lay confessors for the true sovereign.

But there is a subject of still greater delicacy connected with Hervey's continued toleration of the vice-chamberlainship. Horace Walpole, both in his Reminiscences and in his *Memoires*, mentions as a fact of perfect notoriety that George II.'s youngest daughter, the Princess Caroline,* her mother's favorite child, who was at the date of the appointment a pretty girl of seventeen, "conceived an *unconquerable passion* for Lord Hervey"—that his death was the cause and the signal for her retirement from the world—that after that to her fatal event she never appeared at court or in society, devoting her time to pious meditation, and most of her income to offices of charity, which were never traced until her own death suspended them. Hervey's Memoirs have many passages which imply not only his perfect cognizance of the princess' partiality—but, strange to say, a clear cognizance of it on the part of the queen. But Horace Walpole, no friend to Hervey, and not over squeamish on the subject of unmarried princesses (for he very distinctly intimates that another of the sisters gave ample indulgence to her passion for the Duke of Grafton—which story is also told by Hervey in this book)—Walpole always guards the reputation of the Lady Caroline—he carefully distinguishes her case from that of her elder sister, (who by the way was a friend of his own in after days,) styling her carefully "the *virtuous* Princess Caroline;" and *perhaps* there is nothing in Hervey's Memoirs, as given to the world, that may not be reconciled with Walpole's epithet as he meant it. The question, at best a painful one, is treated very briefly by Mr. Croker—who is no great admirer of romance. He observes that the princess' retirement from the world was to be accounted for sufficiently by her grief at the death of her mother and her notorious dislike of her father; that she outlived Hervey by fourteen years; and that Hervey's widow, in her letters to the Reverend Mr. Morris, alludes in terms of special kindness to the Princess Caroline, who is known to have, during her retirement, interfered on various occasions for the advancement of her ladyship's sons. It is not those that have had the best opportunities for observation of the world, and used them with the best skill, who are the readiest to come to a decision on problems of this order. Mr. Croker, when he published the Suffolk papers in 1824, used charitable or at least ambiguous language respecting the nature of the connection between Lady Suffolk and George II. This, we own, appeared to us at the time rather odd—but we felt rebuked when in the Character of Lady Suffolk written by Lord Chesterfield, and first published by Lord Mahon in 1845, we found the same subject treated much in the same manner. Although Hervey's Memoirs extinguish all doubts about Lady Suffolk, the caution of Chesterfield is a lesson of value; and we may add that in his character of the mother of George III., included in the same publication, there occurs a parallel but fuller passage concerning that princess and Lord Bute, which for its thorough good sense deserves to be well weighed by every reader of court gossip:—

> I will not nor cannot decide (says Lord Chesterfield.) It is certain that there were many very strong indications of the tenderest connection between them; but when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs—the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which makes them often be unjustly suspected—and the impossibility of knowing exactly what passes in *tête-à-têtes*—one is reduced to mere conjecture. Those who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection.—*Mahon's Chesterfield*, vol. ii., p. 471.

We suspect that, if Lady Mary Wortley's *poems* were properly elucidated, several odd passages would turn out to have reference to Hervey and Princess Caroline. Whether Pope had the princess in his eye as well as the queen when he elaborated his epistle to Arbuthnot, we cannot tell; but if he had, the venom was the more demoniacally brewed.

Hervey was subject to fits of epilepsy; and the ascetic regimen which the shrub-sipper of Twickenham holds up to such contempt, had been adopted and steadily persevered in by one fond of most pleasant things in this world, for the mitigation of that afflicting malady. The "ass's milk" was his strongest beverage: and Lady Louisa Stuart reports a story, that when some stranger one day at dinner asked Lord Hervey, with a look of surprise, if he never ate beef, the answer was—"No, sir—neither beef, nor horse, nor anything of that kind:" a story probably as authentic as that of Beau Brummell and "*a* pea." Even in the works of Lady Mary there occur some Eclogues on Her-

* Under the Stuart, as all preceding reigns, the daughters of royalty were styled the *Lady* Mary, the *Lady* Anne, and so on; nor was the German innovation of Princess quite fixed in the usage of the time of George II. That king and Queen Caroline were themselves strenuous for the German fashion; their son, the Prince of Wales, on the contrary, among other attempts at popularity, declared himself for the old English *Lady*, and, if he had lived to be king, it would no doubt have been reëstablished. Horace Walpole, perhaps in part from his antiquarian feelings—though he hated all Germanisms except Albert Durer and Dresden china—adheres usually to *the Lady Emily, the Lady Caroline*, &c. Lord Hervey, of course, takes his cue from Queen Caroline—with him it is always *Princess*.

vey which indicate a sort of dandy not likely, one should have thought, ever to obtain much tolerance with such a critic as her ladyship. Old Sarah of Marlborough describes him as "certainly having parts and wit, but the most wretched profligate man that ever lived—besides ridiculous—*a painted face;*" and Lord Hailes, in his note on the duchess' page, remarks, that Pope's allusion to these cosmetics in the "painted child of dirt" was ungenerous, because Pope must have known that art was resorted to only to soften "the ghastly appearance produced by either the disease or the abstemious diet." We do not see that Lord Hailes' explanation removes the ridicule—the far worse than ridiculousness of what Mr. Croker mildly calls "one of Lord Hervey's fopperies." But let us now look at Pope's portrait with our editor's framing :—

"*P.* Let Sporus tremble—
A. What! that thing of silk!
Sporus! that mere white curd of ass's milk!
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel!
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel!
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings:
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;
As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way:
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad!
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart—
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord!
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest:
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

Though the substance and many of the sharpest points of this bitter invective, as well as of the prose "Letter," were originally taken from Pulteney's libel, the brilliancy is all the poet's own; and it is impossible not to admire, however we may condemn, the art by which *acknowledged* wit, beauty, and gentle manners—the queen's favor—and even a valetudinary diet, are travestied into the most odious defects and offences. The only trait perhaps that is not either false or overcharged is Hervey's hereditary turn for *antithesis*, which, as the reader of the Memoirs will see, was habitual in both his writing and speaking. His speeches were, as Warton says, very far above "florid impotence; but they were in favor of the ministry, and that was sufficiently offensive to Pope." Smollett too, led away, no doubt, by the satirist, calls his speeches "*pert and frivolous.*" Those that have been preserved are surely of a very different character; but pert speeches, if such they were, and even the foppery and affectation of a young man of fashion, are very subordinate offences, while that more serious defect which might have been really charged upon him, and which was strongly hinted at in the "Letter"—laxity of moral and religious principle—has here altogether—or nearly so—escaped the censure of the satirist. Was it too fashionable and too general—or in the eyes of the friend of Bolingbroke too venial—to be made an object of reproach?—*Preface.*

On this commentary we shall not comment at much length. Mr. Croker, we should suppose, hardly expected Pope to dwell on the point of infidelity: and as to the "laxity of moral principle all but escaping," we may content ourselves with hoping that the very name *Sporus* (in the first draft *Paris*) constituted the foulest of calumnies as well as the most atrocious of insults.

With respect to Pope's copying of sharp points from Pulteney's "Craftsman," Mr. Croker seems not to have observed a refinement of the executioner's art in borrowing some hints also from Hervey's own "Lines to the Imitator of Horace." (*Wortley*, vol. iii., p. 384) Thus the butterfly-bug is developed from—

"Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
To make those tremble who escape the law?
Is this *the ridicule* to live so long,
The deathless satire and immortal song?
No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies,
And as we 're told of wasps, it stings and dies."

Again—nothing can surpass Pope's exquisite felicity in picturing Queen Caroline as Eve, and Hervey as the fiend at her ear; but here, too, he had seized the suggestion from his victim :—

"When God created thee, one would believe
He said the same as to the snake of Eve,
To human race antipathy declare," &c. &c.

And since we quote this piece, let us give also its closing couplets, which, if not travestied by Pope, were more resented than all the rest :—

"Thou, as thou hatest, be hated by mankind—
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land."

These verses, it must be confessed, afforded fair provocation for all but the main and pervading idea in the character of *Sporus*. Let us conclude with reminding our readers of the hereditary "eccentricity" in the Hervey family: what that gentle term occasionally indicates is often found in connection with the terrible disease by which this remarkable person was afflicted—and there was no lack of eccentricity in some of his progeny, for one son was the Augustus Hervey who married Miss Chudleigh, (the Duchess of Kingston,) and another was the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry—the celebrated "Comte-Evêque" of the continent, and of Cumberland's entertaining autobiography.

We have kept our readers too long from the Memoirs themselves—but their revelations are such that in fairness to the author it seemed necessary to give a clear idea of his position when he

wrote them, and justice to the people he deals with no less demanded some scrutiny into the character of the witness.

The editor says:—

Lord Hervey himself fairly admits that impartiality in such cases as his is not to be expected, and he justifies that confession to its fullest extent; but while he thus warns us of what we should have soon discovered without any warning—that his coloring may be capricious and exaggerated—no one can feel the least hesitation as to the substantial and, as to mere facts, the minute accuracy of his narrative. He may, and I have no doubt too often does, impute a wrong motive to an act, or a wrong meaning to a speech; but we can have no doubt that the act or the speech themselves are related as he saw and heard them.

I know of no such near and intimate picture of the interior of a court; no other memoirs that I have ever read bring us so immediately, so actually into not merely the presence, but the company, of the personages of the royal circle.—*Preface.*

We are not quite sure that the revelation is more close and intimate than that of the manners of two smaller courts, of nearly the same date, by the Margravine of Bareuth; or that of a far more splendid court, which we owe to St. Simon; but certainly we have no picture of the interior of English royalty at all to be compared with this; and the author having been not only a resident in the palace, but also an active statesman, holding the most confidential intercourse with the minister, and taking a zealous part in parliamentary conflicts and intrigues, his work is enriched with a mixture of interests such as never could be at the command of any one penman under a continental despotism, whether great or small. Since our constitution assumed anything like its present form, it has been a very rare thing for a man of political eminence to be also a domesticated attendant on the person of a British sovereign; we doubt if any other man of public talents nearly equal to Lord Hervey's has ever within that period spent seven years in the daily observation of a royal circle; nor have we as yet had—not even in the Malmesbury papers—a series of political revelations, properly so called, extending over a similar space of time, and executed by a hand so near the springs of action. The combination of court and politics here is, we believe, entirely unique.

The editor proceeds thus:—

Lord Hervey is, may I venture to say, almost the *Boswell* of George II. and Queen Caroline—but a Boswell without good nature. He seems to have taken—perhaps under the influence of that wretched health of which he so frequently complained—a morbid view of mankind, and to have had little of the milk of human kindness in his temper. In fact, whether in his *jeux d'esprit*, his graver verses, his pamphlets, or his memoirs, satire—perhaps I might say *detraction*—seems to have been, as with Horace Walpole, the natural bias of his mind. There is, as far as I recollect, in all his writings, no human being of whom he speaks well, or to whom he allows a good motive for anything they say or do, but his father and the *Princess* Caroline. It must be owned few others of his personages deserved it so well: but the result is that all his portraits, not excepting even his own, are of the *Spagnoletto* school.—*Ibid.*

This is, we venture to say, a little too stern. If we had been to select a pictorial parallel, we own Hogarth would have occurred to us rather than Spagnolet. We cannot allow that good motives are wholly denied to Hervey's *Queen* Caroline; he could hardly be expected to be in love with both the mother and the daughter—but we believe that the touches which seem to Mr. Croker the severest were not introduced with any unkindly purpose; nay, that he meant them to be received as ornamental. For example, that overtolerance of the king's irregularities, which, Mr. Croker says, "if truth is ever to be veiled, might have been spared on this occasion," was probably considered by Lord Hervey as a fine trait in his patroness; and if "an impression injurious to the queen's character" results, not from capricious exaggeration of shadow, but merely from faithful transcript of feature, have we a right to blame the pencil?

On that particular trait Mr. Croker afterwards gives us some clever remarks, which we cannot altogether reconcile with his sweeping allegation now quoted. He says:—

The general fact is from many other sources too notorious, but the details are odious. The motive which Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chancellor King suggest for the queen's complaisance—that she did it to preserve her power over her husband—would be, in truth, the reverse of an excuse. But may not a less selfish motive be suggested? What could she have done? The immoralities of kings have been always too leniently treated in public opinion; and in the precarious possession which the Hanoverian family were thought to have of the throne until the failure of the rebellion of 1745—could the queen have prudently or safely taken measures of resistance, which must have at last ended in separation or divorce, or at least a scandal great enough, perhaps, to have overthrown her dynasty; and in such a course her *prudery*, as it might have been called, would probably have met little sympathy in those dissolute times. But even in this case we must regret that she had not devoured her own humiliation and sorrow in absolute silence, and submitted discreetly, and without confidants, to what she could not effectually resist. But neither the selfish motives imputed by former writers, nor the extenuating circumstance, of *expediency* which I thus venture to suggest, can in any degree excuse the indulgence and even encouragement given, as we shall see, on her death-bed to the king's vices; and we are forced, on the whole, to conclude that moral delicacy as well as Christian duty must have had very little hold on either her mind or heart. I have ventured to say (vol. ii., p. 528, *note*) that "she had read and argued herself into a very low and cold species of Christianity;" but Lord Chesterfield (who, however, personally disliked her) goes further, and says, "After puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in *deism*—believing in a future state. Upon the whole the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people, while the *queen* was neither

esteemed, beloved, nor heeded by any one but the king."—*Preface*, p. lxv.

As both Hervey and Chesterfield were infidels themselves, we might not have trusted implicitly to their representations of the queen's religion; but there is most abundant evidence to support Mr. Croker's own measured language, and no one can object to the manner in which he connects this question with the one immediately before him. As to his regret that the queen did not "submit without confidants"—if she had done so, what could we have ever known of the "humiliation and sorrow" that she had to devour? Must it not have been the natural conclusion that she either disbelieved the facts, or was indifferent to them? And then, no doubt, if we could have known that she did suffer intensely, but had pride enough to suppress all within her own bosom, the result would have been a more heroical impression—but would Mr. Croker have preferred a tragedy queen to the true, authentic, flesh and blood Queen Caroline? Would he have preferred that merely in an artistical point of view? Far more, in the reality of the matter? When tragedy queens are involved in sufferings of this sort, the results are apt to be serious. It will not be apprehensions of separation or divorce, or even the downfall of a dynasty, new or old, that will chain up one of them in "absolute silence." A tragedy will have its fifth act. We for our part are well contented to have the character as it was, rather than any grandiose embellishment of it—any fantastical ideal; and though we think Mr. Croker's conjectural apologies very ingenious, we also think it more probable that the motives he suggests operated in conjunction with the one which he is disposed to reject, than that the "main motive for the queen's complaisance" escaped such observers as Hervey and Sir Robert Walpole—for it is Sir Robert's opinion most undoubtedly that we have reflected both in Horace Walpole's Reminiscences and in Lord King's diary. But though Mr. Croker, like an illustrious countryman of his, "goes on refining," and is perhaps as fond of historical doubts and theories as Queen Caroline was of Socinian metaphysics, we are far from supposing that he has in this curious Preface given us an exhaustive summary of his conclusions on the point before us. The text of Hervey proceeds from the first page to the last in the unhesitating belief that love of power was Queen Caroline's ruling passion, and, if everybody has some ruling passion, what else could have been hers? She was never even suspected of what the poet makes the only other ruling passion in her sex. And if this was not the pleasure of her life, every one who lays down this book will ask what it was that could have made life endurable to this "very clever woman!"*

When Hervey became vice-chamberlain, the king was forty-seven years of age—the queen was her husband's senior by six months—Walpole was fifty-four. Between pens and pencils we are all familiar enough with the outward aspect and bearing of the higher figures in his group:—Walpole, the most dexterous and the most successful of English ministers, with a broad, florid, squire-like face, a clumsy, gross figure set off with a blue ribbon, a strong Norfolk accent—"certainly," says Hervey, "a very ill-bred man"—addicted to and glorying in the lowest low-comedy strain of wit and merriment:—George II., with something of the countenance that still lives among his descendants—the open blue eye, the well-formed nose, and the fresh sanguine complexion—but wanting advantages that have been supplied from subsequent alliances of the race; his figure short, but wiry, well knit, and vigorous—his manner abrupt, brusque, even when he chose to be gallant in ladies' bower—more of the martinet than the monarch; choleric, opinionative, sensitive and jealous of temper—but with a fund of good sense at bottom, and perfect courage and honesty; from vanity and long indulgence the slave of that vice which had degraded the far superior talents of Henry II., Edward I., Edward IV., and Charles II.—but, unlike the ablest of these, seldom allowing any influence connected with such errors to affect his exercise of patronage, and never at all to affect his policy and administration as king; with a strong natural predilection for his native electorate, its people, its manners, and its peculiar interests—and occasionally in word and in writing betraying such feelings to a very unwise extent: but as to them, as on all other subjects but one, quickly reducible to reason and discretion through the patient tact of his queen, who never had any rival in his confidence any more than in his esteem—nay, never even as a woman had any real rival in his affection—not even now, when years had done their usual work on that once very lovable person, and neither form nor complexion were much caricatured in Lady Mary Wortley's picture of her, (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 424)—

> "Superior to her waiting nymphs,
> As lobster to attendant shrimps."

The following passages occur early:—

She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favorites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favorable answer from our god; storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by

* We have been speaking of tragedies. The book that was found dabbled with blood by Madame de Praslin's bedside was that delicate specimen of Mrs. Gore's skill entitled "Mrs. Armytage; or, *Female Domination*."

her women—favorites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, and asked —"And who do they say governs now?" The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of those days were composed:—

"You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you."

Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it—*consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus:* she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *têtes-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep;) she was forced like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. * * * * * To contradict his will directly, was always the way to strengthen it; and to labor to convince, was to confirm him. Besides all this, he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon those occasions was a sort of iron reversed, for the hotter it was the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression, it was only when it was quite cool. * * * * * For all the tedious hours she spent her single consolation was in reflecting that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country.

His design at first was as Boileau says of Louis XIV.:—

"Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main et voir tout de ses yeux."

He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; but it was very plain that the queen had subverted all his notions. * * * * * * Instead of betraying (as formerly) a jealousy of being thought to be governed by Sir Robert—instead of avoiding every opportunity of distinguishing and speaking to him in public—he very apparently now, if he loved anybody in the world besides the queen, had not only an opinion of the statesman, but an affection for the man. When Lord Hervey (often to try him) gave him accounts of attacks that had been made on Sir Robert in the house, and the things Sir Robert had said in defence and retaliation, the king would cry out, with color flushing into his cheeks, tears sometimes in his eyes, and with a vehement oath, "*He is a brave fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew.*" The queen always joined in chorus: and Lord Hervey, in these partial moments, never failed to make the most he could of his friend and patron's cause.

The following little sketch of the important evening (9th April, 1733) on which Walpole found himself compelled to give up his excise bill is among the first in which all the three principal figures appear:—

As soon as the whole was over, Lord Hervey went to the queen, to acquaint her with what had passed. When Lord Hervey at his first coming into the room shook his head and told her the numbers, the tears ran down her cheeks, and for some time she could not utter a word; at last she said, "*It is over, we must give way;* but, pray, tell me a little more how it passed." Lord Hervey said, it was not to be wondered at that opponents to this bill should increase when everybody now believed that my Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James' was more numerous than at Dawley. * * * * * * Whilst he was saying this the king came in, and the queen made Lord Hervey repeat all he had been saying. The king heard willingly, but that night said very little; he asked many questions, but was much more costive than usual in his comments upon the answers; however, when he asked if he could remember some of those who had swelled the defection that day, as Lord Hervey repeated the names, his majesty tacked remarks to them:—Lord James Cavendish, "*a fool;*" Lord Charles Cavendish, "*he is half mad;*" Sir William Lowther, "*a whimsical fellow;*" Sir Thomas Prendergast, "*an Irish blockhead;*" Lord Tyrconnel, "*a puppy that never votes twice together on the same side.*" There were more in the same style. As soon as Lord Hervey was dismissed he went to Sir Robert Walpole's, who had assembled about a dozen friends to communicate the resolution taken. After supper, when the servants were gone, Sir Robert opened his intentions with a sort of unpleased smile, and saying, "*This dance it will no further go;* the turn my friends will take will be to declare they have not altered their opinion, but that the clamor that has been raised makes it necessary to give way." * * * * On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his firmest friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could.—Vol. i., p. 198.

Hervey adds:—

Many thought that the queen imagined her power with the king depended at this time on her being able to maintain Sir Robert Walpole, consequently that she looked on his cause as her own; but these conjectures were mistaken: the queen knew her own strength with the king too well to be of this opinion. The future ministry would certainly have been of her nomination, in case of a change, as much as the present, and if they had subsisted, as much at her devotion, for had she found them less so, their reign would not have been long. But it is very probable her pride might be somewhat concerned to support a minister looked upon in the world as her creature, and that she might have a mind to defeat the hope Lady Suffolk might have conceived of being able to make any advantage of the king's seeing himself reduced by the voice of the people to dismiss a man whom her private voice had so long condemned.—Vol. i., p. 213.

It was in the same year, 1733, that the first marriage among the royal progeny was negotiated,

and the details of the whole affair are given in the most pungent style of the favorite "at the ear of Eve." The candidate for the hand of the princess royal (Anne) was the young Prince of Orange, whose position in his own country was then uneasy and unsatisfactory, for he had not obtained the stadtholderate of Holland, and, his property being overburdened, he had but a free income of 12,000*l.* a year. The tone of the English court and of Walpole's adherents in parliament was, that the king listened to the proposal purely out of his anxiety to strengthen the Protestant succession, and to renew the alliance with the race of "the great deliverer;" but, says our author:—

The true reason for this match was, that there was no other for the princess in all Europe, so that her royal highness' option was not between this prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband—between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all.

The princess royal's beauties were a lively, clean look and a very fine complexion, though she was marked a good deal with the small-pox. The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his countenance sensible, but his breath more offensive than it is possible to imagine. These defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor princess so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent warm animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other. There is one of two inconveniences that generally attends most marriages: the one is sacrificing all consideration of interest and grandeur for the sake of beauty and an agreeable person; and the other, that of sacrificing all consideration of beauty and person to interest and grandeur. This match most unfortunately conciliated the inconveniences of both these methods of marrying; however, as she apprehended the consequences of not being married at all must one time or other be worse than even the being so married, she very prudently submitted to the present evil to avoid a greater in futurity. "For my part (said the queen) I never said the least word to encourage or to dissuade; as she thought the king looked upon it as a proper match, she said, if it was a monkey, she would marry him."—Vol. i., p. 274.

We reach presently the ceremonial of the nuptials, from the procession to the Chapel Royal at St. James' to the solemn inspection of the bedding by the whole royal family and the lords and ladies of the household—which last custom was first "honored in the breach" at the marriage of George III.:—

The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper than one could naturally have expected an Æsop, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke that flowed all over his back and hid the roundness of it; and as his countenance was not bad, there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable. But when he was undressed, and came in his nightgown and nightcap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, "*Ah! mon Dieu! quand je voiois entrer ce monstre pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m'a assommée. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n'aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu! c'est trop sot en moi, mais j'en pleure encore.*" Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able. He only said, "Oh! Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one's married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes that one looks at it mechanically without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger." "One may, and I believe one does, (replied the queen,) grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one's going blind." The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror of his figure, and great commiseration of the fate of his wife.—Vol. i., pp. 310, 311.

The honeymoon party being windbound for a short time at Gravesend, Hervey repairs thither, and is not a little surprised to find how completely in the course of a few days the blooming bride had let her "monkey" into all the *dessous des cartes* of St. James'. We have here the first allusion to what was, it seems, the main cause of the hatred between Frederick Prince of Wales and Lord Hervey, namely, their rivalry, or rather their community of success, in the loves of one of the queen's maids of honor, Miss Vane, sister of the first Lord Darlington. This nymph had shortly before (1732) "lain in with little mystery in St. James' palace, and the child was publicly christened *Fitz-Frederick Vane*:"—

Here it was, by being closeted two or three hours with the Prince of Orange, Lord Hervey found his bride had already made him so well acquainted with this court, that there was nobody belonging to it whose character, even to the most minute particulars, was not as well known to him as their face. The Prince of Orange had a good deal of drollery, and whilst Lord Hervey was delivering the compliments of St. James' to him, he asked him smiling, what message he had brought from the Prince of Wales? Lord Hervey said his departure was so sudden that he had not seen the prince. "If you had," (replied the Prince of Orange,) "it would have been all one, since he was not more likely to send his sister a message than he was to make your lordship his ambassador." Lord Hervey was a good deal surprised to hear the Prince of Orange speak so freely on this subject, and did not think it very discreet in him. The prince, however, went on, and talked of Miss Vane, and bade Lord Hervey not be too proud of that boy, since he had heard from very good authority it was the child of a tri-

umvirate, and that the Prince of Wales and Lord Harrington had full as good a title to it as himself. Vol. i., pp. 328, 329.

In the second volume there occurs a chasm which, the editor says, marks probably the detail of Hervey's intrigue, quarrel, and subsequent reconciliation with this Miss Vane. These sentences have been spared :—

The manner of the reconciliation was from their seeing one another in public places, and there mutually discovering that both had a mind to forget their past enmity—till from ogling they came to messages; from messages to letters; from letters to appointments; and from appointments to all the familiarity in which they had formerly lived; for when two people have a mutual inclination to meet, I never knew any objection that might arise in their own minds prevent their aiming at it, or any foreign obstacle hinder their accomplishing it.—Vol. ii., p. 20.

Hervey was her great adviser in her negotiations about money with the Prince of Wales, when his royal highness was about to be married, (in 1736,) and he takes the opportunity of recording the letters, dictated by himself, with which she pestered the prince!—a crowning aggravation when the truth came out—for, as kind Lady Mary sings of tying "a cracked bottle to a puppy's tail"—

> "For that is what no soul will bear,
> *From Italy to Wales!*"

Miss Vane's child died a year after, and she very soon. All this story Lord Hervey tells in his memoirs, which he bequeathed to his "amicable" wife—and which she transmitted *in statu quo* to his and her children.

Hervey's sketches of his royal rival would, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*, but, if he reports accurately the conversation of the prince's own parents and sisters, his view was entirely the same as theirs. He says :—

The prince's best qualities always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this:—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so.—Vol. i., p. 298.

The amiable state of relations between the prince and the rest of the family is hit off in the miniature below. The princess royal has been paying a visit to her parents in the year after her marriage, 1734, and is now about to return to Holland—very unwillingly, for it had been her and her mother's earnest wish that she should remain here for her accouchement, but that was overruled on representations from the Hague :—

After a consultation of physicians, midwives, and admirals, it was determined she should embark at Harwich. The queen was concerned to part with her daughter, and her daughter as unaffectedly concerned to exchange the crowds and splendor of this court for the solitude and obscurity of her own. Lord Hervey led her to her coach. She had Handel and his opera so much at heart, that even in these distressful moments she spoke as much upon his chapter as any other. In an hour after Lord H. was sent for as usual to the queen. Lord H. found her and the Princess Caroline together, drinking chocolate, drowned in tears, and choked with sighs. Whilst they were endeavoring to divert their attention by beginning a conversation with Lord Hervey on indifferent subjects, the gallery door opened, upon which the queen said, "Is the king here already?" and, Lord H. telling her it was *the prince*, the queen, not mistress of herself, and detesting the exchange of the son for the daughter, burst out anew into tears, and cried out, "*Oh! my God, this is too much.*" However, she was soon relieved from this irksome company by the arrival of the king, who, finding this unusual guest in the gallery, broke up the breakfast, and took the queen out to walk. Whenever the prince was in a room with the king, it put one in mind of stories one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company, and are invisible to the rest; wherever the prince stood, though the king passed him ever so often or ever so near, it always seemed as if the king thought the place the prince filled a void space.—Vol. i., p. 412.

In a preceding page we had a small allusion to the queen's jealousy of her famous mistress of the robes. The first of these volumes affords a much clearer history of that lady than could be extracted from the "Suffolk Correspondence," and all the works of Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, &c. &c., to boot. We shall extract only a few passages, in which Hervey describes the feelings and conduct of Queen Caroline in reference to this first avowed favorite of her husband. At his accession (1727) George II. was a man of forty-four—and Mrs. Howard (in 1733 Countess of Suffolk) had reached the serious era of forty :—

an age not proper to make conquests, though perhaps the most likely to maintain them, as the levity of desiring new ones is by that time generally pretty well over, and the maturity of those qualities requisite to rivet old ones in their fullest perfection; for when beauty begins to decay, women commonly look out for some preservative charms to substitute in its place; they begin to change their notion of their right to being adored, into that of thinking a little complaisance and some good qualities as necessary to attach men as a little beauty and some agreeable qualities are to allure them. Mrs. Howard's conduct tallied exactly with these sentiments; but notwithstanding her making use of the proper tools, the stuff she had to work with was so stubborn and so inductile that her labor was in vain, and her situation would have been insupportable to any one whose pride was less supple, whose passions less governable, and whose sufferance less inexhaustible; for she was forced to live in the subjec-

tion of a wife with all the reproach of a mistress; to flatter and manage a man who she must see and feel had as little inclination to her person as regard to her advice; and added to this she had the mortification of knowing the queen's influence so much superior to hers, that the little show of interest she maintained was only a permitted tenure dependent on a rival who could have overturned it any hour she pleased. But the queen, knowing the vanity of her husband's temper, and that he must have some woman for the world to believe his mistress, wisely suffered one to remain in that situation whom she despised and had got the better of, for fear of making room for a successor whom he might really love, and that might get the better of her.—Vol. i., p. 58.

Such was the state of things when Hervey penned his first pages. The mistress of the robes lived, like himself, all the year round in the palace; yet throughout several of these chapters—(for we evidently have them as written from time to time—no care having been taken to remove the traces of altered sentiment or opinion)—he seems to remain in some little doubt whether the attachment had ever gone so far as to give the queen cause for serious displeasure. By degrees, as his intimacy with the scene and *dramatis personæ* is ripened, all doubts are removed—but we must hasten to the final disruption of 1734; in which summer, as already mentioned, the king and queen were visited by the princess royal—for she stuck to that title, and, though she could marry a monkey, would never sink to "Princess of Orange."

The interest of Lady Suffolk with the king had been long declining. At Richmond, where the house is small, and what is said in one room may be often overheard in the next, I was told by Lady Bristol, mother to Lord Hervey, the lady of the bedchamber then in waiting, (whose apartment was separated from Lady Suffolk's only by a thin wainscot,) that she often heard the king talking there in a morning in an angry and impatient tone. * * * Towards the latter end of the summer Lady Suffolk at last resolved to withdraw herself from these severe trials. The queen was both glad and sorry; her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown upon her hands. I am sensible, when I say she was pleased with the removal of Lady Suffolk as a rival, that I seem to contradict what I have formerly said of her being rather desirous (for fear of a successor) to keep Lady Suffolk about the king; but human creatures are so inconsistent with themselves, that the inconsistency of descriptions often arises from the instability of the person described. The prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince's discarding a mistress he was tired of. Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace because she wished misfortune to most people; Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother; the princess royal was violently for having her crushed; and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the king's coquetry, of some more troublesome successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to her mother, nor very respectfully with regard to her father,) "*I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him forever in her room.*" At the same time the king was always bragging how dearly his daughter Anne loved him.—Vol. i., p. 426.

The married daughter's affection and respect for her father are further illustrated in the following sketches:—

The night the news came to England that Philipsburg was taken, the princess royal, as Lord Hervey was leading her to her own apartment after the drawing-room, shrugged up her shoulders and said, "Was there ever anything so unaccountable as the temper of papa? He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think Philipsburg would be taken; and this very day that he hears it actually is taken he is in as good humor as ever I saw him in my life." "Perhaps," answered Lord Hervey, "he may be about Philipsburg as David was about the child, who, whilst it was sick, fasted, lay upon the earth, and covered himself with ashes; but the moment it was dead, got up, shaved his beard, and drank wine." "*It may be like David,*" (replied the princess royal,) "*but I am sure it is not like Solomon.*"

His giving himself airs of gallantry; the impossibility of being easy with him; his affectation of heroism; his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behavior to the queen; the difficulty of entertaining him; his insisting upon people's conversation, who were to entertain him, being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again; in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults, were the topics upon which (when she was with Lord Hervey) she was forever expatiating.—*Ib.*, p. 422.

The laudable anxiety of the princesses, in October, that their father might not allow Lady Suffolk's place to be unsupplied was not much protracted. In the spring of 1735 the king resolved on visiting Hanover. Walpole opposed the plan, but failed—"the queen not being heartily desirous he should succeed;" that is, as Hervey explains, because her vanity was pleased with the "*éclat* of the regency"—and she had, besides, the delightful anticipation of at least a six months' freedom from the "irksome office" of "being set up to receive the quotidian sallies of the king's temper."

But there was one trouble arose which her majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favorite. By what I could perceive of the queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the king acquainted the queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action

that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles' distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

Notwithstanding all the queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the king's return put off late in the year she grew extremely uneasy; and, by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she felt more anxiety than she had suffered to appear whilst they were deferred. Yet all this while the king, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and *never less than forty*, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the king's own order, who used to tag paragraphs with "*Montrez ceci—et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*"

It was in the same correspondence that Queen Caroline, on her part, had the satisfaction of informing the king that Lady Suffolk had entered into the bonds of matrimony with the Honorable George Berkeley—a keen member of the opposition to Walpole :—

Mr. Berkeley was neither young, handsome, healthy, nor rich, which made people wonder what induced Lady Suffolk's prudence to deviate into this unaccountable piece of folly : some imagined it was to persuade the world that nothing criminal had ever passed between her and the king; others that it was to pique the king. If this was her reason, she succeeded very ill in her design, for the king, in answer to that letter from the queen that gave him the first account of this marriage, told her, "*J'étois extrèmement surpris de la disposition que vous m'avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux goutteux George Berkeley, et je m'en rejouis fort. Je ne voudrois pas faire de tels présens à mes amis; et quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon.*"

Then follows the queen's full detail of all Lady Suffolk's previous adventures—not omitting the grand negotiation about a quieting allowance of £1200 a year to her first husband, and which that spirited gentleman had actually expected to be paid by the queen herself: but no—said the queen—"I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the king's *guenipes* under my roof, but to pay them too."—(Vol. ii., p. 15.)—The king paid the £1200, and the blood of Howard was satisfied.

We are not to suppose that Walpole never, during this period, had any alarm as to the state of his favor at head-quarters—the occasions were few—but we must give a slight specimen :—

Sir Robert Walpole was now in Norfolk, (May, 1734,) pushing the county election there, which the [ministerial] whigs lost by six or seven voices, to the great triumph of the opposition. After the election was over he stayed some time at Houghton, solacing himself with his mistress, Miss Skerrett, while his enemies were working against him at Richmond, and persuading the king and queen that the majority of the new parliament would infallibly be chosen against the court. Lord Hervey, who was every day and all day at Richmond, saw this working, and found their majesties staggering; upon which he wrote an anonymous letter to Sir Robert, with only these few words in it, quoted out of a play :—

Whilst in her arms at Capua he lay,
The world fell mouldering from his hand each hour.

Sir Robert knew the hand, understood the meaning, and, upon the receipt of this letter, came immediately to Richmond. He told Lord Hervey that this was ever his fate, and that he never could turn his back for three days that somebody or other did not give it a slap of this kind. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise, for, as he was unwilling to employ anybody under him, or let anybody approach the king and queen who had any understanding, lest they should employ it against him, so, from fear of having dangerous friends, he never had any useful ones, every one of his subalterns being as incapable of defending him as they were of attacking him, and no better able to support than to undermine him!—Vol. i., p. 334.

It is amusing to have this trace of Hervey's suspicion that the retention of himself in the household office might be connected with a private misappreciation of his talents on the part of Walpole; but he often does more justice to the great minister's natural warmth of feeling. Thus, turn back only ten pages, and we read—

Sir Robert was really humane, did friendly things, and one might say of him, as Pliny said of Trajan, and as nobody could say of *his* master, "*Amicos habuit, quia amicus fuit:*"—"He had friends, because he was a friend."—Vol. i., p. 324.

On another occasion (February, 1735) the queen having signified a little surprise at Walpole's dejection of manner, Hervey informs her that there is nothing wrong in politics—it is only that Miss Skerrett is ill of a pleuritic fever :—

The queen, who was much less concerned about his private afflictions than his ministerial difficulties, was glad to hear his embarrassment thus accounted for, and began to talk on Sir Robert's attachment to this woman, asking Lord Hervey many questions about Miss Skerrett's beauty and understanding, and his fondness and weakness towards her. She said she was very glad he had any amusement for his leisure hours, but could neither comprehend how a man could be very fond of a woman who was only attached to him for his money, nor ever imagine how any woman would suffer him as a lover from any consideration or inducement but his money. "She must be a clever gentlewoman," continued the queen, "to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man—*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre*—believes her. Ah! what is human nature!" While she was saying this, she little reflected in what degree

she herself possessed all the impediments and antidotes to love she had been enumerating, and that "*Ah! what is human nature!*" was as applicable to her own blindness as to his. However, her manner of speaking of Sir Robert on this occasion showed at least that he was not just at this time in the same rank of favor with her that he used to be.—*Ib.*, p.476.

It will not surprise any one to read that Sir Robert's rough and jocose bluntness now and then discomposed his royal patroness. Swift has not caricatured the mere manners:—

"By favor and fortune fastidiously bless'd,
He was loud in his laugh, and was coarse in his jest;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders;
A jobber of stocks by reporting false news;
A prater at court in the style of the stews."

Thus—when on the king's return from Hanover, in October, 1735, everybody remarked the excessive irritability of his never placid temper, and those in the interior were quite aware that the cause was his separation from Madame Walmoden—Sir Robert, talking over matters with Lord Hervey, said—

He had told the queen she must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence that she had formerly; that three-and-fifty and three-and-twenty could no more resemble one another in their effects than in their looks; and that, if he might advise, she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence. He added another piece of advice, which I believe was as little tasted. It was to send for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good-natured, simple woman, (to whom the king had formerly been *coquet*,) out of the country, and place her every evening at commerce or quadrille in the king's way. He told the queen it was impossible the king should long bear to pass his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's, and that, if the king would have somebody else, it would be better to have that somebody chosen by *her* than by *him;* that Lady Tankerville was a very safe fool, and would give the king some amusement without giving her majesty any trouble. Lady Deloraine, who was very handsome, and the only woman that ever played with him in his daughters' apartment, Sir Robert said was a very dangerous one; a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, a false heart, making always sad work with the smallest degree of power or interest to help them forward; and that some degree of power or interest must always follow frequent opportunities given to a very *coquette* pretty woman with a very *coquet* idle man, especially without a rival to disturb or share with her. Lord Hervey asked Sir Robert how the queen behaved upon his giving her this counsel, and was answered, that she laughed, and seemed mightily pleased with all he said. That the queen laughed, I can easily believe; but imagine the laugh was rather a sign of her having a mind to disguise her not being pleased, than any mark that she was so; and I have the more reason to believe so, as I have been an eye-witness to the manner in which she has received ill-understood jokes of that kind from the same hand, particularly one this year at the king's birth-day, when, pointing to some jewels in her hair, she said, "*I think I am extremely fine too, though*—alluding to the manner of putting them on—*un peu à la mode; I think they have given me horns.*" Upon which Sir Robert Walpole burst out into a laugh, and said he believed Mrs. Purcel (the woman who usually dressed the queen's head) was a wag. The queen laughed on this occasion too; but, if I know anything of her countenance, without being pleased, and not without blushing.

This style of joking was every way so ill understood in Sir Robert Walpole, that it was astonishing one of his extreme penetration could be guilty of it once, but much more that he could be guilty of it twice. For in the first place, when he told the queen that the hold she used to have of the king by the charms of her person was quite lost, it was not true; it was weakened but not broken; the charms of a younger person pulled him strongly perhaps another way, but they had not dissolved her influence, though they balanced it. In the next place, had it been true that the queen's person could no longer charm any man, I have a notion that would be a piece of intelligence which no woman would like any man the better for giving her. It is a sort of thing which every woman is so reluctant to believe, that she may feel the effects of it long without being convinced that those effects can proceed from no other cause; and even after she is convinced of it herself, she still hopes other people have not found it out.—Vol. ii., p. 38.

The fair Countess Dowager of Deloraine here mentioned made visible advances in his majesty's good graces. She was at this time in her thirty-fifth year; but, Hervey says, looked ten years younger. She was by birth a Howard—had had many adventures—some very strange ones—and is supposed to have been the "dangerous one" meant in Pope's line—

"Slander or *poison* dread from Delia's rage."

She had lately married to a Mr. Windham, but kept her place as "*governess to the younger princesses.*" Enter again the courtly premier—

Sir Robert Walpole one day, whilst she was standing in the hall at Richmond, with her little son, of about a year old, in her arms, said to her "That 's a very pretty boy, Lady Deloraine; whose is it?" To which her ladyship, before half-a-dozen people, without taking the question at all ill, replied, "Mr. Windham's upon honor;" and then added, laughing, "but I will not promise whose the next shall be." * * * * To many people, from whom it used to come round in a whisper to half the inhabitants of the palace, she used to brag of this royal conquest, and say she thought England in general had great obligations to her, and particularly the administration; for that it was owing to her, and her only, that the king had not gone abroad.—Vol. ii., p. 350.

This was early in 1736. Madame Walmoden, however, was still the great favorite;—for her sake, to the extreme disgust of his daughters' governess, the king revisited Hanover in the following autumn, and—

The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor queen, and railing at his majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of

day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask if he must have a mistress whether England could furnish never a one good enough to serve his turn; and if he thought parliament had given him a greater civil-list than any of his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary expenses of his travelling charges, and enrich his German favorites.—Vol. ii., p. 190.

Walpole finding these recurring absences very inconvenient for business, and being still afraid of Lady Deloraine's gaining a fixed ascendant here, he and Hervey combine their efforts to persuade the queen to press the king to bring Madame Walmoden home to England with him. It may be supposed that the premier set about this delicate job in no very delicate manner; but he laid the blame elsewhere:—

Sir Robert told Lord Hervey that it was those bitches Lady Pomfret and Lady Sundon, who were always bemoaning the queen on this occasion, and making their court by saying they hoped never to see this woman brought under her majesty's nose here, who made it so difficult to bring the queen to do what was right and sensible for her to do. Lord Hervey replied, "You and I, sir, are well enough acquainted with the queen to know that when she lets a sentiment escape her which she is ashamed of, she had rather one should think it was planted in her, than that it grew there. But, believe me, the greatest obstacle in this kingdom to Madame Walmoden's coming here is the queen's own heart, that recoils whenever her head proposes it."

However, the queen at last complies. She writes to the king that she has had the apartments formerly tenanted by Lady Suffolk put into proper order—nay, that thinking Lady Suffolk had found the accommodation rather scanty, she has had her own library removed, which will give the new comer an additional room adjoining. The king answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, "It is impossible not to wonder at the modesty, and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:"—

This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been written to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship, and affection. He extolled the queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her too she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. "*Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes foiblesses—il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous—et plût à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plut à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer!*" His majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she relied on the queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their majesties thought fit. * * * Sir Robert Walpole assured Lord Hervey that if the king was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them.

Madame Walmoden, however, did not appear in England until Queen Caroline was no more. Her majesty had for several years suffered from an organic lesion, which the king was aware of, but which was never told, except to Lady Sundon. The symptoms became very serious on Wednesday, the 9th of November, 1737; but the queen persisted in concealing the nature and seat of her danger.

At *seven o'clock*, when Lord Hervey returned to St. James' from M. de Cambis', the French ambassador's, *where he dined that day*, he went up to the queen's apartment and found her in bed, with the Princess Caroline only in the room, the king being gone, as usual at that hour, to play in the Princess Emily's apartment. The queen asked Lord Hervey what he used to take in his violent fits of the colic; and Lord Hervey, imagining the queen's pain to proceed from a goutish humor in her stomach that should be driven from that dangerous seat into her limbs, told her nothing ever gave him immediate ease but strong things. To which the queen replied, "Pshaw! you think now, like all the other fools, that this is the pain of an old nasty gout." But her pain continuing in a degree that she could not lie one moment quiet, she said about an hour after to Lord Hervey, "*Give me what you will, I will take it;*" and the Princess Caroline bidding him not lose this opportunity, he fetched some snake-root and brandy.

Next evening, (10th,) whilst the Princess Caroline and he were alone with the queen, she complaining and they comforting, she often said, "*I have an ill which nobody knows of;*" which they both understood to mean nothing more than that she felt what she could not describe, and more than anybody imagined.

On the 11th, Lord Hervey went once or twice in the night, as he had promised, to Princess Caroline; the king sat up in the queen's room, and Princess Emily lay on a couch in Mrs. Herbert's.

On the night of the 12th, Princess Caroline, though herself in very weak health, was in such alarm that she lay in the queen's ante-chamber.

Princess Emily sat up with the queen, the king went to bed, and Lord Hervey lay on a mattress on the floor, at the foot of Princess Caroline's couch. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 13th, the wound had begun to mortify. Hulst (a surgeon) came to the Princess Caroline, and told her this terrible news, upon which she waked Lord Hervey, and told him if ever he saw the queen again it must be immediately. * * Lord Hervey went in with them just to see the queen once more, looked at her through his tears for a moment, and then returned to his mattress.

These passages complete our notion of the extraordinary intimacy in which Hervey lived with the royal ladies. According to Sarah of Marlborough, the king had always hitherto disliked him, but was entirely changed in this respect by his

constant watchfulness and evident distress during the queen's illness. He says himself that he was never out of the sick-room for more than four or five hours at a time, and that he never left the king without being entreated to come back as soon as he could. It is plain that the most delicate (or indelicate) communications between the queen and her family took place in his presence or were forthwith reported to him. Thus, as to the fatal concealment, after stating his "firm belief" that the queen, now aged fifty-four, and after all the affairs of Lady Suffolk, Lady Deloraine, Madame Walmoden, &c., had still been mainly swayed by the fear of losing something in the king's fancy, and consequently in her power over him—he adds,

Several things she said to the king in her illness, which both the king and the Princess Caroline told me again, plainly demonstrated how strongly these apprehensions of making her person distasteful to the king had worked upon her.—Vol. ii., p. 507.

On that Sunday, the 13th,

the king talked perpetually to Lord Hervey, the physicians and surgeons, and his children, who were the only people he ever saw out of the queen's room, of the queen's good qualities, his fondness for her, his anxiety for her welfare, and the irreparable loss her death would be to him; and repeated every day, and many times in the day, all her merits in every capacity with regard to him and every other body she had to do with; that he never had been tired in her company one minute; that he was sure he could have been happy with no other woman upon earth for a wife, and that, if she had not been his wife, he had rather have had her for his mistress than any other woman he had ever been acquainted with; that she had not only softened all his leisure hours, but been of more use to him as a minister than any other body had ever been to him or to any other prince; that with a patience which he knew *he* was not master of, she had listened to the nonsense of all the impertinent fools that wanted to talk to him, and had taken all that trouble off his hands; and that, as to all the *brillant* and *enjouement* of the court, there would be an end of it when she was gone; there would be no bearing a drawing-room, when the only body that ever enlivened it, and one that always enlivened it, was no longer there. "Poor woman, how she always found something obliging, agreeable, and pleasing to say to everybody! *Comme elle soutenoit sa dignité avec grace, avec politesse, avec douceur!*"

That afternoon the queen took a solemn leave of the king, her daughters, and the young Duke of Cumberland. Hervey's minute narrative leaves no doubt that she never saw the Prince of Wales during her illness at all—hence the sting of Pope's last tribute to her memory—(the *italics* are his own:—)

"Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest—
All parts performed, and *all* her children blest."

Hervey's account of her farewell to the king is certainly one of the most startling things in this book:—

It is not necessary to examine whether the queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the king, in case she died, should marry again;—it is certain she did wish it; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes, and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses.*" To which the queen made no other reply than "*Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.*" I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true.

The queen after this said she believed she should not die till Wednesday, for that she had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, and brought to bed of her first child on a Wednesday; she had heard the first news of the late king's death on a Wednesday, and been crowned on a Wednesday. This I own showed a weakness in her, but one which might be excused, as most people's minds are a little weakened on these occasions, and few people, even of the strongest minds, are altogether exempt from some little taint of that weakness called superstition. Many people have more of it than they care to let others know they have, and some more of it than they know themselves.

Walpole all this while was in Norfolk—his colleague the Duke of Newcastle is said to have wished to conceal the queen's danger from him; but Hervey does not tell why he himself did not convey proper information. No doubt he was busy enough. At last, however, the truth reached Houghton; and on Wednesday the 16th, Sir Robert arrived at St. James'. He was alone with the queen for a few minutes, during which she "committed the king, the family, and the country to his care." As he came out he found the princesses in the ante-chamber surrounded by "some wise, some pious, and some very busy people," who, to the pity or scorn of Hervey, were urging "the essential duty" of having in some prelate to perform sacred offices:—

And when the Princess Emily made some difficulty about taking upon her to make this proposal to the king or queen, Sir Robert (in the presence of a dozen people who really wished this divine physician for the queen's soul might be sent for, upon the foot of her salvation) very prudently added, by way of stimulating the Princess Emily, "Pray, madam, let this farce be played; the archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the queen no hurt, no more than any good; and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools, who will call us all atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are." After this eloquent and discreet persuasion—the whole company staring with the utmost astonishment at Sir Robert Walpole, some in admiration of his piety, and others of his prudence—the Princess Emily spoke to the king, the king to the queen, and the archbishop [Potter] was sent for; but the king went out of the room before his episcopal grace was admitted. * * * The queen desired the archbishop to take care of Dr. Butler, her clerk of the closet; and he was the only body I ever heard of her recommending particularly and by name all the while she was ill. Her servants in general she recommended to the king, saying he knew whom she liked and disliked, but did not, that I know

of, name anybody to him in particular.—Vol. ii., p. 529.

This special concern as to the great author of the Analogy is one of the few circumstances in Hervey's detail that it is at all agreeable to dwell upon. Indeed, it is one of very few satisfactory details that occur in this book respecting her majesty's interference with the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown. Lord Mahon (*History* ii., p. 172) exalts her "discerning and praiseworthy" selection of bishops; but nothing can be more offensive than Hervey's whole account of her exertions on behalf of Hoadley, whom she forced up step by step in spite—(not to mention the repugnance of the clergy and the nation)—of the king's own unusual stiffness on the avowed ground that "the man did not believe one word of the Bible;" and we suspect there is no uncharitableness in the surmise that in Butler himself she patronized not the divine, but the philosopher. Yet the queen's last word was *pray*——

The queen died at ten on the night of Sunday the 20th:—

Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the queen was just dead. All she said before she died was, "I have now got an asthma. Open the window." Then she said "*Pray.*" Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and, finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, "'Tis over;" and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune the dread of which had cost her so many. The king kissed the face and hands of the lifeless body several times, but in a few minutes left the queen's apartment and went to that of his daughters, accompanied only by them. Then, advising them to go to bed, and take care of themselves, he went to his own side; and as soon as he was in bed sent for Lord Hervey to sit by him, where, after talking some time, and more calmly than one could have expected, he dismissed Lord H. and sent for one of his pages; and as he ordered one of them, for some time after the death of the queen, to lie in his room, and that I am very sure he believed many stories of ghosts and witches and apparitions, I take this (with great deference to his magnanimity on other occasions) to have been the result of the same way of thinking that makes many weak minds fancy themselves more secure from any supernatural danger in the light than in the dark, and in company than alone. Lord Hervey went back to the Princess Caroline's bedchamber, where he stayed till five o'clock in the morning, endeavoring to lighten her grief by indulging it, and not by that silly way of trying to divert what cannot be removed, or to bring comfort to such affliction as time only can alleviate. —Vol. ii., p. 540.

During the interval before the interment the king remained invisible, except to his daughters, to Hervey, and for a moment occasionally to Walpole. Meantime, in the ante-chamber, the great subject of discussion is, in what female hand the power is now to be vested. Newcastle and Grafton, both admirers of the Princess Emily, are in great hopes that at the king's age he may allow that favored daughter to replace the mother in his confidence; but—

Sir Robert, in his short, coarse way, said he should look to the king's mistress as the most sure means of influence. "*I'll bring Madame Walmoden over, and I'll have nothing to do with your girls; I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters.*" And accordingly he advised the king, and pressed him, to send for Madame Walmoden immediately from Hanover; said he must look forward for his own sake, for the sake of his family, and for the sake of all his friends, and not ruin his health by indulging vain regret and grief for what was past recall. The king listened to this way of reasoning more kindly every time it was repeated; but Sir Robert Walpole tried this manner of talking to the princesses, not quite so judiciously, respectfully, or successfully; for the pride of Emily and the tenderness of Caroline were so shocked, that he laid the foundation of an aversion to him in both, which I believe nobody will live to see him ever get over.—Vol. ii., pp. 544, 545.

Lord Hervey wrote the queen's epitaph in Latin and in English, and therein extolled her "firm faith in the doctrines of Christianity and rigid practice of its precepts." She was buried in Westminster Abbey; and George II., on his death-bed, twenty-three years afterwards, directed that his remains should be placed close by hers—a side of each of the coffins to be removed, in order that the cerements might be in actual contact. This story has been doubted; but within these few years it became the duty of one of the chapter (the Rev. H. H. Milman) to superintend some operation within that long-sealed vault, and the royal coffins were found on the same raised slab of granite, exactly in the condition described—the sides that were abstracted still leaning against the wall behind.

Soon after the queen's death Madame Walmoden arrived in England, and was created Countess of Yarmouth—the last peerage of exactly that class.

In 1740 Hervey became Lord Privy Seal. He died in 1743, aged forty-seven; and was survived until 1757 by the Princess Caroline, who then died, aged forty-five.

Hitherto modern readers have in general, it is probable, connected at best frivolous ideas with Lord Hervey's name; henceforth, whatever may be thought of his moral character, justice will at least be done to the graphic and caustic pen of Pope's victim.

From 1733 he was a constant correspondent of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose Life of Cicero is inscribed to him in a long and pompous dedication, enumerating not only every intellectual power and accomplishment, but every grace and virtue that could contrast with Pope's portraiture. It will at least amuse the reader to turn to that specimen of pedantic adulation: but Lord Hervey fully deserved all that Middleton says of his scholarship. The scraps from Livy and Tacitus, with which his Memoirs are garnished, were according to the taste and habit of that day; and we are by no means to set them down for proofs either of shallowness or affectation, as we should do if we

met them in a modern page. He was qualified to hold his own in corresponding with Middleton on any question of classical research—for example, that still mysterious one of the gradual changes in the composition of the senate during the republic. It is not true, however, that Hervey made the translations inserted in Middleton's "Cicero." Lady Hervey, in justice to the doctor, contradicted that story in one of her letters to Mr. Morris. She says, all her husband did was to purify the MS. by striking out "a number of low, vulgar, college expressions." Infidelity, no doubt, was a strong bond between his lordship and the incumbent of Hanscombe, who, in writing to his friend about signing the thirty-nine articles as a step to that benefice, says—"While I am content to acquiesce in the *ill*, I should be glad to taste a little of the *good*, and to have some amends for the *ugly assent and consent* which no man of sense can approve." (*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 61.) It is probable that, if Queen Caroline and Lord Hervey had lived, Dr. Middleton would in due time have signed again as a bishop-elect.

We feel that we have already given sufficient space to this book—though it seems to us one of very rare distinction in its class—otherwise we would fain have extracted some of the author's minor portraits. Those of the Speaker Onslow, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and his brother Islay, and many more, are remarkable specimens, and, we believe, done without the least exaggeration. Not so that of Lord Chesterfield. Indeed, the slighting style in which Hervey (like Horace Walpole) uniformly speaks of his talents seems quite astonishing. It is true that Hervey had never seen the writings on which chiefly we form our high notion of the man; but Hervey heard the speeches of which we have but poor reports, and Horace Walpole's "hero of ruelles" is admitted even by Horace Walpole to have made the best speech he ever heard—adding that he had heard his own father, and Pulteney, and Chatham! Walpole had besides access to almost all our own materials. We believe the fact to have been that both of those clever spirits were rebuked in the presence of Lord Chesterfield. You have but to turn from the most brilliant page either of them ever wrote to any one of his; and the impression of his immense superiority—of the comprehensive, solid, and balanced understanding, which with him had wit merely for an adjunct and instrument—is immediate and irresistible.

A more puzzling point is the frequent repetition of most contemptuous allusions, both in Walpole and in Hervey, to the personal appearance of Chesterfield. All the portraits represent a singularly refined and handsome countenance; we have them of his youth, his middle life, and his age, even his extreme old age—and by painters of the most opposite schools, from Rosalba to Gainsborough—but in all the identity of feature is preserved; and making every allowance for pictorial flattery and *Herodian* spleen, it is hardly possible to understand the violent contrast of such a description as this by our present author:—

With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion. * * * * He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant.—Vol. i., p. 96.

But Hervey makes George II. himself—and his majesty was of short stature—speak with the same sort of disparagement. The subject of conversation in vol. ii., p. 360, is Lord Carteret's having told the queen (it was shortly before her last illness) that "he had been giving her fame that very morning:"—

The king said, "Yes, I dare say he will paint you in fine colors, *that dirty liar!*" "Why not!" said the queen; "good things come out of dirt sometimes; I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung." Lord Hervey said he knew three people that were now writing the History of His Majesty's Reign who could possibly know nothing of the secrets of the palace and his majesty's closet, and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continued dissection of both. "You mean," said the king, "Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret. They will all three have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge; he is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon."

Mr. Croker remarks, that Bolingbroke never wrote memoirs—that Carteret's, if they ever were written, have perished—that Chesterfield has left us nothing of this sort but a few characters, including those of George II. and his queen, which are in fact drawn with admirable candor—done, no doubt, in his old age—and that it is curious enough to have all this criticism on three books of memoirs that do not exist from the man who really was at that moment giving their majesties such "fame" as neither would perhaps have much coveted!

Who could have dreamed a hundred years since that posterity would owe its impressions of the society and policy of George II. mainly to the spurious Walpole and the Sporus Hervey! Which of us can guess now who may, in 1948, be the leading authorities for the characters and manners of our own day—the *dessous des cartes* of the courts and cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria! Some haunter of Christie's rooms and the French play, who occasionally shows his enamelled studs below the gangway! Some "Patch" or "Silliander," whom our Lady Mary (if we had one) would bid—as she bade Hervey—

> "Put on white gloves, and lead folks out,
> For that is your affair!"——

From the Britannia.

Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Written by Herself. 3 vols. Colburn.

THERE is no doubt, we believe, as to the authenticity of this book. From its first publication it has always been regarded as a genuine production. The memoir is unique of its kind. Mademoiselle filled a conspicuous station in the court of Louis Quatorze, and had intimate relations with most of the historic names of that time. Her whole nature was made up of the ideas of his reign. She was a fine specimen of artificial nature, in thought, manners, and conduct. Of personal liberty she had no conception, apart from the will of the monarch; and when her lover, or rather perhaps the object of her choice, was thrown into confinement, solely from the favor with which she regarded him, she less insisted on the injustice of the king than on the cruelty of De Lauzun's destiny. Her whole life was a romance; but the order of romance was in her own case reversed. In her early youth she was the heroine of the Fronde, and in her mature age simply a devoted woman, seeking above all things the affection and peace of domestic life. The slave of her greatness, she sought them in vain. She was punished for the ambition of her youth in the disappointment of her age. Intent for so many years solely on a splendid alliance, she had the mortification to find, when her heart was really touched, that her love was coldly received, and that it only brought misfortunes on the man she sought to raise to her own height. Her memoirs are full of singular episodes and curious revelations; and possess, especially in the latter portions, all the vivacity of a highly-wrought dramatic narrative. It would be useless to enter into the detail of a work so well known, but an extract will show

HOW MADEMOISELLE MADE LOVE TO DE LAUZUN.

I had soon another conversation with him: when I told him that I was absolutely determined to execute my intention; and that I had taken the resolve of naming to him the person I had chosen. He replied, "that I made him tremble;" and then added, "If I should fail to approve your choice, resolved and headstrong as you are, I see clearly that you will not have courage to see me again: I am too desirous of retaining the honor of your good opinion to listen to an avowal that may expose me to the risk of losing it; therefore, I will not hear it—I entreat you, from my heart, to say no more of the matter."

The more he endeavored to escape hearing himself named, the less I felt inclined to permit him to do so; but, as he always left me the instant he had finished what he had to say, I confess that I was somewhat embarrassed at the notion of telling him myself, *c'est vous*. But again I met him at the queen's, when I said, "I am resolved, despite all you have advanced, to name to you the man you know." He replied, that he could no longer excuse himself from hearing it; but added in a serious tone, "You will oblige me by deferring it until to-morrow." I told him that I could not do so, for that Friday was with me an unlucky day; yet, at the moment I was about to name him, the concern I believed it would give him so increased my embarrassment, that I said, "If I had writing materials at hand you should know the name; for I confess I have not the power of telling it you. I have a mind to breathe upon the mirror, and to write it there." After we had conversed together for some time, he pretending still to be in jest, and I speaking very seriously of the desire I had to tell him what I wished that he should know, we found that it was midnight. "So!" I exclaimed, "it is Friday! I will say no more to you just now."

The next day I wrote on a paper these words: "*C'est vous.*" I then sealed and placed it in my pocket. I met him at the queen's, and said, "I have the name written, and in my pocket; but I will not give it you on a Friday." He replied, "Give me the paper, and I promise you to place it under my pillow, and not read it until after twelve o'clock. I am sure," he added, "you will not doubt that I shall stay awake until the hour arrives, or that I shall await its coming with impatience. To-morrow I must go to Paris, whence I shall not return till late." I replied, "You may deceive yourself as to the hour; so you shall not have it until to-morrow evening." I did not see him until the Sunday at mass; he came afterwards to the queen's, and spoke to me just as to others in the circle. When the queen entered her *prié-Dieu*, I found myself alone with him. I took out the paper and showed it him, replacing it sometimes in my pocket, sometimes in my muff. He pressed me exceedingly to give it to him, saying that "his heart beat, which he took as a presentiment that I was about to give him an ill-office to perform, involving, perhaps, the disapproval of my choice and my intentions." This kind of conversation lasted an hour, during which we found ourselves equally embarrassed. At length I said, "Here is the paper; I give it you on condition that you will let me have your answer at foot of the writing; you will find space sufficient, for my *billet* is but short. Return it to me this evening at the queen's, where we can resume this conversation."

Poor Lauzun would willingly have passed off all this as a jest, but the princess' passion was too violent to allow him to do so. He had greatness thrust upon him, and had to pay for it by his long confinement. Mademoiselle, however, was constant in her affection; she ransomed him at the sacrifice of a great part of her wealth, and then munificently provided for him, though compelled ever after to regard him as a stranger. Fiction has nothing stranger to show than these memoirs, nor anything more likely to engage the mind in perusal.

SELECT LETTERS OF COLUMBUS.*

THIS second publication by the Hakluyt Society contains the four letters of Columbus narrating his first, third, and fourth voyages, with a memorial relating to the second; a letter descriptive of the second voyage, by Dr. Chanca, physician of the fleet; and extracts from the will of Diego Mendez. This Spaniard was an active officer of Columbus,

* Select Letters of Christopher Columbus, with other Original Documents relating to his Four Voyages to the New World. Translated and edited by R. H. MAJOR, Esq., of the British Museum.—*Printed for the Hakluyt Society.*

who rendered conspicuous services to the expedition on the fourth voyage, both at the mouth of the Orinoco and in Jamaica; the veteran adopted this mode of recording his deeds, in order to serve as a memorial for his family, and to remind Don Diego Columbus of the promises of his father on his deathbed, which Diego had confirmed but not fulfilled.

These documents have been translated by Mr. Major, of the British Museum; who has displayed his original text in the lower half of the page, and sparingly illustrated it by notes. He has prefaced his translation by an elaborate introduction, in which he gives a very good bibliographical account of the documents in the volume, a sufficient life of Columbus, and a summary of the evidence respecting the former discoveries of America, to the belief of which fact he inclines. There is also a good index; but the volume requires a map to exhibit the discoveries (and only the discoveries) of Columbus, with the track of his voyages—an omission that we should not have expected from the Hakluyt Society.

Although wanting the fulness of *story* and the quaintness of style which belong to the voyage of Sir Richard Hawkins, this volume has sufficient popular interest in its narrative, especially when regarded as the first observations made upon the new world by the actual discoverer. The account, indeed, has not the completeness of a regular history, which, drawing its materials from all quarters, extracts minute particulars from other writers, that Columbus himself passed over if he knew them, as too individual to be addressed to his sovereigns—or too egotistical—or, when they concerned the overlooked misconduct of others, neither fair nor politic to make. The object of Columbus must also be borne in mind; which was to give a general account of the countries discovered, and of their productions, in order to impress Ferdinand and Isabella with their importance. It was no business of his to extend his despatches by minute details of the expeditions, still less to enter into anecdotical stories about individuals, or touch upon personal adventures. Such things are to be found in the letters; but they appear incidentally, and more fully in the epistle of Dr. Chanca than in the letters of Columbus; but more fully still in the will of Diego Mendez, which in fact is entirely occupied by details concerning himself and his exploits. There are many passages of striking description, and some of stirring dangers; especially in the fourth voyage, when the admiral was contending with violent storms and the currents of the Orinoco. The following passage is the *first* description of the new world ever written; it applies especially to Cuba and Hayti.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxuriant as they usually are in Spain in the month of May—some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there. There are besides in the same island of Juana [Cuba] seven or eight kinds of palm trees, which, like all the other trees, herbs, and fruits, considerably surpass ours in height and beauty. The pines also are very handsome; and there are very extensive fields and meadows, a variety of birds, different kinds of honey, and many sorts of metals, but no iron. In that island also, which I have before said we named Española, [Hayti,] there are mountains of very great size and beauty, vast plains, groves, and very fruitful fields, admirably adapted for tillage, pasture, and habitation. The convenience and excellence of the harbors in this island, and the abundance of the rivers, so indispensable to the health of man, surpass anything that would be believed by one who had not seen it. The trees, herbage, and fruits of Española, are very different from those of Juana; and, moreover, it abounds in various kinds of spices, gold, and other metals. The inhabitants of both sexes in this island, and in all the others which I have seen or of which I have received information, go always naked as they were born, with the exception of some of the women, who use the covering of a leaf, or small bough, or an apron of cotton which they prepare for that purpose. None of them, as I have already said, are possessed of any iron; neither have they weapons, being unacquainted with, and indeed incompetent to use them; not from any deformity of body, (for they are well-formed,) but because they are timid and full of fear. They carry, however, in lieu of arms, canes dried in the sun, on the ends of which they fix heads of dried wood sharpened to a point; and even these they dare not use habitually; for it has often occurred when I have sent two or three of my men to any of the villages to speak with the natives, that they have come out in a disorderly troop, and have fled in such haste at the approach of our men that the fathers forsook their children and the children their fathers. This timidity did not arise from any loss or injury that they had received from us; for, on the contrary, I gave to all I approached whatever articles I had about me, such as cloth and many other things, taking nothing of theirs in return; but they are naturally timid and fearful. As soon, however, as they see that they are safe, and have laid aside all fear, they are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have.

Valuable as this publication is for presenting the first account of America in the very words of the original, its chief interest arises from its autobiographical view of Columbus. Of course, we do not mean that any new facts will be found; the subject has been too frequently and thoroughly investigated for that. But the *ipsissima verba* of Columbus give a precision and fulness which the reproduction of the literary artist often misses; while the general coloring is of necessity altered when presented by another mind as part of another work. All the biographers of Columbus have dwelt upon his great anxiety during his first voyage, and his frequent visits to the deck in the night; but we question if they equal his own simple pic-

ture when describing his broken health off the mouths of the Orinoco—"And although on my former [first] voyage, when I first discovered terra firma, [he thought Cuba was the continent of Asia,] I passed thirty-three days without natural rest, and was all that time deprived of sight, yet never were my eyes so much affected or so painful as at this period." The hardships to which Columbus was at last reduced by the ingratitude of King Ferdinand are another fertile topic; yet declamation is hardly so forcible as his own subdued complaints in the account of his fourth voyage. Almost in the words of Othello when superseded—"I have done the state some service"—Columbus exclaims, "Yes, as I have said, their highnesses have received some services from me;" and in various places he touches upon the past, or gives a sad account of his present condition and future expectations—expectations too sadly verified.

Such is my fate, that the twenty years of service through which I have passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing, and at this very day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own; if I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill. * * *

I was twenty-eight years old when I came into your highnesses' service, and now I have not a hair upon me that is not grey; my body is infirm, and all that was left to me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away and sold, even to the frock that I wore, to my great dishonor. I cannot but believe that this was done without your royal permission. The restitution of my honor, the reparation of my losses, and the punishment of those who have inflicted them, will redound to the honor of your royal character; a similar punishment also is due to those who plundered me of my pearls, and who have brought a disparagement upon the privileges of my admiralty. Great and unexampled will be the glory and fame of your highnesses if you do this; and the memory of your highnesses, as just and grateful sovereigns, will survive as a bright example to Spain in future ages. The honest devotedness I have always shown to your majesties' service, and the so unmerited outrage with which it has been repaid, will not allow my soul to keep silence, however much I may wish it; I implore your highnesses to forgive my complaints. I am indeed in as ruined a condition as I have related; hitherto I have wept over others; may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me. With regard to temporal things, I have not even a blanca for an offering; and in spiritual things, I have ceased here in the Indies from observing the prescribed forms of religion. Solitary in my trouble, sick, and in daily expectation of death, surrounded by millions of hostile savages full of cruelty, and thus separated from the blessed sacraments of our holy church, how will my soul be forgotten if it be separated from the body in this foreign land! Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth, and justice!

There are passages, no doubt, that form a species of set-off—not against Ferdinand, and his pompous, jealous, and malignant Spaniards—but as regards the lofty virtue of Columbus. Though himself treating the natives with mildness and justice in respect to individual dealings and personal claims, he set right altogether aside as regarded public points. The independence of an Indian chief, and the clear right of himself or his people to oppose Columbus, were thrust aside at once if the admiral did not conceive mildness politic; and though it may be said that this was no more than has frequently been done since, it must be remembered that Columbus set the bad example. On the subject of the slave-trade he was behind the age; for in his memorial respecting his second voyage, he proposed a regular trade in Caribs, because they were cannibals—a project which the sovereigns first "reserved," and then declined.

The volume also supplies many examples of the close observation of Columbus and his attention to minute details, as well as furnishes specimens of his curious learning, his wild credulity, his geographical knowledge, and his cosmographical speculations. They who wish information on these topics must have recourse to the volume; but an extract touching the site of the terrestrial paradise will give some indications of them. Columbus set out with the idea that the earth was spherical, but subsequently conceived it to be pear-shaped. The river he is speaking of in the following extract was the Orinoco; the land South America, but which he still conceived was Asia.

I do not find, nor have ever found, any account by the Romans or Greeks which fixes in a positive manner the site of the terrestrial paradise; neither have I seen it given in any mappe-monde laid down from authentic sources. Some placed it in Ethiopia, at the sources of the Nile; but others, traversing all these countries, found neither the temperature nor the altitude of the sun correspond with their ideas respecting it; nor did it appear that the overwhelming waters of the deluge had been there. Some Pagans pretend to adduce argument to establish that it was in the Fortunate Islands, now called the Canaries, &c.

St. Isidore, Bede, Strabo, and the master of scholastic history, with St. Ambrose and Scotus, and all the learned theologians, agree that the earthly paradise is in the east, &c.

I have already described my ideas concerning this hemisphere and its form; and I have no doubt, that if I could pass below the equinoctial line, after reaching the highest point of which I have spoken, I should find a much milder temperature, and a variation in the stars and in the water. Not that I suppose that elevated point to be navigable, nor even that there is water there; indeed, I believe it is impossible to ascend thither, because I am convinced that it is the spot of the earthly paradise whither no one can go but by God's permission. But this land which your highnesses have now sent me to explore is very extensive; and I think there are many other countries in the south of which the world has never had any knowledge.

I do not suppose that the earthly paradise is in the form of a rugged mountain, as the descriptions of it have made it appear; but that it is on the summit of the spot which I have described as being in the form of the stalk of a pear; the approach to it from a distance must be by a constant and gradual ascent; but I believe that, as I have already said,

no one could ever reach the top. I think also that the water [the embouchure of the Orinoco] I have described may proceed from it, though it be far off, and that, stopping at the place which I have just left, it forms this lake. There are great indications of this being the terrestrial paradise; for its site coincides with the opinion of the holy and wise theologians whom I have mentioned: and moreover, the other evidences agree with the supposition, for I have never either read or heard of fresh water coming in so large a quantity in close conjunction with the water of the sea; the idea is also corroborated by the blandness of the temperature; and if the water of which I speak does not proceed from the earthly paradise, it appears to be still more marvellous, for I do not believe that there is any river in the world so large or so deep.

From the Spectator.

MRS. MAURY'S ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA.

With a sounder judgment and much less of unchecked impulse, the *Englishwoman in America* would have been more successful than Mrs. Maury's previous book, if not in sale, at least as regards her literary reputation. It was not to be expected that the authoress of "The Statesmen of America" should altogether eschew politics, or fail to exhibit the zeal of a fresh convert when any opportunity occurred for raising her new faith at the expense of her old; but these weaknesses are only incidental. The account of her travels—that is, of her outward voyage, and her sojourn at New-York—is not a necessary book, but it is well enough. Mrs. Maury looks at many things on board an emigrant-ship with a fresh and feminine eye; as she was at that time a private woman, she saw much that neither Mrs. Trollope nor Miss Martineau were so likely to see or to regard. Mrs. Maury, no doubt, *is* fluent; still her fluency is not mere verbiage. She has always a substratum of fact or sentiment; and if her enmities are, like her friendships, something of the warmest, they are genuine if shallow feelings, not mere cant—though the understanding which should control her likes and dislikes is not always the best regulated. In certain cases this sentimental impulsiveness is not without an advantage. It is the temperament of poetry, and gives character to the description of appropriate subjects. The icefield with its icebergs, and some descriptions of the ocean or of life at sea, are of this kind; the pictures of the steerage passengers and the crew, though occasionally literal, are clever as literary sketches; and there is a good deal of kind-heartedness exhibited on various occasions. Besides the character which Mrs. Maury's peculiar genius imparts, they have also a novelty; no experienced voyager would consider them unworthy of notice. We have not met a better sketch of the heaving of the ocean than Mrs. Maury's chronicle of her first acquaintance with the Atlantic.

Scarcely had we glided past the steamer when the ship gave a long heave, and Bursley exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a seaman, "Ha! ha! there is the first roll of the Atlantic." And truly it was unlike all other motion that I had ever experienced in a ship: prolonged, and breathing, and swelling, while the vessel, plunging gently onwards, seemed to recognize with joy the friendly welcome of the ocean billow. I watched and waited for the repeated greeting of the wave, and for the first time I felt and understood the rapture of the sea.

This "rapture," however, was soon changed for an emotion below the heart; and Mrs. Maury became very unwell for a day or two. On her recovery she introduces the ship-steward; a little sketch that might pass for one of Cooper's or Marryat's.

The steward also resumed his professional functions, which had been suspended from the total want of demand; his customers having come to a dead-lock in regard to that universally recognized feature in all legitimate consumption—appetite. This man had a most extraordinary, and in his vocation, an invaluable faculty of walking horizontally as it were: no matter how the ship might pitch and toss, he would carry up the saloon a full glass in each hand without spilling a drop—he seemed to crawl along, his body extended forwards, his legs extended behind, and his hands not a foot from the ground: dressed in a checked shirt and white apron, with a red and green bandanna tied round his head, he was verily a most whimsical object; but he was also a very clever cook, as all black and colored people are said to be. He was kind, but singularly apathetic—"Oh! steward, I 'm so sick!" "Well, ma'am, you can't help it—nobody can't." He is a distinguished linguist, and speaks English, French, Spanish, and sundry African dialects.

Although Mrs. Maury travelled north as far as Montreal, and south to New Orleans, with a running survey of the west, her direct narrative is limited to New York and its immediate neighborhood; the narrowness of the subject being artificially extended by religious, political, and critical disquisitions. These we will leave for smaller topics, but more appropriate to a lady traveller.

FASHIONABLE MILLINER OF NEW YORK.

I made some efforts to repair my own wardrobe, and was recommended as a first-rate dressmaker to Miss Mullin. I waited on that lady with a piece of fine muslin, out of which I requested to have two dresses made. I was measured, and then observed, à l'Anglaise, "Will you come, if you please, the day after to-morrow, at seven o'clock, when I am dressing for breakfast, and try it on?" "Madam," replied the lady milliner, "I never go out or send out—will you be good enough to call in here?" "Oh! very well;" so we appointed one o'clock two days after. On that day it rained, and my time was engaged with company, and I never thought of Miss Mullin till the next morning; when I sallied forth, about ten o'clock. The offended modiste received me with insulted dignity and forgiving condescension. "Madam, had I for one moment suspected that you would have disappointed me yesterday, I should have made arrangements better suited to my own convenience." I appeased as well as I could the offended gentlewoman, and with much humility petitioned for one frock for Sunday, being literally gownless. Miss Mullin was inexorable: nothing could be done, nothing was done for

ten days; when the gowns were sent home, as well made as possible, but with an awful account of nine dollars and twenty-five cents—a charge of 2*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* for what would cost at a first-rate milliner's in London 15*s.* at most.

JEWELS IN THE STATES.

The only article which I missed from the shops, and from the toilette of the ladies, was jewelry. Almost every English gentlewoman possesses some few valuable trinkets: the stones themselves are probably hereditary possessions, which by passing through the hands of the jeweller, and receiving a new and fashionable mounting, become new trinkets; but still they are real gems and pure gold, and of intrinsic worth. In New York I saw many ladies wearing inferior articles and false stones; in Boston, certainly, I saw several valuable ornaments; in New Orleans few jewels were worn, but many natural flowers; in Washington not many handsome jewels were displayed.

EUROPEAN AND YANKEE QUEENS.

I have seen three anointed kings and three inaugurated presidents. I admire the presidents the most. I have seen three queens, and three ladies who have shared in the honors of the presidency; and truly among the queens not one could compare with the regal grace of Mrs. Madison, the feminine distinguished personnel of Mrs. Polk, and the intelligent and ladylike demeanor of Mrs. Adams: the first of these ladies has been, nay, she still is, at the age of eighty-six, eminently beautiful, with a complexion as fresh and fair and a skin as smooth as that of an English girl. Mrs. Polk, were it not for the same defect in the teeth (though in a less degree) which characterizes the mouth of Queen Victoria, would be a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion give her a touch of the Spanish dama. These American ladies are highly cultivated and perfectly accomplished, and practised in the most delicate and refined usages of distinguished society. It is not possible to observe the affectionate and deferential manner of Mrs. Polk towards the august lady who is now the "mother of the republic," without feeling for each the warmest admiration. * * * *

Mrs. Polk is very well read, and has much talent for conversation: she is highly popular: her reception of all parties is that of a kind hostess and accomplished gentlewoman. She has excellent taste in dress, and both in the morning and the evening preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady. She is ready at reply, and preserves her position admirably. At a levee a gentleman remarked, "Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night." "Sir," replied Mrs. Polk, with perfect good-humor, but very significantly, "I never have seen it otherwise."

One morning I found her reading. "I have many books presented to me by the writers," said she, "and I try to read them all; at present that is not possible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the president, and I could not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift." I wore a brooch in which was contained the hair of my husband and children, very tastefully displayed. Mrs. Polk carried it to the window, read the names of the "eleven," compared their hair, and asked many questions about them. Saving her gracious majesty, I could have put my arms round her neck and kissed her.

There is much of digression and much of diffusiveness in Mrs. Maury's account of her travels, which would have been better away; but we suspect that this is a fault so inherent in her mind that its removal is scarcely to be hoped for. The want of judgment we alluded to at starting consists in overlaying the subject of the book with extraneous matter. The volume contains nearly six hundred pages, of which one half has no relation to Mrs. Maury's personal narrative. She has "learned, after diligent inquiry, that the Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Farewell Address of General Washington, have never been published in England." We believe Mrs. Maury's "diligent inquiries" have led to error; but, right or wrong, there was no occasion to occupy seventy or eighty pages of a book of travels in printing such documents, however appropriate they might be in a fit place. The smallpox broke out among the steerage passengers on board the vessel in which Mrs. Maury and her son sailed; she herself caught it, and it was only by accident that a medical man was on board as a passenger. The impression this circumstance made upon her induced her to exert herself, though without success, (as we formerly observed,) to get an act passed by congress for rendering it imperative on emigrant-ships to carry a surgeon. On her return to England she made an analogous attempt to repeal the four words in our passengers act which exempt emigrant-ships to North America from carrying a medical man; but with the same ill-success, on the strange plea that there are not surgeons enough for the purpose. Though this subject is important, there was no occasion to encumber the volume with two hundred pages of Mrs. Maury's endeavors about the matter, accompanied by the letters and documents that grew out of her attempt: a condensed pamphlet would have served her purpose better, and would have told better in a separate form.

From the Examiner.

Sketches of German Life, and Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany. Selected and Translated from the Memoirs of Varnhagen von Ense. By Sir ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart. (Murray's Colonial Library) Murray.

IN the excitement and interest so suddenly turned upon Germany, and the social and political change impending there, this little book becomes a timely contribution to our English libraries. It is a selection from Varnhagen von Ense's well known *Memorabilia*, made with great judgment, and translated with singular fidelity and spirit.

Von Ense led an active life in the first twenty years of the century, though he began it as a mere tutor, and subsided afterwards into a man of letters and student of languages. He was at Berlin when the battle of Jena was fought, served as an Austrian officer at Aspern and Wagram, was in Paris soon after the marriage of the emperor, again fought with the allies in the campaign which closed before the gates of Paris in 1814, attended the

congress of Vienna as secretary to Prince Hardenberg, and was subsequently Prussian chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe. At a later period he was appointed minister in the United States, but declined to accept, and has since cultivated peaceful literature in Berlin.

The selection made by Sir Alexander Gordon comprises such of the leading subjects treated by Von Ense in his entertaining book of recollections, as were most likely to be pleasing and intelligible to the English reader. The German soldier and diplomatist describes excellently; and displays all the shrewdness which seems to have marked his own intercourse with the world, in his graphic delineations of men and things. There is scarcely a European of celebrity of his time who does not pass across the shades of his magic lanthorn, with a very lively effect of portraiture, and of character very nicely discriminated.

The most valuable of his sketches relate to the causes of Napoleon's downfall. We obtain from the book a striking and instructive picture of the hopes awakened by the first French revolution, vividly contrasted with the subsequent change induced by the license, oppression, and lust of conquest which grew out of that great event, and which at last concentrated the whole of Germany in bitter hostility to Napoleon. We may add that we think Sir Alexander Gordon's translation most successful where the difficulty was greatest: in the descriptions of military movements. These are clear and graphic as in the original.

Our extracts from the personal sketches of diplomatists at Vienna will amuse the reader.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

At the head of the congress, excluding of course the crowned heads from the diplomatic category, stood Prince Metternich. Every one recognized in him the future president of this august assembly, which, in fact, shortly elected him to that post. As Austria acted the part of host, and those who were invited were under her charge, the minister, in addition to the weight and influence belonging to his office, and which he had enjoyed both in Paris and London, and to his own personal character, now exercised all the rights of a host towards his guests. * * * The personal importance of Prince Metternich was proved by this circumstance. The Emperor Alexander, who, of all sovereigns took most part personally in political negotiations, scarcely stood in a higher position than Prince Metternich, to whom all the other plenipotentiaries resigned the first place. The Emperor of Russia and the Austrian minister contended for some time in the same field for the prize. At first they were on admirable terms together; and had this continued they would have overcome all opposition in the congress. But differences of opinion arose, which were followed by a complete rupture. Nevertheless they fully recognized each other's merits, and the most perfect confidence was subsequently restored between them.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Lord Castlereagh was without any personal charm; his views were narrow; his opinions appeared mainly to depend upon the impressions he received from others, and his actions were rather those of an agent than of a statesman. He talked a good deal without saying much: it was well known that he did not shine in parliament as a speaker. His favorite expression, "features," was constantly on his lips, to Humboldt's great amusement, who never missed such little traits. The difficulties which he foresaw he should have to meet in parliament on his return to England had great influence on his decision as to what he agreed to or what he opposed, and did infinite mischief in many cases.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington arrived in Vienna from London, as plenipotentiary in the room of Lord Castlereagh, who returned to England, bearing with him one result of the congress—the abolition of negro slavery—a subject in which his countrymen felt the liveliest interest. The celebrated warrior had far greater talents for diplomacy than his predecessor: he knew how to listen; and although he was not so loquacious, what he said was more to the point. If the duke was sent to impose upon the other powers by his reputation as a warrior, and to silence them by his authoritative tone, he certainly failed in this respect; but every one soon perceived that an able and well-informed negotiator had joined the congress in the person of the Duke of Wellington.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CAGOTS.

Doctor Michel has lately visited personally the generality of the villages inhabited by that persecuted race of people called Cagots—the Pariahs of France—who have been supposed by many to be extinct; and we borrow from his statements the following curious details. He relates that at Bozate, the chief place of the Agots of Navarre, they were not formerly allowed to loiter on the square, to sit upon the public benches, or to join in public amusements or in dancing. At Saint Gaudins, in the Haute Garonne, where they are called Capins, they lived in a particular district of the town, and their private church-door and particular vessel for holy water, still exists. At Saint Beat there is a street called "*Ech goute des Cagots.*" At Montrejean, the Cagots were also designated as the "short-eared," but Dr. Michel says, that it is the Cretins who are deficient in the lobe of the ear, and not always the Cagots; among whom he mentions having seen some who had the ears covered with hair.

In the Hautes Pyrénées, the little church doorways and vessels for holy water are met with in three different places. Throughout these districts, the Cagots so generally ply the trade of carpenters, that the word Cagot is, as it is, also, in some other places, synonymous with the branch of industry which they profess. These poor people dwell in huts built in the hollow of valleys, so surrounded by trees that the sun can never reach them. It appears as if they wished to withdraw themselves from the eyes of the superior castes. They once possessed in the hamlet of Mailhoc, a little church of their own. At Terranère, in the same district,

a wall separated the cemetery of the Cagots from that of the other inhabitants. The Cagots of Lourdes are described, by a M. Arrou, as having the lower limbs shorter in proportion than the upper, small blue eyes, and very small ears without any lobes. According to some, this type is only lost by intermarriage. At Saint Pé, the Cagots were only admitted into the vestibule of the church.

Some centuries back, a quarrel having taken place between the Cagots of this latter place and the inhabitants of Lourdes, several of them were slain, and their heads were cut off, and rolled about like bowls in the square of Saint Pé. In consequence of these misdeeds, the Cagots were condemned, by the parliament of Toulouse, to enter Lourdes by only one street, to walk only in the gutters, and not to remain there after sunset, under penalty of two ounces of flesh being cut out the whole length of the spine, for each offence.

So dreaded was the door-way of the churches frequented by the Cagots, that the trick of a peasant, who put gravel into the key-hole of the ordinary door-way to oblige the priest to enter by the accursed passage, was only wiped out by bloodshed. These times are, however, now gone by; the priests themselves set the example of passing through the door-way of the Cagots, and these separate passages are now walled up in the generality of churches.

It is related at Campvern, that a number of Cagots took refuge in the castle of Mauvezin, the ruins of which are still seen close by that place, and that they lived by plunder, and totally separated from the other inhabitants of the country, and that they protected themselves from popular enmity by means of a drawbridge. At length, a man of Mauvezin, who led his flocks daily to pasture near the castle, succeeded in establishing an intimacy with them, and in obtaining their confidence. He succeeded so far, that one day, after having concerted the matter with the principal inhabitants of his village, he induced the Cagots to go forth out of their castle, even to one who was lame, and whom he bore on his shoulders, to play at bowls in a neighboring field, which is still designated as that of the battle. After having played a short time, he pretended to be thirsty, and went to the castle to procure drink. Once in, however, he raised up the drawbridge, and shouted out to the villagers, who rushed in a body upon the Cagots, and these being unarmed, were every one slain on the spot.

At the church of Tarm, in the neighborhood of Pau, there still exists a blue stone in the centre of the door-way, which served as a mark to distinguish the passage of the Cagots from that of the other inhabitants. At Lespielle there is a spring on the estate of M. de Saint James, commonly called "La Houn dens Cagots." At Bordes the repudiated door-way which is common to most of the churches in the Pyrenees and the Landes, is surmounted by a monogram of Christ, X. P. S., accompanied by the A and the Ω according to the Roman style of the twelfth century.

A tax called *rancale* was levied in the parish of Lescar up to the period of the revolution, and the tax-gatherer was accompanied by a dog, for whose benefit he had the right to exact a bit of bread. An anecdote is related of Henry IV., in reference to this parish, which would show that the monarch's inclinations were stronger than his prejudices. Suing a young girl of Bilhères in this parish, the latter declared amidst her tears that she was not worthy of his attentions, or of the feelings which he flattered her she had inspired him with.

"Why so?" exclaimed the prince.

"Because I am Cagote."

"And I also," immediately answered the *verd galant*, "*et jou tabe qu'en soy, au Dion biben.*"

At Jurançon, parish of Pau, the Cagots were obliged to have the figure of a man, sculptured in stone, above the door of their houses, and it would appear that the receptacle for holy water used by the Cagots was always distinguished by particular sculptures, but of what kind has not been determined, as being of an insulting character, they were either mutilated or destroyed at the period of the revolution.

At Pau itself the Cagots monopolized the profession of chimney-sweeps, but in other places they exercised the trade of weavers, as well as that of carpenters and joiners—their most common pursuits. It appears that the discarded races also enjoyed certain privileges. Thus it is stated that if a loaf of bread was by any accident placed on the table upside down, it became the property of any Cagot who might be present, and this is even said to have extended to the load of a mule or a donkey if the said load happened to be placed mouth to mouth. They have also held responsible situations in some places. Thus a Cagot was admitted into the brotherhood of White Penitents at Pau, in 1756. The head of a family at Momas was elected into the municipality of that place, and the mayor of Neivailles still adds the epithet Chrestiaa to his name. They have also often become farmers and freeholders, and held small properties. Thus Antoine de Peyré was, in virtue of his marriage with Anne de Saint Abit, lord of the place of the latter name. A Cagot was also mayor of Louhossoa near Bayonne. The Cagots are very numerous around Oléron. In that neighborhood they are more enterprising and more courageous than the other inhabitants, and are much engaged in smuggling. They often become officers, in the municipality and of the national guard; but the enmity entertained towards them by the pure races is as strong as ever. The use of the epithet of Cagot always leads to quarrels, in which sticks are freely resorted to, and blood is very often shed. Some of the wealthiest inhabitants of Escon and Herrière are descendants of these pariahs.

Mountainous countries being essentially conservative of institutions, habits, and manners, it is not surprising that in the Landes and the department

of Gers, the Cagots are less numerous than in the Pyrenees. But still they are by no means uncommon. There is scarcely a town that has not a suburb bearing the name of Cagots or of Gezits; every church had once its particular door and holy water basin, and there still exists to this present day the same repugnance to any alliance by marriage with the repudiated races as is to be met with in the mountains. It is related that in the first year of the reign of Louis XVI., a rich Cagot of the Landes having been seen upon three different occasions making use of the holy water vessel of the pure races, an old soldier repaired on the ensuing Sabbath to the church, and lay in wait with a drawn sword. At the moment when the pariah was about to violate the injunction established by religious prejudice against him, his hand was struck off, and the bystanders immediately seized upon it, and nailed it to the door of the church as a warning to others of his race.

The Gahets of Bordeaux were consigned from time immemorial to a particular suburb, where they had their own church, called that of St. Nicolas de Graves, or of the Gahets.* The race extended thence by Poitou to Brittany. Several notices exist of their residence in the latter country in the fifteenth century, when they were called *Caquins*, and their villages *maladreries*. Wherever they went, however much Doctor Michel may wish to pass it over slightly, the opprobrium of disease clung to them. In this maritime country these poor people particularly affected the business of rope-making, and the rope-makers of Trebison, at Lannilis, in Finistere, are still, according to Dr. Michel, contemptuously spoken of as Cacous. The race was held in similar aversion throughout Brittany as elsewhere, and was looked upon as attainted with leprosy. It was not till after the revolution that they were permitted to bring a bench near the porch of the church of Pontivy in Morbihan. The Bretons preserved themselves from the spell of the Caqueux, by hiding the thumb under the four fingers, and saying, as they passed one or more of them, *ar garet*. In Brittany, however, as in other parts of France, the prejudice against these people is allowed to be considerably diminished since the revolution, and the fusion with other races is rapidly removing all traces of their former existence.

The pariahs of France have not only been made the subject of many historical dissertations, but, although a degraded race, they have also furnished heroes for romance. The novel called "Corisande de Maulen," by Madame de Montpezat, is founded on an incident in the history of Bearn which has reference to this unfortunate race. In "Le Cagot, nouvelle Bearnaise," the author, M. J. Bade, has made use of many popular traditions in reference to the same race. A novel called "Le Pariah des Pyrénées," was published at Toulouse, as also a smaller composition in "La Revue de Bretagne," called "Les Caqueux," whom the author designates as "a kind of pariahs of the middle ages." The most remarkable work of fiction, in which a Cagot figures as a hero, is "L'Andorre" of Elie Berthet. In this romance the Cagot is described as a true descendant of the Goths, with light hair, blue moist eyes, expressive of a certain degree of timidity, fair skin, and athletic form.

Popular songs and poems, composed by Cagots, or having reference to them, are by no means common. Doctor Michel attributes the poverty of the national *romancero*, so different to what is presented to us by Greece, Spain, and Scotland, to the neglect which has attended this branch of literature in France, but it is also possible that the subject may never have been a popular one. Still the doctor's industry has supplied him with some curious specimens. One which originates from the Landes, and which discusses the origin of the Gahets, dates from the sixteenth century. Another more amusing one, called the "Wedding of Margaret de Gourrigues," dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. It seems to have been mainly written as a vehicle wherein to notice the names of the chief Cagots of the day, and it begins spiritedly enough. "Twenty-five Cagots are gone to Orthez, mounted on horseback like so many cavaliers. They are gone to Pau, to the bridge of the Franciscans," &c. &c.

Some of the Cagot songs are full of repinings at their miserable condition, but most are indicative of a truly praiseworthy resignation, while others, again, celebrate in triumphant language their contests with the Franks. One of the most characteristic is a Breton ballad. It relates that when Jannik Kokard, of Plirmelio, "the handsomest peasant's son in the country, went on Sunday to church, with his light hair floating, more than one young girl was heard to sigh tenderly. One day he said to his parents—'Father and mother, in the name of God, if you love me, do not send me to Lannion, for fear you have trouble afterwards, from what may happen to me there. I never see Marie Tilli but that I am obliged to go in; they give fine oats to my horse, and to me every honor; they place before me barley bread, and a vessel full of fresh butter. Bordeaux wine, and of the best too; hydromel, mead; nothing is wanting. Marie, seated at my side, fills my glass to the brim, so much so, that I often leave the market to go and look at her eyes.' His parents answered him angrily—'My son, you shall still go to market, and you shall pass free before the door of Marie; you shall no more enter her house; for that girl you shall not have her, nor her, nor the daughter of any Caqueux.'

"Marie came about a week afterwards to the village of Jannik. 'Give me a seat to sit down and a white napkin to wipe my brow,' she said, 'for your son has said to me that I shall be his wife.' The old head of the family answered her in a mocking tone. 'Young girl, a foolish fancy brings you here, for my son you shall not have, nor you, nor the daughter of any Caqueux.' When

* The Gahets were at one period forbidden by an act of the Bordeaux parliament to appear in public without shoes, and without a piece of red cloth attached in a visible manner to their clothing, under the penalty of getting a beating.

Marie heard these harsh words, she said, amidst her tears, 'I never had so much grief as when I heard my father spoken of as a Caqueux; my father has never made ropes; he is a wholesale dealer in white linen,' and as she went out of the house, 'Let it be so! I will go to the fair,' she said; 'I will go to the fair of Plouaret; I will there cleave off my little finger, and it shall be seen by my blood that I am not of the race of the Caqueux!'

"Marie Tilli said to Jannik Kokard that day: 'The sun is hot, let us go and sit in the shade.' Jannik followed the young girl, and when he got up he did not know, unfortunate young man, what had happened to him. He did not know that, poor young man, he was infected, that he was leprous! But as he returned home, swellings big as peas came out on his skin; it was painful to see him!

"The miserable youth, overcome with grief, said to his parents, 'God has punished me because I did not obey you. Father and mother, I must bid farewell to the threshold of your door. The poor Caqueux has neither friend nor parent on the earth; the priest forbids him to approach the door of Christians, or to draw water from the well; he is dead to the world. He must keep at a distance from his fellow-creatures, even from little children. The poor Caqueux has on earth nothing but anguish and suffering.'"

It is impossible but that a tradition so long received and so widely and uniformly diffused in connection with the Cagots, must have had some foundation in truth, whatever may be their origin historically. It is to be hoped that by the intermixture of races, as now permitted, the malady will be gradually exterminated, which was only permanently upheld by obliging the unfortunate afflicted to intermarry with one another.

The word Cagot and Cagoterie was first introduced into the French language as expressive of bigotry and hypocrisy, by Clement Mant, valet to Queen Margaret of Navarre, and that curiously enough in connection with other Gothic names familiar in this country. In his epistle of a cock to an ass, written in 1536, to Lyon Jameb, he says:—

Ils sont de chaude rencontrée
Bigotz, cagotz godz et magodz,
Fagotz, escargotz eb margotz.

This word was afterwards much affected by Molière, as in the "Tartuffe" (Act 1, Sc. 1,) where he says:—

Quoi! je souffrirai, moi, qu'un cagot de critique
Vienne occuper chez moi un pouvoir tyrannique?

and also as *cagoterie* and *cagotisme* in the same play.

Since writing the above, we have received several communications from Mr. W. Hughes, long time resident in Brittany, and well known by his popular legends of that country, published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*. Mr. Hughes thinks the word Caqueux may be derived from ΚΑΩΣΙΣ, distemper, and that they were afflicted with the leprosy, brought into Europe by the crusaders. Mr. Hughes quotes the opinions of Lobineau, who wrote in 1707, of the "Dictionnaire des Sciences," of De la Villemarque, Souvestre, Pitre Chevalier, &c., as to their supposed infection, and the malediction that lay upon them. At the same time, Mr. Hughes states distinctly that the Caqueux are no longer to be met with in any part of Brittany, not even in the bishopric of St. Malo, which, according to Lobineau, they particularly affected in the time of Francis II., Duke of Brittany (1477.) Mr. Hughes further adds that he never witnessed that in the present day any great prejudice existed against rope-makers, the trade which we have seen the Caqueux chiefly following in Brittany. Mr. Hughes also quotes "Murray's Handbook," to the effect that even in the Pyrenees, the proscribed and outcast race of Cagots seem to exist more in tradition than in reality. Dr. Michel's learned work throws, however, much light upon the actual distribution of the Cagots, even to the number of families in each district of that country.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I OFTEN think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passions, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek!
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
Our modern lips to speak,
Of passions too untimely crossed;
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now;
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

Etonian.

From Punch.

A SERIOUS LECTURE ON BROAD GRINS.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GENTLEMEN,—You will readily give me credit when I assure you I am no enemy to laughter. It is a foolish child that quarrels with its bread-and-butter; and my bread-and-butter is the broad grin. But you will excuse me for pointing out some little distinctions between my mirth and yours.

I laugh at foolish people and folly; because, though insensible to reason, they are keenly alive to ridicule. I make few of them better by this, perhaps, but I make a great many ashamed of themselves. The Spartans fuddled their slaves to show their children what a contemptible thing is a drunken man. So I occasionally play the fool, that possibly fools may see the absurdity of the thing, and avoid it.

Again, I laugh at knaves, because the lancet of the satirist may often be a better tool for pricking the world's humors than the scalpel of the reformer, the discipline of the priest, or the sword of the judge. There is always one face of roguery which is purely ridiculous, and as this is the face which least imposes on people, I do some good by turning it towards them.

I sometimes, though rarely, laugh at wickedness; but when I do, it is not with a kindly or natural laughter, but a bitter and contemptuous chuckle, which, indeed, is the only way I have of expressing disgust and indignation. Lastly, I laugh a great deal in pure lightness of heart, and this is the laughter I best like the echo of.

You see I can explain my laughter. But hang me if I can explain yours. It is true we have some subjects and objects of laughter in common. You laugh, for example, at Sibthorp, and so do I. I could mention some other of our common friends; but let that pass. It is where *you* laugh every now and then at what goes as near as anything can go to make *me* cry, that I desiderate your theory of broad grins.

For example, you laugh whenever the Charter is mentioned, or Chartists. Now, that there are knaves and fools in plenty, who ask for the one, and call themselves the other, is certain. But when I remember that, though Mr. Feargus O'Connor and his friends have a knack of sticking in their ciphers very much at random, there are some hundreds of thousands who blindly believe in those Five Points, and that of those hundreds of thousands there is a large proportion of ignorant, hungry, and squalid men, who have no share in the exaggerations of conventions, but who, in their intolerable suffering and hopeless toil, cling to something which, delusion as it may be, is the only pleasant delusion they have—when I think that if their ignorance be crass and gross, it is only the more dangerous for the society of whose base they form no small part—that if their passions and desires be desperate and hopeless, they will only rend the fabric the more by the wildness of their straining—and, more than all, when I think on what society and the state have done for these squalid, blind, striving masses, and that you represent the collective wisdom of our society, if they embody its collective ignorance—then, to me deeply pondering these things, (as Brougham would say,) your laughter at these men, and their charter, sounds the strangest, saddest, vainest—I had almost written, wickedest—of sounds utterable by human voices. Did you never hear of Alpine travellers whose laughter has brought down an avalanche? So far as I can see, you must abandon this habit. I do not suppose it is the wisest, or oldest, or most thoughtful among you who indulge in it. But, for your own sakes, such of you as are wise and thoughtful should put down this crackling of thorns under a pot. At such a time as this, gravity at least, if not sadness, would better become all of us. I sometimes feel in my motley as if I were clad in sackcloth and ashes. But nothing in the eventful history of the last two months has gone so near to dry up the spring of mirthfulness in me altogether as that ominous, asinine laughter of yours. I thought of it on Monday week, when the streets were blank with vague anxiety, and London bristled with bayonets, and I said to myself, "What if that silly laughter of the commons were to be reëchoed (after the Irish fashion) this day with the voice of cannon?"

THE ASYLUM OF EUROPE.

COME all ye kings kick'd out of doors
By foreign insurrection,
Oh! come to Britain's peaceful shores
For safety and protection;
Ye ministers, obliged to run
From climes too hot to hold you,
Come to John Bull, each mother's son—
Let his stout arms enfold you.

Here, on this little halcyon's nest,
Encompassed by the billows,
Each night you may securely rest
Your heads upon your pillows;
Shelter'd, like chicks, ye banish'd blades,
By hen's maternal pinions,
Beneath the British oak that shades
Her Majesty's dominions.

No tocsin here, with brazen tongue,
At midnight calls to riot;
E'en dustmen's bells we won't have rung
To break the morning's quiet.
No barricades obstruct the way
In this pacific nation,
Save now and then, when Fleet street may
Be under reparation.

Hither, ye merchants, haste, and bring
Your wares from every quarter;
We 're quite prepared for anything,
To buy, or sell, or barter:
For Business is a refugee
From other lands distracted
By revolution; wherefore she
Comes here to be transacted.

Count not your spoons, good folks, your plate
Hide not—we won't purloin it;
Your silver will be safe—our state
Has no desire to coin it,
Since, our finances to recruit,
Our country nowise needs it:
Britannia's perfect substitute
Entirely supersedes it.

Come to the island of the free,
The solvent, and the steady,
Ye foreigners of property,
And here invest your "ready,"
Whilst things look up with British Stock,
And British trade advances,
And hand in hand, on Credit's rock,
Ease, joined with Discount, dances.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.

WHO is to be the new German emperor? Every one admits the necessity of a head, a new federal head. This is the cry not only on the Elbe, but on the Lake of Constance. When, however, it comes to be asked, who shall this new head be, the universal schism follows. The King of Prussia was never very popular in South Germany; he is now less so than ever. His "patent," offering himself as the leader for Germany, had been received with jealousy and aversion by the southerns; and when this patent was followed by some sixteen hours' fighting in the streets of Berlin, from which Frederic William extricated himself more like a conjuror and a sleight-of-hand man than a monarch, the jealousy was expressed in shouts of derision. The King of Prussia will not be accepted by the people south of the Danube.

Austria and its imperial family are the objects of pity, not dislike. Metternich was a scape-goat, which the Prussian dynasty had not. Archduke John, the old miner and iron-master of the Styrian mountains, who waived his right to the throne in order to marry the inn-keeper's daughter—he has raised her character—he it was who sent Metternich about his business, whether the great prime minister would or no. The emperor could not have done it. Archduke John did it, simply by assuring the people that Metternich *had* resigned. If a German emperor was wanting to act as a constitutional monarch, to watch over the industry of a country, and to sympathize with its industrious classes, Archduke John would be the man. If a military leader were wanting to defend, as the King of Prussia said, Germany on both sides, perhaps that monarch would be the most appropriate chief. But he is far from popular.

Religion too, however much and wisely it has been kept in the background of this German revolution, has still its influence. The Bavarians and Austrians would as little like a Protestant emperor, as the Berlin folk a Catholic one. For this, and for a great many reasons, we scarcely think it possible that the Germans can agree in electing a federative chief. They may form a confederation, a union, a common army and a common treasury, nay, a common general in case of war—but an emperor, that is next to impossible.

But this very impossibility will not tell, we fear, in favor of monarchy. The great confederation itself must thereby be a republic; and from doing away with a sovereign as head of the federation, the progress will be but too natural to doing away with a sovereign in each state. The German diet was never a German assembly, because it merely consisted of the envoys of courts. Austria predominated, and Prussia next showed its power. But this prevalence of families and influence of connections will no longer be tolerated in a congress called to decide upon the interests of the German people.

The new predominant democracy of Germany will not bear it. So that, however pacific the Germans, however full of respect for thrones and aristocracies, and desirous not to disturb rights or property, it is to be feared they will not find themselves able to establish the great principles and that great and free union which they are determined to have, without going to work largely and boldly with the revolutionary scythe. We sincerely hope it may be otherwise, for the greater the change the greater the risk and the number of enemies. But to *conserve* the past, and reconcile it with the present, is a task which no statesman can well undertake, and which, as we have observed on another subject, Providence itself will probably have to take charge of.—*Examiner.*

From the Spectator, 25th March.

FREDERICK WILLIAM'S manifesto is a state paper of first-rate importance. The Prussian monarch avows that he acts in consequence of the events which have taken place in Vienna, and which have at once precipitated and facilitated his plans. He "demands" a reörganization of the whole of Germany, its transformation "from a confederation of states into a federal state;" a common banner, a common army, a common customs system; a federal representation, based on new state constitutions. In short, he demands, in his own name, the very things demanded by the people of Germany. He speaks not in the tone of promise but of requirement; he is not spokesman for the princes to the people, but for the people to the princes. He does not snatch at the curb, but seizes the whip. His manifesto is either the greatest delusion of the time, or King Frederick William is about to be the chief actor in reörganizing the German empire—probably a candidate for the imperial throne.

The chances of success for this policy appear to be considerable. The whole system of Europe, as it subsisted by force of the treaties of 1815, is broken up; and, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, the continent is falling at a turn into new combinations. Austria, which held the nominal chieftainship of Germany, is breaking to pieces, and her elements, decomposed, seek new affinities. Hungary's independence is daily expected—perhaps to be the nucleus of that central state imagined by some Panslavonians. Lombardy will revert to Italy—perhaps the price to Charles Albert for the loss of Savoy, already coquetting with France. The residue of Austria would naturally fall into its place as the *second* among German states. There is a disposition to simplify the political geography of Europe, by consolidating those states that possess a common tongue—Italian, French, and German. The German people have been suffered to ascertain their own independent power, and will no doubt assume a unity if it be not accorded to them. But the movement, which ostensibly limits the powers of the sovereigns, opens the way for King Frederick William to an imperial station, and instead of being the victim he becomes the leader of the movement.

All this appears to us to be ultimately conducive to the interests of order in Europe. As a

state with the paraphernalia of an empire, but the helplessness of a dependent province, Austria has kept open a way for Russian encroachment—a channel for the hated ice-blasts of northern tyranny into Germany and even into Italy. Austria was to Russia the master-key for the whole of civilized Europe. The progress of moderate and practicable liberalism in Italy, embodied in constitutional sovereignties, is in itself an event of the utmost interest and importance; but new as the recent constitutions are, their stability was considerably threatened, on the one hand by the survival of absolute monarchies in Germany, tantalizing the Italian princes, and on the other by the republican movement in France, tantalizing the Italian people. The concurrence of Germany in the course sanctioned by the practice of Italy will materially strengthen the new institutions. The invigorated condition of free monarchies also will tend to allay the suspense and excitement, to check the aggressive spirit in France. It will close the frontiers of Europe against Russian encroachment, repair the breach created by the absorption of Poland, and compensate the majority of that unfortunate nation by offering to it the denizenship of renovated Germany. It will also help to settle the uneasy kingdoms of the Baltic. There is scarcely one among the numerous class of difficulties arising out of the obsolete treaties of 1815 and their disruption, which would not be put in a fair way to solution by the consolidation of Germany.

In Germany two diets are sitting—one at Berlin, and one at Frankfort. The Prussian diet, so recently created by Frederick William, is engaged, in the last sitting that it will hold, to consider a thorough reörganization of the Prussian constitution in the most liberal spirit: an example which will bear hard on other German sovereigns, and if it be followed out, may restore some of the favor that Frederick William has lost. For not only do some princes of Southern Germany kick against his "usurpation" of the lead, but the people are very adversely impressed by what has come out with greater distinctness since the event—the obstinacy with which he suffered his soldiery to continue the murderous fire on his "beloved Berliners." The other diet is a special convention, half elected, half volunteer, and wholly without any constituted authority, sitting at Frankfort to consider the union and reörganization of Germany.

While dissension is arising within Germany, aggression threatens from without. Schleswig-Holstein is already attacked by Danish troops; and German contingents are marching to the defence. The demand of Schleswig-Holstein has served to evoke the strength of the *national* feeling in Germany: no jealousy of Prussia, has prevented the Frankfort diet from declaring for the incorporation of the duchy; no Russian sympathies have prevented Hanover from furnishing her contingent.

Czartoryski is at Berlin, there openly planning the resurrection of Poland.

The Russian emperor has formally proclaimed his hatred of the newly-awakened spirit in Europe, and signified that he is prepared to encounter it in mortal contest if it invade "Russia"—Warsaw now being Russia, as mutton, when swallowed, becomes wolf. It will invade "Russia," and therefore Nicholas will march upon Germany. This will be the strongest appeal yet made to the feeling of nationality, and should recall the Germans from their discord. Could they assemble, princes, professors, and people—take up the leadership as an open question, and decide it upon its merits—they would best serve their country. Frederick William is working hard for it: let any rival emulate him, not in promises, but in the substantial, irrevocable work towards constructing self-governing nationality and consolidating the empire.—*Spectator*, 8 *April*.

From the Spectator of 25 March.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.

Europe exhibits a wondrous spectacle of its governments called to account by its peoples. East and west, north and south, with the oldest of existing governments and the newest, there is the same exhibition of authority rendering account to its subjects. The oldest of all, the papacy, is engaged in the endeavor to reconcile its most ancient trusts with the most modern form of political constitution. The newest, the government of Louis Philippe, has been called to account with such effect that the dynasty is ousted; and the provisional government which has succeeded is fain to inquire the pleasure of the mob in the streets, as an element in its deliberations. Imagine our cabinet council adjourning occasionally to the street-door for the better despatch of business! Paternal Prussia had not been nearly indulgent enough, and the complement of King Frederick William's concessions is wrung from him by riots: his gracious gifts are eked out with supplementary exactions. Absolute Metternich, who contrived for forty years to ignore the people of Austria, is rudely shocked out of his ignorance by a mob, and he fairly runs away from that which he had been accustomed to hold as a nullity. The elector of Hesse Cassel is brought to terms by a blacksmith. More than one German potentate is peremptorily called forth, like the manager of a theatre, to bow frightened apologies and promises before an enraged audience. King Louis Philippe takes refuge in the homely inviolability of the English "Smiths." The royal classes generally are seized with a panic of politeness towards their people. They are unfolding constitutions with a smiling alacrity, as linendrapers unrol silks or waistcoat-pieces before their customers. "That," cries Naples, with anxious persuasion, "is a charter that will just suit you." "Any other little article?" asks Wurtemburg. Never in the course of history were the courtesies of the royal classes so largely developed.

Amid the hubbub, few things are more striking than the profound tranquillity that possesses our

own island. It was tested, not disturbed, by the mob riots of the five principal towns. A leading ministerial paper draws from that quietude the conclusion that there is no ground for disturbance: we have anticipated our neighbors, says the writer, and have nothing to do in the same line. This is not quite correct. Without making much account of the Trafalgar Square rioters, we have classes whose abstinence from sharing in those tumults was by no means unrecognized. We have Chartists. We have Spitalfields, Manchester, Paisley, and other weavers. We have large classes who hold themselves aggrieved by our poor-law. We have Ireland. All these sections of the community are neither prosperous nor contented. They do not revolt, because they are not so inclined; but it would be very unsafe to suppose that their expectations are satisfied, or that their quietude would not be broken in times of harsher difficulty.

But *what*, it is asked, is there for our government to do? All the other governments are conceding: what remains for ours to concede?—Much, and of the same kind that others are conceding. The one concession, common to all those countries, is a recognition of the people, their rights and claims. In Austria, the great European depository of the old divine right dogma, the government professed to exist independently of the people, and to act for its benefit spontaneously, like the sun—a vicegerent of Heaven. In Italy, the right of the people had been urged as an intellectual proposition, but silenced as political blasphemy; it had been enforced as a popular tradition by armed revolt, suppressed by military discipline. In Prussia, it had been recognized as an abstract proposition. The denial has been forcibly refuted; the abstraction has been coerced to assume a concrete form; and in France, whose government professed to exist by and for the people, the dynasty has been cashiered for not acting up to that principle in sincerity.

By and for the people—the constitutional dictum of revolution—is the true maxim of government, if rightly construed. It is a maxim often professed, but seldom enforced, by revolutions. It does not mean government by or for sections of the government—as little by mobs as by aristocracies. Less: aristocracies always act for more than themselves, mobs never do. In every community there are great diversities of will; but there will always be, on essentials, a manifest preponderance of opinion; and according to that the government ought to act. Sooner or later it must obey that preponderant opinion; and it is better to do so at once, than to let it accumulate until it explodes in revolution.

But government ought also to show that it acts in that manner, so that the people may perceive that their own behests are satisfied, in so far as they can be determined. That knowledge will always keep the people, on the whole, tranquil, and will beget a disposition to check sectional disturbances. It is some approach to such a state of things that has caused the present tranquillity of England: but there is room for rendering our tranquillity more certain and enduring, by a more manifest honesty, diligence, and fidelity, in the government. Our risk of popular disturbance lies in the pretences, the neglects, and the evasions of our system. It is no bold tyranny with which we are chargeable, no open war of class upon class, no individual dishonesty; but a general habit of compromise, and, as it were, of political adulteration. Our representative system is full of frauds, tolerated by a frame of mind that abhors theoretical exactness. With a marvellous endurance of what is base, mean, and sordid, our parliament suffers its portals to be haunted by the vilest vagabonds; and there is scarcely a member but consents, more or less directly, to be under obligations to some of that class. Our taxation is full of absurdity and injustice, and the most glaring instance of injustice our ministers decline to revise. Our executive administration is enfeebled by an abuse of patronage, and by an ultra-mechanical routine which serves as a shield for incapacity and inertness. Our diplomatic system affects still a secrecy which has ceased in fact: kept up in form, it only gives to our foreign relations an air of unworthy manœuvring and exasperates our people, by committing the country to a policy without paying it the compliment of seeking *its* concurrence; although it is now evident that the real strength of all free countries does not lie in paltry tricks, but in truth, in facts, in the substantial strength and resources of the people. For all our boasting, then, there is a world of what is unreal, false, and vicious in our system. In order to keep our lead in advance of other countries, and to prevent Britain from being the scene of the *next* tumult when their affair is over, our government should set diligently to work at the task of abolishing from our system all counterfeits, all concealment, all pretences. *That* it is which falls to our share in the general movement of political progress, and which is the way to maintain our national tranquillity.

It demands, indeed, men of keen sight, active mind, and energetic will; a mournful reflection, to such as watch our administration.

From the Spectator, 8 April.

OUR OWN REVOLUTION.

Will the people in this country go without their share in the European revolution? That is the question to be raised next week, on the presentation of the Chartist petition. It may be staved off, but hardly settled, by the suppression of any "disturbance." The Chartists have for years persevered in presenting their monster petition. They are not to be confounded with the random revolutionists of other countries. They may not be a majority of the nation even numerically; but they are a large section of the working classes, and as antagonists of the powers that be, they share the sympathy of others among their own class who have their special discontents—of the anti-poor-law section, the operative protectionists, the trades-unionists. They exhibit very

considerable intelligence, specific views, and a fair share of reasoning. It is not safe to put them off with the plea that they are not "the wealth and intelligence of the country;" for it reässerts their own complaint, that the poor are neglected or oppressed *quà* poor; and it violently contradicts their own not unnatural self-esteem.

The assumed monopoly of "intelligence" among their antagonists is not true; the exclusive consideration for wealth is not just. Industry has its rights, though canting advocacy may have brought discredit on them; numbers have their claim, though they do not express a majority—or the whig party would have small title to the treasury-bench. It is a mistake that the majority exercises any direct rule in this infinitely divided land: it is the mean party that rules, because it is the mean—and, some wags will say, very *mean* it is. But a rule so possessed is not safe in the face of large discontented numbers, moved by the contagion of adventurous spirit, incited to hopes by strange and surprising examples, intoxicated even to vaporings about rebellion and blood, which have become deeds elsewhere.

We boast of our singular imperturbable tranquillity: is it imperturbable? Who can say?—Certainly not those ruling persons who are the "guardians of the public peace:" they know nothing about it: the estrangement of class from class keeps them quite ignorant of what is felt, resented, and hoped by the "lower orders." Yet the government is dependent for existence on "public opinion," in which the working classes have a large share. That government alone is stable which enjoys the concurrence of a majority of the intelligent classes; it must at least exist on the sufferance of that majority. Armies are engines too small to maintain a government in peace: they do but establish, on emergencies, in experimental conflict, the balance of opinion which already existed, but which was doubtful. To know that it is safe and stable, a government must know the state of opinion in the country. Again, to maintain its safe position it must be guided by that opinion, and therefore also it must know that opinion. Not only so, but the multitude in turn, if they do not get all they desire, must know that they are considered. Are either of these conditions fulfilled in our own country? Not quite; and that is the reason why our boasted tranquillity may not prove imperturbable.

What is it the Chartists really want? "The Charter" we take to be a mere rallying standard: what the Chartists, what all the working classes want, is a larger share in the elective franchise, higher wages, more of social and political consideration. Natural wishes these, and not quite unreasonable. You cannot either decently or safely meet them with a direct refusal; you cannot in policy evade them by mere temporizing. It would be much better if you were to meet them frankly.

The working classes see that there is one thing common to the revolutions of other countries: it is not the conquest of this or that institution, which we may have already; but it is the fact that *the people* have come forth as a power of the state, are recognized, treated with deference, consulted, considered. *That* it is which make them hanker after some movement here. They ask a revolution. *Give them one.*

Your refusal is not ingenuous or pure; your evasions do not reach their hearts. They tell you that they are poor, and therefore miserable, because they are ill fed, ill cared for in the state, ill considered. You evade these representations. You answer, that you cannot decree higher wages; which is true, but it is special-pleading. You can do many things to improve their condition besides decreeing higher wages. You can improve the quarters in which they dwell, and you mean to do so; but you suffer yourselves to be hindered by paltry "vested interests" and the intrigues of local lawyers. You can remove restrictions upon trade, which would increase employment, and would be equivalent to decreeing higher wages; but you boggle at the work. At this moment you are suffering a condemned law to exclude cargoes of cotton which come a-begging from Havre, and which would give renewed activity to trade, higher wages to the working classes. You cannot decree high wages; but hasten to abandon the practice of keeping them down.

Let the working classes *know* that such things are done on their behalf. They ask a more direct and explicit consideration for themselves; and they merit it. They complain that poverty coëxists with immense wealth, and that their cry of distress is coldly repelled. But it need not be so. It is not enough to do justice, especially to those who are less fortunate: you must let them see that justice is done; you must admit them freely to your councils, and make them note that other courses would not be so beneficial to them. You are not a vice-Providence, that you can claim to be exempt from responsibility to those whose interests you have in charge; and if you have the responsibility, let your accounts be clear and open.

They ask a fairer and purer representation in parliament: is it decent or expedient in the face of that demand to neglect the gross inequalities and corruptions which adulterate our representative system? Bribery, intrigue, and fraud, of kinds the most odious, because most paltry, assist at the election of our members: we still have our manageable boroughs, such as Harwich and Ripon, to neutralize the "wealth and intelligence," the numbers and immense living interests, of our Manchesters and Birminghams. We ought not to sneer at the "six points" unless we had a fair and intelligent system to justify refusal. Even a good system—the best for the time being—could not be final; for as intelligence and political knowledge increase, so will popular power; and it will be necessary to provide for successive *extensions* of the franchise. Let that be avowed at once, deliberately, cheerfully, and explicitly: if the government were cheerfully to accept that necessity, and were to take steps for the gradual extension of the suffrage from time to time, it

would disarm political discontent on that score, by satisfying hopes with a practical sense of progress. The classes now excluded would feel that they were getting on; the proper feeling for every nation.

But, indeed, such improvements would affect more than the working classes—they would materially benefit the middle classes; who are not just now violently moved with discontent, who are more than ever desirous of order; but who view many abuses in the state with dislike, and are contracting a dangerous contempt for our inert government. They would approve of the reforms which we have indicated; others would benefit *them* still more directly than the working classes; though such reforms would appeal to the natural love of justice inherent in all.

Our taxation figures as an immense burden on the people; and to make it tolerable it should be distributed with the utmost possible fairness, administered with spotless purity. Above all, these are not the times for any "aristocratic" favoritism. But is our taxation equal, our administration of the proceeds pure? The perfect fairness of collection involves a thorough revision of our tariffs, with a view to the most profitable and equable distribution of the burdens. Perfect fairness of appropriation would somewhat more strongly task the powers of the statesman that should undertake it.

The taxes are collected, professedly, for the public service: they are in great part appropriated to the private advantage of the aristocracy or those connected with it; and the misappropriation entails other disadvantages, besides a waste of public money that almost amounts to embezzlement. Every public office is burdened with persons who are foisted upon it for their own advantage, not for that of the people; who pocket the public money without adequate return; who constitute superfluous numbers, set examples of idleness, encumber the public purse with expense, the public service with inefficiency. Let us suppose an office in which there are two principals, two secretaries, and clerks. One of the principals shall be a hard working man, well versed in official routine, competent to his work, diligent, punctual, and fulfilling all that is expected of him within the routine of the office. But the other is a weak man, an incapable who eases his conscience by a diligent perpetration of niaisaries; who, instinctively feeling his incapacity, conceals it in a busy meddling without aim or utility, and makes his importance felt only by inopportune fuss—a blue-bottle in office. Why is he there? Because he is a friend and connection to Lord ——, or Sir ——, a great man in the ministry, who was anxious to see the poor fellow provided for, and the income attached to the vacant office was just the convenient amount. One of the secretaries shall be a person thoroughly acquainted with the details and history of his office; but he is the junior. The other man is a nobody—with no particular faculties, no health, no diligence—with nothing but a name that belongs to a titled family: all the cadets of that family must have some genteel provision; and ——, who is incapable of making his own way in the world, is smuggled into the back room of the —— office. Among the clerks are some few disposed to get through the work. That, however, is not the rule. They are looked at askance. The majority "vote the work a bore," and discountenance any unwelcome diligence. Why are they there? Because they are the sons of Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, the friends, political, professional, or literary, of Lord ——, Sir ——, and others; young men in want of incomes. Every office is a reservoir of incomes. The young men are not there because they are inspired to do the work; they don't even do it with honest diligence; they are only to have the incomes; they only do as much work as saves appearances; and so they establish a low rate of work. A consequence is, the necessity for more clerks—an increase of the reservoir. Men acquainted with public offices will easily fill up this skeleton. Attempts have been made in some offices to amend the evil by introducing piece-work; a topical remedy that cannot reach the moral corruption of the matter. The root is the fact that the public office is kept as a preserve of patronage for the aristocracy and its connections.

Much cant is uttered against "the aristocracy:" but *that* is true. The aristocracy is the channel of promotion. Hence it creates for itself a forced influence. It keeps the best posts for itself and its own associates. To do this, the salaries are made very high; and then we are told that high salaries are necessary to secure persons of "station" and "weight;" it being assumed that persons without the wealth and connections conventionally implied in those terms would not do the work so well. A pure assumption, unsupported by any argument or experience. Some of our ablest statesmen have been of no birth—some, men of no wealth. Were the salaries pitched at a lower scale, the pressure of "gentlemen" to obtain official posts might not be so great, but gentlemen who felt a vocation would not be excluded by the smallness of the pay—their own means would enable them to indulge their humor; and probably the vacancies would be open to men who would make statesmanship more of a legitimate profession; who would reckon for advancement on professional ability and industry, and who would import into our statesmanship a greater amount of working energy than it now displays. A large number of men in the dilettante pursuit of statesmanship are men of mediocre abilities, who, apart from wealth and "station," could have risen to distinction in no profession whatsoever. Their occupation of the class excludes others of greater ability. Here the element of our mixed aristocracy of birth and wealth mischievously displays itself, and contributes to diminish the safety and stability of the state.

In the army, it is an aristocratic dogma that "blood" is necessary to make good officers: the only ostensible guarantee for blood is the test of a

high money purchase: but it is eked out with favoritism, and the scions of our aristocracy do swarm in the profession. The consequences are precisely analogous to those of the civil service—needless offices, lavish expenditure, swarming mediocrity, class exclusion, and the like. Similar abuses, in a minor degree, are seen in the navy. The church has its revolting inequalities of luxuries for lordly dignitaries, privation for the working clergy.

Were all these things mended, or were a sincere and comprehensive attempt made to mend them, it would be a real revolution, but a revolution at once opening into peace, contentment, and prosperity. Were they all done at once, a scheme so large, so practical, and so stirring, would fill the mind, and satisfy that appetite for action which is the hazard of the time. There is no reason, except one, why all should not be done promptly. There are vested interests in the existing system; but we need not wait for their dying off: let those interests be capitalized, and bought off at once by compensation. The reason we have excepted is the apparent want of men able and willing for the enterprise. Unless the revolution were to find its own instruments in the shape of men competent to the task, we suggest with little hope. A political shock seems needed to put some more adventurous blood into the treasury-bench; without it, we are likely enough to drift into the whirlpool of a more distant but dangerous revolution, through sheer helplessness to face the difficulties of an altered course.

From the Examiner, 25 March.

PROGRESSIVE REFORM THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

The question so emphatically asked by the Duke of Wellington in the struggle for the reform bill in '31, "How is the sovereign's government to be carried on?" is now answered. While thrones are rocking and falling in the revolutionary commotions of Europe, mighty potentates trembling and veteran statesmen flying for their lives, not a murmur of political discontent is heard in England, not an agitation of any kind disturbs her quiet. After the trial of severe difficulties, of scarcity and financial embarrassments, the consequences of which are yet weighing on us, the country is tranquil and thoroughly well affected to its government and its institutions. This temper would not be so remarkable if there were a state of prosperity to account for it, but we are not basking in sunshine while the rest of Europe is darkened by storm; trade is not flourishing, the industrious part of the public have heavy burdens to bear with impaired means; but out of this pressure no disaffection has arisen, and the neighboring example, instead of inspiring any passion for change, has wonderfully strengthened the attachment to order and the existing form of government. The furnace heat of the French revolution has served indeed not to fire our house, but to warm the feeling of loyalty. We have seen much to admire, much to sympathize with, much to deplore and dread, but nothing to desire the imitation of here, for here there are no long arrears of provocations and towering accumulations of grievances. We have our revolutions in another way, chronic, not acute, the smooth, even revolutions of the wheels of progress. The urgent causes of discontent have, one after another, been weeded away; and the consequence is, that the revolutionary impulses that shake the heaviest thrones on the continent will not, as transmitted here, support a pot-boys' riot. While thousands of bayonets sink before unarmed mobs abroad, England's sceptre is the constable's staff.

Never was the country so conservative, in the true sense of the word, as at this critical juncture. Its government now takes its reward for its reform policy. The work of renovation has precluded any disposition for wild innovation. But the conservative spirit which the neighboring revolution has called forth is not to be confounded with the stationary principle; it is the conservatism of progress made, and the conservatism of the policy and machinery by which further progress is to be made. No prudent and rational mind contemplates a halt; to go onward steadily, in order, is the course now sanctioned by experience.

Three systems have had their full trial within the last eventful seventeen years. England has had its progressive reform; Louis Philippe has had his opposite Cacus-like policy, to drag the nation backward into servitude; Austria and Russia have oppressively rested on the stationary principle. In these four great instances we have seen three decisive results. Tranquil England gives its shelter to the exiled King of the French, and the Austrian Emperor has to capitulate at the first summons of his people, and the minister of the stationary principle to fly for his life. And it was but a few months ago that this very statesman addressed a despatch to our government, calling upon it to declare its views as to the Italian discontents, and declaring the resolution of the emperor to offer an immutable resistance to any change; to which Lord Palmerston replied by a most able and spirited exposition of what true justice and true policy required. We can imagine the disdain with which the infatuated, unteachable minister read this admirable lesson, (for lesson it really was;) we can imagine, too, his poignant regret now, that he had not the wisdom to profit by it. Having admitted the territorial rights of Austria, Lord Palmerston proceeds to observe:—

With reference, however, to the posture of things in Italy, her majesty's government would wish to observe that there is another right besides that of self-defence and self-maintenance, which is inherent in independent sovereignty, and that is, the right which belongs to the sovereign power, in every state, to make such reforms and internal improvements as may be judged by such sovereign power proper to be made, and conducive to the well-being of the people whom it governs.

That right it appears that some of the sovereigns of Italy are now willing and prepared to exercise, and her majesty's government *would hope that the government of Austria may think fit to employ that political influence which Austria legitimately possesses in Italy, with a view to encourage and support those sovereigns in such laudable undertakings.*

Her majesty's government have received no information as to the existence of any such scheme as that which Prince Metternich mentions in his second despatch, as being planned for the purpose of uniting the now separate states of Italy in one federal republic; and her majesty's government entirely agree with his highness in thinking, for the reasons which he assigns, that such a scheme could not be accomplished. But, on the other hand, her majesty's government have been convinced, by information which has reached them from a great variety of quarters, *that deep, widely-spread, and well-founded discontent exists in a large portion of Italy; and when it is considered how full of defects and how teeming with abuses of all kinds the present systems of government in several of those states*, and more especially in the Roman States and in the kingdom of Naples, are known to be, *it cannot be surprising that such crying evils should generate the strongest discontent;* and it is very possible that men who feel the full intensity of the grievances under which they now are, and have for a long series of years been suffering, *and who see no hope of redress from their present rulers*, should take up any scheme, however wild, from which they may fancy they could derive a chance of relief.

This observation does not indeed apply with full force to the Roman states, because the present pope has shown a desire to adopt many of those much-needed reforms and improvements which in 1832 Austria, in conjunction with Great Britain, France, Russia, and Prussia, urgently advised the late pope to carry into execution; and it may be hoped that if the pope is encouraged and assisted by Austria and the other four powers in removing the grievances of which his subjects have long complained, the discontent which those grievances have created will soon die away.

But there are other states in Italy, and more especially the kingdom of Naples, where reforms and improvements are required almost as much as in the Roman territory; and her majesty's government would hope, that *as no European power is more interested than Austria in preserving the internal tranquillity of Italy, so will the great and well-known influence of Austria in Naples be beneficially exercised in encouraging those reforms and improvements which will tend to remove the discontent, from which alone would spring any dangers by which that tranquillity is likely to be threatened.*

Events have fully borne out these wise views; the worst government in Italy was the first to be convulsed, Sicily revolted, and the King of Naples yielded too late; this fired the whole combustible train; the example acted strongly on the minds of the French, and precipitated the events which hurled Louis Philippe from the throne; as at the game of nine-pins, one crowned head's fall then brought down another, and the Emperor of Austria next reeled with the shock of his new ally's overthrow.

Louis Philippe and the Austrian Emperor, Metternich and Guizot, had leaned upon each other for support, and for the maintenance of despotism; and they have fallen, like the cards which children place in a similar precarious posture of mutual dependence. Similar events have had their course on the minor stages of royalty. Potentates, whom it would now be tedious to name, have been compulsorily making their concessions more or less gracious, vowing love to liberty, and promising good behavior. The potato-rot has been followed by a prince-rot. The military monarchy of Prussia has not escaped the common lot. The king's army fought for a few hours, spilled much blood in vain, but his majesty surrendered. He had not been one of the obstinate, benighted despots, he had not held out against all improvement, but he had not done enough to satisfy the wishes of his people.

To return to our text—the Duke of Wellington could not conceive how the government of the crown could be carried on if the democratic influence were strengthened; he thought there was no security but in the resistance to any change. The governments which have acted upon this system he now sees not carried on, as he expected, in full security and power, but carried off by mobs. His great tory friend, the King of Hanover, is quaking in his shoes, and speaking sugar-plums to his subjects. But here, where it was confidently predicted that revolution was to spring from popular concessions, her majesty's government is the only one in Europe which enjoys security, and the monarchy is in this terrible crisis more assured than it has been at any time since the accession of the House of Brunswick. And why! because it has been compliant, because it has been elastic, because it has conformed and adjusted itself to the wishes and opinions of the country. How different at this moment would be the state of things if tory counsels had prevailed, if reform in parliament had been denied, if the corn laws had remained unrepealed, and the cry against the bread-tax had been available for a clamor in the streets of our great cities! We have escaped revolution by the very measures denounced as fraught with revolution. But the lesson of satisfaction with the past and present must not stop there; it must be carried on. There are no safe resting-places in this deluge. By the same system of prudent progress, by which present safety has been procured, future security must be brought about. There can be no halt; the word must still be forward—forward without rashness, forward without wild, unattainable aims, but forward with steadiness, circumspection, diligence, and good courage.

We shall have alarmists amongst us who will mistake the means of safety, like the scholar of Hierocles in a storm who lashed himself to an anchor, or like the folly which we see every day in the streets, in people who get run over by standing stock-still in a thronged carriage-way, fearing to move, though upon moving their safety depends. When monarchs were differently mounted they could keep their seats with a free use of the curb and spur, but the steeds which they now bestride are so improved in mettle that it is only by giv

ing the charger its head that he can be safely managed; and the give and take, not the dead pull, must be the rule. Queen Victoria's is happily a light bridle-hand.

From the Spectator, 8th April.

ENGLISH WRITINGS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good: the third French revolution has furnished for our Quarterly Reviews a political topic that is not stale, is too large to be exhausted by the newspapers before the Reviews could come out, and has needed some breathing-time to comprehend it. The subject has been handled with a variety of success.

The *Westminster Review* presents an industrious and convenient resumé of the narrative, conceived in rather an optimist spirit, and losing itself, like an Australian river, in a quagmire—a currency discussion. The writer views with indulgence the social experiments of the French provisional government, distinguishing them from the restrictive labor measures enforced by trades-unionists; lectures that government on copying the mistakes of England and America, by not providing for the representation of the minority as well as the majority in the national assembly—a minority, deprived of its chosen representatives, being a depository of discontent and antagonism; and, regarding a metallic money as a source of danger to the state, warns our government to prevent impending revolution by looking to the currency.

The *Quarterly Review* presents a compacter narrative, in the very opposite spirit—a pessimist conception, and starting with the postulate that "the late revolution was not produced by any misgovernment or mismanagement" on the part of King Louis Philippe or his ministry! The writer admits that there were faults in King Louis Philippe's management and contrivance, especially in the selfish *appearances* which he permitted himself to assume; but ascribes the revolution to the opportunity created by the reform agitation, of which the republican party took an unexpected advantage. Speculating on the future, the writer anticipates that the republic must end in anarchy; would not have despaired of Louis Philippe's recall had the Count de Neuilly been less stricken in years; thinks it more probable that the Count of Paris may be thought of as a symbol of order; and, admitting that "the times are perhaps not ripe for Henry V.," thinks that if the Orleans branch be overlooked, "the restoration of the constitutional monarchy in the *direct line* is the most probable solution of all these complicated difficulties"—"the best guarantee for the progressive prosperity of France and the future tranquillity of Europe." For our country the writer draws these conclusions. Our institutions are safer than they have been for sixteen years. A French republic in prospect was a dangerous example: the revolutionary experiment of 1830 has signally and calamitously failed; and the result is, to rally British loyalty round the throne and strengthen the hands of our government. Only, government should "take speedy and effectual measures to suppress the chronic rebellion in Ireland;" and, to stop "the inroads of the whigs on the old constitution," "the whole conservative party, of whatever shade," must be reünited "in giving that strength, vigor, and consistency to her majesty's councils," which "we, the humble echo of the most powerful feeling in the nation, tell her majesty and her ministers—respectfully, but frankly and confidently—cannot be derived from any other source."

The *Edinburgh Review* takes the largest survey of the subject; narrating the causes rather than the events of the revolution; which are, indeed, too recent to need recapitulation or to be susceptible of high historic treatment. The reviewer accounts for the matter thus. During the revolutionary week of 1830, the republicans, a small but able and active party, conceived designs which they had no time to mature; subsequently, as they supposed, they saw more distinctly that they had missed an opportunity which they had not appreciated in time; the disappointment provoked by the errors of the Orleans dynasty gave a color of justice to the views of the republicans; who tried to make a better use of other opportunities. The French have an extraordinary custom of keeping open the fundamental questions of politics, and when disturbances arise, the several parties come forth in the streets to try their fortune and catch what they can. The republicans did this—as at the funeral of General Lamarque in 1832. But they were twice beaten in the streets. They altered their tactics: they indoctrinated clubs, obtained possession of seven daily journals, and induced the dynastic opposition (the Thiers and Odillon-Barrot party) to form an offensive alliance with them against the actual government; got up the reform agitation to cover their projects, obtained their opportunity by the help of the said dynastic opposition, started ahead of that party, and effected the revolution. The republican party has acquired a more elevated and less purely destructive character from its adoption of speculative theories on the subject of association. Its leaders are the same now that they were in 1830; scarcely more numerous now than then. The conversion of large working bodies to be republicans was sudden; *their* republicanism is of a different stamp, and threatens the permanency of the small party who have seized power, and who have substituted power for right. This republican party objects to limited monarchy as an impracticable figment: the king who reigns either does govern, and then the monarchy is not constitutional, or he does not govern, and then the so-called monarchy is a republic with the burden of a civil-list. The republican party regards nationality as the paramount right of nations: hence it is prepared to ally with nations seeking nationality, as opposed to combinations for support of limited monarchy: it contemned the quadruple alliance, and is aggressive in the tendencies of its foreign policy. The *Edinburgh Review* abstains

from prophecy; but regards the want of union and civil courage in the departments, the passiveness of Paris, with its civilization and its organized bourgeoisie, in submitting to the dictation of "a resolute self-willed minority" and the political clubs, as promising ill for the coming time.

A review of the Reviews* suggests three considerations, which are not without use to us in this country.

It seems to be clear that the revolution was effected by no one party who commanded a majority and had a matured plan to substitute for the régime that actually existed. The party which is for the time dominant appears to be in itself a positive minority, and one very limited in extent. Note, therefore, that in order to a revolution it is not necessary that the promoters of the revolution should be a majority, or even very numerous.

In one trait conducive to revolution, and one which has been actively developed in the late contest, the French essentially differ from us—an inextinguishable spirit of adventure, and especially the taste for a "lutte." This trait appears in every part of their conduct. It renders their debates an arena of *personal* contest in the way of oratorical emulation. It dictated the challenge of the twelve editors to mortal combat. Hence the military aggressive spirit of the nation; hence their strange unsympathizing alliances for offence. The trait appears even in their estimate of art: a French critic recently complained that Alboni's singing was too facile and perfect, so that you were not enabled to relish the triumph of art over difficulty; whereas in the singing of Duprez every note was a "lutte." Other nations cannot sympathize with this humor, which estimates things not by their merits, but by the victory implied in attaining them. It must arise from an imperfect sense of absolute truth and beauty, as well as from an inordinate sense of the pleasure derivable from mere action. The process is more valued than the end. Although we cannot sympathize with it, we must not wholly despise it. Our social culture tends to the opposite extreme, rendering us content with inaction and inordinately prone to compromise; insomuch that we endure the continuance of many things which we despise and detest. The juste-milieu of English politics is a perpetual compromise between good and evil, between expediency and conscience. It blunts the will of our statesmen, and produces such results as our present government.

In another circumstance England has much in common with France. The republican minority obtained the strength which upset the dynasty from the discontent—aimless, perhaps, or conflicting in its objects—of other parties. The discontent of the reformers, the sullen, disappointed indifference of the bourgeoisie and the national guard, and the wilder views of the communists, all helped the unsettlement and made the opportunity of the republicans. It is not necessary that a discontent should be of a specific kind to be dangerous: each species of discontent lends power to every other.

* *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a paper which may take its stand with the quarterlies, obviously from the pen of the eloquent historian of Europe. The recent events are moralized according to Mr. Alison's well-known views; he claims to have predicted the revolution of 1848 as a necessary sequence of the revolution of 1830; ascribes it to the failure of "loyalty" and religion; and foresees no peace but in the restitution of loyalty with legitimacy—some day; loyalty being a much "cheaper guarantee for order than force." Mr. Alison forgets that dogmatic loyalty is a matter of feeling and habit—that it cannot be enforced, but can only *happen*.

From the Spectator, of 15th April.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MAY London be as well prepared for the cholera, and all other inflictions, when they come, as it was for the political disorder of which it felt the remote shock on Monday, like the spent wave from the sea troubled by some great and distant earthquake.

The aspect of the town that morning was unusual. The streets seemed to be prepared for a rough holiday; crowded and gay, yet displaying in many quarters closed shops, public buildings strangely barricaded, bridges guarded. The aspect of the people was no less peculiar. Certain streets were thronged by curious spectators, while not a few of the principal thoroughfares were deserted. There was a strong muster of police, on foot and horse. Mixed with the idlers and the police were special constables, distinguished by their white badges. You might have supposed that there was to be a great display of temperance people, and that preparations had consequently been made against ultra jovial enthusiasm. Where the crowds were thickest, and the police strongest, might be seen long lines of men walking with solemn faces, as though the whole importance of the day rested upon them. Now come certain respectable, well-dressed persons, with satin waistcoats and watch-chains, and other ornate attributes—the aristocracy of the working classes, duly conscious of appearing comme il faut. Then follow the fustian jackets, the staple of "the people, the only legitimate source," &c. Here again sundry Irish, unmistakably Milesian. Flags and banners, significant inscriptions, and a certain uneasy audacity of bearing, impart to the tomfoolery inherent in all processions a savor of the menacing, sufficient for dramatic interest. The day is a holiday made piquant with a spice of "gunpowder, treason, and plot."

There is, however, serious business on hand; each class having its own vocation. "Chartists" are there, trying to forward the enactment of their "six points" by getting up a show of numerical strength: speaking in the name of "the people," they want to seem the "people," and do not repudiate strange alliances for that purpose. The London branch of the Irish "Confederates" enter the field with an insane hope of revolution before the day is out, and of conquering Dublin in London. Discontented persons of any view swell the rout, with a vague expectation of overturning something. The thieves furnish their contingent, in hopes of a row and a scramble. It is a great muster and

demonstration by the allied forces of Chartism and disorder.

And there is a great counter-movement. The householders come forth, of all classes—higher, middle, and working—and parade on the side of loyalty as special constables. The poorer order of these consist mainly of such work-people as are most immediately and personally dependent on the wealthier classes. The force on this side is swelled by the blue-coated civil police. And hidden away from sight, in public buildings and barracks, is an army of soldiers ready for action. The ground of London was occupied, in fact, by two hostile armies; the would-be revolutionists on one side; on the other, the householders, the police, the military, and a large body of work-people. It was an unfought battle, the victory being taken by consent on the side of order.

The effect of the immense preparations made for the preservation of order is very happily shown in two results. The loyal force was so overwhelming, that aggression in the face of it was sheer mad impossibility. When revolution showed itself in Paris, the middle class abetted it: it is offered to London, and this is how the British capital has met the offer. The sound state of public feeling on that score, therefore, is placed beyond a doubt.

The strategic arrangements devised by the Duke of Wellington have thrown a new light upon the manœuvring of troops in street warfare. In previous cases, the people and the troops have been suffered to stand on the whole separate—the soldiery on one side and the insurgents on the other, with barricades between. There is a popular impression that with such an arrangement the people have it all their own way. A contemporary has pointed out that the occupants of the houses can turn the balance against the insurgents, just as they did in Paris against the troops. But the Duke of Wellington has shown that the troops can possess a town independently of that domestic aid: by advancing them into the midst of the people—stationing them at every point of strength—lodging them in public buildings, he took effectual security against any settled occupation of the streets by the turbulent: the military were complete masters of London! Wellington has "turned" the impregnable barricades.

Such was the state of London, in full possession of the authorities and the military. The chartists and their allies were permitted to hold their meeting, upon sufferance and upon their good behavior. The meeting over, the petition with its bale of spurious signatures was duly delivered at Westminster; and the crowd was broken up into small parties, who found their way home, sufficiently weary.

The suburbs were somewhat noisy that evening with idlers going home, more or less sober; and the day of intended revolution ended in a gossiping wonderment.

Some of the provincial towns tried their hands at a simultaneous demonstration; but on the whole it did not answer. Englishmen are too impatient of dictation and organized discipline to succeed very well in simultaneous movements.

Tremendous rumors were vamped up in Dublin and Paris about the fate of London on Monday: it is quite frightful to read what happened to us all—in the French telegraph. English noblemen, however, are not yet driven to seek refuge in France; Mr. O'Conner is not installed in Downing Street; nor is Mr. Smith O'Brien promoted to office, like his friend "Leather Rowlin."

* * * * *

In the course of the debate on the government security bill, Mr. Smith O'Brien complained that he had been called a "traitor;" at which the house burst into deafening cheers: he had been the first to *apply* the epithet to himself, and the house applauded vociferously. Sir George Grey rose to vindicate the bill against the honorable prisoner—for such, it will be remembered, is Mr. Smith O'Brien, though he is at large through the leniency of the law. Few scenes so striking have been witnessed in the house of commons as the shouts of contemptuous reprobation which the confederate had to face, or those of encouragement which hailed the home secretary as he rose, in polished phrase to drive home the epithet which had been self-applied. The malignity and effrontery of the treason, as Sir George arrayed the evidence, were only equalled by its puerility.

Another scene was of a more painful and disgusting kind, because serious interests, base fraud, and stupid ribaldry, are more thoroughly blended Mr. Feargus O'Conner had introduced the Chartist petition as bearing some 5,700,000 signatures, and to make up round numbers he introduced another appendage petition with 30,000 signatures: it appears by the report of the committee on petitions that the signatures to the great petition are but 1,900,000; and that of that number many are purely fictitious—"Victoria Rex," "the Duke of Wellington," "Snooks," "No Cheese," and the like, with others, not names, but, said a member of the committee, such phrases as the most abandoned creatures would blush to utter. Mr. O'Conner tried to bear up against this exposure: he took advantage of a natural warmth on the part of Mr. Cripps, (who said that he should never again be able to trust any statement by Mr. O'Conner,) to merge the public fraud in a personal quarrel, and went away hinting at a challenge: but he was called back in custody of the serjeant-at-arms; the "unparliamentary" phrase was withdrawn by Mr. Cripps; and finally Mr. O'Conner was fain to abandon the fraudulently signed petition—the monster hoax. To us there is something very sad in this exposure. There is no doubt that among the signatures to the document are many genuine subscriptions of earnest and respectable persons; but, being poor, they are at the mercy of their agents; they are unfortunate in their representatives, and their honest declaration is tainted by the ribaldry, fraud, and mendacity of their inevitable associates.

Lord Lansdowne, not without urging, has introduced a new alien bill, giving ministers a discre-

tionary power of removing foreigners. It is rendered necessary by the influx from other countries of many persons likely to turn their residence here to machinations against the public peace. The only difficulty that we feel in assenting to the grant of such a power is the fact that "ministerial responsibility" has ceased to be more than nominal. Statesmen no longer answer for their administration "with their heads;" and even the minor responsibility of expulsion from office is nullified by the present indifference to place in other parties, and the ease with which the faithful commons tolerate any ministry that is sufficiently tame and truckles enough to the several "interests."

* * * *

Although foreign affairs retain their character of importance and interest, the intelligence of the week presents less than the recent regular amount of change. Doubts beset the national movements here and there; but on the whole they advance.

France is in the least hopeful condition, as her worst enemies are within. In spite of fine speeches and eloquent state papers, the country is actually in a state of anarchy resembling that of the middle ages. People go about armed, the quiet for defence, the venturesome for sport; and lives are sometimes lost through "mistake." The powder-magazine at Lyons was in the hands of a drunken mob; the representatives of the government "hoping" that the key would be surrendered in a day or two. Government is avowedly busy in packing the elections for the national assembly: anything like a true representation of independent opinion seems out of the question. Not a glimpse of sunlight as yet pierces through the gloom.

Belgium is contiguous to France.

Germany is agitated by distracted counsels—fearing Russia, as yet quiescent; rather rebuffing King Frederick William, whose dictation is viewed with jealousy; but continuing active preparations for the constituent assembly at Frankfort. King Frederick William has just been obliged, in deference to the provisional diet at Frankfort, to rescind the election of federal representatives nominated by his own diet: they are to be elected by the whole people.

The Danes are making way into Schleswig-Holstein, but offering to treat.

Poland seems to be managing indiscreetly—quarrelling with her allies the Germans, and keeping up old feuds, that will enfeeble her before the Russian.

Austria declares war against Sardinia, and simultaneously offers to treat with the people of Lombardy for the cession of her sovereignty.

The *Algemeine Zeitung* says that the Emperor Nicholas has resolved to make no opposition to the restoration of the complete Polish nation, if he can obtain a footing in Constantinople; and that he is shaping his policy in that direction.

The disclosures most damaging to royalty in France have been effected by the medium of a new publication, *La Revue Rétrospective*, established by M. Taschereau for the special purpose of putting forth papers discovered in the Tuileries after Louis Philippe's flight. The first number contains documents relating to M. Blanqui, a member of the republican party; the second, documents touching the Spanish marriages. The documents relating to the case of M. Libri, previously published, belong to the same series.

The most important revelation is a very long letter, dated the 14th September, 1846, by King Louis Philippe to his daughter the Queen of the Belgians; in his own hand, and covered with erasures and corrections. It is virtually a reply to a letter that Queen Amélie had received from Queen Victoria; of which Louis Philippe says, "I am inclined to believe that our good little queen was as sorry to write such a letter as I was to receive it."

But she now only sees things through the spectacles of Lord Palmerston, and those spectacles distort and disfigure them too often. This is quite natural. The great difference between the spectacles of the excellent Aberdeen and those of Lord Palmerston proceeds from the difference of their dispositions. Lord Aberdeen wished to be well with his friends: Lord Palmerston, I fear, wishes to quarrel with them. This is, my dear Louise, that which caused my alarm respecting the maintenance of our cordial understanding when Lord Palmerston resumed the direction of the foreign office. Our good Queen Victoria sought to dispel those alarms, and assured me that there would only be a change of men. But my old experience induced me to apprehend that, through the influence of the disposition of Lord Palmerston, much more perhaps than his intentions, the political system of England would undergo a modification, gradual or sudden; and, unfortunately, the affairs of Spain have afforded an opportunity.

In the first moment that followed the perusal of the letter of Queen Victoria, I was tempted to write to her directly; and I even began a letter to appeal to her heart and recollections, and demand to be judged by her equitably, and, above all, more affectionately: but the fear of embarrassing her stopped me; and I prefer writing to you, to whom I can say everything, to give you all the explanations necessary to "replace the things in their true light."

He proceeds with an immensely long explanation, how he had uniformly refused thrones for his sons—Greece, Belgium, and Portugal; how he did not wish either of his sons to marry the Queen of Spain; how "the military successes of all my sons" created a considerable demand for them in Spain, especially for Aumale, but he remained firm; how he concluded to limit the choice of candidates for Queen Isabella's hand to the descendants of Philip the Fifth, and Lord Aberdeen concurred; but how Lord Palmerston totally departed from that understanding, and introduced Prince Leopold of Coburg as the first candidate. Queen Christina had been worked upon by English agents to suggest that prince, and "Bulwer" was "severely reprimanded" by Lord Aberdeen for his share of it. As to Montpensier, it had been ar-

ranged with Lord Aberdeen that he should marry the Infanta Luisa after Queen Isabella should have had a child; but when Queen Christina found Lord Palmerston encouraging the Progresistas, she became alarmed, flew to Paris, and insisted on the *simultaneous* marriage of the queen and infanta with the Duke of Cadiz and the Duke de Montpensier; to which Louis Philippe consented: "this," says he, "is my only deviation." "This family alliance suited me in every manner, and was equally agreeable to the queen and all my family." But he emphatically disclaims all intention of interfering in the internal affairs of Spain; expressing an anxious desire for the tranquillity of that country, and for the continued "friendship and confidence" of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. One passage in this explanation must be given in the king's own words—

In September, 1845, when Lord Aberdeen spoke to me for the first time, at the Chateau d'Eu, of the marriage of Montpensier with the Infanta, Queen Isabella II., although fifteen years of age all but a month, was not marriageable; and I can assert with all sincerity that, as long as this state of the queen's health continued, it would have been, even with Lord Aberdeen's observations, a complete obstacle to the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the infanta her sister. But the queen became marriageable in the course of the winter; and she being, according to the assurances that were given us, under the most favorable circumstances for the marriage state, nothing was left but to know whether the husband she might choose exhibited the best condition of virility. It seemed to me to be certain, from all the information, even of the most minute nature, taken upon this subject with regard to Don Francisco d'Assis, that he was in the required condition, and that consequently there was every probability united for hoping that their marriage would not be without issue.

Several small notes interchanged about the same time between M. Guizot and the king, while they disclose no particular fact, illustrate the familiar terms on which the king and his minister lived. The king begins one, "My dear minister," his usual form, and ends it, "Good night, my dear minister." M. Guizot uses terms of profound respect, but makes his own appointments for interviews, and arranges everything with the confidence of a man that presumes the concurrence of another, whose plans he is working with successful devotion.

Certain notes by M. de Salvandy display the most abject servility on the part of that arrogant and self-sufficient personage; who is always "laying" something at his majesty's "feet." One commences—

Sire, I have the honor to forward the [London] *Standard* to your majesty. Sounder opinions could not be entertained. It is true they cannot be derived from better sources.

[The *Standard* disclaims the inference that it was retained for the French government, or had used any "sources" but its own.]

In another letter, the intellectual Salvandy confounds planets and legionary crosses, ambition and science, mathematics, geometry, and the lack of "correct opinions," in the most instructive way: observe how the independent minister of instruction busies himself to seduce young men of merit and ability—

I venture to make a request on the subject of M. Leverrier, the admirable discoverer of planets; whose heart melts with joy and gratitude for that officer's cross, which has produced the best effect with the public. Your majesty has taught this young savant ambition. He aspires to the honor of being permitted to lay at the feet of your majesty the expression of his gratitude and his overpowering sense of your favors. There are so few mathematicians or geometricians who entertain such correct sentiments, that I entreat your majesty to consent to see him, either in the morning or the evening—earlier or later. Your majesty will have achieved a conquest truly worthy of you.

The other set of documents begins with what appears to be the examination of a person under arrest before the minister of the interior, in October, 1839; subsequent papers appear to be reports by the same person, written in a much more spontaneous manner. The first is retrospective, and relates to the attempt of Barbès and others in May, 1839; the remaining papers are contemporaneous, and disclose the names, organization, and plans of the republican societies. At a meeting of one of the Paris clubs, last week, M. Blanqui avowed that these documents were his; but he said he could give an explanation, and demanded certain newspapers for the purpose. It has been awaited with some interest, but is not yet forthcoming. A strong feeling of anger prevails against M. Blanqui: he had been *President of the Republican Society!*

It may be stated for the information of foreigners, that no traveller, whether by steamer, railroad, or diligence, will now be admitted into Holland without a passport, hitherto not required.—*Times.*

MONDAY—ITS LESSONS.

The adventures of Monday were a great lesson to the Chartists and their more turbulent allies among the working classes. They had challenged the government and the friends of order to a trial of strength; and their own display was a pitiable exposure of weakness. They threatened to come in hundreds of thousands; and they could not, with all the appendages of a London crowd, muster more than a tithe of the threatened numbers. To swell the show, they were content to assort with Irish repealers, mere anarchists, and ragamuffins of various kinds, towards whom they have no sympathy. As they marched along in their separate contingents, the aspect of physical weakness in the greater part was painful. No settled councils guided them; violence was compensated by wavering; the delegates quarrelled among themselves on the very platform; the leaders were distrusted by the body of the meeting; whether in reality, or through a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, which

may easily be credited, their leaders were fain to assume an appearance of gross cowardice; the procession, which was to force its way to the doors of parliament through "blood," &c., was abandoned; and the monster petition, which was to have been backed by a vast multitude, who were to dictate its acceptance, was quietly carried in a couple of cabs. Shouts of violence, scowls, gestures of bitter mortification and disappointment, attested the presence of a malignant spirit in the immediate attendants of the meeting, and their conscious discomfiture. The women who hung upon the skirts of the baffled revolutionists, as usual, gave tongue to the smothered ire, and assailed the special constables—the citizens arrayed for the protection of order—with virulent abuse. There was much in the exhibition that was disgusting; and as to the matter of strength, it was so overwhelming on the side of authority, that some trenchant politicians almost regret the peaceful result; the whole force of the disorderly could have been blown to pieces, and not a few impatient spirits are disappointed that the anarchists were not made to feel the power they braved, by proxy, in the persons of a few Chartists scattered before the deadly engines of war!

But is the lesson only to the Chartists? Here are the active spirits, the leading part of the working-classes of London; they make a sad display of turbulent discontent, of evil associations; they betray a miserable disposition to follow their ill-chosen leaders either into mad excess or humiliating retreat; they burlesque their own threats by the exhibition of their sickly aspect. But is all this matter of exultation? Surely it shows that some other classes besides these working people are chargeable with great dereliction of duty.

There is one thing that, alone, might have prevented all the really decent folks in that crowd, men or women, from being misled by the wretched pretenders and insane fanatics who headed them—*general education*.

Of the *genuine* Chartists, we believe that they are on the whole the élite of the working men—the most intelligent, the best informed, the most inspired by a manly ambition. What induces them, then, to consort with silly "confederates" of Ireland, mere idlers, ragamuffins, and thieves? It is that they are slighted, and so fly to illicit means for enforcing a better consideration. The doctrines they uphold are not absolutely irrational; but we will venture to say that something very far short of the "six points" would disarm all the bitterness of the true Chartist. If he saw in the legislature any sincere disposition to consider the interests, the opinions, and the wishes of the working classes, he would be satisfied. But a singular monopoly of logical necessity is enforced upon the advocates of the working classes. Other classes are indulged in their special interests, their prejudices, and their fancies; the frauds of the railway speculator are not too nicely searched, the prejudices of the protectionist are tenderly and sparingly combated, the humor of the landlord sportsman is consulted; but when it is a question of compliance with the notions of the working classes, precise data and strict reason are exacted. It is usually so even when some genteel patron pleads for them—though concessions have been obtained by an Ashley which no numbers of working people could have extorted. The genuine politician of the people is excluded from a franchise which includes the mercenaries of Harwich and Bewdley. The just claims of the working man to political consideration are postponed to the "vested interests" of the upper classes who deal in parliamentary corruption and special legislation. It is a social pride which excludes the "lower orders" from equal attention, unless they come recommended by distinguished patrons. It is this denial of consideration which drives the Chartist to fix, with dogged pertinacity, on his "six points," adopt any leaders who can plead for him in parliament, and beat up for recruits among classes as low as those whence her majesty recruits her forces. He only wants not to be trifled with. Concede him that—really as well as professedly "consider" him, his opinions and his petition, and he will not repeat the discreditable scenes of last Monday.

But that is not all. We boast that the force opposed to the middle-class constables and the soldiery was contemptible in point of physical strength and the outward signs of spirit: is it so, and are we to exult? Indeed, this is the saddest part of the case. We fear it is so. We fear it is not only our towns that exhibit this stunted humanity: in many parts the agricultural population is in a very wretched state of poverty. A writer in a Wiltshire paper describes a meeting of distressed laborers and their wives—the stalwart frames of the men shrunk with scanty food, the women emaciated and incapable of the maternal functions, the children sickly and puny. It is the same in other quarters. You may contrast the "cheap" cotton gowns and cotton rags that now clothe the women, with the woollens and homespun hose that once kept them warm. We boast of our riches, and vaunt statistical proofs of our manufacturing greatness; but, if troubles came, it is not by money and piece-goods that England would vindicate her nationality and good order. We have attended too exclusively to money wealth and trading greatness. The facts prove it. The hearty feeling, the homely comfort, the sturdy vigor, which made Englishmen take a pride in their country and able to defend it, have evaporated. When the clothier's yard supplied the familiar measure for the national weapon—when peasants spun their own goods—they handled less coin, the roads to market were not so easy, time was more wasted than it has been since the greater division of employments, and the country was not so rich in money; but, somehow, the people were robuster, had more enjoyments, and had a better spirit. Nations sink and rise; peoples wax and wane in their physical strength: history presents more than one example. Our laws conduce to opulence in certain classes, and to an enormous aggregation of wealth: but there must be something wrong in the social arrange-

ments of a nation whose sons "dwindle, peak, and pine" before your eyes—grow more discontented and more thoughtful as they grow feebler. No obedience to the dogmas and commonplaces of politics and public economy can absolve the council of the nation from the duty of attending to other matters besides the promotion of trading facilities and money wealth.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner, 15 April.

THE PARALYSIS OF REVOLUTION.

It is a great blessing that a nation cannot hoard; that it cannot collect, in any tangible or changeable substance, the revenues or the wealth of years. Despots have done this, or tried to do it; but countries ruled by despots are necessarily so poor and undeveloped, that no parsimonious sovereign has ever left a treasure capable of sufficing to the plans and extravagance of more than two years of his successor. A nation scatters its wealth like manure upon the soil, or blows it in the envelop of a balloon into air, or heaps it up in stones, or melts it in iron and machinery. It all goes to swell power—productive power; and the exertion of this power depends on the state of the body social and politic, just as much as the active and useful movement of the arm depends on the healthy condition of the stomach, and vigorous condition of the whole frame.

Could nations hoard wealth and make prosperity tangible and substantial, they might make revolutions at little cost, as did the Romans and Athenians. But when countries like France and Germany proceed to imitate Rome and Athens, they find it accompanied by an annihilation of wealth, and consequently of power, and almost of existence. Society and all its action now depends upon wealth; and upon unseen, untangible wealth; which was quite different in the olden time. Rome could make a revolution one day and a war the next, without a chancellor of the exchequer. Revolutionists imagine they can do the same, but find that the modern world is quite different from the ancient.

An amusing example of this is offered by the Germans. The first act of the King of Prussia, when he found his kingdom *en revolution*, was to declare that he would be chief of military Germany; and he threatened at the same time to invade Denmark. His subjects clamored that he should lead them against Russia, and Frederic William seemed very willing to do anything for the sake of being at the head of an army. But poor Frederic William has not been able to move, nor to collect an army of 50,000 men. He has no money, no credit; he is paralyzed.

The Austrians made the same mistake, and were in the same predicament. Their voices, too, were in the first instance all for war. They would reconquer Italy, and send 80,000 men to Lombardy. Impossible! In times of revolution no one pays taxes or lends money. The movement folks at Frankfort are just as powerless as the monarchic folks of Vienna and Berlin. They would make war on Russia forthwith, if they could only raise the wind. They cannot. The native city of Rothschild is as poor as a church mouse. The revolution has annihilated capital, credit, revenue, and everything else.

The provisional government, with all the experience that Paris has had of revolutions, is no better off. Financier succeeds financier, scheme follows scheme, but all schemes of taxation, spoliation, or socialization fail. The government is paralyzed. Its legs will not move, nor its arms. Even its tongue, that used to go so glibly, hangs listless from the side of its mouth. Every country in Europe is paralytic. Singular to say, when we heard of these revolutions, the first idea that started up was, that the necessary consequence would be war. France was to rush into Belgium and Germany, the Germans were to rush into Poland, the Austrians into Italy. Not one of them stirs, not one raises an arm. We forgot that credit and finance have been long substituted for any popular or living muscle, and that it will require immense time and care to cure them of their paralysis, or awake the old dominant, popular muscle, of use in ancient times. The French in their first revolution took two or three years to get the popular muscle into activity. When they did, they thrashed all Europe; but it was a tedious job to get it into activity.

At present, however, it is evident that each country will enjoy a considerable lapse of time, wherein to settle its affairs and its constitution, and recruit its strength, ere active war is possible. For neither Charles Albert's attack nor Marshal Radetski's defence can be considered as anything very serious. Even the internal struggle is likely to be carried on by argument and by fire of intellect, without the interference of armies, or, we trust, of the turbulent population.

In general the authorities, constituted by the revolution, enjoy undisputed sovereignty. The provisional government has everywhere shown every power, even that of raising money. All the old authorities have bowed to it. In Frankfort has taken place the most striking instance of the abdication of an old sovereign power into the hands of the popular and the new. The German diet has repealed all its harsh decrees, and having thus made its shrift, it gave up the ghost in the arms of the fifty members of the German federal congress. Nowhere has the majority of the people been more triumphant; and triumphant too by the mere force of public opinion, which armed and titled men, generals and nobles and sovereigns obey.

It is singular to see governments, which we have so truly depicted as paralytics, still worshipped in their bed-ridden chairs. In Germany, however, every one is looking forward to a political millennium; it is the land of imagination, trust, and hope. The French are not so sanguine, but they are patient; and this, in times of revolution, is a great virtue. With the upper and middle classes resigned and patient, government with its hands

tied and its pockets empty, and the laboring class and the clubs not too uproarious or revolutionary, there are hopes that the national assembly may strike some light out of chaos, and rebuild some kind of habitable edifice out of the ruins, amidst which they will soon be assembled.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

He walks out with his wife on a week day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first, to knock at the door, when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He will get up in the middle of the night to rock the cradle, or answer the door-bell. He allows the mother-in-law to stop in the house. He takes wine with her, and lets her breakfast in her own room. He eats cold meat without a murmur or pickles, and is indifferent about pies and puddings. The cheese is never too strong, or the beer too small, or the tea too weak for him. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly with a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Epsom, or a gig in the Park on Sunday. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the opera once a year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He carves, but never secretes for himself "the brown." He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering the dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch-key.

He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a charwoman to wait on him. He goes down on the Saturday, and comes up on the Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He checks the washing-bills. He pays the housekeeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eye to the "sundries." He is very easy and effectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down; letting his wife waltz, and drink porter before company. He runs all her errands, pays all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.—*Punch.*

NOBILITY AT THE PYRAMIDS.

The season for continental tripping and touring being happily rather remote at the present period of the year, there is just a chance that, by the time the autumn comes round, the state of Europe will be sufficiently tranquil to allow one to entertain the notion of going, for pleasure, to France or Italy. Unless a change does take place, the Pyramids will be the only perfect substitute for Baden-Baden, and the port of Ascalon will be the recognized apology for Boulonge, as a foreign bathing-place. We shall be hearing of a *table-d'hôte* on the shelving precipices of Palmyra, and a boarding-house started on the Libyan sands, with water laid on from the grand African Junction and Friendly Nile Association, for the supply of genuine Nile on equitable principles. The means of rapid locomotion are so very numerous, that the journey to these remote places will be almost as easy as it used to be formerly to visit France or Italy; and, as peace and quiet are indispensable to the full enjoyment of a holiday, nothing nearer than the Pyramids can be thought of, at present, by travellers for pleasure.—*Punch.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 19th April, 1848.

It is an inquiry of some interest, how the revolution of February has affected letters and the drama in Paris. The *feuilletons* of some of the journals have been occupied with it, and the common opinion appears to lean unfavorably. A citizen *Thoré*, however, in the *Constitutionnel*, predicts a wonderful improvement; but his own style and vein are not the best symptoms. Here you have a sample. "The republic will be the new Messiah, that must accomplish all the strangest prophecies of the fathers and the martyrs of popular religion. In twenty years, our men will be braver and more intelligent; our women handsomer and stronger," &c. The critics admit a striking deterioration of the drama; all stage business is metamorphosed to suit the coarsest tastes; at the same time, except for the gratis performances, the boxes are empty. Ninety thousand persons are reckoned to attend the clubs every evening; thus, the usual pit audiences are greatly thinned. Both primary and secondary performers meditate emigration; some eight or ten have applied to the American Consul, to learn whether they could succeed in the United States. On the 16th inst., at the important theatre, the *Ambigue Comique*—grand melo-drama, music and ballet—just as the curtain should have risen, the principal director stepped forth, and with a dismal aspect, announced that his choruses and *figurists* refused to act until he paid them the fortnight's salary due, which was wholly out of his power. Uproar—the rebellious singers and dancers took to flight. The recovery of the money paid for places was a sequel of two days' clamor and negotiation.

The annual exhibition of the works of living French artists is open at the Louvre. A jury appointed by the government has hitherto determined the selection among five thousand pieces on the average. This year the jury were overtaken by the revolution; they thought themselves obliged to proceed on the maxims thundered into their ears—liberty, equality, and fraternity; perhaps, they were too much excited or frightened for discrimination. As many pieces as the walls could receive were despatched pêle mêle to the galleries. The distribution, or rather juxtaposition, was quite as confused and disorderly. On my visit I felt inclined to thank the revolution, so grotesque is the display; even *the people* felt this

effect, so that it became necessary to withdraw the most ludicrous or monstrous daubs, lest rougher hands than those of the attendants should redress the grievance. There are a few excellent portraits; most of the large display are terribly bad; the small or cabinet pictures are the least exceptionable; the historical, legendary, novelist, mere fancy or picturesque, abound, some well-imagined and executed; there are fine landscapes—in which, by the way, the French school makes progress. Not a few of what are styled the *portrait*-landscapes indicate reform in coloring; fidelity to the hues of creation, for which it has been the ordinary sin of the French *naturalist*-pencil to substitute extravagant tints, and masses of light and shade, which no eye of the body has ever beheld. The fantastic subjects—and those of mere effect, betray more distemperature of the taste than they indicate esthetic refinement. *La Revue des Deux Mondes* observes—"On the whole, every amateur, when he leaves the Louvre, condemns the exhibition as *detestable*." A considerable reduction must take place in the legion of artists; they can no longer live by their trade; the most skilful are threatened with starvation; they, too, would betake themselves to America, if the Americans could encourage them to incur the risk. Who can expect to sell pictures and statues, when the family plate of marshals and ex-peers and exmighty stockholders is heaped at the mint to be exchanged for necessary coin?

All the former glittering stars in the fashionable firmament, all the *celebrities* in the political sphere, have sunk under the horizon. The extent and dêpth in which, as the French speak, *existences* are displaced, curtailed or subverted, transcend all that any other than an old resident in Paris could conceive. For ten years I had been industriously enlarging and culling a French acquaintance, which formed at last, for literature, politics, science, and mere social converse, the very circle which I coveted. On no day since the revolution would it have been possible for me to assemble in the evening, eight or ten of the hundred and fifty of the two sexes. I have been able to see twenty or more in private visits; all smitten—all changed; nearly every one admitting that royalty was beyond resurrection, yet in despair as regarded the futurity of France, or their own public life, or lawful and fixed personal aims.

If an American were tempted to indulge any spite, in connection with the change in the order of things, it would be towards the alteration of the strain and tone of the two principal old conservative journals, about our institutions and political condition and prospects. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the 15th February—"It is well to examine which system, the republican or monarchical, offers most guaranties of freedom and stability;" and the reviewer then proceeds to signalize certain pretended excesses of the American President and his party, in the matter of the Mexican war. Since the 24th February, the Review has discovered a pattern-political and social system in our Union. But it is the *Journal des Débats*, the organ of the court and the champion of the monarchy, which rings the supreme palinode. Our "epileptic" democracy was its beacon for France, to the disorders, spasms, perils, of which, attention was to be most emphatically directed every week. The democratic party was all ambition, anarchy—a dissolvent for the Union, and all permanent social relations and welfare. Eight or ten times since the date just mentioned, has the Débats leaped beyond the Review in its indications to France of the excellent and luscious fruits of the American tree of liberty. Yesterday, it took occasion to censure the provisional government, for anticipating the national assembly, in abolishing productive taxes, and pursued this parallel:—

Let us imagine for a moment, a condition of affairs in the United States analogous to that of France at this moment. A committee of eleven persons is provisionally invested with the government. We will suppose it composed, by way of hypothesis, of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Hancock, and other men of equally powerful minds and energy of character. This committee begins by convoking, at a short notice, a national convention. This is what has been done here. It proclaims to the citizens, that in consequence of the necessities of the treasury, the existing taxes are to be continued until the meeting of the national assembly: this they also had the good sense to do here a few days after the revolution. It is probable, moreover, that these same men, religious observers of the law as they were, would be determined to defer the repayment of the drafts on the treasury in case of need, if the treasury was heavily charged with them, as in our case; and even that they would have taken upon themselves to add forty-five per cent. when they found the government could not go on without such a tax. But, we can decidedly affirm that, having in prospect an exhausted treasury, with increasing expenses and uncertain receipts, they would never have signed a decree which must deprive the state of a revenue of seventy-two millions of francs, easily collected—(the salt tax)—a decree to be put in operation seven months after the meeting of the national assembly!

We cite what would have been done by Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Hancock, because these are the patterns for every one to imitate in a republic, indeed, in any form of government. Those courageous and enlightened citizens may well be called republicans of the day before, (*la veille*,) for they have founded a republic which has had a long day *after*, (*lendemain*)—a glorious republic, on which the French workmen, as well as the rest of the world, ought to keep their eyes fixed, since it is doubtless the country where labor is best compensated and most honored.

At day-break, yesterday, we had a second universal alarm and splendid array of protection. Between three and four, A. M., it was reported that the communists, now the generical term for the lowest and fiercest rabble, had attacked several posts of the, national guards, marshalled strong bands, and concerted the reduction of the Hotel de Ville. The new guard were the first to take the field; they scoured the streets and boulevards, dispersed various groups of the assailants, made some

prisoners, and retired for rest to their barracks as soon as the old guard came forth, which was by six o'clock—upwards of a hundred thousand—within an hour after the beating of the *rappel*. Multitudes of the populace went to the offices of the mayors to ask arms, but, being of suspicious aspect, were repelled; to the good men and true ammunition was distributed at their several public rendezvous. At the barrière *de la Villette* a wagon was seized, endeavoring to enter clandestinely, with eight hundred muskets. Blanqui and his club held a *secret* session on Sunday last, which quickened the vigilance of the authorities. You must read a report of the journal, the *Union*, of a sitting of that club to understand how the public peace might or may be disturbed. A fellow, who ventured to cry *Down with the republic!* was first trampled under foot and then dragged to the police-prison; another, preaching *communism*, escaped from being drowned in the Seine by the intercession of popular officers. A man on horseback, with a drawn sabre in one hand and a proclamation in the other, and followed by a band armed to the teeth, fell into the hands of a detachment of the new guard, who threw him and his suite into durance vile. All the posts were doubled, and additions made to the imposing force in and about the prefecture of police. The commander-in-chief of the guards and the staff, paraded everywhere, haranguing the several corps as they reviewed or passed them. It was, altogether, a new manifestation of a good spirit, encouraging for all the respectable world, but, as one of our disaffected editors exclaims—"A fine security, indeed, which requires that a hundred and fifty thousand men be constantly on the alert to defend it!" You will see, by the enclosed extracts, that a civil war in this capital may break out from day to day, though we can scarcely doubt that the desperadoes and free-booters and the dupes of the fanatical or profligate demagogues will succumb. The provisional government has, with no slight skill and exertion, succeeded in winnowing the journeymen artisans and common laborers, comprising them in the compact and equipped masses of the guards, and enlisting their pride as protectors of order and property. The worst, and a large portion of their antagonists, consists of adventurers and malefactors of every description lured from the interior by the chances of riot and plunder. Another achievement of the government serves to lessen distrust. The new guards, who at first cried out against the return of regular troops to Paris, now favor the measure, under new influences. They wish to be relieved, in part, from a perpetual hard duty; besides, they are to *fraternize* on a footing of equality, if not condescension. General Changarnier has been here for two days, and it is believed that he accepts the place of commander of the garrison. This news, and the transactions of the morning, and the arrival of portions of regiments in the environs, who come for the celebration of to-morrow, caused the funds to rise in the afternoon on the exchanges. It was stated, however, that sharp altercations had been overheard between members of the provisional government. The journals understood to be the organs of three of them respectively, Ledru-Rollin, Blanc, and Flocon, deny that any real conspiracies or hostile attempts have occurred; they intimate that the whole *hubbub* is a contrivance of Lamartine and two of his colleagues—accomplices—to create a power superior to that of the duly energetic and watchful votaries and guardians of the revolution and the republic. An open rupture in the government might prove a dangerous or severe shock. The *National*, of this morning, says—"Civil war, perhaps"—and again admonishes the *anarchists*, whether monarchical or *socialist*, to beware. It adds, that the inopportune or premature application of theories of social regeneration would be *anarchy*. It calls for the immediate dismissal of *all* the ex-deputies that voted for the Pritchard indemnity, who still hold high public functions—such as those of judges, generals, superior law-officers, &c. The number is a hundred and forty-one; fifty-five have been already cashiered. Their names and offices are published in large characters. The bar is much shaken. Manly resignations and protests, from the bench and the *parquet*, multiply. The magistracy of France was signally respectable. It cannot be renovated for the better, in point of learning and capacity; possibly, it will not be rendered less subservient in political judicature.

A ministerial decree, dated yesterday, abolishes the octroi on meat, (the gate-tax,) and undertakes to indemnify the municipal exchequers by a *progressive* impost on all rents above eight hundred francs. This descends roughly on proprietors whose rents are not paid, or who are forced to give receipts for imaginary payments. The government promises a sumptuary tax on carriages, servants, and dogs. The octroi on *wines* is to be modified, in few days hence, for the alleviation of the common consumers—a laudable reform, if not accomplished at the expense, arbitrarily, of some classes like the landlord—the least formidable. Tidings from the provinces bode no comfort. Serious disturbances at Amiens, Lyons, Valence, and other large towns. More departments have expelled the government commissaries for high-handed, revolutionary processes. At St. Etienne convents have been sacked by "furies in the shape of women," and in another quarter even an establishment of the deaf and dumb assaulted. The passion of riot and devastation seems epidemical in France and Germany. The French national guards in the interior are not deficient in resolution and promptitude for repression where this is practicable.

Authentic accounts arrive of a new organization, by the Prussian government, of the Duchy of Posen, favorable to Polish nationality, and of the surrender of Peschiera, by the Austrians, to the Italian forces. That fortress is an important acquisition, geographical and strategical. The Prussian troops have entered Silesia, and an immediate collision with the Danes was expected. Holstein and the German portion of Schleswig are

of considerable maritime importance to the Germanic confederation; but the Danes, with their insular advantages, their naval armaments, and their determination, will not be easily constrained to the relinquishment of either duchy.

Vegetation in France has rarely been so advanced and luxuriant at this season, as it is—of every kind. Abundant crops are promised, from every quarter, though much interruption in tillage and husbandry is experienced. The question of the *manures* is undertaken in France and England with fresh zeal by chemists and agriculturists, and the scientific societies. So complicated is the machinery of the French elections, that the Paris Academy of Sciences has been chiefly engaged in devices and calculations for simplifying it, and rendered possible the taking and counting the millions of votes in any tolerable time. Messrs. Charles Dupin, Cauchy and Leverrier have, as a committee, submitted their report on the subject.

From the Newspapers.

The social principle laid down as the first and commanding object of the revolution of February appears to have created alarm all over France, for it is feared that it will be applied on such a scale as to place all acquired rights in jeopardy. That there are many persons who, from motives which do them little honor, would oppose all amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes, there can be no doubt; but on the other hand there is an immense mass of intelligent men possessing property, who are very willing to make sacrifices in favor of their less fortunate fellow-countrymen, but who cannot understand upon what principle of liberty and fraternity their property is to be wrested from them to realize the wild theories which have been put forth, and be dissipated in experiments of unproductive labor. The *Constitutionnel* says:—

The communists must have convinced themselves on Sunday, that if property could ever be abolished, France is the last country in the world in which it could be. The reason is simple—it is that there is not a country in which fortunes are so divided. Is there a question of territorial property? The number of landowners is 11,000,000. As to personal property? Within thirty years alone there are upwards of 600,000 new *patentés*, who for the most part are workmen who have become manufacturers or tradesmen. Let us add that a movement is taking place in this kind of property, which every day calls new persons to enjoy it. It is calculated that under our civil law, fortunes seldom reach the third generation; and how many, before that lapse of time, are divided either by the division of successions, or by the chances of trade and manufactures? If property be a theft, as an adept of communism has said, the great majority of the French are thieves; the number of them increases every day, and what is the best thing to be done is to endeavor to increase it still more rapidly. Property which communists treat as robbery is liberty; it is the school of public and private virtues; and a family, which from mercenaries becomes possessors, rises in its own esteem—as M. Michelet has said in picturesque language—"It gathers a harvest of virtues from its soil—the sobriety of the father, the economy of the mother, the courageous labor of the son, the chastity of the daughter—all that is in the sentiment of property which places a man in a closer alliance with nature."

In his letter to the members of the provisional government, M. Cabet says that he was occupied on Sunday afternoon in a general meeting of the shareholders of the *Populaire* in discussing questions which concern the Icarian communists, when he heard that the rappel was being beaten, and that it was reported that the communists, headed by him, were assembled in a mass in the Champ de Mars, and were about to proceed in arms to the Hotel de Ville to overthrow the government, and that they desired incendiarism and pillage. Notwithstanding these rumors, he and his friends calmly continued their deliberations. He adds that the national guard, from 80,000 to 100,000 in number, cried all the day and evening, "Down with communism!" "Down with Cabet! We must hang Cabet!" and that the threats against him were so violent that, in compliance with the wishes of his friends, he and his wife left their home. M. Cabet then says that no one ever displayed more love and devotedness to the working classes than he, and that none ever labored more for their happiness and moralization. He never, he declares, demanded the application of his doctrines, which he says are those of the gospel, by violence and constraint, but only by discussion, persuasion, and free consent, and he says that, in order to change nothing in France, his disciples had intended to emigrate to America, to try their system at their own risk and peril, and that a number of their brethren had actually left.

We read in the *Union*:—

On Sunday evening the attendance at citizen Blanqui's Central Republican Club was not very numerous, though it was expected that the proceedings would be more than usually interesting. Blanqui presided. The first speaker, one of the *bureau*, began by saying:—"To-day we have been vanquished, and I come to speak to you as conquered men, that is to say, with hatred in the heart and vengeance in the hand!" He then went on to say that, when the workmen were assembled in the Champ de Mars, a message was brought them on the part of the provisional government, to the effect that the Hotel de Ville was threatened, and that their assistance was required. "But," cried he, "Oh! what treason! Whilst we were thus being called on, an appeal against us was made to the national guard, and the national guard also were told that an attempt was to be made to overthrow the government, and that they were required to defend it!" In compliance, he said, with the demand, the workmen hastened to the Hotel de Ville; but their astonishment was great, on arriving at the Pont St. Michel, to see the Hotel surrounded with bayonets. "This," he added, "this, citizens, is the signal of reaction! There are men who have divided the inhabitants of Paris into two classes; but woe to those who have assumed the responsibility!" Another speaker said that the lesson which the people should deduce from what had occurred was never to descend into the streets unarmed. A third demanded that, in order to enable the people

to assemble rapidly, which was at present impossible, an organization similar to that of the old secret societies—that of the Droits de l'Homme, for example—should be adopted. Citizen Blanqui said that that had not been done, because such measures recalled the times of tyranny, and that it had been hoped that under the reign of liberty they could dispense with such assistance. But he added that, as the counter-revolution was being organized, he would the next day nominate chiefs of sections, and establish the Société Centrale Républicaine on the basis of the old secret societies. A formal proposition to that effect was adopted. Some discussion took place on communism, and in its name a protest was made against the agrarian law. It was then said that the cries of "Down with Communism!" were very significative, for they had been uttered by those who dared not cry "Down with the Republic!" This declaration excited some dissatisfaction among the auditory, and a young man made himself remarkable by the earnestness with which he cried, "Vive la République! A bas le Communisme!" Some people connected with the club took him by the arm, and attempted to compel him to ascend the tribune to explain who he was and what he meant; but the bystanders protected him, and eventually he was let alone. In winding up the sitting, citizen Blanqui spoke of the counter-revolution. He stigmatized what he called its cowardly, weak, and ridiculous triumph of that day. He said that his greatest sorrow was to see more than half their misled brethren (meaning the workmen in the national guard) taking part in the reäction. He declared that what he called the enthusiasm of bayonets was too cowardly to last, and he concluded by exhorting his hearers to display confidence, courage, and patience, until the great day of retribution should arrive.

YESTERDAY afternoon a yellow placard was stuck up in Paris, on which was printed, "Workmen, take good care of your arms and ammunition, for the revolution is not finished!"

A LETTER from Vienna, of the 12th, addressed to the *Emancipation*, says:—"We live here in the most complete terror and anarchy. Everybody desires to govern—workmen, students, and journalists oblige us, every morning, to display the German flag, black, red, and gold. The night is passed in tumult. We hear nothing but the noise of *charivaris*, of broken windows, and the clamors of the multitude. Even our old archbishop is not respected. The Ligorians (Jesuits) and the female Ligorians have been driven away. The people enjoy the most absolute independence, but all that can lead us to nothing."

A LARGE force was sent on the 12th from Vienna to Graetz, where the workmen are said to have risen, and attacked the people of property.

NEW BOOKS.

VOL. XI. OF WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS, a handsome volume, at a very moderate price, from Messrs. Harper. Reader! if you will put this set of books on your shelves, and make yourself familiar with them, you will be a better patriot—a nobler man. You will elevate your moral as well as your mental nature. What we are in danger from in this country, is not a military tyranny, but the dominion of miserable politicians, who desecrate the halls of congress and the chairs of state, and have not the decency to be ashamed of their selfish clamors for pay and office. But we hope a better time is coming, and that after our Hercules shall have destroyed "the monster party," we may be able more fully to avail ourselves of the vast experience, the great talents, the world-wide reputation of Daniel Webster. Had his lead been followed, after the death of General Harrison, by the large party which counts him among them, we believe that many of our financial convulsions would have been avoided, and that we should have escaped the war with Mexico. But it was thought necessary to get a party triumph, and so the country has been made to suffer for years. Do not, reader, think these remarks out of place, entirely, in a notice of this book. It suggested to our own mind the names of General Taylor and of Mr. Webster. Perhaps the combination would give us, in a highly valuable degree, the qualities of Washington's administration.

"DOMBEY AND SON" has been published in a complete form by Messrs. Redding & Co., with many engravings, and very cheap.

A very good imitation of the English copy has been completed by Messrs. Bradbury and Guild.

Mr. John Wiley has also completed his edition, which forms two handsome volumes of the Library of Choice Reading.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING, and A PICTURE BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES, both from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen, and very pretty little books, have been published by Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co.

THE BOY'S SPRING BOOK, an elegant little volume, has been published by Messrs. Harper. It matches the Summer Book, Autumn Book, and Winter Book.

MR. JAMES' NEW NOVEL.—We observe that the Messrs. Harper publish to-day a new production by this prolific writer, entitled "Sir Theodore Broughton, or Laurel Water." The tale is founded upon the terrible tragedy of Lawford Hall, in Warwickshire, which occurred some forty years ago. We hear from one who has read portions of the early sheets that it bids fair to prove one of the best of Mr. James' novels. The author alludes in a very happy manner to the criticisms of the "Bachelor of Albany," and others, which have been supposed to refer to some of his characteristic peculiarities of style.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY & SON New York. John Wiley.

Mr. Dickens' work, as readers generally are aware, is now completed. One or two cheap editions have already appeared, but none that compares with this in convenience of size, quality of paper, or clearness of typography. It is the handsomest edition we have yet seen, and is uniform with the far-famed "Library of Choice Reading." It is in two volumes, and notwithstanding its superiority in paper and typography, is sold for thirty-seven and a half cents each volume. When bound it will be an ornament to any library.

ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. New York. Harper & Brothers.

The second part of a beautiful edition, Lane's new translation, already referred to with commendation.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	$20 00
Nine " "	$40 00
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Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Histoire des Races Maudites de la France et de l'Espagne. Par Fr. Michel. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1847.

The medieval writers on politics divided society into three classes—those who worked, those who fought, and those who prayed; or, in other words, the man who produced the necessaries of life, the soldier who defended him in his industry, and the priest who assisted him by prayers for his success. This was, however, a very imperfect and inaccurate picture of the social relations of that long confused period which we are in the habit of designating as the Middle Ages, when the necessity of individual self-protection, social prejudices and enmities, intermixture of different races, and other causes, produced an endless variety of subdivisions of classes and castes, that have disappeared with the extinction of feudal institutions, and are now only remembered in a few local prejudices or customs. To understand the middle ages, it is very necessary that we should know these various accidents and peculiarities of society, for on them depends often the particular character of many great public events which we have at first sight a difficulty in explaining.

With the natural subdivisions of these three principal classes we are tolerably well acquainted, because they frequently make their appearance in history, and have been the objects of multitudes of legal documents. But there were, besides these, distinct classes which had been gradually formed of the refuse of the others, composed of those who, having relinquished or been forced out of the position which the law acknowledged, had gradually formed themselves into a separate caste which lived upon society, and which, though virtually not acknowledged or protected by the law, still filled an important place in the great social scheme; while there were others again who, not only disowned by the law, but hated and avoided by their fellow-men, lived like the Parias of the east, apart from and deprived of direct intercourse with the rest of mankind. The history of this latter class is almost unknown; in many countries all traces of its existence have disappeared, for no class of medieval writers have condescended to speak of it. It is the same with the Indian Parias, concerning whom it would be useless to think of seeking for much information in native writers; but we have it in our power to examine into the state and character of the castes of the Hindoos as they still exist unimpaired and on the spot:—whereas unfortunately no one attempted to trace the history of the Parias of the west, until the few, who are left, have been in general admitted to social rights, and have lost many of their most interesting features. Before the recent appearance of the two volumes which form the subject of our present remarks, it was hardly suspected that this new link of comparison between medieval Europe and ancient or medieval India had ever existed.

The wild districts in the west and south-west of France, extending from Brittany and Maine through Poitou, Guienne, Gascony, Bearn, and the Basque provinces to Navarre, and some of the neighboring districts of Spain on the other side of the Pyrenees, have been little explored, and in many parts the population presents a very primitive physiognomy. The class of which we are now speaking is scattered over this extensive tract of country, and has been known from time immemorial by the name of Cagots, Capots, Agots, or Gahets, or by the still more singular and generic one of *Chrestiaa*, (Christian,) although the latter appears to have become nearly obsolete. Almost every village possesses a family or two of Cagots: at least evidence of their former existence is found in the name still retained by the locality they inhabited, or the places they frequented; and in some parts, especially in Spanish Navarre, which M. Michel supposes to have been their head quarters, they are still numerous. Their residence was, in fact, almost always confined to a particular street or quarter of the town; and in country villages they generally occupied a separate hamlet, which in many instances is divided from the other habitations by a river. Such is the case at Lurbe, in the arrondissement of Oloron, where the Cagots formed a numerous portion of the population, and where a bridge was the only communication between them and the rest of the inhabitants. In many cases where the Cagot families had become extinct at a comparatively distant period, their houses appear to have been destroyed, and the name of *lous Capots* or *lous Chrestias*, is now often found attached to unoccupied sites, while in other instances their residences have been consigned to some degraded purpose. At Mont de Marsan the quarter of the Cagots (there named Gezits) is now inhabited entirely by people of ill fame, and by prostitutes. In the departments of the Upper and Lower Pyrenees, where this caste appears to have been very numerous, we scarcely meet with a little town or village to which there is not attached a separate group of houses known as "The Capots," besides a number of small hamlets bearing the same name, which are situated in remote districts far from other habitations. The street of the Cagots or Capots also occurs frequently in the towns of the various departments which they inhabited.

It is in the churches, however, that we find the most numerous and lasting proofs of the existence

of the Cagots, as well as of the abhorrence in which they were held by the rest of the population. In some places they seem to have had at a remote period churches or chapels of their own—at least, the ruins or traces of small ecclesiastical buildings are found, which popular tradition ascribes to them. In most of the churches of the west and south-west of France, there is a small entrance door (now often walled up) called the Cagots' door, quite distinct from the principal entrance: there is also a division of the church at some distance from the portion of the church occupied by the congregation, which is understood to have been set apart for the Cagots, and a small holy-water basin for their separate use, the latter generally bearing traces of ancient sculpture. The street of the Cagots, a narrow dirty lane, generally led to the little door of the church. The Cagots, who were looked upon, even by the church, as an accursed race, were expressly forbidden to enter by the same door as the rest of the congregation, or to introduce themselves into any other part of the church than that set aside for them, or to approach the larger holy-water basin. In many places, as at Luccarré, in the arrondissement of Pau, and at Claracq, in the canton of Thèze, (in the department of the Pyrenees,) where the Cagots were admitted to partake in the holy sacrament, they were still kept apart from other people, and the consecrated bread was reached to them at the end of a rod or cleft stick. No one but a Cagot would enter the church by the Cagot's door, or even pass along the street they inhabited. At Ossun, in the department of the Hautes Pyrenées, so late as the year 1789, a Cagot having ventured to dip his hand into the larger holy-water basin, narrowly escaped becoming a victim to popular fury; and it is recorded, that in the department of the Landes of Bordeaux, at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a rich Cagot of that country (for they were not always poor) having been observed to use the water from the holy-water basin of the inhabitants of the place at three different times, an old soldier went with his sabre to watch one Sunday at the church door, and, as the Cagot was again preparing to violate the law by which his whole race was proscribed, the soldier cut off his hand, which was immediately picked up and nailed to the church door as a warning to prevent future offences of the same description. On the other hand, an old woman of Serre Castet, in the canton of Morlaas (Hautes Pyrenées) informed M. Michel that she remembered having when a child been frequently beaten by her mother for putting her hand into the holy-water basin of the Cagots. It is still related at Larroque, in the same department, as an atrocious act of revenge against the curé, that a man once introduced gravel into the lock of the curé's door, so that he was obliged to pass into the church through the door of the Cagots. At Argelos, where this door happens not to have been (as is so often the case) walled up, the aversion to the Cagots continues so strong among the inhabitants, that rather than pass through it, they make a circuit of above twenty yards, and descend into the churchyard by a short ladder, although the "way of the Cagots" is at the same time more direct, and on a level with the churchyard. At Lurbe, where, as we have said, the Cagots were numerous, it was not easy to keep them separate from the rest of the congregation, to the great annoyance of the curé, who took every opportunity of showing openly his contempt for them. One of the inhabitants, still alive at a very advanced age, remembers that on one occasion, just before the breaking out of (what we have been accustomed to call) the great revolution, a Cagot woman having accidentally passed the boundary in the church within which they were restrained, the curé burst into a rage in the middle of the service, and shouted out, "Votre place n'est pas là, Cagote! et sachez que moi, que je soie devant ou derrière vous, je suis toujours votre curé; mais vous autres, que vous soyez devant ou derrière, vous ne serez jamais que de vilains Cagots!"

The prejudice against the Cagots was not confined to the interior of the church; for in almost every parish there was a separate cemetery for them, or at least a place set apart for them in the cemetery belonging to the church;—no person who was not a Cagot would on any account be interred near them. Nor were they even permitted to draw water at the same well as other people; and there is in most of the villages they inhabited a well still known as the Cagots' well (*la houn deus Cagots*, *houn deu Chrestiaa*, *&c.*)

This deep-rooted feeling of aversion to what was looked upon by every one as an accursed race, was carried into all the relations of life. Men or women who had been induced to contract marriage with Cagots, were considered to have thereby forfeited their caste, and were deserted even by their nearest relations. In many places the prejudice against intermarriage with Cagots continues to exist at the present day. A recent example occurred at Hennebon, in Lower Brittany, where a baker, having married a woman reputed of Cagot race, lost immediately all his custom among the lower orders of people. A respectable family at Agnos, in the arrondissement of Oloron, has been no less than six times on the point of concluding a marriage for their eldest son, (now forty years of age,) but it was always broken off on its being discovered that the ancestors of the family of the bridegroom were Cagots. And at Mifaget, in the same district, a rich and very respectable family of peasants has been equally unable to find a match for their daughter, merely on account of their being known to be of Cagot blood. In 1841, a girl of Cheust, in the valley of Argelès (Hautes Pyrenées) was on the point of marrying a Cagot of the neighborhood; the match was in every respect a most advantageous one, and had the entire approval of the father and mother of the girl, but the grandmother, in whom the old prejudices remained undiminished, insisted upon it being broken off. Another family, richer, but less scrupulous in this respect, married their daughter to the Cagot.

It is remarkable that the Cagots in general bore the tyrannical contempt to which they were exposed with resignation, although they were often more wealthy, and in other respects superior, to their neighbors who laid claim to purer blood. In their popular ballads they spoke of their condition in jest, and without bitterness; and in a few instances where the attempt has been made to rescue the Cagot population from an intolerant neighborhood, by removing them to a distant part of the country, they always showed an eager desire to return to their native place. They did not, however, always submit quietly to persecution; for both local traditions and popular songs speak of serious conflicts between individuals of the two races, and of riots that have arisen out of them. Events like these, and anecdotes of the former hostile feeling between the Cagots and the inhabitants of pure blood, still form in some villages the ordinary conversation of old people. We find them sometimes purchasing exemption from their persecutors. At Pardies (Bearn) a Cagot, in 1725, paid thirty livres and a "drinking-bout" (*buvette*) to the commune, for permission to enter the sanctuary and sing with the others in the church. In general, the Cagots were denied all communion with their fellow-men; so much so that they were not allowed to contribute to local taxation. And when, at Momas, (Basses Pyrenées,) a tax called *rancale* was levied on all the Cagots of the commune, to mark the contempt in which they were held, the collector was accompanied with a dog, to which each Cagot was obliged to give a piece of bread.

The Cagots differed, at least for the century and a half during which we have had any direct information respecting them, from the Parias of the east in their moral character, which has been in every respect as correct as that of the population which surrounded them. Here and there, indeed, M. Michel collected vague imputations which appear to be totally unsubstantiated by facts; they are charged, for instance, with cunning and faithlessness—vices which are almost always attached to races that have been reduced to a state of degradation—as well as with sensuality. In former days they were sometimes treated as heretics, in spite of their regular attendance at church; and they were also popularly looked upon as sorcerers, which was perhaps the reason that their residences were so often separated from those of their neighbors by a stream of water. Such was the case at Cadillac-sur-Garonne (Gironde,) where the road by which they entered the town was known popularly as the *chemin-du-diable*. They were probably the cause of the evil reputation which the Basque provinces enjoyed in this respect during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the district of Mauléon, the peasantry, till recently, looked upon the Cagots with the greatest terror, in the belief that they bewitched their cattle; and in various other parts, especially in Brittany, they are believed to possess the power of the evil eye, and mothers carefully hide their infants from the Cagot's gaze. This superstitious feeling, probably, led to another accusation, brought against them in some parts during the last century, that of holding secret meetings for purposes that were never divulged. It is further stated—though this must, doubtless, be looked upon as a mere prejudice, connected perhaps with the charge of sorcery—that most of the persons of pure blood united to Cagots fall ill soon after their marriage, and that many of them die, while those who recover possess thenceforward a much stronger constitution than before. M. Michel repeats on the authority of a correspondent, that there are instances of Cagot women who, in a very short space of time, had sent to the grave three husbands not Cagots, although they had been all young and healthy; and he adds, that there were instances of Cagot men who had as rapidly despatched their three wives who had the misfortune to be of a different race.

The author of the volumes before us, appears to be too credulous respecting information of this kind; and the notices he has collected of the physical character of the Cagot caste are too confused and imperfect to be of much use. This is to be attributed partly to the difficulty of obtaining anything more than vague traditions on the subject; now, that the old prejudices against this unfortunate race have been so generally broken down, and any physical peculiarities, which they might have possessed, are worn out by the intermixture of blood. All authorities seem, however, to agree, that the Cagots were universally distinguished by the absence of the lobe of the ear; in consequence, in many parts of the country, it is still a common practice to apply to a Cagot, as an opprobrious epithet, the name of *short-ears* (*courtes-oreilles.*) According to different informants, they were distinguished also by whiteness of skin, by the largeness of the head, by the habitual recurrence of particular diseases—these being evidently only the accidental consequences of the localities they inhabit—and lastly, they were accused of being lepers. There never existed, as far as we can trace, any ground for this latter imputation, which probably arose from the circumstance that a Cagot and a leper were formerly placed under the same ban of society. It is, indeed, extremely probable that, in speaking of lepers, and of the class now known by this general title of Cagots, the old writers, in many instances, mistook the one for the other.

M. Michel has also left us in some uncertainty on another important circumstance connected with his subject. We should like to know whether any peculiarities of language can now be traced among the Cagots, such as might tend to prove, what all other facts lead us to infer, that they are of an entirely different race from the people among whom they are so singularly located. The occupations in which the Cagots have engaged are not numerous. In some parts we find them employed as smiths, masons, weavers, and, occasionally, carrying on one or two other businesses. As weavers, they worked in general for distant customers; since, the people of the neighborhood, knowing

their origin, would give them no employment, for fear their cloth should be *encagotté*, a term which seems to have been understood as implying that they would be bewitched. The Cagots were the chimney-sweeps of Pau. In the Basque provinces they often exercised the craft of minstrels, the profession generally, during the middle ages, of a degraded class. But, with these few and not very frequent exceptions, the universal occupation of the Cagots, in all parts of the country, was that of carpenter, a fact so well known, that in many parts the term carpenter was considered synonymous with Cagot; it has given rise to a popular tradition, still preserved in two or three places, (and which would make Jews of them for the purposes at least of hatred,) that their caste was descended from the carpenter who made the cross on which our Saviour was crucified. With the little historical knowledge we at present possess relating to them, it would be in vain to pretend to propose a theory of origin which would be much better, whatever we may think of this. Some writers make them descendants of the Goths, who were reduced to a state of dependency by the Frankish invaders; others have hazarded this and that conjecture; if we understand him well, M. Michel's opinion is, that they are a remnant of the Saracen invaders of the south of France, left behind after the defeat of their brethren by the Christians. We confess that to us all these theories seem equally open to objection; and their particular locality among the Basques and Bretons would lead us to suppose that their origin is much more remote.

Such are the Parias in a corner of Western Europe; as far as we can judge of them by local observation, and by the accounts of old people who have lived among them during the last century. That they have been attached to the same localities from a very early period we have sufficient evidence in a few old documents; which also lead us to believe that they were formerly much more numerous than at present, and that, however miserable may have been their condition in modern times, it was once far more deplorable. In a chartulary of the abbey of Luc, a Cagot is mentioned under the appellation of *Christianus*, in a document of the date of about 1000. There are some documents of the latter part of the thirteenth century, which speak of Gahets in the Bordelais. According to the customs of Bearn, compiled in 1303, a man suspected of crime, against whom there was no direct evidence, was to justify himself by the assertion of six freemen or of *thirty* Cagots. In 1378, the Cagots of Bearn made an agreement with Gaston Phebus, Count of Foix, by which they undertook to execute the carpentry work necessary for his castle of Montaner, (a few leagues to the east of Pau,) in exchange for which the count remitted to them forever two francs of focage, which the Cagots (*Chrestiaas*) were in the habit of paying for each fire, and granted them exemption from all taxes which might be exacted from them in his dominions. This document proves that the Cagots were never serfs. In the customs of the town of Mas-d'Agenais (Lot et Garonne) committed to writing in 1368, we find the inhabitants strictly prohibited from buying food from the Cagots, or from employing them as laborers in their vintage. The municipal regulations of Marmande, in the same department, compiled in 1396, subject the Cagots to a heavy punishment, if they presumed to enter the town without a mark of red cloth, as a distinction, on their robe, or if they walked in the streets without a covering to their feet; when they met one of the townspeople they were to stand on one side of the road till he passed; they were allowed to purchase only on Mondays; they were forbidden to enter taverns or to buy wine, or to touch the vessels out of which people drank, or to take water out of the public well. From this date they are frequently mentioned as Cagots or Chrestiaas in the customs of different towns; they are proscribed in most of them no less rigorously than lepers and Jews, and are not unfrequently confounded with the former. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Cagots or Agots of Navarre, addressed a complaint against the clergy of Navarre, for refusing to allow them to participate in the rites of the church; the refusal is said to have been based on the accusation, that their ancestors had assisted Count Raymond of Toulouse in his revolt against the authority of Rome. The huissier of the conseil royal of Navarre, in opposing their demands, went a little further back: for, he affirmed that the Agots were the descendants of Gehazi, the wicked servant of the prophet Elisha, and as the prophet's curse was still hanging over them, he concluded them to be spiritually leprous and damned: he expressed the popular aversion then felt towards them, by declaring that the grass on which one of this accursed race trod was immediately dried up and lost its natural virtue; that apples and other fruits became rotten and corrupted the moment an Agot laid his hand upon them, and that their persons and their houses stank as though they were infected by some filthy disease. The pope issued a bull in their favor, but the local authorities in many places persisted in these vexatious proceedings, notwithstanding; the struggle for a participation in religious rites was carried on during several years, and broke out again at the end of the seventeenth century.

During the whole of the sixteenth century the municipal bodies in the districts inhabited by Cagots, continued to pass severe laws against them, forbidding them, under any pretence, to mix with people of pure blood, to buy at their markets, to enter taverns or the shops of butchers and others, or to possess any kind of arms except the implements necessary for their ordinary occupation of carpenters. In Condom (Gers) and other towns it was ordered, that all meat seized at the butchers because it was corrupted or rotten, or because it came from beasts which had died of disease, or

confiscated for any other similar cause, should be given to the Cagots.* They were directed to bear on some conspicuous part of their persons a red mark in the form of a duck's foot; and their residences were ordered to be separate and at some distance from those of other people. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of Oloron complained, as of an intolerable grievance, that some Cagots of that place had presumed to keep pigeons, which, leaving their homes in search of food, mixed with the pigeons of their neighbors; and, at another place, a Cagot was punished for having been found fishing with a line in a river.

An attempt was made, early in the seventeenth century, by some members of the medical faculty, to destroy the prejudices against the Cagots. A commission, which was appointed to examine a certain number of individuals, reported that they were perfectly healthy, and free from all tendency to leprosy or to any other peculiar disease. It was not, however, till near the end of the century, that the local parliaments began to take up the cause of these unfortunate people, and by various judgments and *arrêts* seek to place them on a level with the rest of the population, and secure them the enjoyment of the same civil rights. The enforcing of these decrees, in many places, produced riots and litigation, and they were long executed only in a partial manner. The prejudice against the Cagots was too deeply rooted to be suddenly eradicated; but from this time intermarriages began to be more frequent, and, in some places, all traces of the original caste of the families, who had thus been admitted into society, became lost after a generation or two. M. Michel has given a number of curious reports of suits carried on during the last century between Cagots claiming civil rights and the municipalities which refused them, in which judgment was always given in favor of the former. A bishop of Tarbes, M. de Romaigne, an enlightened prelate, who died in 1768, went so far as to admit several individuals of Cagot origin to the priesthood; as, in the Brazils, there are now negro priests. This was the first instance of such liberality on the part of the clergy. Much repugnance, however, was still shown, both by the clergy and by the laity, to carrying out the new spirit of the law in this respect, until all distinction between the races in France was finally levelled in the convulsions of the revolution of 1792. The Cagots (*Agotes*) of Spain, less fortunate than their brethren in France, were not acknowledged by the law until 1817; and at a much later period their claims to exemption from their old disabilities have been obstinately disputed. In the August of 1840, Pedro Antonio Videgain, a Cagot of Bozate, and his wife, Catalina Joseſa Zaldúa, were obliged to proceed against the inhabitants of Arizcun before the ecclesiastical tribunal of Pampeluna, to obtain admission to a full and equal participation in the ceremonies of the church, which had been refused them on account of their caste. At the end of September, 1842, judgment was given in favor of the Cagots. Their adversaries immediately appealed to the tribunal of the Bishop of Calahorra, when they were again defeated; and, on the 13th of March, 1843, the notaries of the latter court signified officially to the curé of Arizcun the final sentence, confirming the previous one, of the ecclesiastical court of Pampeluna.

M. Michel's two curious volumes must be considered rather as a collection of facts and materials, than as a history; and he certainly deserves great praise for the zeal and industry he has employed in his researches. It appears that he visited some of the districts inhabited by this singular race of people, both in France and Spain; and he established an extensive correspondence with persons capable of furnishing the necessary information in those districts in which he was unable to pursue his researches in person. In the first volume he has printed in full the opinions, generally hasty and injudicious ones, expressed by former writers on the origin of the Cagots, with a few other matters, which tend rather to embarrass than to enlighten the subject, and which, therefore, we think, might conveniently have been dispensed with; but he has made full amends by the publication of a mass of facts, gathered on the spot, relating to every town or village where the existence of Cagots can be traced. The remarkable coincidence in the information, gathered even in the most distant localities, tends strongly to establish a unity of race in the Cagot population throughout the whole extent of country in which they have been traced. The second volume of the work before us consists almost entirely of documents, of which not the least curious are the popular ballads relating to the Cagots, or current among them, written in the different dialects known as Béarnais, Gascon, Basque, and Breton, also collected on the spot, and which he has accompanied with translations in modern French. They are not numerous, and some of them are mere fragments; but they consist of burlesques on Cagot marriages, several satirical pieces on the origin and position of the Cagots, and a few others breathing the hostile feeling between the two races, as it was fanned into a flame in the struggle for equality in the last century. We remark in our author a tendency to ascribe too great an antiquity to some of these pieces. In our opinion they were all composed subsequently to the interference of the parliaments to raise the Cagots to civil rights; and their original object appears to have been, as party songs, to keep up and perpetuate the old prejudices against them.

A question remains, on which future researches may probably throw some light—whether this caste was, in the middle ages, confined to the districts we have been describing, or whether it may have been spread through other parts of Europe. No distinct traces of such a caste have yet been noticed in England, although the names of several low classes of society, of the exact character of which

* This would seem to indicate, at an early period, a resemblance in one respect to the Parias of India, who are said to prefer meat of this unwholesome description.

we are ignorant, occur in early records. We have also an impression that in some of our older churches, small doors are met with, the exact use of which is not very well accounted for. Considering what we have been describing in France, it may, perhaps, be worth inquiring whether such doors may not have been made for the purpose of admitting persons of a despised class of society, who were not allowed to mix with the rest of the congregation. We have, unfortunately, hardly any municipal records of the period when we could hope for any information from them on this subject. M. Michel has pointed out a few isolated examples of proscribed classes in other parts of Europe, to which he has devoted the first chapters of his second volume. But in general they hardly seem to fall under the same category as the Cagots of France and Spain. A monastic writer of the eleventh century, Peter de Maillezais, (*Petrus de Mallcaco,*) mentions, under the name of Colliberts,* a race of people inhabiting in his time the marsh lands of Lower Poitou, which had been almost extirpated by the Normans, and which seems to have been closely analogous to our Cagots; this writer informs us that the Colliberts of his timo offered a sort of superstitious worship to the rain, and that they gained their living by fishing.

So much for this humbled class; for an account of whom and of the nature of their proscription, we are indebted to M. Michel. They appear to be a historical puzzle, as the gypsies were once supposed to be—and most probably belong to some unfortunate historical antecedent. But all that we can now learn of them is on too small and obscure a scale to entitle them to any distinguished place in the gloomy annals of proscribed races. Those annals are a terrible testimony against humanity. For, among all the injuries done by man to man, none have been so fruitful of lasting evil as the antipathy of castes in whatever form—whether representing the hateful distinctions of fanaticism and superstition, or the oppressive domination of a conqueror, or the vulgar insolence of mere diversity of race and color.

From the Edindurgh Review.

1. *Life of William Allen, with Selections from his Correspondence.* 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1846–7.
2. *Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journals and Letters.* Edited by two of her Daughters. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.
3. *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry; with a Biographical Sketch of her Brother J. J. Gurney, Esq.* By the Rev. Thomas Timpson. 12mo. London, 1847.

George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends, tells us, in his homely way, that his first interview with Oliver Cromwell, who was then protector and lived at Whitehall, was interrupted by "people coming in." The Quaker patriarch drew back, and was about to retire. Oliver caught him by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other." The moral of this invitation applies to all of us. It is pleasant to think how much "an hour of a day together" would do towards bringing people nearer, however opposite their characters, provided only they agree in meaning well. The misfortune is, we do not give each other the opportunity; neither did Cromwell. His friends, the Independents, fixed upon Fox's followers the scoffing term of Quakers, in ridicule of their tremblings under the power of God. In course of time Cromwell took up the same light tone towards Fox himself; with the addition of so much jealousy or alarm, that on Richard Cromwell's deposition, 700 Quakers were found in prison for contempt—whom, under the declaration of Breda, Charles II. had the credit afterwards of setting free.

An hour a day, however, with the merry monarch, might not, probably, have answered long. In the honeymoon of his return, an order for granting them liberty of worship is said to have been issued, and to have only wanted signing, when the insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy men involved the Quakers and all other separatists in a common persecution.

Within two years of the restoration of the Stuarts, "more than 4200 of those called Quakers, men and women, are reported to be in prison in England;" and Richard Hubberthorn, to whom the king at a singular and loving interview had promised on the word of a king, that the Friends should not suffer for their opinions, had himself died of a Newgate fever. James II. commenced his scheme for the restoration of popery under the the cover of universal toleration. Of this specious benefit the Quakers would have been certain to have their share, were it only out of compliment to Penn. Their goods were no longer to be seized. A Quaker countryman was good-humoredly allowed to stand uncovered in the royal presence. But, the body at large were far too wise to be deceived by these appearances; accordingly, Sewell, their historian, has justly postponed the date of their emancipation to the revolution of 1688, and to the enlightened principles which our great deliverer brought over with him. "This was a work reserved for that great prince King William, who, being born in a country where force upon conscience was abrogated, when a Protestant government was settled there, now also, according to his ability, introduced the like Christian liberty in England."

George Fox had been brought up half shoemaker, half shepherd. Born in Italy, he would have founded an order, and been canonized into a saint. Born in England and in a religious age, he did

* Quod a majoribus *Collibertorum* vocabulum contraxerat. The meaning of the word *Collibertus* is perfectly well known; and, besides that it does not describe a class like the Cagots, or like those described by Peter de Maillezais, it has nothing to do with worshipping rain, or with fishing; from which, he informs us, different people derived the name of the people he describes. We may almost conjecture that an error of the scribes has introduced into the MS. a word with which their ears were familiar, in place of the true name of the fisher-caste of the Pictavian marshes.

nearly the same thing, when he founded the society of Friends, and settled their tenets, meetings, ministries, and even form of speech. The difference between Fox and Muggleton, whom Penn called "the sorcerer of our days," and to whom the scoffers delighted to compare him, may be judged of by the difference between Quakers and Muggletonians. In 1643, being then about nineteen years old, Fox went forth, "at the command of God, over the north of England, leaving his relations, and breaking off all familiarity with young or old." By the time he died, or 1690, his followers had become a people. Of these fifty years he has left in his journal a remarkable memorial. Mackintosh calls it "one of the most extraordinary and instructive narratives in the world." It is, indeed, an instructive warning, how far extravagance and persecution may provoke and inflame each other, as well as an interesting picture of many foibles nobly redeemed by many and greater virtues. The prominent place occupied by biography, within the narrow pale of Quaker literature, is probably owing to the example of their founder. This is a great advantage, for all who wish to know them in the successive phases through which their community has passed. Since, every generation has had its biographical representative, with whom we may be "an hour of a day together," and find whether there are any, and what points, in which we are likely to be drawn nearer.

The persecution, under which the Quakers suffered for a season, was almost as fierce as that of the Jews in the middle ages. The spirit of Fox had been moved by it against Cromwell, even unto predicting his political downfall, in punishment of his apostacy from his great original protectorate—that of the rights of conscience. On the coming up of Monk, he broke out into a song of exultation and reproach: and, while recording the execution of the regicides, he triumphantly declares that there was a secret hand in bringing this day upon that hypocritical generation of professors. As late as 1676, in "a narrative of the spreading of the truth, and of the opposition from the powers which then were," we find him still exclaiming:—

Oh! the number of sufferers in the commonwealth's, and Oliver Cromwell's days, and since; especially those who were haled before the courts for not paying tithes, refusing to swear on their juries, not putting off their hats, and for going to meeting on the first days, (under pretence of breaking the Sabbath,)and to meetings on other days of the week; who were abused both in meetings, and on the highways. Oh! how great were the sufferings we then sustained upon these accounts! For sometimes they would drive Friends by droves into the prison-houses like penfolds, confine them on the first days, and take their horses from them; and keep them for pretended breach of the Sabbath, though they would ride in their coaches, and upon their fat horses to the steeple-houses themselves, and yet punish others. And many Friends were turned out of their copyholds, and customary tenements, because, in obedience to the command of Christ and his apostles, they could not swear; and as they went out to meetings they have been stoned through the streets, and otherwise cruelly abused.

The universities were no better mannered than other places. Fox could scarcely make his way through Cambridge, he says, in 1665. Miners, colliers, and carters, could never be ruder than the scholars. They unhorsed Amos Stoddart; but Fox himself "rode through them in the Lord's power. * * They knew I was so against the trade of preaching, which they were there as apprentices to learn, that they raged as bad as ever did Diana's craftsmen against Paul."

On the other hand, (without counting counsels and imaginations as wild as those of James Nayler and others, whom they disowned,) the extravagances which they were proud of went lengths, from which it would seem that, for a time, oppression, falling on enthusiastic tempers, had driven them mad. Their doctrine of the inward light—to a certain extent so true—was abused into a scorn of human means, and of the proprieties and even decencies of life. "As George Fox was walking in a field on a first day morning, it was discovered to his understanding, that *to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man to be a minister of Christ.*" So far we are quite agreed. The self-same verity has been revealed to us also. But, why rush into the opposite extreme, and assume that human learning must extinguish gospel light! In his old age, he wrote a paper, beginning with, *Righteous Abel was a shepherd*—"to show, by instances taken out of the Holy Scriptures, that many of the holy men and prophets of God and of the apostles of Christ, were husbandmen and tradesmen, by which people might see how unlike to them the world's teachers now are." In one sense, they were in the right to be afraid of learning. Learning is not friendly to enthusiasm: and it was enthusiasm which at the setting out of Quakerism, had brought together its first disciples, "young country lads, for the most part mean as to the outward, and very fit to be despised everywhere by the wisdom of man." Their enthusiasm did not trouble itself "to answer or satisfy the reasoning part of man." Its power was manifested in passionate conviction, in quaking and trembling, in terrible possessions and transporting joys. Barclay, though bred a scholar, was of a nature to be subdued by it: "being thereof in part a true witness (he says:) convinced not by strength of arguments, but, when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart."

The Quakers did well to prove from the beginning, by their perseverance, what mighty things perseverance even in passive resistance could accomplish: "The governor of Dover Castle, when the king asked him if he had dispersed all the secretaries' meetings, said he had; but, the Quakers, the devil himself could not; for if he did imprison them, and break up their meetings, they would meet again; and if he should beat them, or knock them down, or kill some of them

all was one, they would meet, and not resist again." But they did not do well to put on the authority of prophets, to take their imaginations for judgments, and make their appearance in prophetic dress or undress, within the steeple-houses of Episcopalians and Presbyterians to the terror and scandal of more formal worshippers. We had opened Fox's Journal for a few examples; and have closed it again, fearing, if we once began, we should not know where to stop.

We will only trust ourselves with a single extract. There is nothing more surprising in this strange diary than the quiet matter-of-fact air, with which the most extraordinary circumstances are related. The entry of the fire of London (1666) is sufficiently characteristic of the whole.

The very next day after my release, the fire broke out in London, and the report of it came quickly down into the country. Then I saw the Lord God was true and just in his word, which he had showed me before in Lancaster gaol, when I saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword southward. The people of London were forewarned of this fire: yet few laid it to heart or believed it; but rather grew more wicked, and higher in pride. A Friend was moved to come out of Huntingdonshire a little before the fire, and to scatter his money up and down the streets, turn his horse loose, untie the knees of his breeches, and let his stockings fall down, and to unbutton his doublet, and tell the people, "So should they run up and down, scattering their money and goods, half undressed, like mad people, as he was a sign to them;" which they did, when the city was burning. Thus hath the Lord exercised his prophets and servants by his power, showed them signs of his judgments, and sent them to forewarn the people: but, instead of repenting, they have beaten and cruelly entreated some, and some they have imprisoned, both in the former power's days and since. But, the Lord is just, and happy are they that obey his word. Some have been moved to go naked in their streets, in the other power's days, and since, as signs of their nakedness; and have declared amongst them, that God would strip them of their hypocritical professions, and make them as bare naked as they were. But, instead of considering it, they have frequently whipped or otherwise abused them. * * * But oh! the body of darkness that rose against the truth in them that made lies their refuge! But the Lord swept them away; and in and with his power, truth, life, and light, hedged his lambs about and preserved them as on eagles' wings.

The abrogation of the penal laws against them effectually repressed this irregular enthusiasm. Permitted to assemble together after their own fashion, they no longer molested the public worship of other people; and when, in 1695, a Quaker affirmation was accepted in place of an oath, old Quakerism, that is, fanatical, turbulent Quakerism, received its death wound. Since that time the genius of their community has gradually changed; not that we are willing to accept the invidious line of Pope—"The Quaker sly and Presbyterian sour"—as a more just description of the one persuasion than the other. But, externally, their sect has in one particular remained the same, or nearly so; and in so doing has become more and more severed from the surrounding world. The plain dress, which originally was the general costume of simple people, and had nothing in it of singularity, was soon left behind by ever changing fashion, until it has long become an outward badge, a bond and shackle upon a people who profess to be emancipated from all forms. In their adherence to a costume not merely plain but obsolete, Fox's successors have probably acted as their founder would not have done; for although he clothed himself "from top to toe" in complete leather, and boasts how dreadful a thing it was to the professing priests to hear, "the man in the leathern breeches is come," yet he never insisted upon any of his converts following his example. The Lord had forbade him to put off his hat, or scrape with his leg or bow to any one, or to bid people *Good Evening or Good Morrow*, and had required of him to *Thou and Thee* every man without distinction; but there was no command concerning dress, nor even expresely concerning arms.* However, if the Quaker has been going further from us in his outer man, we believe that in the inner man as well as in his general conduct, he has been certainly approaching nearer. This is true of all the internal changes which a century and a half have introduced into the society, and especially of the new direction which has been given to that manful energy which carried the infant sect through its first sharp struggle for existence. At the first, after the secular arm had been withdrawn, they wasted, for a space, a good deal of valuable time and temper in polemics. Prynne, Bunyan, Faldo, Charles Leslie, Bennet, and many less important combatants, entered the lists against them, and were met by Ellwood, reader to Milton in his blindness, and the original editor of George Fox's Journal; Penn of Pennsylvania; Whitehead, Fox's great coadjutor; Burroughs the Quaker Boanerges, and other doughty champions. The spirit of Rabshakeh too often presided over the contention. Uncouth outbreaks of vulgar fanaticism were hastily denounced as blasphemous. In one and the same breath they are described as the "spawn of Romish frogs," as some ancient heresy sown among

* Quakers continued in Cromwell's army till 1654, when some of them were disbanded for refusing the oath of fidelity. Concerning others, in a letter to the council of officers of the army in 1659, Fox complains, "that many valiant captains and soldiers have been put out of the army (by sea and land) of whom it hath been said among you, that they had rather have had one of them, than seven men, and could have turned one of them to seven men, who, because of their faithfulness to the Lord God, it may be for saying *thou* to a particular and for wearing their hats, have been turned out from amongst you." This was a year of "much plotting by the several factions." Fox saw no great difference between them: and, on being invited by the committee of safety to take up arms, it came upon him from the Lord (apparently for the first time) to warn his people against siding with either of the powers, who had both turned against the just, and whom, therefore, "the just set one against another * * * lest any go out and fall with the uncircumcised." As he could truly say "that he had never learned any war postures" himself, he might feel justified in presenting to the king, only a few months afterwards, a renunciation of all wars and fightings on the part of the "innocent, harmless people of God called Quakers," and in declaring that such had been both their principle and practice from the beginning.

the ignorant and deluded mob by the accursed policy of the Jesuits; and, as being also ranters under another name, as a monster growth of the Anabaptists and the Family of Love, as being "no Christians," nay, "worse than deists." Bennet, although condescending to reply to their doctrines, still hankered, as late as 1705, after the old orthodox manner of refutation; and declared that all sober persons thought that many of the Quakers "ought to be rather burnt than confuted." Leslie could not comprehend how the republication of Fox's Journal should be permitted. Meanwhile, Leslie himself was not content to take with them the short and easy method, which he supposed to be sufficient for Jews and Deists. In the late Oxford edition of his theological works, we see that out of seven volumes, no less than four are given up, however contumeliously, to Quaker controversy—on which, he has the gracelessness to say, he entered "wholly for the love of souls."

The sect profited greatly by these assaults. They were taught, in some degree, the value of human learning, and the theological tendencies of their own wild utterances. They no longer presumed to exclaim with Fox, "All languages are to me no more than dust: who was before languages were." Their unlettered champions had covered their cause with ridicule; but in Barclay's "Apology," they possess a calm, scholar-like defence of their peculiarities, which has ever been treated with respect. Leslie, as it suits his argument, supposes Penn and Barclay to have reformed and civilized the Quaker faith, until it made under their hands nearer advances to Christianity than it had ever made before; or asserts, as Wesley afterwards asserted, in 1782, that they had merely pursued the course of advocates with a bad cause, refining some of the gross notions entertained at the beginning, and putting the most Christian gloss upon them that they could. Into this question we need not enter. The Quakers profess to hold by their first apostles. This is true. But their ecstatic years are over; their age of signs and miracles; their period of insisting on the holy duty of quaking, or of prophesying* naked in our streets: and, without examining strictly into the orthodoxy of this or that debated tenet, we are satisfied that their advances towards Christianity are by this time generally allowed to be of the most substantial kind—manifesting a *power* of a higher order than even that which touched the heart of Barclay.

Having escaped the perils of these unfriendly conflicts, the Quakers wisely set themselves to prove that they were Christians (for that had been the gist of the dispute) by the more generous competition of Christian life and Christian charity. Justly as the conduct of Penn, during the reign of James II., exposed him to suspicion, both within and beyond the Quaker pale, he exhibited in his dominions on the western continent a model of benevolent government founded upon the principles of his sect; and in the same spirit of adherence to the duties imposed by the self-designation of Friends, and of conformity with the spirit of their founder, they have ever since devoted themselves to the support, and in some instances even to the working out, of great measures of practical philanthropy.

With affectionate zeal for the honor of their founder, the Quakers have diligently culled from his writings passages which indicate that he had some forethought of their benevolent course. They place him before us, as "suffering in spirit" on account of the sanguinary character of our penal code, and appealing to persons in authority against the outrage of "putting to death for small matters." Urged on by the observations forced upon him during his hard experience, he proclaimed what a hurtful thing it was for prisoners to be long in gaol, and how they learned wickedness one of another. He promoted the establishment of schools for the teaching of "whatsoever was civil and useful in the creation." He wrote to Friends throughout the nation, about putting out poor children to trades. He protested manfully and humanely against the wickedness of the Cornish wreckers. Above all things he charged the holders of negroes to train them up in the fear of God, to deal mildly and gently with them, and after certain years of servitude to set them free. It is in the spirit of these benevolent injunctions, that modern Quakers have generally been found to walk; and, in reference to the last of them, it is universally known how distinguished has been their course. As early as 1727 the yearly meeting of Quakers in London solemnly condemned the importation of negroes. Within a few years afterwards, John Woolman, an American Quaker, published those treatises against negro slavery which captivated the gentle Elia. In due time followed Anthony Benezet, more active and more zealous than Woolman, but not more wise: and the same cause never afterwards lacked Quaker advocacy or Quaker support, in every way in which either of them could be applied. We cannot attempt to follow the stream of Quaker benevolence during the eighteenth century. Much of it was medical, witness Fothergill and Lettsom. In one department, that of education, they were soon ahead. We do not mean learning in its higher branches—the Society of Friends can boast of few philosophers, and fewer poets—but a simple, drab-colored, working education within the reach of all. "It would be difficult to find one Quaker," (we quote from the Independent Whig of 1720,) "that cannot read, unless he has been educated and bred up in the church, and become a convert to Quakerism. Whereas, I will venture to affirm that half the common people of the church, especially in the country, cannot read a word." Ackworth and other educational establishments are evidence of their zeal for the instruc-

* Fox's Journal, 386. (A. D., 1666.) Leslie's Theological Works, iv. 314. "There is not a year, hardly a month, wherein some Quaker or other is not going about our streets, here in London, either naked, or in some exotic figure, denouncing woes, judgments, plagues, fire, sword, and famine." (*The Snake in the Grass*, A. D., 1696. See v. 40, a catalogue of these nudities.)

tion of youth. The century closed with the erection of the Retreat at York, in which the Quakers were the first persons in England to adopt a rational treatment of the insane. The two biographies, now before us, will enable us to follow the track of their benevolence up to the present time.

William Allen and Elizabeth Fry ran a considerable portion of their earthly career together. Both were descended from old Quaker families. The former, born in 1770, was the eldest son of an undistinguished silk manufacturer in Spitalfields; the latter, born ten years later, was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham in Norfolk, a younger son of an ancient house. The Gurneys had been Quakers for four generations; and on her mother's side she was descended from Barclay of Ury, the author of "The Apology."

Descents so different and residences far asunder kept William Allen and Elizabeth Fry apart during their early years. From his youth he was remarkable for his activity, and for a fondness for scientific inquiries, principally those connected with chemistry and astronomy. At the age of fourteen, he constructed a telescope for himself, through which he could make observations upon the satellites of Jupiter. His parents were plain, serious people, who made religion attractive to him; and in long after years, Allen's heart was moved and his eyes filled with tears, as he repeated some of the simple lines of Bishop Ken's evening hymn, which had been a portion of the early instruction of a beloved mother and a worthy schoolmistress. After a slight elementary initiation into the first rudiments of learning, he was transferred from a boarding-school to his father's manufactory. But silks and sarcenets, ribbons and gown-pieces, had no charm for the would-be chemist and astronomer. A way was soon opened for the indulgence of his taste. Joseph Gurney Bevan, a cousin of Mrs. Fry's, a well-known Quaker minister, author, and philanthropist, was a practical chemisf, and kept a shop in Plough Court, Gracechurch street. The boy Allen came under his notice; he took him into his employment, fostered the development of his talents, and aided him in his endeavors to repair the want of a more liberal education. Time strengthened the bonds which united them; J. G. Bevan soon admitted Allen to a share in his business, and ultimately gave up the whole of it to Allen and Luke Howard. It was well established and lucrative. Allen's acquirements gave it more extensive usefulness, and it repaid him with considerable wealth. Such is an outline of his life as a tradesman. It was serviceable and creditable; but the praise which belongs to it is but a small item in his history. Whilst working his way up to commercial importance, he was strenuously educating himself for higher efforts. We find him studying Latin, French, German, drawing, short-hand, botany, and various branches of mathematics; sometimes under masters, sometimes alone. By entering as a pupil at Guy's and St. Thomas' hospitals, he acquired a competent knowledge of medicine and surgery. He was an active member of several medical societies, and took a leading part in the institution and management of the London Pharmaceutical Society, of which he was president up to his death, and of the Askesian Society, an association for mutual improvement in philosophical studies, which met at his house in Plough Court. Before this last society, he first began to lecture upon chemistry and experimental philosophy. In 1802, on the solicitation of Dr. Babington and Astley Cooper, he undertook the office of lecturer upon these subjects at Guy's Hospital, and continued to hold it for five-and-twenty years. He delivered, also, several courses of the same lectures at the Royal Institution, and in many other places; and always with great success. In 1807, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. The "Philosophical Transactions" contain an ample vindication of his election in his valuable papers upon the effects of respiration on atmospheric air, and the proportion of carbon in carbonic acid, which were illustrated by a variety of chemical experiments, conducted by himself and his friend, Mr. W. H. Pepys. He himself experimentally tested all the chemical improvements and discoveries of his time; was among the first to welcome the discoveries of Davy; and was one of the founders of the British Mineralogical Society, and afterwards of the London Geological Society. During all this time he retained his early passion for astronomy; and erected an observatory on his residence at Stoke Newington, where, at the close of many a weary day, his toils were forgotten in the details of this delightful science. These occupations led him to prepare, "for his own amusement, tables of the right ascension and declination of the stars from the first to the fourth magnitude, with the places of some of the most interesting double stars." They were found so useful, that he was induced to publish them in 1815, under the title of "A Companion to the Transit Instrument;" the variations in right ascension and declination being given to the end of 1814. From these few facts, we may acquire a notion of his industry as a man of science.

But Allen is principally known in another character, and one more nearly connected with our present purpose—that of a philanthropist. The great cause of the abolition of the slave-trade was the first which called him forth; and ardently and laboriously did he exert himself in its behalf. He was a member, although not an original one, of Clarkson's committee; the two were soon bosom friends, Allen's house became Clarkson's London home, and they worked together. The scarcity of provisions at the close of the last century directed Allen's attention to the condition of the poor, especially in the neighborhood of Spitalfields. In conjunction with William Phillips, Allen called a meeting at the house of another Friend. Twenty persons attended; and thus was instituted the first society for providing soup and other cheap food in a time of distress. The machinery seems to have been principally settled by Allen, who wisely sought to unite with the sale of food the visiting

the poor at their own homes; but he was outvoted. In 1807, Allen assisted in the formation of the institution for promoting the civilization of Africa. He was one of its first directors, and devoted to it a large portion of his time. In the year following, he joined the little band, who met at Mr. Basil Montagu's chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, to found a society for the mitigation of capital punishments; and he exerted himself on several occasions to obtain remissions of the cruel sentences, then but too common. In one instance, he mentions his having been successful through the intervention of "Friend Inglis," a disguise, in which those who know him, will not fail to recognize the honorable member for the university of Oxford. In 1810, Allen instituted a periodical publication, called "The Philanthropist," intended to stimulate the active benevolence of the public, by pointing out to new beginners the right way of doing good. He wrote several papers in it. In 1812, the general distress led not only to the reörganization of the Spitalfield Association, but to the formation of a general society for the relief of the laboring and manufacturing poor. To both of these bodies Allen was a guiding spirit, visiting applicants for relief at their homes, digesting the information contained in the multifarious correspondence of the general society; cramming royal dukes for speeches at public meetings: and ever ready—not merely to assist with heart, hand, and purse in raising the starving poor over their temporary difficulties by temporary aid, but—to devote day and night to the acquisition of that intimate acquaintance with their ordinary state, on the bettering of which their permanent welfare must depend. In the same year, he took an active share in the erection and management of the London Auxiliary Bible Society, and the year afterwards in the formation of another for the same object in the north-east of London, and also of a Friends' Tract Society. In 1815, two societies, one for the diffusion of Christian sentiments on the subject of war, the other for the repression and reformation of the bands of youthful thieves who then abounded in the metropolis, appear prominently among his most anxious thoughts. After that time he is to be traced in savings banks, friendly societies, and, above all, district visiting societies; by the general establishment of which the actual condition of the poor would, he thought, be really ascertained, while from the pains taken in the inquiries they would also be made sensible that they were really cared for, and be effectually encouraged to coöperate for their own improvement. But the question, which occupied the greatest share of his attention, from the year 1808 up to his death, was the Lancasterian system of education, which ultimately led to the British and Foreign School Society. A volume would scarcely suffice to detail the troubles in which he himself and several of his friends became involved by their generous interference in the affairs of Lancaster; but no difficulties could withstand the energy and steadiness of Allen. He continued treasurer of the School Society from its institution to his death, and lived to transplant its principles into most of the countries of Europe.* Another benevolent enterprise, in which he had his share, was that of Robert Owen, of Lanark. In 1813, before the peculiar opinions of Robert Owen were developed, perhaps we ought to say, declared, he united with Owen, Joseph Fox, Alderman Gibbs, and Mr. John Walker, in the purchase of the Lanark Mills. It was a partnership, in entering into which Allen had no other motive than a wish to support what appeared to him to promise well for the comfort and welfare of a large body of work-people, but it occasioned him great anxiety. General opinion soon fixed upon Owen the charge of converting Lanark into "a manufactory of infidels." Nothing could possibly be more abhorrent to the mind and views of Allen. He investigated the subject upon the spot, addressed the people clearly and forcibly in opposition to Owen's views, insisted upon an open recognition of Christianity in the appointment of a schoolmaster and the adoption of a certain system of education; and, finally, when he found all his efforts unavailing, he dissolved the partnership and withdrew.

Many other benevolent designs were indebted to Allen for invaluable assistance; but those which we have mentioned are sufficient to show that his life may in truth be turned to as to an index of the philanthropy of the age. No scheme, by whomsoever started, if it were but founded upon liberal and unsectarian principles, and could be shown to hold out a prospect of benefiting mankind, lacked his support—and, through him, the support of the Society of Friends. At his back there always followed the Foxes, Phillipses, Gurneys, Howards, Frys, Barclays, and other well-known Quaker names; whose numbers made Allen's own character and resources only a portion of the aid which flowed in on his accession to any cause. It is too much to say *ex uno disce omnes:* but it is only justice to conclude, from the support they rendered him, that the spirit of Allen so far animated even the mass, as to become the noble characteristic of the society at large.

And now, having accompanied our Quaker tradesman, chemist, and philanthropist about half way through his peaceable crusade against vice and misery, it is time to be thinking of the Quaker gentlewoman, whose name he would rejoice to find we were associating with his own. Deprived of her mother by death, when in her twelfth year, Elizabeth Gurney and her six sisters were left by a trusting and indulgent father pretty much to their own guidance. He was by no means a strict Quaker, and the young ladies naturally outstepped even the wide and yielding boundaries, within which he thought it proper himself to walk. Their joyous hearts found gratification in many mirthful

* Allen's interference in the affairs of Lancaster brought him into connection with the late Duke of Kent, who thought so highly of his judgment and clear business-like habits, that he made use of his advice in reference to his own affairs, and admitted him into very familiar confidence. Upon the death of the duke, Allen administered to his estate.

things, which were never dreamt of in George Fox's philosophy, and are sternly forbidden in that of his successors. They danced, and sang, and delighted to set off tall graceful figures in becoming dresses; nor did they ever object to "rain bright influence" upon other eyes than those of plain and solid Friends. Any gayety which disturbed the accustomed placidity of Norfolk, was sure to arouse the dwellers at Earlham. The arrival of a regiment of cavalry put Miss Elizabeth into what she terms "a fly-away state;" she became idle, flirting, vain, and found amusement even in novels and scandal; a regimental band "made her feel almost beside herself;" and a royal duke was more than her susceptibility could bear. At the age of seventeen she visited London in the height of the season. She went everywhere and saw everything, from Shakspeare to the musical glasses. Drury Lane and Covent Garden spread their magic mirrors before her. Hamlet and Bluebeard, the Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Decamp, and Banister, dazzled and fascinated her. With great begging, Uncle Barclay took her to the opera. Then comes a merry day with Peter Pindar; and quiet days, on which she had lessons in dancing; and morning visits to Mrs. Inchbald and Amelia Opie; and her hair was dressed *à la mode*, which at first made her feel "like a monkey," but after the lapse of a month, and when she had mustered courage to be "painted a little," she thought that that dressing of the hair "did look pretty for her." The two things in which she owns having special pleasure were scandal and grand company. The former might be had everywhere and at all times; at Earlham and in London—it never failed; but the grand company—this was the attraction of the metropolis. At an opera concert, she makes us her confidantes, so far as to inform us, that "the Prince of Wales was there; and I must say, I felt more pleasure in looking at him than in seeing the rest of the company or hearing the music. I did nothing but admire his royal highness; but I had a very pleasant evening indeed."

In the midst of all this frivolous and dissipating gayety, a great change was coming on. Whilst everything seemed most gorgeous, and the bright beams of earthly splendor shone around her in their treacherous magnificence, the grey twilight of sober Quakerism was softly stealing over her mind. On Sunday the 4th February, 1798, an American Friend, named William Savery, who was travelling in England upon a religious mission, attended at the Friends' meeting house in Norwich. The seven Earlham ladies were there; they never missed the excitement occasioned by the presence of strangers. The assembly consisted of about two hundred persons. As Savery cast his eyes around the little meeting, its appearance pained his heart. It was the gayest company of Quakers he had ever seen. Gone were all the plainness and gravity of the ancient Friend. Wealth and luxury, the pride of life, and the allurements of the world, had evidently prevailed over the self-denying rule of their first founders. As his eye passed from bench to bench, he no doubt observed the seven Earlham sisters, seated conspicuously in a row, under the gallery. One of them, Miss Elizabeth, was not only restless, as she always was at meeting—she wooed all eyes by the smartness of her boots. They were purple, laced with scarlet. Well might the mind of the pastor be stirred within him. He sat long in silence, brooding mournfully in the felt stillness of a Quakers' meeting: and when at last he rose, it was not to threaten, or denounce, but to give a faint and trembling testimony, under a sorrow almost too deep for words. What could he do but weep, who found in this, the very holy place of his sober faith, not the ark and the cherubim, the ancient symbols of their quiet unpretending worship, but the rags and relics of an abhorred and abhorring world? In tones of grief and tribulation he poured forth his lamentation for the loss of the pleasant things of the days of old, and many a heart was softened by the music of his melancholy voice. To Miss Elizabeth the scene was something new. It is a significant token of the character of the Norwich Friends of that day, and of the depth of degradation into which the ministry among them had fallen, that awe-struck, wounded to the quick, as she describes herself to have been, her first feeling was one of surprise that such an impression should have been produced on her by "a plain Quaker!" But the arrow had pierced too deep to be slighted. Torrents of tears astonished her relatives. She sought out the preacher. He was invited to Earlham. She sat like Mary at his feet, listening in wrapt wonder to the man who had first made her "feel that there was a God," and who now, in the bold spirit of a prophet of old, foretold the future eminence in the church of the clever, warm-hearted girl who appeared before him, drowned in almost the sorrow of a Magdalene. For a time, the contest was doubtful. She would go into Norwich, "full of heaven;" but, if it chanced that she met an officer who looked at her with apparent admiration, she returned home, as "full of the world" as ever. In the midst, however, of London gayeties, Savery's prophecy haunted her; his eloquence renewed the fading impression of his first discourse; a letter or two followed, and then, farewell to purple boots and scarlet riding habits, and paint, and dressing of the hair; farewell to flirting with officers and to the delighted contemplation of grand company. The "thee" and "thou," and the plain cap, and the close neckerchief, are all adopted; her wandering thoughts are brought into subjection, and she takes her stand on that path which points to the fulfilment of Savery's prophecy. The part of the Memoir of her Life, edited by two of her daughters, which exhibits the course of this transition—the way in which she closed up her airy wings and passed, as it were, back again from the butterfly into the chrysalis—withdrawing under shelter of an earnest nature into solitary and domestic thought

and feeling—is very interesting, and it is not too long—a praise which can scarcely be awarded to some other portions of the volumes.

The change had not been long accomplished, before she received an offer of marriage from Mr. Joseph Fry, at that time "engaged in extensive business in London." It would have been satisfactory if the chronology of this part of the narrative had been established more decidedly. The want of dates may lead some persons to suppose that Mr. Joseph Fry may possibly be entitled to some share in the credit of the revolution effected through Mr. Savery. Her marriage occasioned her removal to London, where she resided for some years in St. Mildred's Court, in the Poultry, occupying one of those capacious old houses which are to be found in secluded parts of the city; relics of the time when the merchant did not retire after business-hours to his suburban villa. The husband's family were strict Quakers, and besides their frequent visits to St. Milfred's Court, the house of the young married couple was frequented, especially at the yearly meetings, by numbers of the old orthodox members of the persuasion. Grave, venerable dames, dressed up in hoods, with "camlet gowns and aprons green," and low-crowned broad beaver hats, after a fashion now forgotten, (for even Quaker costume has its fashion,) paced solemnly through Elizabeth's drawing-room, in strong contrast to the gayer costumes and the lighter hearts to which she had been accustomed at Earlham. Quaker as she was, the change was a violent, and, for a time, a painful one. Often did her heart yearn for the fresh free air and the enjoyment of nature which she had left behind in Norfolk; and delightedly, when opportunity occurred, did she resume her place among the affectionate family at Earlham. As its members grew up, they took different paths. Some followed her example and adorned the profession of Quakerism; others united themselves to the established church; but neither change of opinion, nor lapse of time, nor separation of place, ever disunited them in heart. "Who has such brothers as I!" was Mrs. Fry's triumphant exclamation many years after her marriage; and the memoir before us presents, in its extracts from her journals, many touching outbreaks of natural affection on the occasional reünion of this scattered fold.

Domestic ties gathered round Mrs. Fry quickly. Before the end of 1816 she was the mother of ten children, and an eleventh was added in 1822. In the mean time they had removed to a house at Plashet in Essex, which had been the residence of her husband's father, retaining along with it the town-house in St. Mildred's Court. Her heart, however, it appears, all along was clinging in secret to that hope of greater usefulness in the church, to which Savery had bade her look as her true calling. Such prophecies, which belong to the class that help to fulfil themselves, are common among the Quakers.* The exhibition of "gifts" by a young disciple is sure to elicit from some one, who feels that his own course is drawing to a close, some words of encouragement, half hope, half compliment, which are received with a confidence, and remembered with a fondness, beyond what the utterer of them can have presumed upon. It is obvious from Savery's own account that he had no faith in his prediction; but such was not the case with his young friend. A nervous, sensitive being, living among women who were highly esteemed because they were believed to be divinely moved, and led by previous circumstances to anticipate that such was to be her own experience, she early began to feel the stirring of that spirit within, which it was considered criminal to disregard. For a time a womanly timidity held her back, but a deliverance which it was honorable to make, and which she thought it her duty to make, must sooner or later force its way. Always, as we have seen, highly impressible, Mrs. Fry went into Norfolk in 1809, to attend the death-bed of her father. The occasion was a peculiarly exciting one; it was in the presence of her brothers and sisters, and over the corpse of their beloved parent, that she first poured forth her prophetic strain. It consisted of a few sentences, almost entirely taken from Holy Writ. The same words were repeated by her at the time of the interment. The whole proceeding was so much in accordance with Quaker customs and notions, that it was not at the time regarded by the rest of the family as anything singular or remarkable. But it immediately altered Mrs. Fry's position in the society. She was no longer a mere hearer; she became a probationer for the ministry. The ice once broken, she proceeded in the natural course. Timidity wore off. She ascended from a few sentences to many, from speaking in her usual meeting house to ministering in other assemblies, from addressing her family to exercising the clerical function among strangers, and so on, step by step, until she became one of the most fluent and touching of the Quaker female ministry. Her ordinary style of address was calm and gentle, with great tenderness and an occasional solemnity, which was very striking. Her exercise of the ministry brought her into more intimate acquaintance with all the leading members of the society; and, among them, with William Allen. He notices in his Journal, with great interest, the first and second occasions of her speaking in the Grace-church street meeting, of which they were both members; and again commemorates her attendance and her speaking at a public meeting of poor persons in Spitalfields, called by the Quakers on the 31st December, 1812, at the request of Stephen Grellet, an eminent American Quaker, then in this country.

The powers which she displayed at that meeting appear to have led to her first visit to a prison

* There are many similar cases in the lives of the early Quakers. Allen was encouraged by prophetical communications from Mary Sterry, Mary Stacy, and Sarah Lynes, three Quaker Huldahs; and Savery's words were riveted into the mind of Mrs. Fry by another Huldah, Deborah Darly.

within the following month. Stephen Grellet and three other Quakers, William Allen being one of them, inspected the condition of the male prisoners in Newgate. The result made them anxious for similar inquiries concerning the female prisoners. The weather was inclement: the sufferings of the prisoners great. Mrs. Fry's address to the poor people in Spitalfields, "many of them women with infants in their arms," was fresh in all their memories, and they begged of her to undertake a mission, for which she had shown herself to be so well qualified. William Forster was particularly urgent with her; and after some hesitation she consented. Accompanied by Anna Buxton, a sister of her brother-in-law, Mr., afterwards Sir, Thomas Fowell Buxton, she proceeded to the prison on the 16th of February, 1813. Nearly three hundred women, with their numerous children, were crowded into four rooms comprising about one hundred and ninety superficial yards. They were all huddled together, "tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons; without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision, in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging when any stranger appeared among them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond that necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without."—(I. 205.) These are some of the features of the old prison system. It is well to bring them now and then before our eyes again, lest we should forget from what horrors we have been relieved; especially at a time when appearances must occasionally suggest the possibility that our eager benevolence, like the vaulting ambition of Macbeth, may "have o'erleapt itself, and fallen on the other side."

Four years elapsed between Mrs. Fry's first and second visit to these "gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;" so slowly does the good seed germinate. They were years of much occupation and frequent sorrow; years also of great mental strengthening. The power of self-control, that inner faculty by which she was enabled to check, and guide, and regulate her emotions, was developed in them and made perfect. The last remains of youthful instability and frivolity disappeared; and when again she made her entry upon the scenes with which her name will be forever associated, it was as one "thoroughly furnished for the work in hand;" no sister of charity ever went forth to do more gently and devotedly the bidding of their common mission. There was a dignity in her quiet, simple, kindly, self-possession when among the prisoners, and at all times a holy self-prostration before Him, whose work she believed herself to be performing. The two natures blended beautifully together for the turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, and for subduing their reckless spirits to that service which alone could set them free. The practical points of improvement which she strove to effect in prison discipline, were principally five:—1. The appointment of prison matrons, or female officers to have the custody of female prisoners. 2. The confinement of women in separate prisons. 3. The classification of prisoners by such elementary distinctions, as whether tried or untried, and according to the nature of their offences. 4. The instruction of prisoners, principally in religion, with a view to their reformation; and, 5. Their employment. We cannot follow her course; we cannot indicate it even in outline. It is unnecessary. The sound has gone out into all lands; to the very ends of the earth the labors of Mrs. Fry have contributed to make a prison no longer a cage for wild beasts, but a "religious place," a place of repentance and sorrow, of discipline and self-denial, and—alas, that it should be so—to thousands of our fellow-subjects, the only place in which they are ever taught their duty to God or man.

The Quakers, who had led the way in reforming our lunatic asylums, are also entitled to the whole credit of the still greater social movement, which we are now describing. The subject was kept alive in the mind of Mrs. Fry, between her first visit to Newgate and her second, by the efforts of those around her, who were engaged on kindred objects; and when her plans were matured, the Ladies Association, by means of which they were carried out, consisted of the "wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the society of Friends." All honor be to them! In well regulated prisons such voluntary efforts may be unnecessary, and even in some instances harmful; but, at the time when the association was first instituted, Newgate and the gaols throughout the kingdom were in a condition in which the interposition of such associations was peremptorily required. Nor were their merciful labors blessed only to the unhappy wretches whom they brought under the dominion of decency and order, and, in many instances, of religion. The world at large was benefited by the attention which they drew to the vast importance of the reforms which they had at heart, and by the facts and materials which they furnished to the practical legislator. Within a very few years many ladies' associations were instituted. Mrs. Fry personally inspected prisons in all parts of Great Britain, and assisted in establishing many committees for visiting female prisoners. These journeys greatly increased her own experience and knowledge, and produced several publications which tended to diffuse information and create an interest in prison discipline. It was the natural consequence of success, that the sphere of the laborers who had achieved it should enlarge on every side. No prisoner, who had been once sub-

ject to their superintendence, was allowed to be lost sight of. Whether within Newgate or without, before trial or after conviction, during the voyage, on their arrival at the penal colony, or on their return home after their discharge—all, whom they had had once in charge, were perpetual objects of anxiety to them. Every ship, carrying out female convicts, was visited and supplied with religious books. Every convict was furnished with work to be performed during the voyage, and with a variety of articles conducive to cleanliness or occupation. Successive governments were prevailed upon to secure to criminals under sentence of transportation as favorable treatment as was compatible with their situations and offences. But the appointment of matrons for convict ships, and a classification of convicts on the voyage, was more than could be accomplished. Mrs. Fry's chief associate in this part of her labors was a Quaker lady, named Pryor. Discharged prisoners, and the multitudes of vicious children who roam about the streets of London, were not left unnoticed. Miss Neave was induced, by a casual observation of Mrs. Fry's, to take the former under her charge, and Mrs. Shaw the latter. An asylum and a school of discipline were the result.

Such was the life of Mrs. Fry, in its leading and characteristic features. But wherever she went, at whatever place she might happen to reside for a few weeks, her presence was immediately visible. Brighton owed one of the earliest District Visiting Societies, established upon a comprehensive plan, to an accidental visit from her. All parties laid aside, for a while, their feuds, (for religion and even charity have their feuds,) and rallied round the Quaker lady. At this time her attention was drawn to the condition of the persons employed on the coast guard or preventive service. Stationed in dreary and almost inaccessible places; forbidden to hold communication with the inhabitants of the surrounding districts; unpopular, and harassed by nocturnal watching in all weathers and by continual affrays with smugglers, their situation, and that of their wives and children, attracted her sympathy. The number of persons who were thus cut off from all the ordinary sources of instruction were found to amount to twenty thousand. She communicated with the government in their behalf, succeeded in forming a society, raised a liberal subscription among her acquaintance, and had ultimately the satisfaction of seeing established a respectable library of useful books at every one of the 620 stations round the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. Upwards of 52,000 volumes of all kinds were distributed for this purpose. She had only to touch them with her wand, and people became aware of their deficiencies, and ashamed of their indifference. She inspired others; and many of the most useful societies scattered over the kingdom—as Visiting Societies, Friendly Societies, Servants' Homes, or the like—sprang up from her casual presence in a particular neighborhood.

We have indicated the principal home objects to which the benevolence of modern Quakerism has been directed by William Allen, Mrs. Fry, and their allies. But their exertions were not confined to Great Britain. The foreign labors of William Allen commenced almost immediately with the peace of 1815. There are certain little settlements of Quakers, or, "persons professing with Friends," in various parts of the continent of Europe, with which it has ever been the practice of the English and American Quakers to keep up a frequent intercourse. Pyrmont, in the centre of Germany, and Congenies, in the south of France, the chief of these Quaker cities of refuge, have been visited by many of the leading Friends George Dillwyn visited Pyrmont in 1790; John Pemberton died there in 1794; and William Savery was there in 1796. No sooner was the continent opened to Englishmen by the general peace, than the eyes of the English Quakers fondly turned towards their continental brethren. "A religious concern" for their welfare became general; and the yearly meeting of 1816 appointed William Allen to pay them a sort of official visit. He was accompanied by his wife, by Elizabeth Fry—Mrs. Fry's sister-in-law—and by several others of his personal friends. The journey was conducted after Quaker fashion, and was made conducive to many Quaker interests. Neither palaces, nor pictures, nor works of art, nor the great, nor the learned, were the chief attractions to these sober tourists. It was the gaol and the hospital, schools and charitable societies, worthy persons connected with them, or mystics—persons ordinarily held in disesteem, as righteous overmuch —that they "went out for to see." The journey was an unhappy one to poor Allen. He visited Pyrmont, and succeeded in reconciling a very unquaker-like feud, which divided its leading Friends; but at Geneva his wife was taken ill, and died. In the following year, he resumed the journey, which had been interrupted by this melancholy event. They reached Congenies; and the distant Friends, seated in that vicinity, were assisted in re-settling the discipline of their church upon the old foundation. The success of these efforts led him further a-field. In August, 1818, he set out with the American Friend, Stephen Grellet, to visit a small Quaker flock living near Stavanger, on the rocky coast of Norway; whence, having compassed the same importa t object as at Congenies, they went across from Christiansand to Christiania, Stockholm, Abo, and finally, to St. Petersburg. There Allen had already a friend at head-quarters. In their character of no respecters of persons, Fox and his disciples had from the first approached principalities and powers with great familiarity, and, on the other hand, had been treated with extraordinary favor by them. Some had had the boldness to try what impression could be produced upon the pope; and one female, or more, had made her way into the presence of the Grand Turk himself. But the royal intimacies of W. Allen and Mrs. Fry were better grounded. The Emperor Alexander, on his visit to London,

in 1815, had made many inquiries respecting the Quakers. He was attended by Allen to one of their meetings; and he afterwards had a long private interview with Allen and Stephen Grellet, respecting their tenets, in most of which he declared his concurrence. On his way to his place of embarkation, he visited the house of one of the Rickmans, from a desire to become acquainted with the home-economy of the sect; and, wherever he went, he expressed a wish that Quakers should establish themselves in his empire. Two years afterwards, being about to engage on some large works of drainage, in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, the emperor directed inquiry to be made in England for a suitable manager for the work, and requested that a preference might be given to any member of the Society of Friends. The appointment was accepted by Daniel Wheeler, of Sheffield; and at the time of Allen's visit to St. Petersburg, Wheeler was settled there with his family and several other Quakers. Prince Alexander Galitzin, and his secretary Basil Papof, were warmly interested in Allen's favor through a letter from Lord Teignmouth. Thus everything was open to them. They remained four months at St. Petersburg, inspecting all the public institutions, and holding repeated conferences with the emperor and other distinguished patrons of religious and charitable objects. Mrs. Fry's success in Newgate was a frequent theme; and by communicating information upon prison discipline, and exciting an interest concerning education, especially in the Russian army, this part of their visit it may be hoped was of essential service; at least, at the time it was full of promise. On the 16th of March, 1819, the travellers left St. Petersburg; they proceeded to Moscow, where they devoted a month to the minute examination of the public institutions, sending written reports to the emperor and empress mother. From Moscow, they went into the Crimea, to visit a community of Malakans or Spiritual Christians, and certain colonies of German Mennonites—the sect whose relief by Father William of Nassau under their conscientious objection to an oath was the honorable precedent on which his descendant William III. afterwards relieved the English Quakers. Here, again, Allen's Diary presents us with a new and striking picture. Near Cherson, they visited the tomb of Mrs. Fry's predecessor, John Howard; and sailing from Odessa to Constantinople, Smyrna, and Scio, were eleven days crossing to Athens. In the Ionian Islands and Malta they preached the cause of the British and Foreign School Society with considerable success, returned through Italy and France, and reached home in February, 1820. The principal acquaintances which Allen formed during this long absence were assiduously cultivated and kept open as so many channels of philanthropical correspondence throughout nearly every country of Europe. He appears to have turned them from time to time to excellent account; and they peculiarly qualified him for his next continental service—which was an endeavor to procure from the Congress of Verona a European declaration, pronouncing the slave trade piracy. Unfortunately, he succeeded only in part; but his intercourse on the subject with the Emperor Alexander, Prince Esterhazy, and the Duke of Wellington, is an admirable specimen not only of the humanity, but also of the skill of the Quaker diplomatist. On his way to Vienna, he visited the *Inspirées* at Nieuwied; and on his return from Verona, the Waldenses, in the valley of La Tour. In 1832, he again accompanied Stephen Grellet on a tour through various parts of Holland and Germany. Their first object of inspection was an infant school, which one of the Quaker meetings in London had established at Amsterdam. The funds, by which it had been set up, were part of the proceeds of a Dutch ship, captured during the war, to which a Quaker had become entitled. As far as the owners could be traced, the money had been returned to them; the residue was applied to founding an infant school in Amsterdam. It was the first school of the kind in Holland; at present, there are one or more of them in every town. They visited the colony of Frederick's Oord, and their old acquaintances at Minden and Pyrmont, minutely examined the Orphan House at Halle, discovered a colony of Mennonites at Maxweiler, in the Donaumoos in Bohemia, and extended their tour of research into public institutions of every kind throughout Austria and Hungary. Allen returned home in October, 1832; but rejoined Grellet at Paris at the end of the following January, when they proceeded together into Spain. Even in this incomprehensible country they met with the same facilities, and pursued the same course as they had done in other places. They made reports to the king upon the state of the public establishments in Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona; and were the means of founding at Madrid a model school upon the principles of the British and Foreign School Society. The Bible in Spain may yet flourish.

Foreign travel, for the purpose of spreading her views of prison discipline, was also widely acted upon by Mrs. Fry. In 1838, and again in 1839, she visited Paris, and various parts of France and Switzerland. She came to the task with great advantages. Notices in newspapers, various published works, and the far-pervading correspondence of the Quakers, had previously made her name "a word of beauty" throughout the continent. In many places her plans had been already partially adopted. Here and there some single individuals were unostentatiously occupied, as Prison-Visitors, in giving them effect; hitherto, however, with little aid or sympathy from the public. But the presence of Mrs. Fry herself drew general attention to the subject. The French government introduced female keepers into the prison of St. Lazare; and ladies' associations were recognised and encouraged in the principal cities of Europe. In 1840, Mrs. Fry returned to the continent in company with her brother Samuel Gurney, and William Allen. Their course lay through Ostend,

Brussels, the Hague, Minden, Pyrmont, Hanover, Berlin, Dresden, Gotha, Frankfort, and Antwerp. Their passage was a line of light. Their arrival was the signal for public meetings; and Mrs. Fry expounded her lessons of philanthropy before such audiences as could hastily be gathered together. The effects were striking. From one end of their course to the other, the human heart was stirred, associations were formed, and measures taken for the improvement of prison discipline. The good work was kept alive by several subsequent journeys; and throughout northern and central Europe, with the exception of Austria, the public was effectually aroused. By Quaker influence the same results were accomplished at Philadelphia; as since also in many other parts of the United States.

Allen's latest labors were in connection with home colonization and the establishment of industrial schools. He not only wrote upon the subject, but purchased a property at Lindfield, in Sussex, and practically illustrated his views by the erection of commodious cottages, with an adequate allotment of land attached to each. He built schools, in which the course of education comprised every subject that can be of use to the scientific, as well as to the merely practical, agriculturist. Household employments, useful trades, and even the higher branches of philosophical knowledge, came within the wide range of instruction which Allen provided and superintended at Lindfield. There he passed the last few years of his life, and there he died at the close of 1843. Mrs. Fry survived him not quite two years.

The "Life of William Allen" presents but few personal traits of the individual man. The strong benevolence of his nature lighted up his countenance with a sweet and cheerful joy. But a quiet self-possession and an unconquerable perseverance were the leading features of his character. The former quality was occasionally disturbed and shaken, the latter never. Wherever he penetrated—and his paths lay occasionally, as we have seen, in tracts where no one would have expected to meet with him—he ever remained the same serene and placid person. To a man so born and bred, what trial of character could be greater than the intimate relation into which he was received by the czar of all the Russias? The Emperor Alexander, the most absolute of earthly potentates, admitted the plain Quaker into his closet, treated him with a respect entirely filial, revealed to him the secrets of his innermost life, consulted him upon points of the nearest and dearest interest, knelt by his side in private worship, and, in one word, showed him the reverence due to an apostle of peace and good will on earth, a messenger from the Most High. Once only does Allen seem to have been moved by the difficulties of his position; not that he was carried away by any feeling of self-elation, but almost vanquished by the overflowing of a softened heart. Taking leave of the emperor, in 1819, at the close of a lengthened interview, Allen says, "I rose, turned round, and knelt down; the emperor came to the sofa, and knelt down by me, and now strength was given me beyond what I had ever felt before, and the precious power accompanied the words. When it was finished, I paused a little, and then rose; he rose soon afterwards, and we sat a few minutes in silence; we then prepared to take leave; the emperor was much affected, and held us by the hand—it was a solemn parting; he raised my hand to his lips, and kissed it. I was now anxious to be gone, and moved towards the door, and, after taking leave of Stephen, the emperor went hastily into another room." (ii. 16.) A scene of this kind was one in which it was impossible to take part without emotion. Much more did the deep trials of his private life—(the successive loss, by death, of three wives, an only child, and a favorite niece who lived with him)—pierce through his calm exterior. But in the ordinary business of the world, and in the transaction of the manifold affairs in which he was constantly engaged, he continued always composed and practical. He had little imagination, and had been irregularly and inadequately educated. Yet, in business, he was found ever ready with an expedient; prompt, not only in seeing what ought to be done, but in devising judicious means for its accomplishment. These were the qualities which rendered him an invaluable coadjutor in the various societies with which he was connected. He attended their meetings, not to make speeches—(it was as late as the year 1818 before he uttered his first few words as a minister among the Friends)—but to help on the work, and to inspire the irresolute and desponding with his own most Christian confidence. A belief in the triumph of truth and virtue is, in other words, a belief in the moral government of God; and what other source of moral courage can be half so sure? On the rejection, in 1810, of one of Sir Samuel Romilly's motions for the diminution of capital punishments, Allen simply remarked, "We are by no means discouraged. * * * One great object, that of public discussion, is obtained; and whenever a proposed measure is founded on humanity and good sense, we need not doubt of ultimate success." This was the law of his life. In this faith he persevered, and he has left us a noble example in the success, which, by never doubting, he realized at last. There is scarcely a principle of social improvement for which Allen contended, that has not already gradually worked its way to almost general acceptance. Let us too, therefore, hope that other truths, which are Utopian to-day, are only biding their quiet time, like seed committed to the faithful soil, to become in their turn facts to-morrow.

Mrs. Fry was a person essentially different. Quakerism might, in some respects, have narrowed the circle of William Allen's usefulness, for he had the elements of a philosopher and a statesman in him—at least what looks such. But Quakerism was the very thing which, we may almost say, created the usefulness of Mrs. Fry. Among the Quakers now-a-days, the ministry has principally fallen into the hands of women. This eviden

token of a decaying sect exercises a marked influence upon Quakeresses. Their practice in the ministry not merely gives them presence of mind, and strength, and self-command; it calls out a talent, in which the sex has never been supposed wanting, but which they have seldom an opportunity of cultivating in any systematic or exalted form. Whatever we may lose in pathetic eloquence for lack of female orators in our pulpits or our tribunes, society, not nature, is responsible. This gift, which the women of other sects are obliged altogether to suppress, or to confine to their most intimate domestic circles, perhaps to their pens, raises those who possess it among the Quakers to a preëminence in station and importance, which can scarcely be understood in other communities. It renders things easy and natural to them, which, in other women, would be considered unfeminine and indecorous. Mrs. Fry possessed this gift. Its exercise, and the business connected with the society into which she was led by the ministry, were as a school of training for her other efforts. She who, by the opening grave, could pour balm into the hearts of sorrowing survivors, and animate them to fresh hope by the glorious anticipation of worlds into which death has never entered—affecting services in which Mrs. Fry was most effective—would have little difficulty in finding the way also to the sinner's heart; whenever the sanctuary of love and awe, so natural to every human bosom, had been degraded only, but not destroyed. She who could break the deep unearthly stillness of a Quakers' meeting, and with tones "full of tenderness and a restraining modesty"—Charles Lamb must have heard Mrs. Fry—and could deliver a message of love, or encouragement, or warning, or, perhaps, but it was seldom, of reproof—would be far less shaken by the fashionable auditories which assembled around her at Newgate and elsewhere, and came prepared to wonder and applaud. She was herself as ignorant as they were of the real importance of her "calling," when she first embarked upon it; but Quaker ministrations had taught and strengthened her. And whilst other ladies, whom a sense of humanity and duty had brought into those scenes, were able to do little more than flit here and there, inquiring, "What has this woman done?" and, "Why are you in prison, my dear?" the veteran Quakeress hushed all such questions with one general condemnation—"We have all come short!"—and so, by acknowledging our common nature under its worst of falls, made good an opening, through which the messenger of repentance and of peace might enter in.

It is, perhaps, the highest point of all in the character of Mrs. Fry, that she was not spoiled by the public stage on which she was required to exhibit herself, and by the flattery which she had in consequence to undergo. A continual feeling of dependence was her safety. Retiring to her closet, and testing there the condition of her heart by a most rigid law, the contamination contracted elsewhere rose off at once and left her purified and invigorated for future combats. The severity with which she judged herself, and the contrition which she has occasionally expressed in her journal, have alarmed the editors, lest her language should convey an unfavorable impression of her temper. Although the value and meaning of Mrs. Fry's remarks must be understood at once by those who can enter into the spirit in which she wrote, yet no excuse is wanted for the amiable jealousy of the editors. The fame of such a mother is not only an inheritance but a trust. And what an evidence have they produced! "Those most closely connected with her, in the nearest and the most familiar relations of life, can unhesitatingly bear their testimony to the fact that they never saw her in what is called a pet, or heard an angry or passionate expression of displeasure pass from her lips." She had the good fortune to be born thoroughly feminine—which all women are not:—and her woman's heart and a host of feminine peculiarities stood by her to the last. Amidst all the attention paid to her, by persons of all ranks, from the late King of Prussia (who was to her pretty nearly what the Emperor Alexander was to Allen) down to the humblest penitent in a gaol or house of industry—she remained a simple, unspoiled woman; coaxing her own children, and fondling the children of other people with "the gentlest touch" that can be conceived; over-indulgent to those dependent upon her, and nervously sensitive upon a hundred little matters of ordinary life, which sink into utter insignificance by the side of the great objects to which her heart and higher nature had been raised. These were points of character which Quakerism could not master; and the revelation of them only makes us love and respect Mrs. Fry the more.

William Allen and Mrs. Fry are great examples. We have seen them walking in the paths of usefulness and philanthropy with the simplicity and independence of private persons, but surrounded by a brightness as visible and distinct as ever followed the march of Cæsar with an army or "a senate at his heels." But whilst we do homage to the suavity and energy of their individual characters—to the ability with which they combined new elements in their humane experiments, and arrived accordingly at new and admirable results—let us not forget that, as in more ordinary campaigns, so in the warfare against ignorance and vice, but little can be brought to pass without numbers, without organization, without something like an army disciplined by the authority and animated by the spirit of its leaders. The prophetical sagacity of individuals may originate the first idea; the eloquence of individuals may clothe it in inspiring words, until a trumpet, louder far than what was heard at Roncesvalles, awakes the nations from their sleep. Such persons are our natural leaders on all great questions; their names become identified with the cause. And right they should. But the cause never could have triumphed unless it had enlisted numbers, men in every degree fitted for the several offices assigned to them, and contented to take

their place obscurely in the ranks. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and many servants. "They also serve who only stand and wait." And, in this way, Quakerism has supplied many humble but scarcely less useful helpers, pioneers of still future victories, diffusers of that charitable yet persevering spirit, by which prejudice and bigotry are certain to be overcome in the end. Witness Hannah Kilham, a Quaker matron, venturing among the savage tribes of the coast of Africa, to learn on the spot by what means civilization can be best introduced among them, and the traffic in flesh and blood most effectually stopped; witness her relation, Ann Kilham, from more zeal in the cause of education, posting off to take charge of a model school at St. Petersburg; witness Daniel Wheeler, wandering forth among the islands of the Pacific on a voyage of missionary inspection; witness Joseph John Gurney silencing the clamors against negro emancipation by investigating its results on a personal visit to the West Indies; witness the Aborigines Committee, who have undertaken the thankless office of shaming their fellow-countrymen into some consideration for those evils, which the wantonness or rapacity of British settlers has brought down upon an unhappy and unfriended portion of the human race. Finally, for we must close, witness the late exertions of the Quakers in behalf of famine-smitten Ireland.

Thank God, all our divisions, with their bitterness and their folly, disappeared for a season under our consternation and compassion, upon the occasion of this terrible calamity—the most fearful visitation of modern times. But taking into consideration their numbers and their means, no class of contributors can compare with the Quakers for the munificence, judiciousness, and earnestness of their bounty. Money has been a small part of what they have given. Leading men among them traversed the country from place to place, urging the bewildered sufferers to exertion, personally directing the efforts for relief, instructing committees upon practical subjects, and carrying succor to wild or mountainous regions, into which traders in provisions had not penetrated, or from which they kept aloof. Shrewd, sensible reports, from clear-headed practical men, spread far and wide plain details of the actual condition of the famishing country. One of the best books upon the evils of Ireland and their remedy, is Jonathan Pim's, one of the secretaries to the Dublin Friends' Relief Committee. It was their appeals which first roused our brethren in America, and, by so doing, led the way to those magnificent contributions which constitute the most honorable exhibition of national sympathy on record. We cannot resist adding, that up to the present moment the citizens of the United States are continuing their noble offices of kindness to our starving and infected emigrants who still continue flying, in unusual numbers and unusual misery, to their hospitable shores. Liverpool must not complain. It is now some weeks since the Commission at New York had lost seven doctors, thirteen overseers, and two of the commissioners themselves by the contagion, besides their president and most efficient man. The American subscriptions were placed at the disposal of the Society of Friends. They have proved themselves worthy of the trust. By an uncostly system of management, the funds in their hands have been made productive of the greatest possible amount of relief, at the same time that the apportionment has been prompt and unsectarian.

It is from such facts as those we have commented upon, that we ought to estimate the character of modern Quakerism. Some of their sectarian peculiarities are, upon their own showing, incapable of reasonable defence; but those who will take the trouble to judge of the Quakers by their lives, will come infallibly to the conclusion, that, however much they may differ from their fellow-worshippers in the outward tokens of Christian fellowship, they are distinguished by other still more noticeable singularities—not simply by their blamelessness and neutral virtues, but by being men of purpose and of action. They are singular throughout Christendom for the characteristic merit of frankly acting upon the principles they profess, and for having chosen, for their great principle of action, one worth all the rest—that of "going about doing good."

Yet the society of Friends is said to be disappearing gradually in both the Old World and the New. We would gladly think that this is to be accounted for, both by the world having got so much better that Quakers need no longer be very much afraid of it, and also by Quakers having got so much wiser as not to continue standing out on trifles. We have drawn nearer to each other; and should draw nearer still, were it not for the merely formal things in their society. Their discipline magnifies the importance of externals; their "minor testimonies," which are no longer needed as protections, operate as clogs, and obstacles, and snares. Upon these subjects, neither the warnings nor the experience of Mrs. Fry should be disregarded. On the one hand, she has commemorated many moments of unnecessary suffering, which she might well have spared herself, arising out of the passing over of so many members of her family into the Church of England. On the other, she found her own "spiritual borders" widely extended by her more general religious associations; and she has left it as her recorded opinion, that "nothing was so likely to cause the society of Friends to remain a living and spiritual body, as its being willing *to stand open to improvement*." This in one sense—we will not call it a sectarian sense—we have no doubt is true. But there is another form, and a still higher one—which, however we might miss for a time both the Quaker speech and the Quaker bonnet—we should not be sorry to see their desire for improvement taking; we mean, that they would agree to break down the thin partition wall, which in this our day is so needlessly severing them, as a body, from many Christian brethren, with whom they are really one in spirit and in truth.

From Chambers' Journal.

INNS.

It is pleasant to take one's ease in one's inn; but it is essential to the realization of the idea that it should be a good inn. For an inn to be good, there is no necessity that it should be fine. It may be fine, and not good. The quality of goodness in an inn depends on its fulfilling the ideal of its own pretensions, whatever these are. All we require is, that it should be good of its class—that is, if it be a grand inn, that it should be grand without any derogatory slatternliness, any misapplication of servant power, or any other drawback from splendor; if a humble inn, pretending only to a moderate presentment of comforts, that it should really be a tolerable home for its own class of customers; and so forth. These postulates being attained, then we may each take our ease in our inn indeed; and a very great privilege it is to be able to do so at usually so small an expenditure of money. Duty, pleasure, whim, or whatever else, calls us out from home—we travel or ramble all day—it is perhaps a wilderness, with only a few cottages scattered over it; but, lo! it is a post-road we are upon; and there, for certain, at the end of a few miles, rises a goodly house, furnished with all the ordinary comforts of refined life—there a smiling welcome awaits us: if wet, we are sympathized with and dried; if hungry, the table is instantly spread: we lounge over a good fire all the remainder of the evening, and for the night repose among sheets redolent of the daisies where they were bleached. Mere payment of a bill next morning, though a legal, is not a moral discharge for all these benefits. Never do I enjoy them without a personal thankfulness to the honest people who have chosen a mode of livelihood so useful and so kindly towards their fellow-creatures, as well as a more sentimental gratitude for the privilege of living in a country so settled, and so advanced in the things of civilization, as to admit of such a regular, albeit mercantile system of hospitality.

Between the highest and humblest of all things the intervals are usually enormous—for example, as has been somewhere remarked, between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the hedge parson, or between Sir Astley Cooper and the village apothecary—however they may be describable by common names, as in these cases clergyman, or doctor. So between Mivart's, with its rows of fifteen windows to Brook street, or Douglas' and Barry's in Edinburgh, or Gresham's in Dublin, and the modest auberge of the village, with its "red lion predominating over a punch-bowl," or its black bull, with gilt hoofs and horns, the interspace is vast; and yet they all belong to the genus *inn*, as well as the hundred shades of variety which stand between. All, too, may have their virtues, if conducted in a fitting manner—on that everything depends. There is something interesting, almost awing, in an outrageously large inn. To be shown with your carpet-bag into No. 189, or 217, is of the nature of an impressive event—somewhat chilling, too, perhaps, seeing how individuality sinks when you consider that you are only one of a multitude making your home for the night in this vast house. One feels in such a case of wonderfully small account in the eyes of both servants and masters. Your illness, or even death, would hardly fix their regard for a moment. The beauty, however, is in the regularity—the system. The bed-chambering power perfect as clockwork, in despite of Virgil and his *varium et mutabile*. Breakfasts appear at order, as if some law presided over the association of the various things on the tray and their coming up stairs. There is even a generalization of hot shaving water which seems marvellous. One could almost suppose that boots walk down stairs, clean themselves, and come up again. Mechanical, sentimentless, cold, and unloving is the whole affair, yet how admirably adapted for a general effect in giving comfort and expeding wishes! How excellent entirely in its own way!

Where small inns are tolerably well managed, I feel them to be, upon the whole, more agreeable. If newly started from a home where you are in the receipt of some daily respect as husband, father, and master, it is rather an unpleasant plunge to take your place at once as No. 217, with only a few pieces of human mechanism, in the shapes of waiter, cham'aid, and boots, floating gelidly about you. The greater conspicuousness and consequence which you attain at a small inn, makes the transition less. The gentleman in No. 5 parlor, with his two candles, is somebody. If the portmanteau and the man had alike a respectable appearance, he may depend upon the speculations of both waiter and landlord having taken a turn in his favor; the first practical result of which will probably have been a mission of the landlady to the kitchen to see that cook is sufficiently particular in doing that fowl for dinner. John, in laying the cloth, if he sees anything like an opening, will be sure to prove conversational, remarking probably on the anticipated effects of the railway commencing in autumn, which, he thinks, must for certain cause an omnibus to leave the house and come to it at least twice a day. Or perhaps we had a great farmers' ball in the big room two nights ago, at which there were such doings. The landlord himself, if you cross him in the lobby, or saunter out upon him in front of the house, is found to observe no chilling distance—very different from the invisible deities of the grand caravansaries. You may soon wind off from him the whole chat of the country side. The landlord of such an inn is generally but a half-occupied man. The lady being always of superior importance in house management, he has no chance of keeping up in any dignity of duty, unless he has a little farm for raising the provender consumed in the house, in which case he may be enabled to consider himself as a man of some small consequence. From the general operation of this semi-vacuity or enforced idleness, your landlord is usually social and gossippy. Great matter it is for the superior moiety, if she only can contrive to keep him from doing any positive harm.

There is a particular class of inns above all others agreeable—those which, being situated in some favorite haunt of amusement-seekers, have only to endeavor to be agreeable places for the spending of a few days, or even of one day, and their whole function is served. No great posting system, no tavern business, no pell-mell of stage-coaches, no "commercial gentlemen" to take a lead as customers. Generally situated in some pleasant nook, with an esplanade looking out upon the lake, the vale, or whatever else the place is celebrated for: nice parlors, clean airy bedrooms, very likely a pianoforte in your room; appearances of elegant life in the people of the house, and nothing sordid or shabby in their system of entertaining and charging. Here it is truly delightful to experience that warmth of welcome which belongs to inns—light-hearted ramblings all day—the comforts of the inn in the evening. All the better if the telegraph wires of the post-office have been cut behind you. Your ordinary world forgot: the whole sense of duty, that usually sits so heavy, thrown away for the time. Alas! what is life to the best of us but a long series of cares, with three or four such little affairs of relaxation interspersed! Inns of this pleasant kind are to be seen at Matlock, at places in the Isle of Wight—Ventnor, for instance—about the Cumberland lakes, and also in our own dear Highlands. Reader, there is a nook of the world called by a name which, ten to one, you cannot pronounce—Drumnadrochit. Nestling in a fine glen near the banks of Loch Ness, it is an inn for a romance. A Shelley might have chosen it as a retreat in which to compose one of his poems. Oxford students do, I believe, haunt it as a fitting place for their summer studies. Of all the generation of pleasant inns, this is by many degrees the pleasantest I have ever chanced to be in, be the rest what they may. It is more like that parsonage which a waggish friend recommended its non-resident tenant to advertise as a proper place for an eternal succession of honeymoon parties than anything else. From the perfect resemblance which everything bears to what you see in an ordinary house—here, too, you find a piano in the parlor—from the kindly simplicity of the attendants, and the neatness and taste presiding over all your entertainments, you feel that you lose nothing in life by being in Invernesshire instead of at home. Such inns might be expected in some Utopia, where mercenary feelings had given way to universal kindliness and mutual serviceableness.

I am not quite sure if it be a wise arrangement which gives landladies in general such a precedence over their lords in the management of inns. It is all very true that, an inn being chiefly a domestic matter, and woman being more especially the domestic sex, we may naturally expect to see the lady taking a leading share of the common duty. I think it, however, a mistake to suppose that there is not full and fitting employment for a man also about an inn. It appears to me that the energy of the male intellect would often be useful in enforcing and maintaining the necessary arrangements, and in taking advantage of circumstances that might redound to the better success of the house. It is unfortunate that men should think themselves in any case above such duties. Nothing tending to useful results can be beneath a man's regard. Were men of tolerable judgment and intelligence more generally to take a steering hand in the inns of secondary and third-rate importance, they might immensely improve them. By travelling, they might catch up many good ideas, both from the modes of management they would see in other inns, and from the remarks which they heard made by guests about particular arrangements, and the conduct of the several attendants. By exercising a real care in superintendence, instead of only promising to do so in their house-cards, they could effect wonders. The plain truth should be understood by them, that to fulfil their place in life, they must make themselves virtually the servants of those they would hope to profit by. By this we mean that nothing should be omitted which care and trouble can do, to make their guests comfortable—to make the house as home-like as possible for them. There must be no tiring in this kind of well-doing—custom should never stale the infinite variety of little attentions that gratify guests. Grant it is a slavery—are we not all slaves to each other? Who that would eat, escapes the bondage of those from whom he asks bread?

The greatest difficulty is to get good servants. This is the feeblest point about most inns. Of all waiters, how few are cleanly—how few approach the tact and unobtrusive discreetness of a tolerably well-bred man-servant! Landlords little reflect, perhaps, on the shock it gives to a gentleman who is tolerably well served at home, to see his breakfast brought in by a coarse fellow with uncombed hair, unwashed hands, and unbrushed clothes, as often happens. One fault is nearly universal in the class, and it is a sufficiently annoying one—the want of a quiet manner. Some seem to think it necessary that they should walk across the floor with the impressiveness of the statue in Don Juan, and set down every plate and salt-vat with a noise that may be heard over half the house. The unsatisfactory points about waiters are the less endurable when we reflect on their comparative gains. In a well-frequented house, where gratuities from the guests are in practice, the remuneration far exceeds that usually accorded to other men of the same grade in life. Here, indeed, there is a great absurdity. A gentleman calls for a glass of soda-water, is charged eightpence, and gives the remaining groat to the waiter, not reflecting that the man's profit by the transaction exceeds that of his master, who has rent and taxes to pay, a house to keep up, and bad debts to be made up for. The disproportion is owing to the shabbiness which would appertain, in appearance, to more just remuneration. It is a barbarism altogether this plan of securing civility from attendants at inns—the very confession that it is the only way expected to have the result is distressing, as if men were so reluctant towards their professed duty, that nothing but a particular

reward for every little act could induce them to execute it. It is not perhaps one of the best effects of the system, that waiters are so often induced by their accumulations to undertake the charge of houses for themselves, while not possessed of the education and knowledge of the habits of the upper classes which are required for such establishments.

There is a national genius for inn-keeping; and it is to be feared that we all fall short in this respect of our continental neighbors. Amongst our own nations, the Irish are ill qualified, the Scotch moderately so, the English the best. The comparison ranks with that of the nations for business gifts generally, so that we may fairly infer that the English couple make the best landlord and landlady, because they can adapt themselves better than either the Scotch or Irish to that subjection of the external selfhood to the desires and needs of others which constitutes business. The Irishman is too idle for his trade, and follows the foxhounds. The Scotchman is too proud, and skulks into a sort of half farmer or grain dealer. The Englishman, alone able to surrender himself entirely to that by which he makes a penny, goes into the affair with apron and sleeves, and is a landlord in deed as in profession.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE DONKEY DRIVERS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I LIVE in an old tumble-down house, not a great many miles from London, and on the borders of a furzy common. Before the age of steam locomotion, this was considered the country; and even now, there is one solitary spot where, from mossy knolls rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook a perfectly retired and sylvan scene. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rich pasture land and thick beech plantations; an ivied spire, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps forth from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of an old church may be traced from this point; wild roses and eglantine are around us, with violets and bluebells; a sweet honeysuckle porch is seen leading to a lowly-thatched hut; and there are lowing kine and bleating flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there is nothing wonderful; but only turn back not many hundred yards, and seek another point from whence to view a very different and more widely-extended panorama—the vast wilderness of London, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, hosts of steeples, myriads of chimneys, armies of masts and shipping clustering on the almost choked-up and hidden river, good old Thames; in fine, smoke, fog, and misery without end! Seen from this common, *there* the sun sets; but the holy moon rises behind the tall trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and peaceful home on this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if the ears of royalty were ever assailed by the same unearthly yells and hootings which so often disturb *our* retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, or grand emporium, is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honored by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dear invalid, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls loitered around our gate from idle curiosity, to watch the occupant of the pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two; for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a very dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing blue eyes, shaded by long, black, silken lashes; but notwithstanding this, the gypsy physiognomy was decided; and as there were many of that tribe in the neighborhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents. After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she answered with distinctness and propriety, "Mazelli Lee, please ma'am."

"And what is your father, my dear?" I said.

"Father 's a gypsy, please ma'am."

"And your mother is a gypsy too, I suppose, my dear?"

"No, mother 's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am."

I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning; but all the answer I could get was, "Mother 's a lady, and keeps donkeys." She made me comprehend that the smallest and most *exclusive* donkey-stand on the border of the common, nearest our house, belonged to her mother; and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said their home was not very far off—"in the pits near the caverns," where a miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial. Moreover on questioning Mazelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr. L——'s Sunday school, knew her catechism, "and said her prayers every night, when mother washed her face." I hoped that a portion of the latter statement was true; but the face-washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused; and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazelli Lee had described as being kept by her mother, "the lady;" and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but without noticing her particularly, or giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh color of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful

as the little Mazelli's—and with an anxious expression flitting sometimes across the vacant but good-humoured composure which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was somewhat of different breeding, shown by her general bearing and unstudied attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her; and a handsome specimen of a real, genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gypsy man was lolling at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of a pipe. I did not like to speak to the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because, not patronizing donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very agreeable or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman curtsied silently, and without the usual vociferations of, "Donkey to-day, ma'am? Steady donkey—quick donkey!"

One or two evenings afterwards, I was in company with a voluble lady who had come to our neighborhood for change of air, and was ordered by her medical attendant to take donkey exercise. She was full of a "most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life;" and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. "Yesterday morning," said she, "my young friend Miss R—— and myself had donkeys brought to our door early for a long excursion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, rosy-looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation. After a while, however, the donkey-woman said very quietly, 'Ladies, it is as well to tell you that I *understand French.*' We were at first speechless from surprise, and then from not knowing what to say—afraid of something, we could not tell what; although she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By and by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R—— how well the singing had been conducted at St. Mark's church on the preceding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful choral hymn had been sung, and the chanting exquisitely continued. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name, as we desired to procure the music.

"'I have it at home, ladies,' said the donkey driver; 'it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my school music. I was at St. Mark's on Sunday evening, and felt pleased to hear it again.'

"She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we *must* know her history, and therefore ought not or need not feel astonished at such discrepancies. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this:—She was the only child of a wealthy farmer by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she left school, and returned home, she found a stepmother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe taskmistress to *her* thinking. A troop of gypsies coming into the neighborhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance; and in the end eloped with their chief, Mr. Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, she had induced her husband to settle here, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a 'Christian education,' as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was a flourishing fly-proprietor in the vicinity, and might forward their views. But her husband was a rover by nature; idle and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it herself. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammelled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her no further, poor creature!"

Such was the tale I heard; too singular and improbable for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for invention. It induced me to pay a visit, after the hours of donkey usage were over, to Mr. Johnnie Lee's hut "by the caverns." I knew by previous observation that "the pits" contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now entered was worse than I had ventured to anticipate. It consisted of only two rooms; the under one with a mud floor, and with the ceiling broken, and the upper flooring projecting through. I did not ascend the ladder leading to *that*, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the rigorous proprieties of conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade originally as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance or the wildest visions of fancy! Her three children were around her, supping on potatoes; but there was no snowy cloth on the tottering board, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in wicker-baskets; nothing as it would have been were I relating *fiction*. Outside there were no honey-bees or garden-plots, where sweet thyme, and mint, and sunflowers grow; nothing but foul donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid damp fodder and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The gypsy husband was not there. I did not ask for him, for I guessed his haunt but too well. It was an "owre true tale" I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures—her father's miniature; some school books, with her maiden name inscribed in them,

which I forbear recording; and some torn and yellow-looking music—the music which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance. She gave me no further explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God to afflict her with sickness, she knew not what would become of them. To her own father and family she had been the same as dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammelled freedom at a fearful price! Poor thing! with a smile on her lip, but with a tear in her eye, she added, "I do wish my children to receive a Christian education; and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazelli, and remember their *inheritance*, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill-use me; he has given up many bad practices for my sake; and if he is rather fond of the shelter of the public-house, ought I to complain of that? Do not shed tears for me: I have no feeling for *myself*." And she said truly. A woman destitute of feeling seems an anomaly in human nature; but this she *must* be, and fine sympathies are wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children my heart still bleeds. Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race: the most decorous and prosperous of the middling classes of the community in juxtaposition with the refuse of humanity—thieves, vagrants, tinkers, and donkey drivers!

From Chambers' Journal.

A PEEP AT MINORCA.

The following sketch of a chance visit to Mahon—a spot so much out of the beaten track of our English tourists—will not prove uninteresting to our readers, if we may judge from the surprise and pleasure we ourselves experienced, during our twenty-four hours' halt at Minorca, on our voyage to Algeria.

In the beginning of December, 18—, I embarked at Toulon in the Montezuma steam frigate, employed to transport from France to Algiers mules, soldiers, and colonists. Three hundred men, four hundred women, and three hundred children, were stowed on the decks of this ship, under the superintendence of the French government. A brilliant sun shone on our departure, a light breeze filled the sails, and before long, the coast of Provence disappeared from our sight.

The sea was calm, the sky serene, the *future* "*couleur de rose*," and the deck was crowded with its thousand passengers. Nothing, however, is so treacherous as the Mediterranean; you may feel, as we did, the most perfect security on its tranquil waters, and in a few hours the vessel may pitch and toss in a terrific storm. Such was our case in the present instance. The light breeze which had so gently borne us onward changed to a violent gale, the waters rose, the waves broke against our ship; in short, everything foreboded "*a wild night!*" As if by magic, our decks became deserted, and soon the sighs and moans of the unfortunate sufferers were to be heard on all sides. Englishmen are so well acquainted with the evils of sea-sickness, that I shall only remark, its usual horrors were in this passage tenfold increased by the sight of the four hundred unfortunate women, with their three hundred children, heaped on one another in a space of forty feet by twenty, through the culpable negligence of the French authorities. Their sufferings during the night were dreadful, especially towards midnight, when the storm became a perfect hurricane. French nature is not rough, even in a seaman; and the delicate attentions of the officers and men to these miserable passengers were unremitting. At length day dawned, but stormy, dark, and gloomy; while the wind and waves seemed to drive us forward towards the coast of Sardinia.

Suddenly the watch cried, "Land!" "It must be Minorca," exclaimed the captain. "We can now stop at Mahon, our passengers can recruit themselves, and regain their strength, and we can clean out the vessel." This decision was received with acclamation, and ere long the rocks of Minorca began to rise up before us.

Had it been a hundred times more bare and arid, we should have hailed it as a terrestrial paradise. A cannon from our deck demanded a pilot; and in an instant we saw issuing from the fog, which covered the steep shore of the island, a boat, so small, as to be familiarly termed a "cockle shell;" it now appeared on the summit of a wave, and then disappeared, as if forever, in a valley between. Two men steered the tiny craft, which soon approached: a sailor threw a rope; one of them climbed on board; it was the pilot; and in a few moments we perceived a streak of white at the base of the cliff. It was Mahon! or rather the sentinel of Mahon—Fort St. Philip.

We steered round an enormous rock, against which the waves dashed with violence—the surge soon subsided; a bay opened: it was the port, and Mahon lay before us.

It is but justice to the Spanish authorities to say, they did not keep us long waiting for permission to land. In a quarter of an hour after casting anchor, we were clambering up the steep rock leading from the harbor to the town.

Mahon is built on a rock, and the port, one of the largest and safest in the Mediterranean, is enclosed within two lines of almost perpendicular cliffs. In the centre, and near the entrance of the harbor, lies a small island, covered with buildings now half in ruins. To this spot the invalided French soldiers of Algeria resorted for many years, to recruit their strength in the pure air of Minorca, or to make use of it as a resting-place on their passage from Africa to France. But the little island Del Rey is no longer ceded to them for this purpose by the Spanish government; and the French, glad to attribute every annoyance they meet with to the jealousy of the English, allege (with what reason I could not learn) that this

refusal is owing to the interference of our foreign office with the cabinet of Spain. "But," enthusiastically exclaimed one of my French fellow-travellers, "what has been the consequence? England ('*perfide Albion*') did not foresee the result —Mahon has come to seek France!"

Without doubt the town is now deserted. Its population, formerly amounting to 30,000 souls, at present scarcely numbers 6000. All Mahon is at Algiers, Oran, or Marseilles. The men, clever gardeners, steady and industrious merchants, leave it to make their fortunes at the above-named places; and the young girls, graceful, pretty, and witty, go in quest of husbands: both are eminently successful.

There are two representatives of France at Mahon—one *official*, the consul; the other *officious!* the landlord of the Hotel de France. The former, a clever man, is of Dutch extraction, but his family have inhabited Mahon for upwards of a century. His house is a perfect museum of Balearic history, literary and artistic; doubly interesting when examined in the company of its agreeable and well-informed owner. The officious representative, M. Huot, is an old French prisoner of 1809. Brought then to Mahon, he there married, and made his fortune. The houses at Mahon are extremely clean, but our host's hotel surpassed them all. He is most attentive to his guests; and in addition to his other qualifications, is a clever and most obliging cicerone. Through his means we were enabled, in twenty-four hours, to visit every curiosity of the town. Besides, the Mahonese (or I should say the Mahonese ladies) are so very courteous, that every door is open to a stranger, provided his manners and appearance be that of a gentleman. * * * "Senor, let us speak of France—let us speak of Paris!" were the first words that greeted us on entering. On my remarking this to my French friend, he replied, with the usual vanity of his nation, "Ah! mon ami, Paris is the Mecca of all the civilized women in the world!" Not being prepared to prove the contrary, I prudently refrained from pursuing the subject, especially as the Mahonese ladies to whom we spoke seemed to regard it as "the tomb of their prophet." Several had made their pilgrimage thither; and their graceful appearance, dress, and engaging manners, bore ample evidence to my companion of the advantages they had derived.

Mahon boasts the manufacture of those flowers in enamel so much prized for ornaments in Paris. Nothing is more attractive or coquettish than the workshops of these flower-makers. There, alone, are to be seen no *jalousics*, or blinds, those stupid jailers of Spanish houses. The *atélier* is on the ground-floor; and while passing in the street, you see twelve or fifteen young girls, all pretty, (there is not an ugly woman in Mahon,) cease their work, and fix their large eyes on the prying stranger who stops to observe them. As a matter of course, the owner of the establishment invites you to enter and examine her collection of flowers. Who could refuse such an invitation? A selection is soon made, and the purchase concluded; and he who only entered through curiosity, still lingers to answer the numerous questions which are addressed to him in the most fascinating manner, and he departs in admiration of the grace and wit of his fair interlocutors.

The gravity of the Spanish authorities forms a striking contrast to the charming vivacity of this gay people. Inasmuch as the Mahonese love conversation and intellectual society, so are the Spaniards of Mahon morose and melancholy. Their character does not sympathize with that of the inhabitants, who take every occasion to draw the distinction of, "I am not a Spaniard, I am a Mahonese!"

Mahon contains no public buildings, with the exception of three or four churches, of very doubtful architecture, and still more equivocal ornaments, in which the enamel flowers, as may be supposed, figure conspicuously. In the cathedral are a few monuments of carved wood, gilt, which at first sight make a brilliant effect, though the taste is not of the purest. The organs are the objects most worthy of admiration in the churches. That in the cathedral was made by a German, and the tones are as sweet and full as any I ever heard. A young "Maestro di Cappella" performed for us on this magnificent instrument for nearly an hour. He was a clever musician, and played twenty different pieces, from a sonata of Bach to the modern airs of Rossini, Auber, and Verdi. During this concert, given for our benefit, the nave of the church became crowded with listeners, and their joyous countenances proved how well they valued the talents of their young organist.

After the church, the cemetery is most worthy of remark. The Campo Santo, or burial-ground of Mahon, is a large yard encircled by high walls, and in which are as many entrances to mortuary chapels as the space permits. The names and rank of the deceased are recorded on a tablet over an altar, and the body lies in a vault underneath. The graveyard itself is nothing but an avenue divided into as many compartments as there are tombs; a horizontal slab contains the style and title of their inmates. The walls, in general, are painted black and blue, which gives them a fantastic appearance.

Nothing looks more melancholy than the gardens in the environs of Mahon. The gardeners, valued for their talents in other countries, have surrounded with heaps of pebbles the squares of cultivated earth which they have created for themselves on the barren rock, whereon stands the town. They have carried this earth up from the valley in the same way they carried up the pebbles, which prevent it being swept off by the annual torrents of rain. Imagine a country cut into squares like a chess-board by heaps of pebbles, and without the shade of a single tree! On this arid soil grow the vines of Mahon.

Mahon possesses a theatre supplied alternately by Spanish and Italian artistes. The latter enjoyed

undivided sway at the time of our visit, and we availed ourselves of the leisure granted us by the storm to hear the "Elisir d'Amore." Certainly the singers were far from being first-rate. Their voices were worn, and their instruction incomplete; yet the opera, as a whole, was better performed than in many of the provincial towns of the continent. It must be said, to the honor of the Mahonese, that they possess great musical taste. Far from being indifferent, they applaud every good effect, or well-executed passage. This love of music seems born with them; and the orchestra, which is excellent, is composed of amateurs of the town, who perform like true artists. The interior of the theatre is of good size, and makes a pretty effect. The first, second, and third rows are divided into boxes, and a considerable portion of the pit is occupied by the orchestra. The Mahonese ladies appear there in full dress. Nearly all wear the mantilla or national veil, fastened coquettishly on their hair, and the fan plays in their hands the same graceful and malicious part which I believed alone to be the secret of the Spanish ladies.

Such is Mahon; and by what it now is, in its abandonment and poverty, we may judge of what it was in the days of its greatness. Of this grandeur of the past, nothing now remains but a vague reminiscence. And, alas! we are told that all this varnish of politeness, this elegance of manners, covers many a moral wound, and a vast deal of misery. Fortunately, we had no time to dispel our illusions by convincing ourselves of this fact. The morning after our arrival at Mahon, a cannon-shot recalled us to our ship. At one o'clock that afternoon we cast a farewell glance at this town, once so flourishing, at this hospitable port, which nature has formed in the centre of the Mediterranean; and, our last look resting on the little island Del Rey, the rugged shores of Minorca vanished from our view.

The following morning, about nine o'clock, I beheld rising before my enchanted sight the rich verdure of the Sahel of Algiers, and the white houses of this capital of French Africa.

From Chambers' Journal.

TOWN LYRICS.*

We do not know that the term "minor poetry" is justly applicable to such pieces as these, many of which rank with the highest of their class. They are at least major in their own circle; and that circle, though comparatively humble in point of genius, is far wider in extent, more general in influence, and therefore more important in its bearings upon the public mind, than the one which comprises only the higher and more complicated works of art.

There is one point in respect to which we are inclined to place Charles Mackay at the head of the fugitive or occasional poets of the day; and that is—the *suggestive* character of his verses. Mrs. Hemans, and most of the writers who followed, or walked side by side with her, exhaust the subject they illustrate. There is a neatness and completeness in their pieces which leave the mind of the reader in a state of tranquil satisfaction. Charles Mackay, on the other hand, not only stirs up our thoughts like these, but leaves them in the midst of the turbulence. He makes poets of us all for the time; and when we have come to the end of his verses, our glazed eye rests without speculation upon the page, and we continue in our own mind the series of images he has suggested. Let any one read the "Light in the Window," for instance, and he will comprehend what we mean; or let him read here "Above and Below," which is only one of the numerous examples we could give, from this cheap and neat little volume, of the *suggestive lyrics*:—

ABOVE AND BELOW.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow forever
Through the city so vast and old;
Through massive bridges—by domes and spires,
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires;
City of majesty, power, and gold;
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull
The white-winged fleets so beautiful,
And the lordly steamers speeding along,
Wind-defying, and swift and strong;
Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast,
Laden with riches, at trade's behest—
Bounteous trade, whose wine and corn
Stock the garner and fill the horn,
Who gives us luxury, joy, and pleasure,
Stintless, sumless, out of measure—
Thou art a rich and a mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,
Through the city so drear and cold—
City of sorrows hard to bear,
Of guilt, injustice, and despair—
City of miseries untold;
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,
The death-cold forms of Beauty's daughters;
The corses pale of the young and sad—
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad—
Mothers of babes that cannot know
The sires that left them to their woe—
Women forlorn, and men that run
The race of passion, and die undone;
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,
Thou givest them all a ready grave;
Thou art a black and a doleful river,
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

In ebb and flow forever and ever—
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below;
Above, the rower impels his boat;
Below, with the current the dead men float;
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air;
But below, in the silent under-tide,
The waters vomit the wretch that died;
Above, the sound of the music swells,
From the passing ship, from the city bells;
From below there cometh a gurgling breath,
As the desperate diver yields to death;
Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of joy or woe;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow forever and ever.

* Town Lyrics, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, LL. D. Author of "Voices from the Crowd," &c. London: Bogue.

From Chambers' Journal.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SAILOR.

Among the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the scoff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate sullenness the attack of the waves, which appear to be forever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Sombrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it posseses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favor the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His majesty's sloop of war, the Recruit, on the 13th December, 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed in, the island lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. The Recruit was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain L——, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked, "What island is this?"

"Sombrero," was the reply.

"Have we not some thieves on board?"

"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master somewhat startled.

"Send up my pistols," said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the capstan.

"Now send the ship painter here with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes."

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvass in his hand.

"Take your brush and paint the word 'THIEF' on that piece of canvass; paint it in large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvass; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder," shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand, but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind his things," thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavoring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half-stupefied at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewn the strip of canvass which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the masses which, in the duskiness of a rapidly-approaching night, looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks, poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell,

they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin; and poor Jeffery "embraced the rock for shelter." As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the Recruit more than once fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waters against the ship's side, and the far off and incessant sounds of the conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombrero. The night passed away: at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot, and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine the captain made his appearance; and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained that if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and having ordered all sail to be made, the Recruit, under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called "noddies," and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering. After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude tomahawk handle was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly spread among the men, who, on hearing of the tomahawk handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her: every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Sombrero for Barbadoes. Captain L—— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest: and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the "Times" newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head "court-martial" a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's "Weekly Register" about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Captain L—— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the mean while? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the house of commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper steps were taken, and the result was as follows:—At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the Recruit; and having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, he was made armorer's mate on board of her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies: after a while, her stock of water ran low; the crew were allowanced to a certain quantity daily; and he becoming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening to the beer cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking about three fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering his theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support life, and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the state of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had a mother "yet alive." She had perused with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which rekindled all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication, at any rate not made by her own son, but by some one who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact, that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name; whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further added, that it was of the utmost importance to her to know of the real existence of her son, in consequence of the lease of her premises being held on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's was one, otherwise it would fall into the power of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt that this letter was in reality written by her. The question was soon set at rest. A gentleman went down to her native village, found her out, and was assured from her own lips that she was the author of the letter. The village schoolmaster also bore his testimony to the fact of Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The intelligence also came out that, when put on shore at Sombrero, he begged some of the men who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to tell his mother what had happened to him; thus indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and well, have long since induced him to write, and assure her of his safety. Public interest was now at fever heat. Mr. Cobbett fanned the flame; and with his homely, common-sense questions, kept poking the ribs of the government in a most uncomfortable manner, while he stirred up an immense blaze among the people by asking, "Is *this* the treatment our 'jolly tars' are to expect?"—a question which, considering the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the ferment.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect. The public appeared determined to bring by any means the whole subject to an issue, and to obtain information as to whether the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take some decisive step to decide the question; and in a short time a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents, to find out the young man, and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart? At length the vessel returned, to put a final end to suspense as to the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in the "Morning Post" newspaper:—

"*Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London!*"

Thus was this long-pending and much-agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were

now of course put to him about his adventures; to most of which the following narrative was the answer:—

At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that destitute condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night to frighten him, yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning! how wearily that wretched night passed away without shelter, and without a second covering for his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding the Recruit only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from the gray dawn until it was bright daylight; every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her, return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hope! He saw her white sails unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing; and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more. For two whole days he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, from the cravings of hunger. To allay the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which, however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when most providentially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it; for it lay in such shallow pools, or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift. The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill; and as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food. How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs, but he could only find one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inanition, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the sea-shore. At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon. When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight; and plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and "passed by on the other side," at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship hove in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him, each leaving him more cast down and nearer death than before. He had now despaired of rescue; and fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore. But relief was at hand. An American vessel, passing nearer the island than usual, was hove to at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work, and wages. There he had peaceably spent this interval of time; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan *lions*, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Captain L—— to come to an arrangement by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was intrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married: he immediately recognized with joy his long-lost relative; and he ran forwards to apprize his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village—Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old and young, turned out to meet him, and were prepared to receive him; and, says the "Times," in its sober account of this romantic business, "it is scarcely possible to express the cordial greetings and exulting transports that attended his arrival." The whole village was for the time in a commotion which it had rarely or never experienced. People who, when Jeffery was a humble workman in his father's shop, never cared a jot about him, and little dreamt of

the noise he would one day make without intending it, now pressed forward and warmly shook him by the hand, congratulating him on his safe arrival in hearty expressions of welcome. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look upon the clerk with suspicion, and to exhibit alarming symptoms of hostility against that gentleman; but Jeffery immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken so long a journey only for the purpose of protecting him. This produced a speedy revolution in the sentiments of the villagers, and their angry looks and expressions were at once exchanged for those of respect and kindness. The meeting between Jeffery and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. Her son that was dead was alive again, "he that was lost was found." In a few moments she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms. "Oh, my son!" —"Oh, my mother!" interrupted by sobs on both sides, were all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calmer endearment ensued. Nothing but the safe arrival of the wonderful Jeffery engrossed the attention, minds, and tongues of the warm-hearted villagers.

In concluding this curious history, we wish we could authoritatively explain what may seem to require clearing up. We have heard that the tomahawk handle turned out to be part of a fisherman's hatchet; and it was surmised that the tattered trousers never belonged to Jeffery at all, Perhaps the signing with a mark was the effect of momentary caprice. Beyond this, after a diligent search, we are unable to discover any explanation of the circumstances which, for the time being, produced so much perplexity. If this had been a fiction, it would have been easy to have invented a key to the lock: as it is, we leave it to our readers, with the simple assurance that the narrative, in all its particulars, is exactly as it is to be found in the newspapers of the period.

From Chambers' Journal.

SUMNER ON TRUE GLORY.

Charles Sumner, whose Essay on War was noticed by us some years ago, has added to his reputation by an address on "Fame and Glory," delivered before the literary societies of Amherst College, August 11, 1847, a copy of which, printed at Boston, has just reached us. Mr. Sumner's address appears in England at an appropriate time. When a portion of the people, misled by a pretended fear on the score of military defences, would force the country into what would virtually be a war, such a discourse must have a peculiarly useful tendency. Too long has the world been deluded with the glitter and pomp of military array. It is time that the "fame and glory" usually accorded to warlike exploits were set down at their true value.

We cannot, in these limited pages, follow Mr. Sumner through his comprehensive oration; but confining ourselves chiefly to a few prominent points, we shall present, as far as possible, a condensed view of his line of reasoning.

Fame and glory may, for the present purpose be considered synonymous. They are the expression of a favorable public opinion on certain actions, but any value to be attached to this opinion must depend on the degree of enlightenment and conscientiousness of those who express it. "In early and barbarous periods, homage is exclusively rendered to achievements of physical strength, chiefly in slaying wild beasts, or human beings who are termed enemies. The feats of Hercules, which fill the fables and mythology of early Greece, were triumphs of brute force. Conqueror of the Nemæan lion and the many-headed hydra, strangler of the giant Antæus, illustrious scavenger of the Augean stables, grand abater of the nuisances of the age in which he lived, he was hailed as a hero, and commemorated as a god. And at a later time honor was still continued to mere muscular strength of arm. One of the most polite and eminent chiefs at the siege of Troy, is distinguished by Homer for the ease with which he hurled a rock, such as could not be lifted even by two strong men in our day. And this was glory in an age which had not yet learned to regard the moral and intellectual nature of man, or that which distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, as the only source of conduct worthy of enlightened renown."

In after-times, in Greece, glory was gained by expert wrestling and chariot-driving, and contests of this kind, as vulgar as modern horse-racing, were the frequent theme of the Greek poets. Rome did not improve on the Grecian notions of glory. The much-prized crowns of honor were all awarded to the successful soldier. The title to a triumph, that loftiest object of ambition, was determined by the number of enemies destroyed. Founded and perpetuated in military aggression, without a single redeeming instance of justice, the Roman empire finally sunk under the vengeance which it had provoked. The successful robber was in turn a prey to the spoiler. The same tale may be told of all the nations of the middle ages. The glorification of animal strength and courage was universal. Chivalry was only polished brutality. "The life of the valiant Cespedez, a Spanish knight of high renown, by Lope de Vega, reveals a succession of exploits which were the performances of a brawny porter and a bully. All the passions of a rude nature were gratified at will. Sanguinary revenge and inhuman harshness were his honorable pursuit. With a furious blow of his clenched fist, in the very palace of the emperor at Augsburg, he knocked out the teeth of a heretic—an achievement which was hailed with honor and congratulation by his master, Charles V., and the Duke of Alva. Thus did a Spanish gentleman acquire fame in the sixteenth century."

The "glories" of chivalry are matched in states of society which a knight would have affected to

despise. "The North American savage commemorates the chief who is able to hang at the door of his wigwam a heavy string of scalps, the spoils of war. The New Zealander honors the sturdy champion who slays, and then eats, his enemies. The cannibal of the Feejee islands—only recently explored by an expedition from our shores—is praised for his adroitness in lying, for the dozen men he has killed with his own hand, for his triumphant capture in battle of a piece of tapa-cloth attached to a staff, not unlike one of our flags; and when he is dead, his club is placed in his hand, and extended across the breast, to indicate in the next world that the deceased was a chief and a warrior. This is barbarous glory!" But how little does all this differ from the frantic eagerness of knights to capture the flag of an enemy, or the "glory" of being commemorated in stone, with the legs crossed, and the body clothed in armor! What a mob of fools mankind have been in all ages and countries!

Carrying his eye over the present condition of society, Mr. Sumner admits that a love of fame or glory—that is, a love of approbation carried to an extreme length—is neither immoral nor blamable when directed to those acts which promote human happiness. At the same time, this species of personal ambition "detracts from the beauty even of good works." In our own opinion, the man who does not do what good is in his power, without regard to human applause, is not entitled to be called great. The popularity to be aimed at, according to the correct definition of Lord Mansfield, is "that which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

Mr. Sumner is next led to draw a comparison between fame derived from the pursuit of peaceful and useful arts, and that from successful war. "It is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is yet truer and more permanent far than any bloody glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted perhaps a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardor by his own example—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress of the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of an incident of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, in order to effect his landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he 'would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket: the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright immortal beauty." How might this comparison be extended!

Of military prowess, in reference to fame, Mr. Sumner entertains but a poor opinion. Animal courage, on which military ardor is based, is exhibited in a greater degree among some of the inferior tribes of creatures. "Courage," he says, "becomes a virtue when exercised in obedience to the higher sentiments—to promote justice and benevolence by Christian means. It is of a humbler character if these objects are promoted by force, or that part of our nature which we have in common with beasts. It is unquestionably a vice when, divorced from justice and benevolence, it lends itself to the passion for wealth, for power or glory."

The question, however, may be put—Is there no difference between the defenders of their country from unjust invasion, and those who fight aggressively? No doubt those who die in repelling violence are worthy of cordial sympathy; but the strife is to be regarded "only as a token of the dishonorable barbarism of the age—like the cannibalism of an earlier period, or the slavery of our own day." Every considerate person must join in regarding war as an unchristian institution, and at best "a melancholy necessity, offensive in the sight of God, hostile to the best interests of men."

Unfortunately, there can be little hope of seeing war and warlike preparation abated as long as jealousies and rivalries are maintained between neighboring nations; and we might almost venture to say, that if half the pains were taken to cultivate a good understanding among the people of contiguous countries, that is employed to raise mutual distrust, even defensive wars would be unknown. No pains of this kind, however, are ever taken. The people of one country remain in ignorance of the people of another, and by the entanglements of diplomacy, as well as by the manœuvres of those who make war a trade, are too easily brought into collision. Glory gained in

battles which are so brought about, can be spoken of only with loathing and detestation.

We close our paper with the following passages, which seem to us to possess the character of true oratory.

"God only is great!' is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age Louis *the Great*. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power: and as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal supremely endowed reflecting the image of his Maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so also is the great man. When Moses said unto the Lord, 'Show me thy glory,' the Lord said, 'I will make all my goodness pass before thee.' It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are merely memorable in the world's annals, and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery, or a false appreciation of character, has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude. Alexander, drunk with victory and with wine, whose remains, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great; Cæsar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great; Louis XIV. of France, the magnificent spendthrift monarch, prodigal of treasure and of blood, and panting for renown, was not truly great; Peter of Russia, the organizer of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son, despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great; Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with 'human lives for dice,' was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers!

"There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but 'bating not a jot of heart or hope'—in an age of ignorance, the friend of education—in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom—tuning his harp to those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear—confessing his supreme duties to humanity in words of simplicity and power. 'I am long since persuaded,' was his declaration, 'that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and mankind.' There is Vincent de St. Paul of France, once in captivity in Algiers: obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with divine success to labors of Christian benevolence, to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those who were in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world has placed its brand, whose charity—like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. And lastly, there is Clarkson, who, while yet a pupil of the university, commenced those lifelong labors against slavery and the slave-trade which have embalmed his memory. Writing an essay on the subject as a college exercise, his soul warmed with the task, and at a period when even the horrors of the middle passage had not excited condemnation, he entered the lists, the stripling champion of the right."

Taking an example from these instances of true glory, "let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble—but all false gods. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labors of his children on earth. Then farewell to the syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion, sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two sons of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices, the majesty of peace other vindicators, the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed—ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life—ever prompting to deeds of beneficence—conquering the heathen prejudices of country, color, and race—guiding the judgment of the historian—animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator—ennobling human thought and conduct, and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory. Good works! such, even now, is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet."

From Chambers' Journal.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A PRESBYTERIAN VICAR.*

A FEW years ago, a society was formed in Manchester for the publication of antiquarian remains, historical, biographical, and political, relating to the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire—counties which afford an unusually favorable field for the exercise of that growing spirit of research into the past, of which societies of this nature are an indication and expression. The present is the fourth volume that bears the *imprimatur* of the Chetham Society, together with the impress of the armorial bearings of the individual after whom it is named; to whom the town is indebted for a most valuable public library, placed in the long galleries of the college, also founded by him. Within these ancient walls, in quiet seclusion from the commercial noise and turmoil without, we have passed some pleasant hours, surrounded by "the mighty minds of old"—huge tomes in their old wooden bindings, and manuscripts rich with the gay limning of the middle ages, on which, through "storied casements," fell the varied lights of such sun as is permitted the inhabitants of that well-smoked metropolis of the English manufacturing districts.

Adam Martindale was the Presbyterian vicar of Roseterne, a village in Cheshire, whose church and beautiful sheet of water—the *Mere*—are well known to all lovers of the quiet, rich scenery in that district. Humbly born, to a great extent self-educated, and retaining through life his original homely simplicity, combined with strong sense and shrewdness, he has left the stamp of his mind and heart in this account of his own life, which is printed from a manuscript in the British Museum. A diversified and somewhat stormy life it was, as must inevitably have been that of one who lived during the great rebellion and till after the restoration, and who was called on to take part in the turbulent events of the time. Embracing the parliamentary side almost by accident, he seems to have adhered to it without bigotry, and to have borne with wonderful patience the reverses that came upon him on the decline of its brief ascendancy; while his lifelike sketches of domestic details afford a most vivid and entertaining view of the character of this honest Lancashire man, with his good heart, and keen eye to the main chance, and likewise of the manners of the higher classes, and of the common people, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

As we prefer the *life* to the *times* of our vicar, we shall not touch on the latter, save just to remind those who, luxuriating in liberty which has descended to them as an inheritance, are becoming thankless for it—of the rich price paid for that rich gift; in blood, noble and ignoble, poured out like water; in broken hearts and desolated homes; in public sorrows and private griefs; in reckless license and military despotism—a strange formulary for the composition of freedom!

And now to our book, from which, as it is not accessible to the public, we shall extract the more largely, occasionally condensing our author's somewhat diffuse details. Chiefly we intend presenting the leading incidents of Martindale's daily life, his home cares and joys, passing over, or nearly so, both polemics and politics, as foreign to our present purpose. It must be said, however, that he had his full share of the disputations of the day; and in that day toleration was ill understood. To the Presbyterians it was only known as a "snare of the devil" and "work of satan," which they, in their zeal, eschewed as uncompromisingly as ever did Romish inquisitor, who, having the power, made short work of it by burning *his* heretics, instead of deluging them with fierce pamphlets and hissing-hot divinity. Martindale himself, who must be reckoned somewhat of a liberal, at the very time that he was suffering from the laws against separatists, tells us that he "did so little like a universal toleration, that he had oft said that if the king had offered him his liberty upon condition that Papists, Quakers, and all other wicked sects should have theirs also, he thought he should never have agreed to it;" though, when it was offered, (as probably most others would have done,) he found a loophole by which he saved his consistency, while he took the benefit of the act.

The first seven years of his life, of which he gives a minute account, passed much like those of every other child—sundry accidents, broken heads, narrow escapes from drowning, learning his A B C by the help of his "brethren, and a young man that came to court his sister;" and his great love for his book after that first and formidable difficulty was overcome, make up the recital. But towards the close of it, he tells us, "there fell out a grievous and troublesome business to our family. There had lately been a great plague in London, causing many that had friends in the country to come down, who, having employments to return unto, were full as hasty to return as consistent with safety; and my sister Jane, having conversed with some of them, was as forward as they. Our parent, and other prudent friends, were against her going for many reasons: 1st, she wanted nothing at home, nor was likely to lack anything; and had she had a mind to be married, my father was then in a good ordinary way to prefer her: 2d, she had no friends in London to go to [with others as to health, &c.;] but all these would not back her: she measured not a competency by the same metewand that they did. Freeholders' daughters were then confined to their felts, petticoats and waistcoats, crosshandkerchiefs about their necks, and white cross-cloths upon their heads, with coifs under them, wrought with black silk or worsted. 'T is true the finer sort of them wore gold or silver lace upon their waistcoats, good silk laces (and store of them) about their petticoats, and bone laces or works about their linens. But the proud

* The Life of Adam Martindale; written by himself. Printed by the Chetham Society. Edited by the Rev. H. Parkinson, canon of Manchester.

est of them (below the gentry) durst not have offered to wear an hood or a scarfe, (which now every beggar's brat that can get them thinks not above her,) nor so much as a gown till her wedding day; and if any of them had transgressed these bounds, she would have been accounted an ambitious fool. These limitations, I suppose, she did not very well approve; but having her father's spirit and her mother's beauty, [what a concise and expressive delineation of character!] no persuasion would serve, but up she would to serve a lady, as she hoped to do, being ingenious at her needle. But when it came to a going indeed, my mother's heart had like to have broke for extremity of sorrow; and indeed there was great cause for it, seeing how irregularly her daughter broke away from her.

"After her arrival in the city, she was quickly infected with the pestilence, yet it dealt favorably with her; but though the pest was over, the plague was not, for she was still kept shut up, and her money grew very low. Then, with the prodigal, she thought upon her father's house; yet knowing upon what terms she had left it, she concealed her straits from us; only in a gentile [genteel] way she writ for a goose-pie to make merry with her friends, and a lusty one was immediately sent her, cased in twig-work; but before it could reach her, or the money that was sent with it to make her friends drink as well as eat, that the goose might swim without her cost, her money grew so near to an end, that she had thought to sell her hair, which was very lovely both for length and color; at which instant a gentleman that went up in her company being fallen in love with her, supplied her for the present, and shortly after married her. He had been well born and bred, but was master of no great matters in the world. They were thought very fit to keep an inn, as accordingly they did at the George and Half-Moon without Temple Bar. This cost my father's purse to purpose in helping to set them in house; and my mother rarely failed any the return of the carrier, to send them up country provisions, such as bacon, cheeses, pots of butter, &c.; nor did this at all trouble her, but ever when she thought of the necessitous condition of her daughter at her coming up, and her follie in concealing it from her, it even cut my poor mother to the heart."

After this our hero was sent to school, and seems to have fallen into bad hands, from the account he gives of his masters. He is severely critical on their qualifications; but his five reasons for not getting on with his learning, were certainly enough to make him rather acid, and he was evidently not accustomed to mince matters. "The hindrances to my learning in this seven years of my life were many: as, 1st, Many teachers (five in seven years;) 2dly, These none of the best; 3dly, A tedious long method then and there used; 4thly, Dullards in the same class with me, having power to confine me to their pace; 5thly, Many sad providences making great gaps in this seven years, as will appear hereafter."

But we must hasten to relate another "grievous business" that befell this most unlucky Martindale family:—"About this time my father met with a great disappointment in the matching of mine eldest brother. My father was not so severe as to expect he should bring him a fortune suitable to what himself had got, yet an hundred or six score pounds would easily be answered with advantage enough, and therefore not difficult to be obtained; nor was it, for besides others that it was thought would bid him welcome, there was one that actually did so, that had seven score pounds to her fortune, of very suitable years, and otherwise likely to make an excellent wife. But when things were near accomplishing, he on a sudden slights her, and sets his affections on a young, wild, airy girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, an huge lover and frequenter of wakes, greens, and merry nights, where music and dancing abounded; and as for her portion, it was only forty pounds. This was a great surprise upon us, and we were all full bent against it. But say and do what we could, he was uncounsellable—have her he would; and at last, with much ado, he procured my father's unwilling consent, and married her. 'T is true, indeed, she proved above all just expectation, not only civil, but religious, and an exceeding good wife; whereas the other he should have had, proved (as I have heard) as much below it. But that was the effect of God's great and undeserved goodness—not any prudent choice of his; and the smallness of her fortune was a great prejudice to our family."

But now the first trumpet-note of civil commotion peals on our friend's ear with a significance not to be misunderstood. He gives it graphically in few words, after announcing his being ready for the university. "But the university was not so ready for me; wars being coming on that soon after turned Oxford into a garrison, and many scholars into soldiers. It is true things were not then come to such an height, but working fast that way. Great animosities were set on foot concerning monopolies and ship-money. Shortly it was generally thought, that if a parliament did not heal us, we should break all to pieces; as accordingly it proved." Disappointed in his expectation of going to Oxford at that time, he turned tutor; and the first family in which he lived affords a fine specimen of character and manners.

"In this interval Mr. Skevington of the Boothes sent for me to teach his children, and to read prayers in his family, and this was all I undertook; but afterwards he put such a variety of business on me, and involved me in such trusts about his housekeeping, that sometimes I have not gone to my naked bed [had not undressed] for a week together. Besides, he was very high and tyrannical in his carriage towards me. Many a time hath he chidden me severely for not doing such work as he required of me, when he himself, by employing me about other business, had rendered it impossible; and were I never so innocent, I must not answer for myself; for if I did,

he would presently hit me on the teeth with this —that servants must not answer again; urging that text, Titus ii. 9, in the most rigid sense, so as to make it inconsistent with common justice. His sons also gave me great occasion for exercise of patience, for they were just like him; and so encouraged by their parents and flattering servants, that I would almost as soon have led bears, as take charge of such ungovernable creatures; and yet it was expected at my hands they should profit highly."

All this, however, he endured, on account of the unsettled state of the times, which rendered any employment—even tutoring at Mr. Skevington's—better than nothing, till increasing tumults caused the household to be broken up, and he returned home to find things in a sorry condition. Between parliamentarians and royalists, this unfortunate family seem to have found themselves greatly perplexed. His sister was married to a royalist, and, going to live at Lathom, which the parliament's forces accounted their enemies' head quarters, were sadly plundered by those forces passing the road where they lived. In the following account of what befell his own household and neighbors, he gives a melancholy picture of the miseries of civil war; of the miseries which it inflicts even on those who have no concern in it, and would fain be quiet; and of the mere accidents that may, and usually do, determine the common people in their choice of sides. There is something very touching in the simple recital: "The great trade that my father and two of my brethren had long driven was quite dead; for who would build or repair a house when he could not sleep a night in it with quiet and safety? My brother knew not where to hide his head, for my Lord of Derby's men had taken up a custom of summoning such as he, upon pain of death, to appear at general musters, and thence to force them away with such weapons as they had, if they were but pitchforks, to Bolton, the rear being brought up with troopers that had commission to shoot such as lagged behind, so as the poor countrymen seemed to be in a dilemma of death either by the troopers if they went not on, or by the great and small shot out of the town if they did. This hard usage of the country, to no purpose, (for what could poor cudgellers do against a fortified place?) much weakened the interest of the royalists; and many yeomen's sons went to shelter themselves in Bolton, and took up arms there."

After this, events came on so thick that they made a man of the lad—a process which he stood better than many on whom the raw manhood, thus suddenly thrust, was but the induction to living brutality, or an unblest grave hastily closed on the young limbs and scarcely pulseless heart. He first sought out a school, and remained for a while master, first at Holland, and then at Rainforth; but finding sundry inconveniences at this latter place, he left it, and went to live as a clerk with Colonel Mone, in the parliament's service: and here he gives us a precious sample of a roundhead's family. "It was," he says, "such an hell upon earth, as was utterly intolerable. There was such a pack of arrant thieves, and they so skilful at their trade, that it was scarce possible to save anything out of their hands. * * Those that were not thieves (if there were any such) were generally desperately profane, and bitter scoffers at piety." These gentry succeeded in making him so thoroughly uncomfortable, that he was glad to take a worse place as chief clerk in a foot regiment, where he was speedily induced to take the covenant, the chaplain being commissioned to satisfy any who should scruple so doing.

He was with his regiment in Liverpool when that place surrendered to Prince Rupert, and was imprisoned for nine weeks, in addition to losing everything. After various chances and changes, we find him again keeping school; and here, at Over-Whitley, Cheshire, an incident which he styles a "diminutive cross," befell him, which we must give entire, both as illustrative of the *manners* of the time, and of his exquisite way of telling a story:—"A gigantic fellow that, by the favor of a colonel, had been captain of horse, (though never fit to be a corporal,) married a widow, whose children were free, as daughter-in-law of the founder. But this would not satisfy him. I must either receive and teach freely three children of his by a former wife, or he would force me by club law, threatening hideously how terribly he would bang me, making no question of the feasibleness by reason of the disproportion of our statures, and his resolution to get as great advantage of the weapon. Nothing would down with him, but do it I should, or he would pay me off soundly. I was unhappily infected, either by the breed I came of, or by being among soldiers so long, with a martial spirit, that I could not understand and answer such language to his satisfaction, but took mine own way. Hereupon one Saturday, as I came from the school, without any weapon save a short hand-stick about a yard long, he met me, and after some rhodomontado language, which I despised, he let fly at me with a long staff. I, being very nimble and strong for my pitch, ran in upon him, receiving his blow upon my shoulder, where his staff, lighting near his hand, did me no hurt at all; and I, forthwith clasping mine arms about his middle, threw him down into a sandy ditch, where we wrestled, and fought, and tugged it out for near an hour together, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, being under, during which time a child about four years old carried away both our staves, and laid them across a pretty distance from us. When I had him at advantage, I never offered to do him any considerable harm; but when he got any advantage of me, he most maliciously attempted to rend my cheeks with his fingers and thumbs; but it pleased God to enable me to loose his hold so quickly, that I quite escaped that which, if it had succeeded, would certainly have put me to a great deal of smart and cost in the cure, and probably have disfigured my face sadly, if it had not

also spoiled my speech, as the like did to a bayliffe that I knew, that could scarce speak intelligibly afterwards. But two of his workmen in the next field were aware of us, and finding me upon such terms with their master as they little expected, pulled me off him, and held me while he fetched his staff, and valiantly knockt me down and broke my head most terribly, and also gave me so many bangs upon the arms, that when afterwards he commanded them to give me mine own stick, I could do nothing with it, nor scarce hold it in mine hand. Yet, blessed be God, nothing was broke but the peace and my pate, which, without any cost, was speedily well again. I was very sensible the law gave me advantage enough; but I being perfectly well again, and not in the least damaged in mine estate or reputation, took all such courses for pure revenge, and would make no use of them; and indeed the intolerable shame that fell upon him was so great a punishment, that it would have been follie to have exacted any more."

Martindale seems to have been heartily tired of soldiering, such as it was; and leaving the parliamentary army, tenders, somewhat apologetically, reasons for his joining that party, which must be admitted to have been such as were not unlikely to determine his choice. Circumstances will, after all, influence the generality of men, more than abstract right or wrong; and for this reason, if no other, that all can form some judgment satisfactory to themselves from the former, while few are competent to pronounce on the latter. We can sympathize with him when he urges, in favor of the cause which he had embraced, that all the ministers in the neighborhood (except two tipplers,) and "serious" people generally, declared for its justice.

But more serious discomposures were in store for him. He takes steps for entering the ministry, and sorely is he teased with the polemical squabbles of the day; between the Presbyterians—fresh beginning to reel in the saddle into which they had vaulted, and stalwart independency, then in its first youth and strength. Gorton, whither he went to make trial of his qualifications, he describes as a "waspe's nest," being there particularly teased by one old gentleman, who, in his hasty zeal to get him ordained, was willing to heap a variety of benefits upon him, including his daughter for a wife—a kindness of which it appears the young aspirant did not avail himself. It was not till three years after this, and with much ado, for he seems constantly, both in secular and spiritual affairs, to have had an adverse fate contending with his purposes, that he received Presbyterian ordination, and was settled at Roseterne. Previous to this, he had "married Eliz. Hall; and within the compass of eleven years, it pleased God" to give them four children, and "to take three of them to himself again." And of these he speaks in terms of tender affection. His father also dies. "Considering how good a father he had been, and how fashionably, in the time of his prosperity, he had lived among his neighbors, we thought it convenient to bring him home handsomely out of his own, and so we did. For all that came to the house to fetch his corpse thence, (beggars not excepted,) were entertained with good meat, piping hot, and strong ale in great plenty. Then at Prescot, where he was interred, and the souls of the auditors feasted with an excellent sermon, there was a rich dinner, ready prepared at a tavern, for the kindred, and so many more as a great room would receive, with plenty of wine and strong drink, and for all the rest, tag and rag, sufficient store of such provisions as are usual at ordinary burials. Yet all this came to no very great matter, being discreetly ordered. So that I am persuaded some funerals have cost twice so much that have not been so creditable to the cost-makers."

Martindale got into some trouble, as his hap generally was, by Sir George Booth's rising in 1659, the Presbyterian party being then dissatisfied with what he calls "that Protean, vagrant government by a succession of usurpers." Nay, our parliamentarian waxes so loyal as to say that if "usurpers" would continue his liberty, and "a king and free parliament" oppress him, he would still vote for the latter; but he had wit enough to see the small chance there was of any good being effected by that ill-digested movement—for the failure of which he assigns very sufficient reasons—and so kept himself clear of it. The restoration he passes over slightly; but it was the beginning of more sorrow to him; and it is worthy of remark how the restraint of his own liberty, and that of other separatists, was brought about by the excesses of the wilder sectaries. Liberty has no worse enemies than its mad friends. But he was now on the lowest side of the wheel; and some neighbor squires were determined to make him feel the worst of his position—worrying him with legal interference, hurrying him hither and thither, and finally imprisoning him at Chester, "where," he adds, with characteristic regard for his pocket, "the charge was at first considerable." But he finally got out of the scrape with less hurt than might have been expected, through the kindness of Lord Chancellor Hyde, who, being interested on his behalf by Richard Bacter, "did so rattle" one of the deputy lieutenants, that his discharge speedily ensued. It is painful to read of such injustice; but "they who play at bowls" —— And Martindale was no exception to the truth of the proverb.

The "act of uniformity" turned our friend out of his living somewhat unceremoniously, seeing the book of common prayer, by some blunder, did not come into his parish till *after* the last Sunday allowed for its reading by those who would conform! But he bears him gallantly through the storm, and with praiseworthy meekness continues to attend the ministrations of his successor; repeating his sermons in the evening to his own household, who, he tells us, rather preferred them thus at second hand. However, there is a bright

side to everything, for he adds, that he believes the act saved his life, by taking him off employment too heavy for him. Another blow succeeded this first; and in his distress he betook himself to teaching mathematics, in which he excelled, though applying to the study so late in life. This fresh calamity was the passing of the Oxford act in 1665, whereby nonconformists were banished five miles from corporations. He then removed his family to Roseterne in Cheshire, going himself to teach mathematics in Manchester, where he seems to have been kindly treated, being left unmolested even by "high Episcopal men," justices of the peace, who, though aware of his preaching in the neighborhood, were unwilling, it appears, to deprive themselves of their mathematical tutor, whom they "paid nobly" for their instruction.

Martindale seems to have had much trouble and anxiety with his son, who ruins himself in London much after the fashion of a modern wiseacre. It is painful to note how little invention we have, but that even our follies must be copies of those of our forefathers. Our very *slang* is not our own; for it appears that the phrase by which we designate such dexterous gentlemen as the one who relieved our student of his cash, is at least as old as this poor "pigeon." Certes, your "mere scholar" is not good for much, if he is to be taken as a specimen. He had been appointed chief usher in Merchant Tailors' School, London, and was taken much notice of by those above him. "But this, alas! undid the young man, by lifting him up above himself and the advice of his best friends. He was never given to intemperance, but he made up a club with a number of men of such great estates, and that treated one another in their turns at such a rate, as his comings-in would not bear. Besides, he being a mere scholar, that was always used to have his cloaths bought and kept in repair for him, and knew not how to buy a pair of gloves, when he came to wear rich cloaths, being subject to be cheated by every one he dealt with, the charge of maintaining himself in habit fit for such company was considerable. Finding these things too weighty for him, he makes a full account he could easily help himself by a parsonage or a wife; and so he might have done, had he taken wise courses and God's blessing along with him. One young woman that had £500 to her portion he lost merely through a slighting humor. Another at Brentford, that had more than I think fit to speak of, was (as I was told) very fond of him; but because she was a little crooked (forsooth) he would not have her. At last a rook tells him of a great fortune at the other end of the town—a gentlewoman that waited on two young ladies—and makes him believe she had £600 to her portion; and if he would send him a bond of £10, he would help him to obtain her. He did so, and after paid the money; but never had so much with her that I heard of. And now he had done his business thoroughly, having himself to provide for, and a wife without a portion to be maintained like a gentlewoman." He had so disobliged his best friends by this marriage that there was no hope of the governor's keeping him in his place at Merchant Tailors'; "yet, however, they pitied him, and bestowed a gratuity on him at parting of £5." Presently after this, he was again settled in a school at Lynn, and his father gives him some advice that loses none of its value through age.

"As for his preaching, I prevailed upon him to do it plainly to the edification of his people, and not to preach himself as he did at his first setting out. And if some of his matter were sublime and uncouth [a strange junction of terms!] to such ears, and his enlargement in the university style, I question not he would in time have come to be more plain and affectionate for the good of the vulgar. In 1679, he entered upon his place at Northwich, (called Witton School,) which put me into a necessity of affording him fresh assistance. I therefore gave him some household goods, lent him others, (which proved gifts in the event,) and furnished him with money to buy such as I could not spare. But, alas! all was suddenly dashed, for he enjoyed this place only ten months. There was in the town a very mortal fever, whereof his wife fell exceedingly ill; and he, desiring her life, and fearing her death, begged of God that he might die in her stead, and was taken at his word. His corpse was accompanied from Witton School to his grave with many gentlemen, and other fashionable persons. But none suffered so much by his death as I and mine; for I did not only part with an only son in the best of his time, (about thirty years of age,) whose education had cost me so dear, * * * but also I sustained considerable additional losses: —For, 1st, He was the only life in my lease of this tenement, save only his mother, who was then fifty-nine years of age—a very considerable loss; 2d, The money that he owed me, and the goods I lent him, * * * came to near £40; 3d, I have kept his child ever since, and I would not take any man's £30 to do for his child what we have already done for it, and are farther to do whether I live or die; so that, upon a moderate account, this last loss (after all the rest) may well be computed at £80 or £90; besides the charges of the funeral, which those that observed it will say was handsomely done."

What a mixture of the pathetic and the thrifty! The trouble of losing an eldest son just settled in life, and also losing some £80 or £90 by his death, besides his funeral expenses! But then the consolation of having him followed to his grave by "fashionable persons!"

The next is *rich*. If the shrewd chaplain (he was then living in Lord Delamere's family) had been allowed to manage matters, a better bargain than this would have been struck with my Lord Conway, who *got* his £5000, but seems to us to have *earned* a cudgelling, than whom none would have administered it more heartily than Martindale.

"About this time the Earl of Conway married that virtuous and religious lady, Elizabeth, daughter of my Lord Delamere. There was great rejoicing

at this marriage, he being a person of so great dignity and estate; but for my part I was much troubled and unsatisfied. The truth is, I liked not the man, for several weighty reasons; and I was utterly against the giving of £10,000 portion, absolutely, without any exception, whether she lived or died, leaving any issue or none. This I thought unreasonable, and more than could well be spared. The next summer, the religious lady (an hundred times too good for such a man) dies while he was proling at court in a gainful office for money, and would not come down to her funeral, pretending excess of grief; but, however, it was soon past; for within a few weeks (as I remember, five) this excessively mournful lord took another comfortable importance, marrying a young, airy lady. After much ado, and long waiting on his lordship's pleasure, at last he declared he would be so kind as to take only £5000 for nothing, and assigned the other £5000 to my lord's youngest daughter, the Lady Diana."

But the close of his eventful career is now at hand, and things grow worse instead of mending. Misfortunes rapidly follow each other, more than we care to transcribe: among the rest, the burning of his son-in-law's workshop and barn; the loss resulting from this accident, as usual, falling upon the poor old man. The memoirs close with a lamentation over the deaths of "many worthy men of the nonconformist persuasion, that within a year, or little more, had left their earthly habitations in Lancashire for a better in heaven. When God is housing his sheep (or rather his shepherds) so fast, it is a dangerous prognostic of a storm ere long to ensue." The manuscript here ends abruptly. All that is further known of him is from the parish register at Roseterne, where the burial of Adam Martindale is entered, "September 21, 1686."

From Punch.

THE LION, THE COCK, AND THE EAGLES.

Storm-clouds were over Europe, light slept on
England's breast,
The nations heaved with earthquake throes, but
England was at rest;
A cry went up from Passaro unto the Baltic shore,
And every tongue but England's had its echo in the
roar.

The couchant Lion from his cliff looked o'er the
Channel-sea,
To where the smoke wreathed o'er the wave its
sulphurous canopy;
His ear erect, his big fore-paws stretched, claw-
sheathed, out at length,
And in his eye the calm that comes from conscious-
ness of strength.

Hark, hurtling wings and hurried! What flight
thus cleaves the smoke?
The Gallic Cock—his mate and chicks—his crow
changed to a croak,
Forlorn they stand about the strand, and cheep—
all limp and lame—
Cock missing hen, hen missing cock, for they scat-
tered as they came.

Still looked the Lion o'er the sea, where the storm
lay black as night,
When he was 'ware, high up in air, of a strange
and sudden sight—
Two huge black Eagles—double-beaked—their
lean necks iron crowned,
At buffets with a screaming flight of their own
eaglets round.

A ruffled mass of tossing plumes, red beaks, and
rending claws,
Dashed all about the northern heavens—and then
a panting pause—
And those two monster Eagles reeled bloody from
the cloud
Of their own eaglets' battle—crest-fallen, conquered,
cowed.

The Emperor Vulture of the North from his Car-
pathian height
Looked with a restless anger on that stern but
short-lived fight;
And uneasily kept pacing his eyrie to and fro,
And spread his broad black wing to hide from his
brood what passed below.

Then thought the Lion, "So it is—a lesson writ
ten plain—
I only, among beasts or birds, hold peaceable do
main.
The Gallic Cock was crafty, the Almaine Eagles
strong—
But what are craftiness and strength, with folly,
fraud, and wrong?

In the shrillest of his crowing, the Cock is chased
from power;
In the fiercest of their swooping, the Almaine Ea-
gles cower;
I only hold untroubled rule o'er beasts of fold and
field—
I, that know the strength of weakness, yield to
keep, and keep to yield.

All beasts I take to council—the Fox's craft I share,
With the Elephant's sagacity, the brute-force of
the Bear,
The wisdom of the Serpent, the mildness of the
Dove;
I mate majesty with meekness, and wrathfulness
with love.

When the Ass insists on braying, the Ass is free
to bray;
When the Bull-dog 's bent on growling, I give his
growl free way;
All my Macaws may scream their screams, my
Parrots speak their speech,
All my Quacks, Professors, Preachers, may puff,
profess, or preach.

I hold a time for all things—admit each fact a fact;
See the world changing round me, and with it
change in act.
I look on nought as final, save the Good, and Just,
and Right;
With these for backers, what care I under what
flag I fight?

Jostle it out among ye, blind leaders of the blind,
The windy empire of the Birds is little to my mind.
Light as your bodies float through air, so light your
minds may range
From theory to theory, from endless change to
change.

Ye shall not stir the Lion from out his island lair,
In your brawlings, and your bluster, and your bick-
erings to share;
He keeps here in his quiet nook, ringed by the salt
sea-foam,
For all opinion a retreat—for all distress a home."

THE GOTOBED LETTERS.

REALLY it is henceforth a matter of military history—quite as much so as the investment of Paris—that on the 10th of April, 1848, a division of the —th regiment took up their quarters in the house of Mr. Peter Gotobed, stockbroker, Consol Place. That house commanded one of the bridges, by which it was expected—especially by the Gotobed family—that the rebellious mob would return into Middlesex and Westminster, to proclaim the republic. The hopes and fears and final delight of the Gotobeds may, perhaps, by a lively imagination be conceived; but sure we are they can never be wholly expressed, as the writers of the subjoined letters (to their relatives and intimates in the country) occasionally testify.

MR. PETER GOTOBED TO MR. LAURENCE POULTENEY.

My dear friend,—It 's all over; and our glorious queen sits tighter on the throne than ever. I knew you 'd have the gout yesterday. I was sure of it, when you would drink the constitution in that manner with nine times nine bumpers at the hall; I knew you 'd be in bed with the gout on the glorious 10th, and so miss a chance of going down to posterity with a special constable's staff in your hand (as my wife insists upon my being painted, as she says, for the children.) However, as you were wrapt in flannel, and missed the glory, I 'll give you all the particulars.

The morning broke dull and hazy, and I said to myself, "Peter, you 'll have a hot day of it." Never did I eat my eggs, and ham, and herring, with so much alarm for the British constitution. My wife saw my feelings, but said nothing, and made the tea, calmly as a Roman heroine. The mother of Gracchus could n't have been more herself. The girls, too—I must say it—seemed in the best spirits. More than that, I remarked that they had dressed themselves like new pins. It was quite plain that the principles I had brought 'em up in, were bearing the noblest of fruits, and they had put on their best bibs and tuckers, to stand resolutely by the British constitution.

With not so much as a tear in her eye, did my wife bring me my staff; so much did that heroic woman (although I was going to leave home for many hours) control her feelings. Just as I was going, the bell rang at the back-gate, and Sarah ran in all of a fluster, saying, "If you please, sir, the sojers!"

You see, F. M. the Duke of Wellington had written to me overnight, (that letter is, forever and ever, an heir-loom to the Gotobeds!) requesting me to give the back-rooms to a division of the gallant —th. To ask was to command. The children's beds were immediately removed; and, as I said to my wife—"For the sake of the country, and for one night, the boys must bivouac in the drawing-room."

I immediately went to the back-gate, and showed the division up stairs to their quarters. You will think that a whole troop of soldiers, coming suddenly into a private house, would a little alarm a quiet family. Not the Gotobeds, depend upon it. The girls saw every soldier, bayonets and all, defile up stairs, and never shrank a muscle. I felt proud of 'em: I own it: I was a happy father.

"From this angle, sir," said Captain Rations, taking me to a corner of my own window, "from this angle, sir, my brave fellows would hit any one waistcoat button of any one Chartist; if, indeed, such vagabonds can afford waistcoat buttons." "Dear captain," said I, "my house and family are doubly insured with you in it. I leave it. I go upon my duty with perfect confidence." "Mr. Gotobed," said the captain to me, taking my hand with that ease and good breeding that makes the soldier at home everywhere; "Mr. Gotobed, if the worst comes to the worst, depend upon it, all my troops, with your amiable family, shall be buried in the ruins of this house, before a Chartist shall cross the threshold. Buried, sir—in the ruins." What could I do? I squeezed the captain by the hand. Words! I had none to thank him with. Luckily, however, I recollected myself; and, drawing the key of the wine-cellar from my pocket, I gave it to the captain's keeping. With a whisper—and I saw he felt the delicacy of the attention—I merely said, "The left-hand bin," and left him for my duty.

I went upon my beat. Having nothing to do—for there was n't so much as a dog stirring—I caught myself a-humming the *Marseillaise*. And then—how it happened, I can't say—I did nothing but think of all the six points of the charter. They would keep tumbling about in my head whether or not. And upon my life—never having thought of 'em so much before—some of 'em I can't think so full of rebellion as I did. In the first place—but no: when we meet I shall be ready to defend an extension of the suffrage, triennial parliaments, and certainly vote by ballot! It 's very odd; but this you may depend upon. There were so many special constables on the 10th, with nothing else to do, that they never thought so much of the charter before.

Well, the day went off splendidly. I got home at nine at night; just in time to see the captain and his men—(I assure you they had n't forgot the left-hand bin)—defile again out at the back-gate. Once outside, the fife and drum struck up *The girls we leave behind us;* and did n't we have a jolly supper! and did n't we drink the queen and the constitution! and at twelve o'clock did n't my wife say in her own clever manner, "My dear Peter, as that 's the fourth glass of toddy, and as you're a special constable, I think you could n't do better than take yourself up—to bed."

After the excitement of yesterday, and after feeling that the throne is right as a trivet, I cannot settle myself down to business, so make holiday till to-morrow. *Vive the whigs!*

Yours ever truly,
PETER GOTOBED

P. S. Just received a letter from Lieutenant Sniggs to dine at the mess; who tells me that F. M. the duke takes a quiet chop with 'em on Tuesday, and I *must* come.

MRS. GOTOBED TO MRS. DEFURBELOW.

Dear Mrs. Defurbelow,—All your fears, kind as you were to express 'em, have been in vain. Our house, as my daughter Julia says, was invested by the military; but never, never were there such dears of men. Your account of the siege of Brussels, where you lived three days in a henroost, supporting yourself upon nothing but the eggs, did, I own it, terrify me with notions of the military character, garrisoned in the bosom of a family. But your soldiers were filthy foreigners. You had not to deal with the gallant —th.

I assure you the regiment had possession of our house for a whole day, and not a speck was left

upon the carpets; not a rumple on the chair-covers. But for a few dozen broken glasses, with a small heap of cigar ash, nobody could tell that a soldier had been near us.

Mr. Gotobed was absent with his staff. Therefore, upon me alone devolved the duty of all the honors; though, I must say it, Julia acquitted herself most heroically. After our military luncheon, (I mus' n't call it dinner) the dear girl sang—*We may be happy yet*, the brave Lieutenant Sniggs turning the leaves with a feeling, that showed the true musician.

Julia is a little depressed this morning—and I don't wonder at it. One can't be calm for a whole day upon the eve of revolution, without paying for it the next.

Yours always,
ELIZA GOTOBED.

P. S. I don't know why I should ask; but you know these things better than I do. What is the fullest pay of an army lieutenant?

MISS JULIA GOTOBED TO MISS ARABELLA ROSEGARTEN.

Yes, Arabella; the die is cast. He has come—he has seen—and I have conquered. I always had a dim, mysterious notion that my fate was somehow bound up with the fate of my country. And so it has turned out. The revolution that has broken against the throne of England, harmless as a ripple upon Herne Bay beach, has enthroned in this bosom the tyrant Love. I cannot express to you the *émeute* of my feelings! Nor can I think that an envious destiny will throw up a barricade between me and happiness!

We have passed through a most magnificent day. There was no fighting; but the bayonets in our house had an awful glitter. What I should have done had the mob attacked us, nobody can tell; but the gallant Lieutenant Sniggs, with an oath so pretty you might work it in crewel—the gallant creature said, he would mow 'em down like turnip tops! It would have been dreadful, would it not? but still interesting.

Arabella, I am now about to entrust you with a secret that—if your school-girl feelings are still the same—you will not let a team of wild horses tear from you. Handing me down to lunch, Lieutenant Sniggs proposed! Did I not say the die was cast?

The dear fellow has invited pa to the mess; and, though I believe he has nothing but his sword at the present, his expectations are immense. Pa dines on Tuesday; on Wednesday expect to hear that the happiest woman upon earth is your devoted and affectionate schoolfellow,

JULIA GOTOBED.

I know the dear Duke of Wellington attends weddings. If pa gives his consent to Sniggs—the dear fellow's name, I should tell you, is my favorite—Edgar—do you think the duke would, out of compliment to a fellow-soldier, give me away?

SUSAN MOPLEY TO SARAH GRITTS.

Dear Sarah,—I 've given warning, have drawn from the savings-bank, and leave here in a month. I know you 'll ask me why? when I was so comfortable. Well, Sarah, for this special reason; I 'm more comfortable still. I 'm sure I should like a revolution every day in the year, for we never had such a happy house as last Monday [illegible] a division of the Coldcream Guards, [illegible] the crown of England, from the second-[illegible] windows. Our house was like a garrison, and [illegible] of powder like a magazine. They talked of throwing skyrockets from the garrets, and [illegible], of throwing shells to the mob, which I thought foolish waste, seeing how nice they look upon mantel-pieces.

I suppose you think I were in a pretty pucker. Indeed, I warn't. I could n't ha' thought it till I 'd tried, what a deal of comfort there is in seeing so many guns about one, with noble fellars not afeard to fire 'em off. And then the soldiers—'specially Corporal Fubbs—was in such good humor, it was impossible to fear nothing. I do believe I could have looked upon a battle of Waterloo, with never so much as a single twitter.

Well, to make a long story short, Corporal Fubbs asked me to be his wife—though he said he could, if he liked, marry a governess in a duke's family, that knew French and the use of the globes, the next day. The dear cretur was so straightforward, I could n't have the heart to worrit him; so I promised at once, and showed my savings-bank book, which he said was beautiful.

He talks of going to Indy, when we marry; as he says it is easier to get made a captain there. I 'm rayther afraid of the sun, as you know I freckle with so little—still, a soldier's wife (and I almost feel one already) must be afeard of nothing. I shall ask you to the wedding, which will be in a month at least; and so seeing what 's come of the revolution, and how happy I 've been made by it, should n't I be an ungrateful cretur not to cry—Hoorah for the charter!

Your constant friend till death,
SUSAN MOPLEY.

I sit and count the clock; for at seven I 'm going to take four new shirts, a pigeon pie, and a bottle of ale to Fubbs.—*Punch*.

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is *want of charity;* and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and, as a matter of philosophy, that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul blots at the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 26th April, 1848.

THE Cunard steamer and the Hermann carried for you two copious epistles. So many extraordinary things happen here, and so much curious and important matter comes to us from abroad, daily, that any selection is the difficulty of a periodical scribbler. Next week, my leisure will be more than this, and two steamers are to depart from England. My notes may exceed the present in amount and interest. They cannot, however, be systematic or coherent, under the desultory circumstances of the hour.

Thursday last was devoted in this capital to the Festival of Fraternity. During the greater part of the day the weather was wet; the evening proved clear. You must accept the enclosed newspaper-report of the main details of the "sublime manifestation." It is officially stated in the Moniteur that the number of men, armed and unarmed, who defiled before the authorities, in the Champs Elysées, was 384,000. The new national guard is far from being as yet completely equipped. Umbrellas took the place of the musket with some thousands. Most of the actors are said to have been nearly sixteen hours on foot or in service. Bread was carried on the points of the bayonets of various corps. Bouquets, garlands, and other tokens, thrown from the windows by the fair, were carried either at the sword or bayonet point. This and the strange accoutrements of the volunteer or eccentric band, called guards, made the scene fantastic and motley. The women in the ranks, in male attire, were not a few. In the midst of a legion from the banlieue, or precincts, strutted an elderly female with a red cap, and tri-colored scarf over a white dress—a red liberty-cap, and a label proclaiming her a mother of *sixteen* children, who herself had been wounded on the 24th February in defence of liberty! In this heroic age, we cannot venture to remark that she might have been better employed at home, in maternal drudgery. The spontaneous (!) illumination of the principal quarters of the capital had an admirable effect;—no affrays, no accidents of consequence; a half million of individuals out of doors three fourths of the day. Detachments from several regiments were admitted, and so placed as to alternate with the companies of the guards, chiefly the new. The primary object of the convocation was the fraternization of these parties, in order to enable the government to establish a garrison. Fifteen thousand troops remain by permission—by prompted request—of their new brothers, who, like the old national guards, began to find the exclusive supervision of public order—the service, night and day, of the hundreds of posts—rather too onerous. There will be a considerable addition to the tolerated regulars after the elections. The design of the demagogues and anarchists in banishing the army was to enable themselves to compass what fresh revolution they pleased, and thus to remain absolute "masters of the situation." It is admissible to ascribe much of the enthusiasm lavished on Thursday, by the respectable classes, to their stronger hope of security from mob-excesses, than to the cry of *Vive la République*—the only one, since all proscriptive cries and hostile emblems were, as a point of consistency, prohibited for the nonce.

Nearly three weeks of heavy rains have awfully swollen all the rivers, and sad tidings of inundations in the provinces are expected. The calamity will not promote the restoration of order. From the terrace at St. Germain, which I visit daily, half the valley of the Seine seems to be under water.

The vast hall of the national assembly is nearly completed at the ex-palace of the deputies: it is so built as to resist an attack of the people, in case of an *émeute!* A decree, of yesterday, appoints the republican guard of the Hotel de Ville, the regular guard of the assembly. This battalion is now of six hundred; half of them were a free corps of combatants, of the Three Days of February, who, on the 24th, the last, installed themselves at the Hotel, and have been rendered in a degree manageable by doubling their number and investing them with special dignity. It is a common notion that the assembly will not regard itself as *constituent* merely, but undertake at once the whole government, and that the constitution must embrace all administrative as well as political law, and all social theory which the majority of the nine hundred shall approve. No man can conjecture, as yet, how the assembly will be composed, o the nature and compass of the system to be put together for the thirty-five millions of the land.

The *Assemblée Nationale*, a new journal, is the organ of the "Republican Club for the Freedom of Elections," and of the higher classes of the legitimists and conservatives, who are the soul of the club. It issues, daily, twenty-four thousand copies, and is about to be enlarged. We may admire the boldness of its hostilities against the anarchical associations and oracles, but the acerbity of its occasional animadversion on the provisional government tends to defeat the other warfare. The government, doubtless, is an active dictatorship, manœuvring with anarchical fermentation, yet it prevents infinite evil. The *Assemblée*, of this morning, says: "Now that the elections are over, any fresh edict, or legislative act, by the provisional government, would be a criminal usurpation. What remains for it to assail? Has it not touched everything, and killed all that it touched? commerce, industry, public credit, private credit army, judiciary, military discipline, political morality—all the arteries of social life, have they not been opened, and are they not nearly exhausted? The country and the press have the right to cry —'You shall go no further.' The minister who shall sign a new decree will be guilty of high treason against the sovereignty of the people. He should be impeached." Nevertheless, there will be decrees, and pregnant ones, before the devolution of the executive power to the assembly. "We are scarcely half way up the revolutionary ladder," observes, to-day, *La Liberté*—a paper

auxiliary to the government. A translation of President Polk's message to congress, with the despatch of Mr. Rush, has appeared in the principal Paris journals. The measure and strain of the President were proper; so all that has been expressed here by Americans. Wherever republicanism is substituted for monarchy we are allowed to exult as Christians would do on the substitution of Christianity for paganism in any region. But the caution of the majority in the senate at Washington against Mr. Allen's resolution, may not be condemned; those gentlemen, probably, shared the natural and excellent feelings of the minority; they were only less sanguine and adventurous. It is related, in Mr. Pitkin's history, that even as late as 1793, a great proportion of the American people seemed to have no doubt that a republican government could and would be maintained in France. How long the same confidence will endure on the present occasion, we cannot predict; but it may be allowed to an old observer in France, and constant witness in the capital, who is neither monarchist nor pessimist, but anti-royalist by study and conviction, to doubt thus early—to *fear* painfully; the session of the national assembly, if it live to bring forth, may yield a compound polity as opposite to American republicanism as sound practice is to chimerical theory, or chaos to the harmony of the spheres, or the present condition and current of affairs to genuine liberty, social order, rational calculation, or national weal. In his paper of yesterday, Lamennais holds this language: "Nothing is ended, no party have renounced their hopes. Communism and terrorism may seem to be reprobated, but the people are made an election machine; it is not labor which is organized, but the slavery of the laborers."

By her first revolution, France lost Hayti; it is conceded in the journals that the decree for abolition in the remaining islands is a sacrifice of their value, if not of dominion. But they had nothing to hope from the late government. M. Guizot surrendered them to the British policy. To judge from paragraphs of the new Paris journals, which denounce American negro-slavery, our southern states may look out for a new race of emissaries. The French do not understand, in the least, their situation and reasoning. Female clubs multiply in the provincial towns. Reform societies are said to be established throughout Sweden. King Oscar will have his troubles. Two hundred of the Paris clubs have, by delegates from each, formed the club of clubs—*alias*, Le Comité Revolutionnaire. These associations pass *decrees* that deputies be sent to the Hotel de Ville to demand a decree from the provisional government, &c. A band, self-styled *Les Voraces*, domineer over Lyons, seize the guns and ammunition provided for General Bedeau's army of the Alps, and defy the municipal authorities. But the manifestations of the national guards in the capital have encouraged those in the provincial cities to maintain a bolder front.

On Saturday last, the day before the general elections, the anarchical editors published letters from London, declaring positively that Lord Palmerston, Louis Philippe, M. Guizot, Prince Metternich, the hereditary Prince of Prussia, with the plenipotentiaries of the German and northern royalties, were plotting a grand coalition against republican France. *Le Monde Républicain*, of yesterday, assumes Russia and England to be the supreme parties, and to have undertaken immense armaments. But, adds the oracle, they will now encounter the *people* of the continent; England will see a new continental blockade carried into effect by the people, and fatal to her manufactures. You will see that Sicily has repudiated the House of Bourbon, meaning to give herself some other Italian prince than the *bombarding* Ferdinand. This independence is believed to be British work. When Lord Stanley complained, in the house of peers, of the King of Sardinia's intervention in the Lombard war, he forgot the mission of Lord Minto in Italy—a general interference, but specially directed to the rescue of the Sicilians in the way just suggested. The correspondence between the British plenipotentiary at Madrid, and the Spanish cabinet—an interference of Lord Palmerston—attracts much attention. The Spanish government is, indeed, a sheer military despotism; and if England has a right to remonstrate on that head, she ought to go further, for mere remonstrance, known to be futile, looks like a feint. The Portuguese sovereigns and court are stated to have embarked their more precious and portable wealth on board the British squadron in the Tagus. Authoritative names are subscribed to the petition to the Pope for an Italian Diet at Rome, for the purpose of organizing national unity in the peninsula. The general coalition against Austria cannot fail to promote that transcendant purpose. You must remark the new and liberal constitution for Holland. The distracted condition of the Grand Duchy of Posen will induce events of consequence. Emperor Nicholas prepares himself strenuously in Poland. There will be trouble with the Danubian provinces. According to the correspondents, north of France, of the London Times and the Morning Chronicle, republicanism is not favored by the majority of the German and Sclavonian races. Those papers furnish a deal of reliable information concerning continental transactions and tendencies. The letters from Paris are correct in the main; so are the editorial strictures, making allowance for the exaggeration and coloring adopted to deter the British from imitation of French example. The *Letters to the Mob*, in the Morning Chronicle, suit every meridian. Hungary has severed herself from the other provinces of Austria; she acknowledges only the common crown, but with a separate civil list, army, and so forth. Bohemia, a glorious country, may be expected to follow suit.

Great Britain gains by the suspension of French manufactures and commerce, on one hand, yet loses the market as far as she supplied it with her products and capital. She is making great bar-

gains of French goods; she sends so much gold for speculative ends, that its price has materially declined on the Paris exchange. If she remain politically firm and quiet, she will profit prodigiously, in various respects, by the convulsions of the continent. The organization at Liverpool, by a hundred "influential gentlemen," of a Financial Reform Association, is an event to be noted. It would have been difficult to refute the censure of the speakers on the enormous incomes of the members of the royal family; a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year to the *queen dowager*—to say nothing of the stipends of Prince Albert, the King of Hanover, Leopold of Belgium, and *tutti quanti*. The royal pensions amount altogether to three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the appropriations for her majesty's privy purse, salaries of her household and tradesmen's bills, to three hundred and seventy-one thousand, per annum. The Sycee silver is exhausted; the sinking-fund yields nothing this year for the national debt; the income-tax is an indispensable permanent charge; the interest of the public debt is twenty-eight millions; the revenue of 1846 was 58,473,891; the real deficit is estimated from three to five millions. The fixed income of the see of Canterbury is seventeen thousand pounds, with a hundred and forty-nine livings at its disposal. The Times calculates that Great Britain has expended eighty millions sterling in the attempt to suppress the negro slave trade, "without fruit for any party." Of the revenue-report for 1847 and the first quarter of 1848, the same authority says—"We have only to congratulate ourselves that things are not so bad as they might have been." The Morning Chronicle absolutely desponds. The financial, political and social condition of nearly all Europe had become so bad, that a mighty pervading shock seemed necessary and inevitable. Tinkering would not answer. The immediate results are the more disastrous for the extent, depth, intensity of the abuses, and the inveterate blindness of the rulers and privileged monopolists. Viciousness and decrepitude have occasioned an overthrow and crash which have astonished the victors nearly as much as the vanquished.

The *Moniteur* of this morning contains a decree of the provisional government which dissolves the armed convocations of Germans in the north-eastern departments. Its preamble deprecates a war with Germany, on account of military expeditions of foreigners, who are not denied access to their country when they present themselves in peaceable guise. Another decree reduces the number of the military territorial divisions of France to seventeen, and the subdivisions to forty-three. The old superior officers of the reserve and of the staff, who have been eliminated by the minister of war, have raised an outcry, and arranged an early meeting for a common expostulation. The famous General Gourgaud is of the number. The government military journal announces that it calculates upon an effective force of upwards of six hundred thousand men, in case of war. The elements of the calculation are given, with the *nota bene* that the first revolution had not a hundred and fifty thousand regular troops at command (*sous main*) when it entered the field against coalesced Europe. Five distinguished regiments are ordered to join the garrison of Paris—two of them cavalry. Revived Jacobinism gnashes—*fremit ore cruento*. The government has allotted to the ministry of the interior the sum of half a million of francs "for extraordinary expenses of general safety." It has taken possession of the four steamers of the Havre transatlantic company and restored them to the navy: there is an end to that line. New York should send a steamer to Havre at least once a fortnight. We have an official annunciation of the acceptance of the republic at Martinique and Guadaloupe. "The legitimate impatience of the blacks" is mentioned. We are not told how the colonial proprietors are to be indemnified for abolition.

The night before the last, Paris was thrown into fresh alarm by this circumstance. In many of the wards, in the elections of Sunday and Monday for the national assembly, which were closed at ten at night, the extreme radical or anarchical party, or the ticket of Ledru-Rollin, Blanc, Flocon and Albert, had notoriously failed. The police received certain information of a plot of some of the most violent clubs and their myrmidons to carry off and destroy the ballot-urns. Large numbers of the national guards were immediately summoned "pour un service d'urgence," the urns committed to strong vehicles and strong backs, and transferred to the offices of the mayors under considerable military escorts. It was a business of several hours. The posts at the offices were doubled. The 28th inst. is fixed for the general counting of the votes at the Hotel de Ville. About two thirds of the registered voters are supposed to have gone to the polls. The number of the inscribed voters in the department of the Seine is about three hundred thousand, considerably larger than that of the whole constituency, or *pays légal*, of Louis Philippe's kingdom. We cannot yet know exactly the successful tickets, but there is reason to believe that the seven moderate members (Lamartine's party) of the provisional government have a large majority. The candidateship of the commissaries in the provinces and their modes of *enforcing* their claims are understood to have injured the republican cause. The still revolutionary clubs and journals betray deep chagrin at the composition which they foresee for the national assembly. We read in one of their chief organs, "*Le Monde Républicain*," (25th inst.,) "In ten days we shall have to deal here with a national assembly consisting of heterogeneous elements—of elements of discord—of the most *dissolving* elements. Before two months shall have elapsed, this assembly, which will not be able to operate with any *ensemble* or unity, will probably be dissolved, unless, enlightened by the counsels and admonition of the republican press, and impelled by necessity, it shall catch another spirit and idea from the manifestations of democratic opinion, and per

ceive by their fervor that the time is come to act in a way and sense the reverse of the system which the moderate voters, those men who compromit and ruin every cause, have meant that it should adopt invariably and despite all opposition." On this head the strain of the new kindred sheets—the *Commune de Paris*, the *Père Duchesne*, *L'Ami du Peuple*, and others on my table, is far more fierce and minatory. But the provisional government takes the best measures to protect the assembly, at least in the outset. The opening on the 4th May is to be signalized by a magnificent universal celebration and an immense influx of people from the departments. We have in the Moniteur an official programme of "this the most imposing of all solemnities." The arrangements are singularly fantastic and sentimental.

Paris, 27 April, 1848.

Seven or eight pages for you were committed yesterday to the post-office. I snatch an hour to add three or four—a random supplement. We are oppressed by the quantity of momentous intelligence, and the accumulation of journals, meriting some attention. Nothing in the way of publication had ever been imagined like the emission of placards, loose pages, tickets, decrees, addresses, pamphlets, gazettes, since the full enfranchisement of the press here and elsewhere on the continent. The trade has out-grown every other, as a hugely enlarged spleen or liver in the animal frame beggars the rest of the organs. The provisional government, their commissaries, and the public authorities in all parts of the country, have vied with the projectors, clubs, candidates, lecturers, in beprinting all the street-corners and public edifices. They filch the time of multitudes who read themselves, and more who do so by proxy, and nearly all of whom might be better employed. You see on every edifice that can be claimed for the government or republic, *Respect for the National Property*, in large characters. This appeals to sentiment and personal prudence. The *Courrier Français* (an able journal, friendly to the government) gave yesterday an editorial article, headed, "Of the commercial, financial, and political discredit, resulting from the decrees passed by the provisional government in order to help the public treasury." It is an awful disquisition; it argues and concludes that nearly the whole body of the inhabitants of Paris have lost half their fortunes. The *Siècle*, the organ of the old *left*, likewise treats the "financial situation" with knowledge, adroitness, and courage. As the provisional rulers draw near to their term, animadversion becomes severer, bolder, and more diffusive. A decree commands the preparation of a general statement of the finances, for the national assembly, stopping at the 24th February. We may presume that a *compte rendu* of the subsequent period will be exacted; as yet there is no exposé, though the journals suggest or demand a peep behind the curtain. The *Siècle* says—"The minister, M. Pagès, stated on the 9th March, that the government of Louis Philippe had expended in the two hundred and sixty-eight last days of its existence, *eleven hundred thousand francs per day*. When the provisional government shall render its *bilan*, we shall, probably, learn something as painful; the deficit of ordinary resources, during the two first months of its existence, cannot be less than twelve or thirteen hundred thousand francs per day." A London paper of the 28th inst. remarks, that "the inconvertible paper system is extending, and will probably pervade the whole continent." A result not unlikely. As all the provincial banks of France are to be merged in the institution at Paris, and the notes of all are legal tender, we are already in the system. Silver abounds, however, and the discount on notes remains inconsiderable. It is of little special value except as a reserve against paper-depreciation, which must come. But few of the forty millions francs, in fives, struck by the republican mint, are found in circulation. Why they should be particularly hoarded is not obvious.

The ballot-urns from three hundred and sixty wards, in the department of the Seine, have been safely lodged at the Hotel de Ville. The presence of a multitude of public functionaries in the late chamber of deputies nearly exhausted the lungs and pens of the indignant opposition. In the elections just completed, the number of public functionaries, *candidates*, is ascertained, so far, to be at least *twelve hundred;* the portion chosen remains to be disclosed. They belong to the republican party. I could not venture to conjecture the whole *cipher* of candidates—thousands would be a modest phrase. The twenty-five francs a day to be given to the members, has not been without attraction. If abuses, disorders, deficiencies, mistakes, ignorance, have happened in the elections throughout France, we may not wonder nor complain, considering that this is the first trial of universal suffrage in a nation of thirty-five millions. Neither the peasant nor the city-workman is easily bought, but he is excitable and credulous; a large proportion of the voters cannot read, and have never possessed the least knowledge, nor entertained a thought, of political institutions. Michelet, the historian and professor, ventured to affirm, not long since, in a lecture, that thirty millions out of the thirty-five millions of French had not a common idea. The elective franchise will give them a stock of common, salutary, quickening ideas.

The moderate or simply republican members of the provisional government have been placed on the tickets of all the moderate and substantial parties, along with a few candidates ycleped workmen. Scarcely one of those tickets was of absolute predilection and choice,—the greater the credit due to the hosts of adopters who made a virtue of necessity in an alternative. It is credibly related that Lamartine being asked how and by whom the country could be saved, answered—"By the Holy Ghost alone, and let us hope that it will descend into the vessels, however unworthy, of myself and some of my colleagues." The lovers of order and sound polity have chosen to see the cloven tongues descending upon the poet. He has borne ⅓ the

rushing mighty wind," and the fiery inspiration, as became a patriot and the elect of Providence. He has a vast majority in the returns from capital and provinces, as the symbol of a wise and moderate republic. The advices from distant quarters are all satisfactory. One result was the considerable advance yesterday of all the public stocks. The shares of the Bank of France rose for another reason. It became known on the exchange that the Bank of England had sold to the other ingots of silver, to the amount of fifty millions of francs, for French government stocks and exchequer-bills. This was a grateful return for a service of the kind formerly rendered. The *Constitutionnel* of this day is sure of the arrangement, but does not mention the rates admitted. The *bons dutrésor* lose thirty-nine per cent.

On the ticket deemed the best and the highest, we have the names thus :—Béranger, *chansonnier;* Lamartine, *poete;* Lamennais, *apotre.* The apostle has been very useful in writing as the tongues dictated. Two hundred and ten thousand votes were taken in Paris, and about sixty thousand in two adjacent districts. The superior and safe seven of the eleven of the provisional government, with Generals Lamoricière and Cavaignac, are far ahead. No disturbances of any consequence are recorded : in the manufacturing town of Louviers, there was a serious riot ; even at Rouen and Lille, Messrs. Ledru-Rollin & Co. were left in " a significative minority." The *Presse*—the demagogue Girardin—of this morning, has the hardihood to ask, " Will the national assembly contain a single man that knows how to give democracy its true laws?" Under the present aspect of the elections, we can expect a hundred capable of understanding the errand. That they will prevail, is a different problem. " It was full time," observes *La Liberté*, of this day, " to have the assembly. The provisional government, maugre the good intentions of the majority, could not have stood two more months. The assembly will separate the tares from the wheat." It was nearly broken up the night before the last by internal combustion. A detachment from each of the legions of the national guards of the capital and the *banlieue* has been summoned to preserve order while the votes are counted to-morrow, (Friday,) and when the results are proclaimed on Saturday. The groups of inquirers and conjecturers on the boulevards, and in all the streets and quays near the Hotel de Ville, were numerous and dense until midnight. The government is blamed for a delay truly unavoidable. It is also rebuked for the probable cost of the festival of the 4th May—the inauguration of the national assembly—a cost of eleven hundred thousand francs. " Restore that sum," cries one editor, " preferably to the despoiled savings-banks." " The money of the poor people," exclaims another, " could have a better destination. They do not call for noisy mythological representations." Nevertheless, the assembly was to be welcomed theatrically, *à la mode de Paris.* The distances, the condition of the roads, and the very short interval between the election-returns and the 4th May, must prevent the larger half of the body from appearing in time. Above and below Paris, the river looks like two immense lakes. In one place, it is three miles wide, owing to the rains.

Yesterday, at the Hotel de Ville, Mr. Rush delivered his credentials in form to the provisional government. His speech, for which I refer you to the newspapers, was suitable to the occasion. In complimenting the government on having admirably preserved *internal* tranquillity, as well as external peace, he played the diplomatist rather than the historian. To be sure, France has not been afflicted with a civil war, in the broad sense, but she has been widely disturbed. Most of the tumults and affrays are imputable to the arbitrary port and *coups d'etai* of the government commissaires —the proconsuls whom the minister of the interior instructed and even commanded to be revolutionary and absolute. Lamartine replied to our envoy, in a skilful and beautiful strain. He improved the opportunity to teach and lead his country. It was a turn or dispensation of Providence, he said, that our republic should be the first to acknowledge and hail the French sister, as France had done to the American. Henceforward, France would be ripe for her institutions. " The republic which she desires is that which you Americans have yourselves founded—progressive, but conservative of rights, property, liberty, industry of every kind, commerce, probity—moral and religious sentiment of the citizens—a republic of peace and fraternity —no proscription—no confiscation—no blood. We hope for a republic, a glorious sister of the American ; we speak, as Lafayette did—the republic of the two worlds. All Frenchmen have for the Americans the heart of Lafayette." You must be content with the substance from me of his fine effusion. In a reply, several weeks ago, to a French deputation, (no, the Italians, I believe,) he celebrated, magnificently, the virtues and example of Washington. Before the organization of the national assembly, I intend to distribute a view of our republican annals, maxims, institutions, peculiarities, and various progress, which may be useful as matter of information and reflection for that body. A band of the montagnards having threatened to demolish the presses of the journal *L'Assemblée Nationale*, the authorities have garrisoned with national guards the edifice from which that and three other new organs are issued. The torrents from the skies having arrested field labor, Paris has a large accession of gentry with whom government and all would gladly dispense. The club of the army of the Alps has transmitted a fraternal address to the club of clubs, or the grand revolutionary committee of the capital. A new *central club for the provinces* is instituted, with a journal and such statutes as furnish a coördinate *national assembly.*

From the Newspapers.

The Frankfort parliament will meet upon the 15th May, and when its members, its composition, its discordant interests and elements, its individual, national, and provincial jealousies are considered, it may be affirmed that more than eight or nine months will elapse before its labors will be concluded. It is this inevitable delay that causes the general depression of credit and spirit. The discussions of individual states are held to be of secondary importance. The fate of Germany depends upon the federal parliament. That parliament will hold in its hands the destiny of sovereigns, of landlords, of merchants and manufacturers. There will be no repose for either of any of these until the general parliament has determined the general position. Credit, confidence, and even hope, shaken to their very basis, cannot ameliorate until men see clearly before them. In the mean time commerce, industry, and trade have suffered, and will suffer, to such extent as will require years of tranquillity to repair the mischief. *Facilis descensus*—rapid, indeed, has been the fall, but to recover will be found a work of Hercules.

The "Société d'Economie Politique" presented an address to the provisional government, complaining of the suppression of the chair of political economy in the College de France. M. Lamartine, in reply, said that he could not believe that the liberal and enlightened intentions of his friend and colleague, M. Carnot, could have been well understood by the "Société des Economistes," for that it could not enter the idea of a government founded on labor and intelligence to deny to a science its right of enlightening people's minds and interests, or to crush any germ of truth. He was sure, on the contrary, that the intention of the minister was to multiply the teaching of that science under other forms. But, he added, the science should not be, as it had hitherto been, the science of wealth. The republic desired to make it the science of fraternity, the science by which not only would labor and its fruits be increased, but by which a more general, more equitable, more universal distribution of wealth would take place among the whole people. The problem, the minister said in conclusion, was to conciliate property with liberty of labor, and increase of wages—any other would be a subversion instead of an improvement.

In consequence of the impression that the provisional government, in abolishing the chair of political economy, filled by M. Michel Chevalier, at the College de France, intended to suppress the study and exposition of that science, the *Monitcur* publishes a programme of the lectures to be delivered by the new professors. Under the head of political economy there are to be 18 lectures, embracing the consideration of all the systems of finance and political economy, proposed or adopted from the earliest periods by distinguished men, and ending with the systems of Owen, Fourrier, St. Simonianism, and the Libres Echangistes.

A petition has just been addressed to the provisional government by a great number of Jews residing in Paris, praying to have the Consistory dissolved. This demand is founded on the fact that the present Consistory, they declare, was nominated by 111 individuals only of the Jewish persuasion, out of 6000 to be found in the capital.

We read in the *Messager*:—"A lady of Geneva, who is a friend of the Duchess of Orleans, received a few days ago, from the duchess, a letter which contains among other things the following words:—'I deplored at first the unexpected revolution of February, and wept over the terrible fall of those who were dear to me; I regretted at first for my son the loss of the finest crown in the world; but now I would rather see my son dead than hope for him an early return to France, or dream that he might one day sit upon a throne which is forever impossible.'"

The *Venetian Gazette* of the 13th publishes a decree of the republic accepting the offer of the formation of a female battalion, who will be employed in tending the wounded, and all those military employments that may be effected without public display.

Academy of Sciences—*Sitting of April* 17.—This sitting, like those of the two last months, was marked by very little of interest. A letter was received from M. Versepuy, of Riom, stating that he has succeeded in discovering the means of avoiding most of the dangerous consequences resulting from the present mode of making white lead. By his process the manufacture is carried on in a closed apartment, and none of the dust can enter the lungs of the workman.—M. Laignel exhibited to the academy the model of a triple break, to be used on railway carriages, in the event of a collision. It is so contrived, being in three parts, that the carriage is gradually checked. They must be destroyed successively before the carriage itself can receive any material injury, and by the time the last portion of the break has given way it is supposed the impetus of the train will have ceased, by the resistance that it has encountered.—M. Babinet laid before the academy his theory as to the cause of rain. He finds it to exist in the movement of ascension of a mass of damp air, which, arriving in a region where the atmospheric pressure becomes less than at the point from which the damp air has risen, the latter dilates, and, becoming considerably cooler, is convorted into liquid.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

History of the Girondists, vol. 3. This volume has already been reviewed in the Living Age, and is now just reprinted by Messrs. Harpers.

The Green Mountain Boys; an historical tale of the early settlement of Vermont. Published by B. B. Muzzey & Co., Boston.

The French Revolution of 1848, by Thomas Dunn English, and G. G. Foster, has been issued in a volume, with many plates, by Zieber & Co., Philadelphia, and Redding & Co., Boston.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very ully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in *each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 212.—3 JUNE, 1848.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

MARRIAGE, REAL AND NOMINAL.

"WHAT a beautiful woman Mrs. H. is! There is something quite noble-looking in those calm, regular features of hers; and their expression is as sweet and gentle as one can imagine that of Wordsworth's—

'Perfect woman, nobly planned.'"

'I agree with you. Mrs. H.'s face is beautiful in form and outline, and, as you say, sweet and gentle in its expression; but I must say it does not fulfil my ideal (to use the modern phrase) of the spiritual beauty expressible in the human face. There is none of that ever-varying eloquence of expression which is the very life and divinity in the countenance of man or woman, in the still life of Mrs. H.'s features. There is neither thought, nor strength, nor savor in her everlastingly sweet smile. Beauty she may possess; but it is the beauty of marble, animated by one feeling—amiability."

"Well! and what more beautiful feeling could speak from her soul, through a woman's eyes, than that you have assigned to Mrs. H.? Moreover, I believe the personification you speak of is real; and I account it a most fortunate thing for H. to have such a wife! A stronger and more actively intellectual and spiritual nature would have been unsuited to his mind and circumstances, and might have diverted his attention from his public duties, excited his faculties in a different direction, and it may be, have unwittingly hindered his high course of usefulness."

"I cannot agree with you there. It is a mistaken idea that strength must *oppose* strength. I believe, rather, that where properly suited, the strong mind assimilates more closely, and in a far higher and nobler manner, with another strong, though, perhaps different nature, than is possible in such unions as that you are rejoicing at the sight of. Such a marked inequality must involve imperfect unity, and, I think, shows but a poor appreciation of what marriage is in the man who chooses or admires it. What would you think of an eagle wedded to a dove? White and beautiful, gentle and loveful though she be, softly though she down the eyrie, and neatly though she arrange it for his reception, she is still but a dove; and when her kingly mate returns from his flight beyond the clouds, and folding those wings that have swept along the surface of the sea, and borne him to the untrodden lands near the rising of the sun; when those eyes that have assayed their utmost vision—power to pierce the very source of light—turn to the shade of home to be refreshed and *revived*,—when there, in the repose hours of life, he would again, in thought, unfold those wings, and review the vast and wondrous regions they have traversed—to whom must he depict the glory, and beauty, and mystery, that have enriched his soul? Surely not to the gentle dove by his side; for, grateful though he feel for her warmth and love, he knows too well that in her mind is neither scope nor power to reflect his thoughts. He is therefore silent: to the deepest tones of his soul's voice he feels there can be no response: he must not utter them, except, perchance, to the stars; with whom he may feel kindred, but from whom he cannot receive that breath of sympathy which so refreshes and nourishes the soul. Think you the kingly bird's nature can be fully developed under such circumstances? By my belief in marriage, as the highest fulfilment of our being, the strengthener of our strength, the ennobler of our powers, the elevator of our desires, the inspirer of our highest impulses—I deny the perfection of such unions. And yet how frequently they take place; and we find them not only defended, but admired as models.

"Such admiration is as reasonable as the rejoicing of the blind man that he had never been troubled with sight! Poor dark one! he could not know that the effort of vision, if we may use the expression, which he imagined applicable to that exquisite sense, is amply rewarded by the beauty of earth, and air, and sky, which it reveals. Such reward, in a spiritual form, the earnest seeker after unity in union may find; for sympathy is the sight sense of the soul, reflecting on the inward *retina* of mutually loving and kindred spirits the whole nature of each."

"Your ideal of marriage is a noble one, and I doubt not, true; but how seldom is it attained. And, after all, what are more dear than love and gentleness. How beautiful it is to see the world-toiling man finding the solace of reciprocal affection, even though he be denied intellectual sympathy in his wife!"

"Yes, beautiful as are the few treasured flowers in the prison of the captive, whose right it is to see and enjoy the whole beauty of earth. Love and gentleness are, indeed, beyond price; but in my ideal of the queen eagle, they are as perfect as in the dove. Quickness and clearness of intellect, vividness of imagination, warm love of truth, and right and pure earnestness of purpose, are as native to the female as sympathy and tenderness. I own I am somewhat of an aristocrat in regard to marriage, and would not mingle serf with knightly blood. But the heraldic blazonry must be of Heaven's stamping; the Gules, and the Azure, and the Or, must be colored in the soul! Nothing can be more grievous to contemplate than

the loss and suffering from ill-assorted unions. When, as sometimes happens, the woman is superior to her husband, the case is still worse, for woman's whole life and soul are involved in marriage, and her social position is less favorable to finding the substitute men generally obtain in outward resources.

"It is a difficult question this of marriage; youth is most naturally its season; every unfolding sentiment and budding hope, and branching desire, bends at that period toward the sun of love. Marriage, without love in highest enthusiasm, is not worthy the name; but the firm basis of reason is not the less needful. And how liable is youth to mistake—to decide on uncertain premises—or, more correctly speaking, to act unreasoningly! True, passion lights its beautiful flame, and pours forth its generous warmth in the heart of youth; but the fire does not there die! In the pure and earnest soul, love, highest and most intense, lives ever; preserving the freshness of spring through the maturer seasons of life, and insures to him who guards it with vestal care, a perpetual youth of the heart. '*Manhood* is the season for marriage,' says the philosopher of life; a certain virility of mind, as well as body, is necessary in order to judge and capacitate for so important a relation. It is from our ideal of what marriage ought to be, not from our observation of the unions, called marriages, around us, that we must reason and decide in the question before us."

"Is it safe to argue thus on imaginary ideals?"

"I think it is: all perfection, in this world, is ideal; but not the less to be aimed at on that account; else, where were the artist's aim, the believer's faith, the philosopher's calmness? The aspiration after perfection is the soul of progress; progress is the law of being; every pure and high desire of the soul is a promise of its future nature, a prophecy of its everlasting development, a linking of time with eternity!

"Our estimate of the worth and uses of marriage will greatly depend on the appreciation we have formed of the meaning of life, and on the understanding we have of our own nature. If that estimate be noble and true, and if we correctly comprehend ourselves, we may conceive somewhat of the responsibility we ought to feel to act in the light of highest reason, when seeking to secure to ourselves the unspeakable benefits of this 'benignest ordinance of God to man,' as Milton nobly designates it. Our ideas of marriage are generally derived from the circumstances and examples around us, and these are rarely the most favorable to a correct judgment. In designing the structure of life, we must be guided by truth and nature, rather than by custom and example; thus only can we insure beauty and harmony in the building. Each of us is the architect of his own existence, we are given life and the materials to make it great and real; if we neglect to do so it becomes mean and tasteless. 'What is life,' asks the wise Milton, 'without the vigor and spiritual exercise of life?' To establish this vigor, and to inspire this spirituality, is marriage chiefly valuable, and only when it thus rouses into highest life the full maturity of existence is it worthy of that most holy office which the Creator has assigned it, of perpetuating His image on the earth. This highest appointment is alone sufficient to denote the intense importance of right and real marriages, it is impossible to estimate the increased wealth of mind and soul that would accrue to the world if the sanction of nature and truth were sought in renewing the ranks of life."

"'Marriage is a solemn thing, and must be a *communion* of spiritual and temporal comforts, a covenant of unfeigned love and peace, whereof both the general and particular end is the peace and contentment of man's *mind*:' such is Milton's definition, and taking the full meaning of every word, a just one. To insure contentment and communion, marriage must be an entire friendship, as well as a perfect love.

"And yet, I doubt whether, even with these elements, marriage can produce perfect happiness."

"I agree with you; imperfection is stamped upon our present state of being; our vision is finite, our goodness fragmentary, our temper inconsistent, and the natural result is—imperfection of life; but we can imagine perfection, and the ideal is ever a presage of the future, given us to be an incentive to endeavor. I have no doubt that if we *use* life to our utmost ability, and in accordance with our estimate of its full capacity, we shall be rewarded accordingly; full satisfaction we must not expect to find—it is hidden from us in the far ether of eternity."

"Do you not observe that, even in its present imperfect state, marriage affords more happiness than there are grounds to expect? The laws of accommodation and acclimation act continually, and produce assimilation and a measure of content, where the natures seemed most unsuited."

"Yes, but observe, that in order to effect this assimilation, the minds must deteriorate: the law of acclimation, like all the laws of nature, is of a beneficial tendency, *but* when its use degenerates into an abuse, it is no longer a blessing: when, in its action on the mental nature, it transforms higher into lower feelings, and lulls the restless aspirations of the soul into apathy and quiescence, it must be guarded against as a snare, rather than sheltered under as an excuse for error. In many other cases beside the one before us, does this law of accommodation spread its pacifying influence over the waters of life, calming and silencing where agitation and change have not yet effected their work of purification. While we take advantage of its healing virtues, as in the adversity of circumstances we are forced to do, let us be careful not to salve over wounds that require a probing *cure*."

"But the Marriage Question—What are the rules by which we may guide man's steps over this Rubicon of life?"

"Rules are impossible in the case: man must learn the lesson of self-rule; education must be

indeed an educing, or leading out, of the whole power of the mind into use and action; and when the *youth* has learned the value and the aim of existence, the *man* will act more in accordance with the beautiful ideal that lives in the soul of every thinking being."

"Amen!"

From the Christian Remembrancer.

1. *The Poets and Poetry of America.* By RUFUS WILLMOT GRISWOLD. Philadelphia.
2. *Poems.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Philadelphia.
3. *Poems.* By N. PARKER WILLIS. Philadelphia.
4. *Poems.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London: Chapman, Brothers.

IT is a truth which applies as fully to poetry as to other arts, "that whatever is to be truly great and affecting, must have in it the strong stamp of the native land; and this not of a law, but of necessity, from the intense hold on their country of the affections of all truly great men." Shakspeare is English; no denizen of any other country could have written a page of his plays. Dante is Italian; intensely Florentine. Schiller is German; Tegner is Swedish. The recognition of this nationality in all original minds is one of the pleasures of extensive reading, and of a large acquaintance with foreign literature. It gives a zest to every French *chanson*, that it is so thoroughly French; to a Spanish ballad, that it could not have been written out of Spain, away from the chivalry and the turmoil of its old intestine wars. It is the charm of Burns' Scotch scenery, his delineations of character, grave and gay, that they so vividly bring Scotland and the Scotch before us. Citizens of the world are not poets, though the extended sympathies implied in the term have their uses and advantages in other callings. The dreams and visions, the glories and illusions of youth—the faith, the history, the traditions of his country, the worship of native hills, and groves, and streams, linger by the poet all his life long. With mankind at large, these impressions fade before new, and therefore stronger, interests. But the poet is forever looking back; he never loses his childhood; he does not let the past slip away from him, but gathers up the years as they fall, and is child, and youth, and man, all in one. And childhood is best remembered, and the earliest impressions are the deepest. Walter Scott, in the last failing year of his life, murmured of Tweed and Yarrow, of the sports and the traditions of his youth, in sight of the magnificence of Italian landscape and association; for what is country but home, and home glorified in the poet's dream—what is it, but his most living and glowing type of heaven?

In our own continent, however, each language has been the slow product of the thoughts of its people. A thousand local circumstances give it its peculiar genius, and every national tongue insensibly adapts itself to express, with the greatest accuracy and perfection, the prevailing feelings and principles it is called upon to clothe and develop. In attempting some notice of the poetry of America, we must not forget that the Americans have not the advantage of a language founded on those peculiar ideas of republicanism and freedom of thought which form their boast and pride. But a short time has elapsed since they were first an independent people, and they have to express their national sentiments in a tongue whose structure little sympathizes with them—in a tongue whose foundations were laid in the feudal ages, which has been built up in a profound reverence for forms and creeds, for kings and rulers, which has been strengthened and buttressed by rigid philosophy and severe dogmatic divinity, and decorated by the ornaments of fancy, chivalry, gallantry, and pastoral graces which successive ages brought with them. It is with this engine, and their taste formed on this literature, that our neighbors have to express unfettered liberty, uncontrolled will, freedom of opinion, and independence of conscience. It is hardly to be wondered at that they should feel themselves hampered and clogged in their power of expression on their favorite themes, that their eagle should soar with unsteady wing, that "Liberty" herself should be checked in the bray of her trumpet-tones by the uncongenial order and sweetness of her too harmonious instrument. It may be too early to look for it, but we think it will readily be admitted that, as yet, America has formed no new phase, has given no fresh trans-Atlantic grace to our common tongue. The language is often very excellent English—nervous, elegant, expressive English—but we do not find any foreign graces, any original collocation of words of which we can say, "This is American," as in reviewing our own literature we can pronounce, "This is Elizabethan," or this is of the chivalrous tone of Charles the First's time, or this belongs clearly to the so-called Augustan age. Neither in the constitution of their language, nor in any point but one, on which we shall soon touch, do we recognize nationality in the great body of American poets. They all *mean* to be national; they are *patriotic*. They talk of liberty, and Washington, and Bunker's hill, with an admirable repetition and perseverance; but the celebration of these circumstances of their country's pride does not constitute that strong stamp of their native land which we have wished to define as giving to the universal poetry of a country its national characteristics, and which, in the way we mean, shows itself as much in a love-song as in a hymn of victory. There are, as we have already intimated, abundant causes and excuses for this. Europe must possess too strong an attraction; all history, all romance centres in it. Beyond the magnificence and beauty of her natural scenery, her interminable forests and untrodden plains, her glorious autumn hues, what does America possess worthy to fill a poet's heart, or to educate his spirit?—we speak of what is commonly understood with us by America—the United States. No church, no settled creed, no antiquities, no history, we may almost say no forefathers; no heroes but the much-boasted pilgrim-fathers, no pre-

decessors but savages—pilgrims and savages resembling each other in this, that eyes must shut themselves somewhat wilfully against the truth to see in either of them a fit theme for poetic enthusiasm. In the destitution of objects or events to feed the fancy upon, we ought not, perhaps, to consider the existence of the red man as a misfortune to the American imaginative faculty. Whatever is to be found in nature, poetry ought to be able to adapt to her purposes and to make her own. Yet we believe all European readers of American poetry must weary of the perpetual recurrence of feathered, wampum-belted, painted chiefs, either with their natural accompaniments of abject squaws and bloody tomahawks, or their romantic ones of long-haired maidens, the hunter's toil, and the blissful repose of the wigwam. There must be sameness in all such delineations, for savages are portrayed by their species, not as individual characters. They may be described as either fighting or in repose, as Landseer may paint the same lion under these opposing circumstances; but we see through all changes the same red man. We never get to know one from another. We pity these unfortunates when they are driven from their haunts, we shrink from them when they dance and yell over a fallen enemy, we wonder at their tastes, we are amazed at the sagacity of their instincts; but we are too far removed from them in habits of thought and action really to care for them. For ourselves, we must confess that the pale weaver at his frame, or the collier black from his mine, is to our mind a more interesting object for the fancy and heart to dwell on, than the sternest, boldest, most erect savage that ever marked down his enemy from behind a tree. Still we may admit that savages, as features of the scene, as giving at once life and wildness to our ideas of a primeval forest—as contrasts to the settlers who eventually drive them from their home, have a certain picturesque effect; it is the prominence given to them of which alone we complain. If we could ever find them in these poems, which may soon be their only record, yielding to the influences of religion and believing its truths, then another and a deeper chord of our sympathies would be struck; our interests would be legitimately awakened. The early settlers, however, had not a missionary spirit—they thought more of exterminating their dangerous neighbors than converting them. We have many a bloody battle recorded, many a deed of treachery on either side, many a lovely, peaceful scene profaned by a tradition of cold-blooded murder and revenge. Such are the scenes of action and passion that American annals present to her poets and novelists. After making what they can of these two forms of the poetic and heroic, they commonly turn to the old world for further inspiration. European poetry is their model; old turns of thought, old illustrations, old fancies—all learnt in the study, not the nursery, and of which their native land bears no trace—their resource. And so we have fairy-land over again, and Swiss mountaineers, and Greek exiles, and songs after the manner of the seventeenth century, and chivalry and romance with a sort of especial impossibility thrown over them, and a temporary adoption of a sterner and more positive creed than their country teaches or their heart desires—a kind of literary ecclesiastical costume.

What we say applies to the body of American poets, as we see them in Mr. Griswold's very extensive selection from their works. We shall, of course, have occasion very much to modify such a general expression of opinion when we come to consider the claims and powers of individuals; and we feel it is not fair to pursue the subject further without the admission that one poet at least our neighbors have, who *is* national in the fullest sense of the word, who is an American or nothing; whose sense of beauty has been fostered amidst those illimitable forests, those green savannas, those glorious streams; who has an eye or a heart for nothing else; whose religion and whose politics cannot look beyond his country; who sees in republicanism all greatness and every source of perfection, and in independency and liberalism all that is true in religion; who believes the elements themselves to be opposed to the old world—making the winds play their pranks upon our roofs and tiles—and the "sea, with its restless surges, eating away the shores of earth's old continents;" who cannot speak, however incidentally, of kings, but "tyrant" goes before as an epithet, nor name the word priest, but with allusions to hypocrisy and oppression. Alas, that the true poetic germ should be planted in a soil so uncongenial for its free and full development—that a nation's faults should blot so fair a page! Yet, in the face of these, William Cullen Bryant *is* a poet, a poet of whom his country or any country may be proud—faithful to his vocation—honest, pure, and true. He has written many lines which, perhaps, we would wish blotted out, but none of which, with his opinions, he need be ashamed. Ignorance or prejudice makes him often unjust, but he never goes against his conscience; never profanes verse by the expression of mean, or vain, or voluptuous thought. We may not approve of what glimpses we have of his theology; but he is always reverent, and, according to his light, religious. He has vain expectations of progress, and hopes which the gospel does not warrant; but the true lessons of nature he takes seriously to heart—they make him, in spite of republican pride, gentle, kind, charitable, compassionate. He may hate the middle age, but he loves his neighbor; for nature has been the most loved as well as the truest teacher. Liberalism has pervaded his understanding, but God's works have taught his heart. Under a more catholic system he would indeed have been a poet in a wider sense; the heart of man would have been open to him as truly as the fair page of creation—but now we cannot trust him, either to look backwards or forwards; we cannot follow his reasoning on the past, nor share in his hopes and expectations for the future. He is no seer, his vision does not reach further than other men's; but what lies be-

fore him he does understand, and draws true and sound lessons from. He reads the moral of nature, and we profit by his teaching.

One of many such lessons we are tempted to quote here, to illustrate our meaning. If it is already familiar to some of our readers, we must ask them to bear with it, as with the repetition of some sweet old melody, for very sweet and melodious we think it.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide?
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o' er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The reeds, the plashy brink, the sheltered nest, the social screaming company!—we feel able, under such a guide, to comprehend and sympathize with all the joys a bird is capable of; and as our eye follows that lone wanderer, we, too, share the poet's hope.

As a contrast to these serene musings, we will next show our poet as an historian and prophet. The following lines are taken from a "Poem on the Ages." They give his view of the middle ages, or rather the whole period between the original propagation of the gospel, and the renaissance—some fourteen hundred years.

Vainly that ray of darkness from above
That shone around the Galilean lake,
The light of hope, the leading star of love,
Struggled, the darkness of that day to break;
Even its own faithless guardians strove to slake
In fogs of earth the pure immortal flame;
And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,
Were red with blood, and charity became,
In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name.
They triumphed, and less bloody rites were kept
Within the quiet of the convent cell;
The well-fed inmates pattered prayer, and slept,
And sinned, and liked their easy penance well.
Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell;
And cowled and barefoot beggars swarmed the way,
All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and grey.

It is painful, amid many beauties, to which we hope to return, to present our readers with another example of what may be called our author's patriotic style; but it is necessary in order to give a correct idea of a true American poet. Liberty there, is not at all the quiet household divinity she is content to be with us, but the most exacting of goddesses, forever demanding hymns and holocausts, and seeking to intoxicate her worshippers. If ever our present author is obscure, it is on this theme. Experience soon teaches his readers to foretell its approach. For a stanza or two, we lose ourselves in high-sounding words, and miss the truthfulness and sobriety which are his ordinary characteristics. Thus heralded, out leaps the monster amid thrones, sceptred throngs, and fetters, struggles, terrors, lashes, and crouching slaves, all supposed to infest European, and even our English shores, little aware as we are of our degradation, and even possibly disposed to think some of these hard words more applicable to a newer world, where the lash is no mere metaphor, and "slave" is more than an ugly and offensive epithet. The following stanzas are the conclusion of the same poem, and convey his hopes and expectations for his country, and the world at large, which, perhaps, he would think the present moment is accomplishing.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or cast his swiftness in the forward race?
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
Into the depth of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She, too, is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but might cast to earth the train
That trample her, and break their iron net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell!

Many a wise man, however, does not manifest his wisdom in soaring above the prejudices of his own times and circumstances. We are inclined, indeed, to believe that those who most commonly earn this praise, are such as abide by the system they were educated in; their wisdom consisting in making the best of it. They may take for granted its errors, or even uphold them, but they are guided by its truths; these influence their mind and heart. In spite, then, of national prepossessions and antipathies which offend, and aspirations which we can neither share nor sympathize in, we cannot rise from an attentive perusal of Bryant's collected poems without the persuasion that we have been holding pleasant communion with a wise, thoughtful, and original mind. He may be boastful and arrogant for his country, he may foresee for her uninterrupted success and unfading glory, but, for himself, he has learnt a far different lesson; whatever may be a favored nation's destiny, he feels that for each man that composes it there is a fate of unfulfilled wishes and disappointed hopes, a brilliant opening, a dark retrospect—that life ends before one high purpose is realized: and he sees that it is good that it should be so. We have given in our first extract, the lines to "The Water-fowl," one of the earliest of his published poems; the following, on "The Waning Moon," bearing out, as we believe, what has been said, may be called his last. A period of nearly thirty years lies between them; more than time enough to teach such a lesson.

THE WANING MOON.

I 've watched too late; the morn is near;
  One look at God's broad silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
  How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on your cheek,
  And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
  The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's brim
  Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars:
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
  Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
  She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
  Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
  The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
  Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
  Well may thy sad expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
  Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
  For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
  But falter now on stammering lip!

In thy decaying beam there lies
  Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
  In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
  The spheres of heaven shall cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
  Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
  From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
  On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

Bryant, p. 359.

The peculiar poetic power of this author, however, lies in the description of nature; and this may be considered a national gift; an admission which is certainly due, after what has been said on the subject of nationality. For not only do the more distinguished American writers excel in this—and Bryant with a peculiar fidelity and grace—but few whose works are thought worthy of a place in the national collection but have written some felicitous suggestive lines, which strike upon the mind's eye like a picture. The poetic instinct must needs in all states of the world take its possessors out of doors into the solitude and loveliness of nature; but especially in a land where nature has done so much, and where, as yet, the genius of man shows so little to excite the contemplative dreamy vein. In the old world, art, or man's doings, divide the picturesque with nature; and even have no unworthy part, small though the share may be, in the higher, more sublime element of beauty. But in America, by the tacit confession of its writers, we must look for those graces and glories in the works of creation alone. Art, as yet, has had no reign; a new nation is too busy for such matters; and time has not mellowed the homely and common into his own chastened loveliness. The eye that longs for beauty—the heart that desires repose—the memory that would fain search into the past—the weariness which yearns for rest as the great good, are all driven to seek what they long for by woods and shady streams. Every traveller and describer of American life and manners, friendly or angry, agrees in giving to them one aspect;—ceaseless bustle, hurry, excitement, labor, progress; one rushing, impetuous stream of life; a universal reaching after advancement, wealth, and distinction. Man has, hitherto, built no resting-places; no homes for quieter tastes or higher aims. Such, therefore, must of force wander forth, and pour out their hearts beneath the broad tranquil sky. The sense of refreshment—the unwonted leisure—the contrast of their present ease with the turmoil left behind, all dispose the mind to a fond particularity of investigation. They at once feel the peaceful grandeur of the whole, and are disposed with a loving study to watch every detail—each minute property of bud, and insect, and flower. It is delicious to find *time* for such contemplation, while all the rest of the world is so busy—it is happiness simply to let the hours go by uncounted. Thus, in no poetry do we find more frequent allusions to the charms of idleness—from mere repose of body, to utter oblivion and unconsciousness of mind.

"In order to see nature in all her grandeur,"

says Humboldt, in his Kosmos, "it is necessary to present her under a two-fold aspect; first objectively, as an actual phenomenon, and next as reflected in the feelings of mankind." Of these two modes, that which is essentially American (though her poets are not without that other power) is the first. Their skill lies in portraying what they see with vividness and accuracy. They place before us a true and faithful picture—such a fresh, green, sunshiny piece of nature as our English landscape-painters delight us with—the dew yet glittering in the morning light. The artist feels what he sees, but does not care to impress himself upon his picture. He calls on us to stand with him, and admire and love what he does. In attempting to illustrate what we mean by examples, we feel to be under a great disadvantage, both because space will not allow us to do so fully, or by extracts of sufficient length; and also, that passages often lose half their beauty thus dislodged from the context, and made to stand forth by themselves with a sort of confident pretension. We have, perhaps, to apologize for the too frequent recurrence of one name in proving a universal accomplishment: but we own him to be our most fruitful source, as well as our leading example.

The following is a picture of calm repose. The profound stillness of the August scene is often dwelt upon by American writers, in contrast with the early summer breezes of June:—

The quiet August noon has come
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

* * * *

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder flock
At rest in those calm fields appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,—
There the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Bryant, p. 190

A wide landscape in the confused mist of sunshine is happily brought before us in these few lines:—

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between:
And rivers glimmered in their way,
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below and bees around.

And the gradual ascent of summer vapor, beautifully described in itself, is equally successful in the lesson it teaches:—

Earth's children cleave to Earth—her frail
Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
And lessens in the morning ray—
Look how by mountain rivulet
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steeps:
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.—P. 298

His fountains and streams bring always most fresh and pure images before us:—

Fountain, that springest on this grassy slope,
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birth-place; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air
In winter is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.
P. 316.

We would gladly transcribe a poem called "The Rivulet," written on revisiting the stream by which he played in infancy, and which recalls so clearly to his readers the sparkle and the ripple of streams associated with their own early recollections; but it is too long for our purpose.

His allusions to flowers are always happy. He is intimate with them, so to say, and knows their times and seasons, and their haunts. He never assembles them together in the impossible groups which so often perplex our fancies in poetry, where the author ought to know nature better. The wind-flower, as coming in early spring, is an especial favorite.

Lodged in sunny cleft,
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.—P. 50.

In contrast with this cheerful little image, is the following lament over the decay of the flowers in latest autumn.

The wind-flower and the violet they perished long ago,
And the briar rose and the orchis died amid the summer-glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland glade and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the woods and by the streams no more.—P. 153.

In that land of summer-heats, the winds are most earnestly invoked by the poets, and their praises sung on all occasions. These lines, descriptive of the gradual rise and stir of the breeze, follow a passage which almost too painfully helps us to realize the intense heat of that less temperate clime.

Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air!
Oh! come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes.
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.
Bryant, p. 93.

Imagination may, perhaps, have more to do than simple description with the following powerful impression of darkness. But we feel that a real scene, though now invisible, is vividly present to his memory. The poem from which it is taken was written in Italy.

A midnight black with clouds is in the sky;
I seem to feel upon my limbs the weight
Of its vast brooding shadow. All in vain
Turns the tired eye in search of form; no star
Pierces the pitchy veil; no ruddy blaze,
From dwellings lighted by the cheerful hearth,
Tinges the flowering summits of the grass.
No sound of life is heard, no village hum,
Nor measured tramp of footstep in the path,
Nor rush of wing, while, on the breast of earth,
I lie and listen to her mighty voice:
A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound.—P. 272.

Willis has these pleasant lines on the "Dawn," though he is less nature's poet than his countryman, and seldom forgets *himself*.

Throw up the window! 'T is a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kiss'd it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my light hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing,
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.—*Willis*, p. 242.

There is something grave and sweet in the undisturbed serenity of a lonely Indian lake, as described by Whittier; melancholy and desolate even in opening spring.

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its grey rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky,

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of Spring,
Though yet upon her tardy wing
The lingering frosts of Winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
On bud and flower, and warmer air.

Longfellow gives us a cheerfuller impression of the same season, advanced into May.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird propheesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

Another spring scene, by Albert Street, from his "Forest Walk," given with characteristic care and fidelity.

Sweet forest odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
Where pine cones dropp'd, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread;
Here with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.
Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stem, and breaks below;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold:
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
The robin brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;
And as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears, an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

Poets of America, p. 398.

Forest scenery—its vistas—its crowding giant stems—its lights and shadows—its moss, its streams, its flowers—afford a happy and an inexhaustible theme.

This is a brooklet in the woods, by W. G. Sims.

A little further on there is a brook
Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
Have roof'd it with their crowding limbs and leaves,
So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
A low, faint beating, as upon the leaves
That lie beneath its rapids, it descends
In a fine, showery rain, that keeps one tune,
And 't is a sweet one, still of constancy.—P. 305.

Of all seasons, autumn, after the wont of poets, is most fondly expatiated upon; and a character of cheerfulness is thrown over its fading glories, which gives a new tone to our feelings. Halleck, in his "Connecticut," thus gives the palm to the American autumn, while allowing the claim of European summers; and dwells on its influence.

In the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.
Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye in solitude and crowds,
Whene'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.—P. 175.

And after some brilliant and vivid descriptions in his "Autumn Woods," Bryant exclaims:—

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 't were a lot too bless'd
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.—P. 112.

Emerson *in description* can be rational and intelligible—a most rare state of mind with him. His snow storm is finely given:—

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Emerson, p. 49.

To conclude this list of examples, which we leave most imperfect, in the fear of running to too great length, we will give the same writer's pretty description of a poet of nature—"a minstrel of the natural year"—and thus a fair representative of his country's rural muse:—

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, or snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.

It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
There are many events in the field,
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods;
And the sky-hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

Emerson, p. 53.

But this power which we have dwelt upon, of portraying nature; even when genuine, often becomes tedious and prolix in the hands of the unimaginative. It is not enough that a scene should be accurately drawn—we look for masterly strokes and clear lights and shades. The artist's eye should embrace the whole picture at once, we are then safe from wearisome minuteness. For neither in the scene itself, nor in the successful delineation of it, can we see every object with equal distinctness. If the distance is full and clear, the foreground is only visible in its broadest details; if near objects are vividly given, then remote ones are but dimly and unconsciously seen. Wilcox is thought by his countrymen to be very happy in his scenes—but we feel them liable to this objection, though given with a conscientiousness which proves his own delight in nature. But a defect which obscures the merit of descriptions of nature, where we have time and patience to wait upon the author's leisure, becomes absolutely fatal to success in delineations connected with action and passion. With some writers we positively cannot get on in the most stirring scenes —the most awe-inspiring circumstances—the most breathless turning points of interest—for endless, never-wearying description. No occasion is too sacred—no personal concern of the writer too absorbing, to divert him from his fate of describing every actor in the scene, as well as the localities itself, with a fulness of detail and a minuteness of observation, which few persons in real life think it worth while to bestow on their most intimate acquaintance. In modern literature generally, it is matter of surprise how many points of demeanor, how many insignificant accidents of feature, are dwelt upon, in the most unimportant character the author brings before us. Persons in actual life come and go, and we often retain but a dim impression of their most important characteristics; but in modern fiction, each individual that appears upon the scene must have not only his leading peculiarities described, but even the turn of his chin—the curve of his nostril—the size of his hands and feet—the amount of wave in his hair—are not left to our fancy—points in which many a man would pass but a poor examination, if suddenly called on to draw his best friend's picture in words. But what we hold to be unworthy an able writer in prose, *desecrates* poetry; that art which, in a master's hand, can with a few glowing words raise an image more real and definite than pages of more measurement and proportion. This condensation, however, these sudden flashes of intelligence between author and reader, by apparently inadequate means, are not at all the American poet's style for producing effect. He takes his time, and expects his readers to be patient.

Mr. Willis' handsomely printed and decorated volume opens with a series of Scripture sketches, which made his early fame. The subjects he chooses involve occasions for the delineation of sublime zeal, heroism, and devotion—they ought not to have been attempted with any other view; but in this writer's hands they are, one and all, only shallow excuses for an elaborate portrait of each character in the scene. When this is done, he has seldom anything more to say; but his task has already occupied so much space and time, that he may well be blind to the real fact, that as yet he has not begun his subject. Facility at description indeed—the kind of feeling of having *something* to say, is very apt to delude its possessor into ignorance that, after all, he has not the *right* thing to say. One notable instance of this delusion may be seen in his "Rizpah."

Warmly impressed by the words of Scripture, he believes himself to see beyond that simple narrative into her very heart. The impression is not as yet certainly very distinct, but words will help him on; his present glow will develop into inspiration by the time he wants it. *One* thing he can do—her two sons were probably beautiful, and his forte lies in describing beauty; the beginning is safe and easy. We extract his picture of the younger son, as a good example of this author's style:—

As he spoke, a step,
Light as an antelope's, the threshold pressed,
And, like a beam of light, into the room
Entered Mephibosheth. What bird of heaven
Or creature of the wild—what flower of earth—
Was like this fairest of the sons of Saul!
The violet's cup was harsh to his blue eye.
Less agile was the fierce barb's fiery step.
His voice drew hearts to him. His smile was like
The incarnation of some blessed dream—
Its joyousness so sunned the gazer's eye!
Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth divided
A bow of Love drawn with a scarlet thread.
His cheek was like the moist heart of the rose;
And, but for nostrils of that breathing fire
That turns the lion back, and limbs as lithe
As in the velvet muscle of the pard,
Mephibosheth had been too fair for man.
As if he were a vision that would fade,
Rizpah gazed on him. Never, to her eye,
Grew his bright form familiar; but, like stars,
That seemed each night new lit in a new heaven,
He was each morn's sweet gift to her. She loved
Her firstborn, as a mother loved her child,
Tenderly, fondly. But for him—the last—
What had she done for heaven to be his mother!

Willis, p. 71.

Then follows a digression on mother's love; after which Mephibosheth presents his mother with a

cake of meal, for which he had sold his Lybian barb, and bids her

Fear not, my mother,
Thy sons will be Elijah's ravens to thee.

With which anachronism the poem comes to an abrupt conclusion; the word "unfinished," in Roman capitals, leaving us to understand that our poet broke down. He had, in fact, started on a most ambitious subject, a mother's intense, unfathomable love for her children, and the other untold motives for her self-devotion, with literally no other materials for his work than an idea of the son's personal beauty. All can admire Rizpah's constancy, but to realize it does need a poet's imagination. In those long weeks of watching by day and by night, surrounded by her mouldering dead, slain by God's righteous judgment, what thoughts must have been hers—what bitter memories—what weariness—what fortitude—what resignation—what natural fears and shudderings—what anguish—what terrible imaginations! What a void must life, once so proud and prosperous, have then presented to her! how awful must she have been to those who beheld her watching—the wild beasts fleeing before her, scared by the majesty of her desperation rather than by that flaming torch she waves against them! We do not wonder that Mr. Willis gave up the hope to portray all, and far more than this; but we do wonder that he should raise the expectation of his readers, who look for nothing short of it, only to tell them of the beauty of her sons. Rizpah needed no graces of person in her children, to sacrifice more than life for their sake, and for the memory of their kingly father.

In "Jairus' daughter," our author descends to still greater minuteness of detail; not only what we are supposed to *see* is given—"the blood still rosy in the tapering nails"—"the line of pearl through her parted lips"—"the nostrils spiritually thin"—but even the "*small round ears*" hid by her unbound hair;—the effect of the whole, in the desire to produce a pretty effect, being so much more sleep than death, that the wonder of the miracle is lost. So grand an occasion for expatiating on female beauty as Jephtha's daughter presents, of course is not lost; but here again the effect is spoiled of a really graceful picture, by an allusion, of all people, to Praxiteles; "a shape Praxiteles might worship." He has indeed throughout no idea of the spiritual and ideal in beauty, it is all form; and thus is not only without moral, but without that effect it is alone worthy the efforts of poetry to produce. These points, however, degenerate into mere matters of taste, compared to others where this writer does not scruple to step in with his descriptive pen. In the miracles, which are the frequent subject of his choice for these sketches, our Lord himself as the divine actor in the scene is of necessity introduced. There is no point in which a commonly reverent mind is more sensitive, than any departure from the Christian *type* of that sacred Form. We feel that words must but faintly approach so awful a subject; painting has the prescriptive right alone (we almost unwillingly admit a like privilege to the sister art) to portray it to us. The rudest performance that faithfully gives that type we can tolerate, but we shrink from any new idea—any attempt at originality, even in the noblest genius. He must fill us with awe and love, but leave, so to say, no trace of himself in his work; we must recognize our own impressions, or we start back alarmed and repelled. Every other figure on the canvass is the painter's own, but in that one he must strive only to give back each man's idea—sublimated and refined by highest art. Art can achieve this, while words never attempt more than reverently to touch upon this theme without wounding. But the passion for description will not bend before such instincts; and Mr. Willis on several occasions ventures on this forbidden ground; with no intentional irreverence, but with a presumption and insensibility which we will not give our readers the pain of proving by quotation—(see pages 15, 18, 24, 56, &c., in the large edition of his works.) As an example, however, of the heedlessness with which such a subject is approached, we will give one line:—

And as Jesus' voice
With its *bewildering* sweetness—

What an epithet for that Voice—the true Guide—which his sheep shall hear! the Voice which shall direct them in the right way to the one fold!

The contrast the reader is led to make between past and present authors, is somewhat striking in this matter of description. It may be that in looking back the mind recurs to *models* only, and in reviewing the present to the general tone of literature; for that there are examples of the other method in old writers, which show little enough skill in the management of detail, we are ready to admit. But in referring, for example, to those characters of Shakspeare which leave on our minds the greatest impression of beauty, we find it conveyed we scarcely know how:—"Oh you wonder!" and again, "But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless," paint to us Miranda; and we believe the feeling of Desdemona's extreme loveliness is left upon us only by one attribute of beauty, her fairness:

That whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Constance, the bereaved mother, indulges in no recapitulation of her Authur's boyish graces—"my pretty Arthur," "his pretty looks,"—she only says:—and again

For since the birth of Cain, the first man child,
To him who did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born

It is thus she dwells upon the beauty of her son. Cleopatra, that enchantress, is "the serpent of old Nile"—"the day o' the world:" and when Juliet appears at her window, "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun." Even Spenser, in whom we should

confidently look for exceptions to our general view, usually contents himself with expatiating on the pure snowy whiteness—white beyond all the comparisons he assembles together—"but she whiter far," of the fair allegorical imaginations he sets before us; a touch of rose, and golden hair, commonly completes the picture—which has yet something more of distinctness and individuality than might be expected from the sameness of the means employed.

Dryden's and Chaucer's Emilia, in "May Morning," stands prettily before us:—

Fresh as the month and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair.

And though possibly somewhat stiff, do we desire a fuller picture of our common mother, than that so familiar to us?

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

As she advances,

Blushing like the morn,

what minuteness can add to our conviction of Beatrice's absolute beauty, "la donna beata e bella," her eyes shining like the star, and her angelic voice? Petrarch has more leisure, and less lofty views than his countryman; but where he so beautifully recalls Laura's image, and raises one of the fairest and sweetest pictures poet ever imagined whereby to enhance the sadness of decay and death, with how few touches it is given!

Le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente
E 'l lampeggiar del' angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso,
Poca polvere son che nulla sente.

It is commonly by the vivid impression given of the effect of beauty on those who behold it, that poetry conveys the idea of that beauty to ourselves. It is done, as it were, by reflection. We think Desdemona beautiful because Othello so keenly feels her to be so. Ferdinand is lost in rapturous wonder in beholding Miranda, and therefore we are willing to believe her, with him, to be

The goddess on whom those airs attend.

The highest beauty can no more be described by separating it into its component parts, than a chemist can convey an idea of a rose by telling us what it is made of; and there is a freedom and want of reverence which offends us in the attempt elaborately to define what it is that produces such wonderful effects.*

But to return from our digression. Hillhouse, in his "Day of Judgment," is another remarkable example of the force of this tendency to minute description which we have dwelt upon. Of this poem, Mr. Griswold, in the notice he appends to each author in his national collection, says, while admitting the difficulties the subject involves—

Other poets had essayed their powers in describing the events of the last day. The public voice, however, has decided that among all the poems on this great subject, that of Mr. Hillhouse stands unequalled. His object was "to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment," and rarely have we seen grandeur of conception and simplicity of design as admirably united. His representation of the scene is vivid and energetic; while the manner in which he has grouped and contrasted the countless array of characters of every age displays the highest degree of artistic skill. Each character he summons up appears before us with historic costume and features faithfully preserved; and we seem to gaze upon him as a reality, and not merely as the bold imagery of the poet. His description of the last setting of the sun in the west, and the dreamer's farewell to the evening star, as it was fading forever from his sight, are passages of beauty, which it would be difficult to find surpassed.

The subject is indeed unspeakably "difficult," and needing the utmost intensity of the poet's imagination. For one moment the human mind may conceive something of its terrors. Are there words burning, breathing, awful enough to communicate this momentary vision to man? One hindrance there is to such a possibility. Who can master the thought, even for an instant, but as *himself* standing before the throne? There may be a sense of rushing, innumerable multitudes, waves beyond waves illimitable, but before he can distinguish amidst those pale, countless, crowding forms, the vision has passed away. The "Dies iræ" is, perhaps, the most powerful human effort to impress the terrors of that day on the heart of man, for there each soul is made to feel itself, guilty, helpless, alone—"Quod sum miser tunc dicturus," each says, striking his breast, as his heart sinks under the unimaginable awfulness of that hour.

But even in the faintest and remotest degree to realize "The Judgment" by deliberate survey and calm contemplation of its details, we hold to be impossible. One look, even, dazzles and overwhelms. And the reader must sympathize in the poet's terrors to be brought to feel them in his own person. If the writer be at ease, so will his reader be; and we own ourselves very little moved or excited by Mr. Hillhouse's "last grand spectacle," as he calls it. Mr. Hillhouse was (he died in 1841) a churchman and the friend of churchmen, and had thus a vast advantage over the ma-

*It is remarkable, in this point of view, to observe Dante's notice of Beatrice, in his Life, when he was not under the stern laws which guided and chastened his Divine Poem. The following is his account of the occasion of her first addressing him. "It chanced that on the last of these days this most admirable person appeared to me in a dress of the purest white, between two noble ladies, and passing along the street she turned her eyes towards the spot where I stood, and with an ineffable courtesy (which now has its reward in eternity) saluted me in so striking a manner that I seemed to reach the very extreme of happiness. The hour at which I received this most bewitching salutation was precisely the None of that day; and as this was the first time her words had reached my ears, the pleasure that I received was such that I quitted the company, as it were, in a state of intoxication." Here the accuracy with which he notes the *time* of her appearance, as if of some divine apparition, his intense happiness at so small a favor as her salutation, all give the impression of something almost superhumanly gracious and beautiful, which we would not exchange for the loveliest picture words could draw.

jority of his countrymen, and one of which we see the good fruits. We feel throughout, as it were, in safe hands; there is nothing irreverent, nothing to pain or offend. But he hopes to do all by infinite minuteness. He describes the scene, the angels, the Judge, the throne; he describes the archangels that guard it, with considerable force and power; he describes the crowd of souls, and detracts from the awful impetuosity of their forced advance by details of

Tiars, and helms, and sparkling diadems.
For all appeared
As in their days of earthly pride; the clank
Of steel announced the warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of kings.

And from this multitude he next proceeds to select individuals for a fuller and minuter portraiture. Among these our common parent must almost necessarily find the first place. We give the following description as among the best of the pictures.

Nearest the mount, of that mix'd phalanx first,
Our general parent stood: not as he look'd
Wandering at eve, amid the shady bowers
And odorous groves of that delicious garden,
Or flowery banks of some soft rolling stream,
Pausing to list its welling murmur, hand
In hand with peerless Eve, the rose too sweet,
Fatal to paradise. Fled from his cheek
The bloom of Eden: his hyacinthine locks
Were changed to gray; with years, with sorrows bow'd
He seem'd; but through his ruin'd form still shone
The majesty of his Creator: round
Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look
He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.

We cannot, however, enter into Mr. Griswold's commendation of the author's happy arrangement and grouping of his figures. We own we were taken by surprise when Julius Cæsar followed close upon Adam. We will give them in the order in which they come, omitting of necessity the twelve or twenty lines of description devoted to each. Near Julius Cæsar, "Abraham rested on his staff," and by his side, Joseph "proudly decked in tissued purple, sweeping to the ground." Then

At hand a group of sages *mark'd the scene;*
Plato and Socrates together stood.

Nearer the mount stood Moses; beyond him "the twelve apostles stand;" then Alexander the Great. "Turn now where stood the spotless Virgin sweet:"—and immediately after, amid a crowd of monarchs, Nebuchadnezzar. The order of the three last in succession, perhaps, does more than shock our taste. It is, however, easier to smile at any possible arrangement than to suggest a better. The group of sages *marking* the scene so collectedly, conveys to us very much the tranquil state of mind our author manifests throughout. Instead of that overpowering rush of events which our imagination suggests, there seems to be abundant time for all his observations. On one occasion, indeed, time absolutely lingers in its flight—

And weary with conjecture, round I gazed.

Yet while we think the author fails in what should be the great aim in venturing on so ambitious a subject, there is yet much grace and tenderness in his poem, beauties which would have affected and impressed the reader more in a fitter scene for their display. The following is the address to the evening star, commended by Mr. Griswold.

Mild twinkling, through a silver-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Hereafter to be seen no more, (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, "Farewell,
Pale beauteous planet, that displayest so soft
Amid yon glowing streak thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
Ages and empires roll'd like smoke away,
But thou unaltered, beam'st as silver fair
As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport! natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy.
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheer'd
The peasant's heart and drawn his benison!
Pride of the west! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou sett'st forever. Lovely orb, farewell."

Hillhouse, both as a poet and dramatist, ranks high with his countrymen. Mr. Willis, in the best of his poems, "The Elms of Newhaven," feelingly deplores the poet's loss; and Mr. Kipp, who furnishes some details of his character and death, touches upon these with an affectionate tenderness which must excite our respect for him as a man: while it is added that, on his visit to our country, Mr. Zachary Macaulay pronounced him the most accomplished young gentleman he ever met.

Poets are proverbially precocious; our own annals tell of early genius, of Milton, Cowley, Pope, and Chatterton. But America, which so rapidly develops her children's bodily frames, also goes far "a-head" of our old world training, in bringing out their minds. Like a fond mother, she encourages all youthful efforts, makes much of them, treasures them up, preserves them—not like our fond mothers, secretly, and half ashamed, in some guarded repository, but in all the publicity, in all the dignity, in all the delightful perpetuity (as it seems to the juvenile mind) of print. Half the poets in Mr. Griswold's collection had come out as authors before they were eighteen, either in reviews, or as habitual contributors to the newspaper's poetical corner, or in all the state of a volume of their own. Bryant wrote a satirical poem in his thirteenth year which excited deserved attention, and came to a second edition.* Hillhouse

* None of his earliest poems are republished in the new and complete edition of his works; but the following

analogy in those stirs and convulsions of which the outer, inanimate world has also its share and portion. When nations fall we are led by divine guidance to think of the moon and the stars darkened; when good men die it is the sun sinking to his glorious rest; when rebellion overturns kingdoms and polities, we recall the convulsions of earthquakes and the ravages of volcanoes. We fade as a leaf; we wither like grass; our opening life is as the morning light, it sets too often in clouds and rain. The fair maiden is the lily flower; the honest, true-hearted man the forest oak. Time is a river, eternity the ocean—and so through the innumerable analogies which are, as it were, part of ourselves; so that there is no position or circumstance of life but a thousand apt similitudes may be found for it, either familiar to all, or which the occasion leads each one to discover for himself.

But the poet of nature, in his quiet contemplation, is in the very region of rest and repose; he finds his home where the other is but a brief and hurried sojourner, seeking momentary relaxation from the stern business of life. He is no actor in the scene of his meditation, his passions are never excited. Through the wildest elemental strife he gazes on, never so much disturbed but he can calmly moralize and muse over the lesson all nature teaches. When he looks back into busy life, it is only to congratulate himself on his escape from it; he is not tempted to any elaborate review or comparison. Still he feels the analogy to exist as impressively between nature and human life, as in that other aspect of it, life comparing itself with nature; only in his case it prompts him to trace out a moral—in the other, to detect a similitude. A storm raises no turmoil in his breast, therefore it does not pleasure him to compare it to the wrath of men; but the poet of action can hardly dwell upon some human ebullition of fury, without recurring to parallel hurricanes and tornadoes in the natural world: as, in common parlance, we say a storming passion, but never a passionate storm. Thus we believe exuberance of fancy, simile, and illustration, belong to the poet of life and action, as the great scene for the display of all these graces lies in the Epic.

Bryant has scarcely one elaborate simile in his collected poems; we might almost say that one thing never spontaneously reminds him of another thing. He looks at objects, and values them for their own sakes, and for what they teach him—for their uses, for their beauty, for the witness they give of a merciful and gracious God. It is almost wonderful to observe how generally he dispenses with these decorations of poetry, as if in his republicanism he chose to throw off all such royal trappings and adventitious aids of state, and was resolved to stand forth in unrobed, uncrowned dignity. In his little poem called "The Painted Cup," a gay flower of his country, he thus deprecates the fancies it would naturally suggest.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus
To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazle bowers,
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world;
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds,
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To swell the reddening fruit, that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.—P. 334.

However, it must be owned that he has little genius as well as taste for simile. In the general absence of this ornament, we have three or four repetitions of the idea of the sky supported by pillars.

Bright clouds, motionless pillars of the brazen heavens.

Beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.

And in his poem on the skies is the same thought in the following harmonious stanza:—

Though sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise:
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.
P. 143.

There is something in preëminence which will everywhere suggest the idea of the kingly state; so far we borrow from life when we desire to give distinction to any object of nature. The oak is the king of the forest, the rose is the queen of flowers, "Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains, crowned long ago." Mr. Bryant is once, by the pomp of autumn, startled so far from his democratic tendencies as to use the kingly image.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.
P. 111.

There is something grand in the sound, till we remember that kings never are to be seen in groups, and that they are exactly the last personages in the whole world to mount guard.

It is but fair to quote one happy exception to what we have been asserting, though this may be, as he professes the whole poem to be, the fruit of his friend's fancy, and not his own.

Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a wintry storm,
Seen rather than distinguished.

Inappropriate or inelegant similes are to be found in all literature, and are confined to no pecu-

har clime. It seems therefore invidious to attempt to illustrate our meaning by examples, but we think the following show a resolute aim at strength and effect, at the expense of correct taste, which makes them tell in one direction.

Percival, in his description of the coral grove, lying calm and still beneath the ocean, surprises the reader with the following fierce image:

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

He compares the last eager and fond embrace of a beautiful dying woman to a camel.

So fondly the panting camel flies
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,

Whittier, when he wishes to express the beauty of the cloudless west at sunset, says—

Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Mrs. Sigourney, in moralizing on the fire-side joys of winter, displays her learning thus:—

Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions, and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health.

There is spirit in the following simile of Longfellow's, which yet is inelegant and confused.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Neal has this illustration:

With form—all joy, and dance—as bright and free
As youthful nymph of mountain liberty,
Or naked angels dreamed by poesy.

Emerson compares nature to a paroquet, thus:—

And universal nature through her vast
And crowded whole, an infinite paroquet,
Repeats one cricket note.

The winds remind one writer

Of tones that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old *lonely* minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays on the higher keys.

Not understanding that minsters in good repair, gifted with an organ and an organist, are always in populous haunts, and among the least *lonely* buildings in our land. This, however, only shows inaccuracy.

Mr. Willis, as "the poet of society," *must* have illustration, and there is no lack of it, though it is commonly of that received current fashion, exciting neither surprise, blame, nor admiration.

The first simile in the following stanza from "Lines written to a Lady from Abroad," is a happy natural thought, the two others common place.

The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime
Of many hearts may touch but one,
And to this seeming careless rhyme
Will whisper to thy heart alone.
I give it to the winds! The bird,
Let loose, to his far nest will flee;
And love, though breath'd but on a word,
Will find thee over land and sea.
Though clouds across the sky have driven,
We trust at last the star will shine,
And like the very light of heaven
I trust thy love. Trust thou in mine!

We have to apologize, perhaps, for having so long omitted any formal mention of Longfellow, whose name must occur among the first to our thoughts in any mention of the poets of America. The turn of his mind, however, is towards European literature, and his poetry is formed on that model. He has translated with great success, both from German and Swedish poets, Tegner especially, and his longest original efforts are also from ancient Northern legends, and suggested by his visits to our continent. So that he is styled by some of his warmest admirers rather a German than an American. Thus his poetry has altogether a different tone from that of his countrymen. We should pronounce it richer in fancy and less clear in thought. His most recent work, Evangeline, is an American story of great pathos, and contains fine passages, but the metre in which he has chosen to write it, we confess has removed it from all our sympathies; we cannot care for a tale of unvarying sadness told in hexameters, a measure which we believe the English ear will never be brought to tolerate in its own language. To us it is simply a masquerade and disguise—a sort of joke, and therefore most unfit for a melancholy theme. These are two striking and original similes;—the reader may differ from us as to the merits of the tune to which they are set.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending:
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvass—
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of cotton trees with a cordage of grape vines.

As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies;
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So at the hoof-beat of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

The following lines (while we are on the subject of illustration) bear happily on what we have said of that universal tendency to seek in nature

lighter styles of verse, than on what we esteem want of taste. His volume, as we have shown, opens with sketches from Scripture, written in a careless, though not an intentionally irreverent spirit. It closes with a story of deliberate bad principle and cold-hearted playing with evil.

It is composed on the model of some of Byron's worst effusions, and as a work of art, is a poor imitation of a bad thing. Mr. Willis evidently desires to be considered the finest gentleman of his class; he is emphatically styled, "the poet of society, familiar with the secret springs of action in social life, and moved himself by the same influences which guide his fellows." He has been much in Europe, and is now anxious to prove his acquaintance with high life—(a weakness of mankind at large, from which his countrymen are said not to be exempt,) and his consequent emancipation from old-fashioned rules of right and wrong, which we must say are not commonly forgotten by his brother poets. How he has succeeded in his portraiture of English fashionable manners, a brief abstract of the story will show. It is entitled "The Lady Jane, or the Old Maid's Love," and opens after the fashion of the epic, by giving the grand leading subject of the poem:

> There was a lady—fair, and forty too,
> Loved by a youth of scarcely two-and-twenty.

We are often told of the transience of charms across the Atlantic. Our poet bears the following testimony to their durability in our more genial clime.

> And loveliness may drive through Piccadilly
> Changeless till fifty, if no pangs befall.

The Lady Jane had the good fortune to breathe this balmy air. Her father, the earl, for no reason given, refused all offers for his beautiful heiress, nor did she resist or lament his decision. Thus years passed on, "untroubled by debt, lovers, or affliction," and thirty came upon her unawares, startling and saddening her, till a glance at her mirror reconciles her.

> "Time after all," she said, "a harmless flirt is,"
> And from that time took kindly to her thirties.

Another stanza carries her on in undiminished beauty,

> Till like a dream came forty.

On that day she took some wise resolutions; and though her glass still gives witness to no change, she resolutely alters the fashion of her bonnets, and the height of her dresses, to the despair of her maid, and sets out on a series of calls on her dowager acquaintance, to learn from them what

> Solaces of age were *comme il faut*.

Hitherto we can only commend the gentle strength of mind of our heroine, but unhappily her last call and its consequences upsets the wisdom of forty years. This visit is on a certain countess, who is introduced to us in an apartment so elegant and unique, that several stanzas are devoted to its description. Indeed, Mr. Willis always exhibits a prodigious passion for furniture hangings, and all the upholsterer paraphernalia. The ancient mistress of this paradise unites in her person, authoress, *belle-esprit*, philosopher, and beauty, and does not appear worthy of much respect in any of these capacities. Her advice—fatal advice! is to keep a pet poet; whereupon, quite *apropos*, she produces a letter, received that morning from an old friend, commending her son to her keeping and good auspices, and describing him with all the glow of a mother's fondness. In this portrait our author exhibits a tenderness which betrays, we cannot but think, a certain personal interest, so close is his sympathy with the youth's tastes, from poetry down to lemon-colored gloves. This fair ideal has been educated in some remote place on the coast of France, and now,

> His father sends him forth for fame and gold—
> An angel on this errand!

He has not yet been seen by the countess, but arrives at Mivart's that day. In the evening, Lady Jane attends the countess' *soirée*, of all the ceremonies of which there is a minute account, for the benefit, we suppose, of American readers, who may wish to know what high life is in England. And here we would beg them to discriminate. They may entirely trust our author in his account of the cloak-room—the fat housekeeper pouring out the tea, "the fresh lit candles," and the new blown "what do ye call 'ems," on the stairs, the graceful page and stiff footman—all these may be seen not only within the charmed precincts of Piccadilly, but beyond; but we must entreat them to withhold their belief from what follows. When the fair and discreet Lady Jane gets up stairs, the hostess is not there, for the guest is early—half-past ten; so she wanders about by herself, and enters the conservatory. In the midst behold our angel poet, Jules,

> In a chair,
> Sleeping as if his eyelids had been moons,
> Reclined, with flakes of sunshine in his hair,
> (Or what looked like it,) a fair youth, quite real,
> But of a beauty like the Greek ideal.
> * * * * * * * *
> The Lady Jane gazed on the fair boy sleeping,
> And in his lip's rare beauty read his name;
> And to his side with breathless wonder creeping,
> Resistless to her heart the feeling came,
> That, to her yearning love's devoted keeping,
> Was given the gem within that fragile frame.
> And, bending, with almost a mother's bliss,
> To his bright lips, she seal'd it with a kiss!
> P. 369.

Jules has "that precious quality called tact," and wakes up not the least surprised. The countess enters about the same moment, and he apologizes with a most unconscious air for having been asleep. From that time the Lady Jane devotes herself to Jules Beaulevres—*on ne s'arrête pas en si beau chemin;* and an acquaintance distinguished by so striking a commencement was not suffered to flag. She lionizes him, shows him London, the Coliseum, the Panoramas, the Zoological Gardens, sends him

home-made bread, with many other extraordinary attentions, which we will not detail; she "keeps him in kid gloves, cologne, and flannels," stays unreasonably late at parties for the sake of setting him down "on her way *chez-elle*," introduces him to waltzing partners, gets him into clubs, and follows him to Wormwood Scrubs when he fights a duel; and he, in return, condescends to spend his mornings in her sumptuous boudoir, till it is time to ride in the Park. In spite of

The magic spell he bore,
The earnest truth upon his lips impressed—

we see nothing in this hero but the utmost selfishness of which the heart is capable; and we fully believe it is this quality which really captivates his biographer, as giving its possessors the last polish of refinement, and a fascination peculiarly their own.

His beau ideal was to sink the attic,
(Though not by birth, or taste, "the *salt* above")
To pitilessly cut the air erratic
Which ladies, fond of authors, so much love,
And be in style, calm, cold, aristocratic—
Serene in faultless boots and primrose glove.
But the exclusive 's made of starch, not honey!
And Jules was cordial, joyous, frank, and funny.

This was one secret of his popularity,
Men hate a manner colder than their own,
And ladies—bless their hearts!—love chaste hilarity
Better than sentiment—if truth were known!
And Jules had one more slight peculiarity—
He 'd little "approbativeness"—or none;—
And what the critics said concerned him little—
Provided it touched not his drink and victual.

Jules has two hearts, "all poets being double, and living in two worlds, fancy and fact;" and, all things considered, it was convenient to give one of these to Lady Jane. But after a time he accompanies her and her father, now in his dotage, to Rome, where Mr. Willis expatiates a great deal on a variety of topics, and where Jules encounters a beautiful Italian marchioness, almost a child, whose husband receives him with much kindness. For this lady he presently deserts his elder flame, who, feeling herself neglected, in order to test his constancy announces that her father was ordered sea air, and that they were off to Venice. It was a false move, for Jules "would stay." But this cruel decision gives our author a grand occasion for a display of high life and good breeding. Both parties are so polite, and so cool. Jules says, "I think not;" Lady Jane, with a volcano of suppressed feelings, and a breaking heart, will not be behindhand in composure;

For rank has one cold law of Moloch's making—
Death before outcry, while the heart is breaking!

Of course there is no more happiness for her; as a necessary homage to the young poet's attractions, her life henceforth is cold and lonely.

A star, on which a spirit had alighted
Once, in all time, were like a heart so blighted.

Our readers, however, will be relieved to hear that "Jules was not made of stuff to die of grieving," and the author concludes with this comfortable assurance, and a sort of promise to continue his adventures. We have attempted to give some slight abstract of the story, but have conveyed little idea of the style, which would call for too much space. It is made up of those disjointed sentences, distorted rhymes, startling addresses, parentheses, puns, flippancies, reflections, glimpses of the great world, and of the author's individual fancies, profane allusions and perverted texts, which are the received flowers and graces of the sentimental-comic poem of fashionable life.

We ought again to apologize for devoting so much time to so worthless a subject; but Mr. Willis' name is well known in England, where some of his poetry has a deserved reputation; a leading place has been given to him among the poets of his country; and his prose works—of which this last effusion of his genius must have forcibly reminded our readers—have been extensively read; these circumstances have invested the story with a consequence which its literary merits would no more have earned for it than its moral ones.

In a notice short and incomplete as this must necessarily be, there is at once a fear of prolonging the subject unduly, and of omitting the mention of names which ought by no means to be overlooked in the most cursory survey of American poetry. Bishop Doane, Creswell, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, as churchmen, and other authors whose writings evidence sound and definite views, though Mr. Griswold leaves us in ignorance of their "persuasion," seem to demand particular attention; but their writings are not of that marked character to present examples of any particular style; and to transcribe whole poems, however pleasing both in expression and sentiment, would carry our notice quite beyond the proper limits of an article. For the same reason, we can do little more than enumerate the names of other writers, highly valued by their countrymen. Dana, whose "Buccaneer" and other poems have won him an American reputation; Hoffman and Morris, the song-writers of their country; Leggett, Ware, Willcox, Sims, Clarke, &c., but who are little known or read beyond it.

Of female authors America may boast its full share. It is the aim of education there, more than with us, to give early facility in composition; and thus a barrier is broken down which hinders, consciously or unconsciously, many a young imagination from pouring out its thick-coming fancies. It is evidently less an effort in America than it is in England to become an authoress. Mrs. Sigourney's name has long been familiar with the English world, where her shorter pieces are valued for their grace and sweetness. The well-known lines on "The Death of an Infant" have a wide popularity, which dispenses with the need of our quoting them here as a favorable example of her style. "Mrs. Sigourney," says Mr. Griswold, "has surpassed any of the poets of her sex in this country,

in the extent of her productions; and their religious and domestic character has made them popular with the large classes who regard, more than artistic merit, the spirit and tendency of what they read. Her subjects are varied, and her diction generally molodious and free; but her works are written too carelessly; they lack vigor and condensation, and possess but few of the elements of enduring verse. Very little poetry, save that of scholars, finished with extreme care and skill, belongs to the permanent literature of any language." It may be politic to say so, and thus to convey a useful hint; but we are disposed to think that if a lady cannot write poetry without a classical education, she will hardly do so with one. It is no more desirable that women should *write* like men, than that they should *be* like them. As it is not in their nature to be learned, in the severe sense of the word, if they become so it is commonly at the cost, or to the injury, of gifts especially feminine—more particularly of that tact and discernment which may be called instinct in women, and which laborious cultivation of the intellectual powers confuses or extinguishes in this case, as in that of instincts generally. One American lady, however, has braved this danger. "Mrs. Brooks," says Mr. Griswold, "is the only American poet of her sex whose mind is thoroughly educated. She is familiar with the literature of Greece, Rome, and the Oriental nations, and with the languages and letters of Southern Europe;—learning, brilliant imagination, masculine boldness of thought and diction, are characteristics of her works." Nor is Maria del Occidente (the name by which she was introduced to the English world) indebted for such lofty praise only to her countrymen. Our own Southey pronounced her "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses," and characterizes her "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," as one of the most remarkable productions of female genius. It is hard to be just to the merits of what we do not like, and we certainly do not like "Zophiel;" yet with real efforts at impartiality, we must acknowledge ourselves perplexed by Mr. Southey's high-sounding panegyric, and can neither see genuine passion, nor genuine imagination, in this lady's turgid, flighty efforts of fancy, for so they rather appear to us. In differing from such high authority, we are driven in self-defence to suggest that the poet may himself but recently have descended from the realms of Pandalon and Swerga's heavenly heights—or was still giddy from "Veeshnoo's thousand years' descent," and "the ten myriad years the aspiring Brama soared," visions which we can well conceive would incapacitate a man for a time for sober criticism. "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," is founded on the history of Sarah, in the book of Tobit, and Zophiel is the demon Asmodeus—made as interesting and attractive as his delineator knows how; but in spite of this novel hero, and the high qualities the author brings in her work, Mr. Griswold admits that the poem will never be very popular, for which, we think, the public should not be blamed. Mankind does indeed revolt from all such sympathies, and the world is quite right not to care for a demon in love. Every spark of true earthly love has a touch of heaven in it; how, then, can we, even for a moment, sympathize in Asmodeus' impure fires! Our readers will see that the subject is certainly not a feminine one, nor is the writer's mode of treating it; still it is the very reverse of masculine—never were more milk-and-water demons. They have white arms and white feet, and rainbow-tinted wings, and blue eyes; and they kiss, and embrace, and prose together, like the most harmless of mortals. Zophiel, the hero, a fiend of spirit and energy, is fortunate in a friend, the milder Phraerion, of so dull and gentle a temper "that he scarcely felt his banishment" from heaven. However, from a habit he has of listening, he makes the fiery Zophiel a most incomparable confidant, and they talk over the heroine in a way which certainly makes us wonder why the author should have thought it necessary to search the infernal regions for a hero. "I but live to prove a love for her, as harmless as sincere." "I charm her ear with songs she never heard before." "I leave her for my needful cares, at leisure to muse upon, and feed her lonely state." "Egla looks on me, doubtful and amused." Thus discreetly does the fiend express himself. Sometimes, however, the demon peeps out, but still with few terrors.

Soul, what a mystery thou art! not one
Admires, or loves, or worships virtue more
Than I; but passion hurls me on, till torn
By keen remorse, I cool, to curse me and deplore.

Whether, however, these lost spirits rave or talk sentiment, whether they sit on a broken column by moonlight, or dive to the gnomes' palace in the depths of ocean—the author never appears to us to take a genuine flight of her own; we are alternately reminded of Pope's Sylphs, or Moore's "Loves of the Angels," or Southey's more extravagant imaginations, all dressed up now and then in the golden light of the ballet, that great repository and freshener of the fancy. We can never see anything to be called in any good sense imagination; even the long strings of hard names are not new, though they may be learned.

On either side
Fierce Aishalat and Pshaamayim went.
Bright Ramaour followed on, in order meet;
Then Nahalcoul and Zotzaraven, best
Beloved, save Rouamasak of perfume sweet;
Then Talhazak and Marmorak.

The perpetual recurrence of these terrific proper names would in themselves prevent any poem being read. However, fiends are not the only personages in the narrative, and there are Egla's (for so Sarah's name is changed) seven lovers to be described, all of different aspects and various graces. But besides the painful impropriety of making this use of a scriptural subject, only augmented by the *mode* of treating it, the circumstances of the story itself deprive it of the power

to interest. In the Bible narrative our sympathies are called forth for Tobias alone. Seven lovers circumstantially described, and the bride's feelings successively aroused and excited, form a subject which we feel satisfied no writer of genuine feeling or knowledge of the heart could have chosen. But our controversy with Mr. Southey has carried us to a much greater length than we intended.

Before proceeding to the last name on our list we must preface our remarks by a general testimony to the intelligibility of American authors —no slight praise, and which, as we review them, seems to grow into a national characteristic. Throughout Mr. Griswold's book, through Bryant's and Willis' large and handsome volumes, we can hardly recall an occasion when it was necessary to re-peruse a passage once read with due care and attention. This of course implies that the American poet's mind does not take a deep or speculative turn, that it moralizes on the outward form of things, and does not curiously penetrate into the hidden mysteries of our being; that the manifestations rather than the secret springs of our moral nature are their subject. But many an English poet is obscure who has no right to be so from the profundity of his ideas; and we must admit that the American sees his way clearly, and expresses himself distinctly, on occasions when many of our own much respected modern writers would have involved themselves and their readers in a cloud requiring some straining of the mental vision to penetrate. The resource of an American poet whose powers of expression fail him, and who cannot reduce his confused thoughts and fancies into order, is to be prosaic; with us, the refuge too often is obscurity. He, as it were, gives the matter up, and confesses his misfortune, or undervalues what he cannot attain; the artifice of reducing the reader to his own state of mystification does not apparently suggest itself to him. Percival, for instance, who evidently supposes himself to possess what Mr. Griswold attributes to him, "all the natural qualities of a great poet, but wanting the artistic skill," depreciates expression altogether, confuses the mere feeling of poetry with the art poetic—the power of being impressed, with the gift of impressing. He says poetry

> Is not the chime and flow of words, that move
> In measured file, and metrical array;
> * * * * *
> 'T is a mysterious feeling.

So again:—

> The poetic feeling needs no words
> To give it utterance;
> * * * * *
> Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
> Than in the man of cities;

and so on. We do not agree with what he says —but throughout a long poem on an intricate subject, his expression is always as clear as if it were a simple narrative of facts; his thoughts may be inaccurate, but his statement of them is distinct. Again, Mr. Cranch, in lines which please us very much, speaks of the inevitable shortcoming of words, and any mode of expression in this mortal state, in language of praiseworthy perspicuity; though we should guess, from other examples of his poetry, that he is one of the imaginative multitude who seem only to want that little despised talent, that slight accidental quality of expression, to be great poets.

> Thought is deeper than all speech;
> Feeling deeper than all thought:
> Souls to souls can never teach
> What unto themselves was taught.
>
> We are spirits clad in veils:
> Man by man was never seen:
> All our deep communing fails
> To remove the shadowy screen.
>
> Heart to heart was never known:
> Mind with mind did never meet:
> We are columns left alone,
> Of a temple once complete.
>
> Like the stars that gem the sky,
> Far apart, though seeming near,
> In our light we scattered lie;
> All is thus but starlight here.
>
> What is social company,
> But a babbling summer-stream?
> What our wise philosophy
> But the glancing of a dream?
>
> Only when the sun of love
> Melts the scattered stars of thought,
> Only when we live above
> What the dim-eyed world hath taught.
>
> Only when our souls are fed
> By the fount which gave them birth,
> And by inspiration led,
> Which they never drew from earth;
>
> We, like parted drops of rain,
> Swelling till they meet and run,
> Shall be all absorbed again,
> Melting, flowing into one.

In estimating thus highly the quality of intelligibility, we would not, of course, be supposed to touch upon that noblest class of poetry which, treating of the deepest subjects which can occupy the mind, cannot be read without profound attention, nor mastered on a first perusal. We would not rank ourselves among those so happily satirized by "The Great Reasoner," "who take for granted that they are acquainted with everything; and that no subject, if treated in the manner it should be, can be treated in any manner but what is familiar and easy to them." But the same writer goes on to say, "Confusion and perplexity in writing is, indeed, without excuse, because any one may, if he pleases, know whether he understands and sees through what he is about; and it is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. It is coming abroad in a disorder, which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home." We wonder what Bishop

Butler would have thought of Emerson's poems, the author of which forms so great an exception to the perspicuity we have been commending, that his green and gold volume may be compared to a corner into which has been swept all the dust and cobwebs of obscurity his tidier countrymen have been so careful to rid themselves of.

Mr. Emerson is known to all the world as a lecturer—the preacher and writer of a new philosophy. Such of his thoughts as are beyond the flight of prose, he has put into verse, and published in the wonderful volume before us, where they excite the idolatrous worship of his admirers, who think it slight honor, indeed, to place him at the head of the poets of his country; while, to us, much of these same compositions appears the most unequivocal nonsense which was ever gravely brought before the world. It is, however, a subject on which it is hard to dispute, from the difficulty of finding common ground. Hitherto, it has been considered a form of censure to pronounce a poem to be without meaning, a charge to be rebutted by those approving it; but, in this case, Mr. Emerson's followers admit it with a coolness which must be almost called complacency, as if it were a "slow" thing to talk so as to be understood. "Who understands a robin," say they, "or the hum of bagpipes?" But the cause of nonsense has been so ably urged by its advocates, that we should do it injustice to give our own interpretation of their views. We will therefore extract the following from a recent announcement of "The Coming Man:"—

And first of his little volume of poems. They are not wholes, but extracts, from the volume of his mind. They are, as he truly calls some of them, "Wood-notes," as beautiful, changeful, capricious, and unfathomable often, as the song of the birds. On hearing such notes, we sometimes ask ourselves, "What *says* that song which has lapped us in such delicious reverie, and made us almost forget the music in the sweet thoughts which are suggested by it?" Vain the question, for is not the suggestion of such sweet thoughts saying enough, saying all that it was needed to say? It is the bird that speaks—our own soul alone can furnish the interpretation. So with many of the poems of Emerson. They mean absolutely nothing—they are mere nonsense-verses—except to those who have learned their cipher, and whose heart instinctively dances to their tune. It is often a wordless music—a wild wailing rhythm—a sound inexplicable, but no more absurd or meaningless than the note of the flute, or the thrill of the mountain bagpipe. Who would, or who, though willing, could translate into common—into *all* languages, that train of thought and emotion, long as the life of the soul, and wide as the curve of the sphere, which one inarticulate melody can awaken in the mind? So some of Emerson's verses float us away, listening and lost, on their stream of sound and of dim suggestive meaning. Led himself, as he repeatedly says, "as far as the incommunicable," he leads us into the same mystic region.

We are inclined to think a poet's mission to be something higher than a bird's or a harp's, but at least it is different. It is his gift to express new and deep thought; and we hold it to be a mere confession of incapacity for him to say that he has ideas beyond his powers of expression. So we all think; all persons whose minds are active, yet vague and indistinct, (the ordinary condition of readers,) feel the same; they have glimpses and guesses at something higher than they can reach, and it is this half-perception of the common mind which the poet enlightens. We do not acknowledge a man to be worthy of the title who only puts into indistinct dreamy words our indistinct dreamy ideas; but we hail him as a teacher, an exponent of truth and nature, who sees so clearly, that he gives form to the vapors and mists of our minds. Poetry of the highest order delights, because it brings to light the obscure that has hitherto vexed us, the vague which has so far eluded our grasp. We dwell upon what his imagination has bodied forth; we have gained something not known or realized before; and from age to age gifted men arise, thus developing, harmonizing, expanding. But of such are not those turbid and restless souls who write because they are perplexed, not because some great truth burns within them; who expect to clear the doubts of their own minds by setting them down on paper, as if words put in order would grow into ordered ideas. Mr. Emerson, we are convinced, must read his own poems with much the same expectation which leads on his sympathizing readers: in the hope that some new light may flash out of them, giving form to this chaos. It is said that artists of defective imagination are in the habit of dashing a sponge against their muddy uninspired canvass, anticipating that, in the splash and squander of colors, accident may reveal some happy conjunction of towers, and rocks, and sunbeams, which their own unassisted genius could not conceive. Mr. Emerson often appears to us to try the same experiment with pen and ink; his eye must glance over his work when he has done, to see what it has turned into. But it is time to support our assertions by example; and to escape the fashionable charge of "garbled extracts," we will quote a whole poem, long though it be.

URIEL.

It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,
Which in Paradise befell.
Once among the Pleiads walking,
Said overheard the young gods talking,
And the treason too long pent
To his ears was evident.
The young deities discussed
Laws of form and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth, and what seems.
One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line:

"Line in nature is not found,
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return,
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frown'd from myrtle-beds;
Seemed to the holy festival,
The rash word boded ill to all;
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bonds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid in confusion.

A sad self-knowledge withering fell
On the beauty of Uriel.
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew that hour into his cloud,
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler light.
Straightway a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
But now and then truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings,
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force,
Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
And a blush ting'd the upper sky,
And the gods shook they knew not why.*
P. 18.

We could go on multiplying instances, but if we have been withheld by our limits from quoting sense, the argument has greater force still against a tide of nonsense. We will, therefore, only refer our readers to "The Visit," "Earth Song," "Mithridates," "Etienne de la Boèce," "The Sphynx,"—indeed, to a good part of the volume, if it falls in his way. But there is much beside nonsense in Mr. Emerson's book, though this may be its grand feature, on a first glance. With some fine speeches in compliment to an undefined religion, and some of its professors, it is a directly infidel work, as distinct pantheism as, we believe, has yet made its appearance amongst us. Some of our readers are perhaps aware that, in his lectures, Mr. Emerson has expressed his view of the nature of evil, its inevitable though indirect tendency to good, in such a form, and illustrated by such examples, as make his statement unfit for our pages. His poems are full of intimations of this same sentiment with more decency of expression.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That night or day, that love or *crime*,
Lead all souls to the Good.—P. 103.

Higher far
Upward into the pure realm
Over sun or star,
Over the flickering Dæmon film
Thou must mount for love,—
* * * * *
Where unlike things are like,
Where good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one.—P. 137.

One long poem professes to be spoken by a fir-tree, on which his eulogist says, "He seems (particularly in his 'Wood-notes') an inspired tree, his veins full of sap instead of blood; and you take up his volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf." We cannot here agree with Mr. Gilfillan; to us, the fir-tree's speech is very like Mr. Emerson, and not at all like a tree. Any one who has listened to the harmonies of a breeze-stirred pine, "its springs and dying gales," will at least feel certain that its music-loving branches would sing in a well-ordered solemn measure; with variety there would be a sweet monotony, an undersong, which these lines are especially wanting in. We quote the following lines, however, for the sentiments, which merit deeper censure than the versification.

From the heart of God proceeds
A single will, a million deeds.
Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
And God said, Throb; and there was motion
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Onward, and on, the eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plant and worms.
I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
He is free and libertine,
Pouring of his power the wine
To every age, to every race,
Unto every race and age
He emptieth the beverage;
Unto each, and unto all,
Maker and original.
The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.
As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
He giveth little or giveth much,
To make them several or such.
With one drop sheds form and feature,
With the second a special nature;

* This style is not so new as it may appear, except for the superior continuity which a pervading profaneness seems to give to Mr. Emerson's poem. We can trace a strong resemblance in what we have quoted with what follows from the pen of Dr. Corbet, written some two hundred years ago.

"Mark how the lanterns cloud mine eyes,
See where the moon-drake 'gins to rise;
Saturn crawls much like an iron cat
To see the naked moon in a slip-shod hat.
Thunder-thumping toad-stools crack the pans,
To see the mermaids tumble;
Leather cat-a-mountains shake their heels,
To hear the gosh-hawk grumble.
The rustic threed
Begins to bleed,
And cobweb's elbows itches;
The putrid skies
Eat mulsack pies,
Back'd up in logic breeches."

The doctor has the modesty to call his lines a non-sequitur, a more appropriate title for many of Mr. Emerson's than he has himself chosen; indeed, the headings of these poems seem as much a matter of chance as their contents.

The third adds heat's indulgent spark,
The fourth gives light which eats the dark.
In the fifth drop himself he flings;
And conscious Law is King of Kings.
Pleaseth him the Eternal child
To play his sweet will, glad and wild;
As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes;
As the sheep go feeding through the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste.
This vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
What recks such Traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like summer flowers,
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?
Alike to him the better, the worse,
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze.
Thou seekest in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature,
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky
Than all its hold more deep, more high.—P. 70.

All this is not very easy to understand; but enough is apparent to satisfy the reader of the nature of Mr. Emerson's religious or rather irreligious opinions. The book throughout professes the most far-spreading love, and sublimest philanthropy: but that these are on quite a different model from the Christian one, comes out plainly enough.

Love's hearts are faithful but not fond,
Bound for the just, but not beyond;
Not glad as the low-loving herd,
Of self in other still preferred,
But they have heartily designed
The benefit of broad mankind.
And they serve men austerely,
After their own genius clearly,
Without a false humility;
For this is love's nobility,
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold,
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom counsel good:
For he that feeds men, serveth few,
He serves all, that dares be true.

Again, the fir-tree in mystic speech advises its friends,

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy *charities*,
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.

Mr. Emerson is undoubtedly a man of ability, though he has overvalued and mistaken his powers, and bewildered himself in speculations which his mind has not strength for. Even the sphinx's extravagances, though we cannot make out the connection of one in ten of her oracular sentences, make true the old wit's saying, "An eminent fool must be a fool of parts." It is not every one who could write *such* a farrago. He would have been a poet had he not obscured his powers by the pursuit of vain imaginations; proudly brooding over mysteries which have already been solved for him, and searching in darkness for what the Day Star has risen to show him, till intellectual and moral perception are equally dimmed. Hence it is that, in spite of a highly-gifted nature, his friends have to defend nonsense, to palliate profaneness, to blush at his daring justification of evil. However, these are minor points in the estimation of modern free-thinkers. Their confidence is not shaken in their prophet, even by the following admission:—

We think that we can observe in many of Emerson's later essays, and in some of his poems, symptoms of deepening obscurity; the twilight of his thought seems rushing down into night. His utterances are becoming vaguer and more elaborately oracular. He is dealing in deliberate puzzles—through the breaks in the dark forest of his page you see his mind in full retreat toward some remoter Cimmerian gloom. That retreat we would arrest if we could, *for* we are afraid that those who will follow him thither will be few and far between.

Surely the love of darkness rather than light was never so plainly written in words before. The reason for regret is *naïve* indeed. It is very true, a thick mist is falling on the unhappy philosopher; he gropes his way amid shadows; his genius lies under a nightmare; he strives for utterance and finds no words, while his disciples stand around catching his "indistinct murmurs," for so they call them, and esteeming them inspiration. They who reject that service which is perfect freedom, as intellectual bondage, are in the case of their own idols so servile as to esteem highest the thoughts they cannot penetrate, and, in their voluntary humility, to hold what they cannot comprehend, to be, therefore, above their comprehension. So we can suppose some of those hearers on Mars Hill, lovers of new things; turning from an apostle's teaching to listen in obscure caves for the voice of the lying oracle. As an American, Mr. Emerson's poems must find a place here, but it is due to his countrymen to explain that our extracts in his praise have been penned by none of them. Rather it is the boast of this eulogist that Britain has the glory of first discerning his excellence, and rewarding it with honor. America is reproached in no very measured terms for its blindness and insensibility in regard to this great man. He is without due esteem in his own country: it has not proved itself worthy of his genius. Nor could we have supposed otherwise. Mr. Emerson, as we have said, has a different style from his countrymen; they are not likely to feel a charm in simple, no-meaning, sonorous words. And when their poets take up a profounder philosophy, they will at least require that they should understand it themselves.

With this testimony to our neighbors' good sense, we will bring our article to a somewhat abrupt conclusion; for which the length to which we have already run must be our apology.

From the N. E. Farmer.

BENEVOLENCE IN BIRDS—THEIR USEFULNESS.

The communication of H. C. in the Farmer of the 5th inst., relative to the canker-worm, in which he says the only effectual remedy against these insects known to him is "the encouragement of birds," brings fresh to our recollection some reminiscences respecting this persecuted, interesting, and useful race, which we think will be pleasing to our readers, particularly to the younger ones. We can hardly say with the writer of the article, that "killing a small bird should be placed in our penal code next to killing a child;" but we do say that it ought to be met with a punishment sufficient to prevent the destruction which annually takes place, in mere wantonness or sport, among the innocent songsters of our groves and orchards. We have been almost disposed in times past to bring the boys before Judge Lynch, and might probably have done it could we have put our hands upon them.

While residing in Lancaster a few years since, we were located near the river which runs through the town, whose banks and intervals are ornamented with numerous fine elms and other trees, which add much to the beauty of this pleasant village: in these trees the birds congregate in great numbers and rear their young. A gigantic elm, the admiration of travellers and the pride of the village, threw out its wide spreading branches over the cottage in which we dwelt, and while it shielded us from the scorching sun, afforded in its ample head (a forest almost in itself) a secure retreat for a great variety of birds, whose movements afforded much amusement for the family. Among these birds were a pair of crow black-birds, who had selected the fork of a partly decayed limb, very high in the tree, as a place to build their nest and rear their young. Having in my juvenile days some prejudice against this bird, as I was taught that with the crow it would dig up the newly sprouted corn, and commit sundry other depredations, I viewed them with a suspicious eye as I saw them in company from day to day upon my newly planted grounds, busily engaged in helping themselves to what they liked best. I satisfied myself soon, however, that they had been vilely slandered, and that they were friends and not enemies: it was evident they were clearing my grounds of grubs and worms at a great rate. They soon found that I was no enemy to them, and consequently became quite tame and familiar, following the plough or harrow with nearly as much confidence as the domestic fowls. It appeared that there was a good state of feeling among the numerous tribes that inhabited the tree, consisting as they did of so many families, embracing the robin, blue-bird, sparrow, golden robin, and a variety of others, and things seemed to prosper among them and go on well, until the night before old fashioned "'lection," (a fatal day to the feathered tribe:) during that night there was a very high wind: early in the morning I was awakened by an unusual clamor among the birds, and rose to ascertain the cause—I found that the decayed limb on the fork of which was the crow-black-bird's nest, had been broken off by the wind, and the nest and contents (five young ones) precipitated to the ground, and that four of them were dead or dying. The surviving one was nearly fledged and could fly a little. I picked it up from the grass and placed it in a secure situation, supposing the distressed parents would take care of it. The old ones continued their clamor all the morning, which, with the sympathizing cries of the other birds, formed a melancholy concert.

While the black-birds had perched upon a neighboring tree near the road, still giving vent to their sorrow, a boy passed with his gun, fired, and brought them both to the ground, and carried them away in triumph: luckily for the boy, I did not witness the barbarous deed, but it was noted by one of the family and soon reported to me. As I had become somewhat interested in the unfortunate orphan, I proposed to my children that they should feed it with worms until it could take care of itself, and accordingly placed it in a pen under the tree and returned to my work near by. It was not long before I heard from the young bird its peculiar note which it uttered when its parent brought food, and on looking up, saw that it had hopped up on to a joist to which the board fence was fastened, and to my great delight and surprise, beheld a blue-bird in the act of feeding it. That beautiful passage of scripture flashed upon my mind—"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God." My curiosity was now raised to see what would be the issue, and I soon found that any further care on my part would be superfluous, for the young chap had fallen into better hands. It was with the deepest interest I watched the movements of this devoted pair of blue-birds to their adopted one, for it appeared that both male and female had taken part in this work of disinterested benevolence, and devoted themselves with unremitting attention to its wants, until it was able to take care of itself. For a couple of days it remained near the spot where I first saw the birds feeding it, and being near a window, I had a good opportunity to see how things went on between them. It appeared that the young one kept his benefactors pretty busy; for their incessant labors could hardly satisfy the young gormandizer, as, upon an estimate after much attention, he received a portion of food every two and a half minutes during the day, which appeared to consist of worms and grubs. The black bird probably weighed twice as much as both blue-birds, and when it opened its capacious mouth to receive the food, it seemed as though its kind friends were in imminent danger of being swallowed whole. The blue-birds appeared alternately with the food and lit down a few feet in front of the bird on the fence, and viewed with apparent astonishment the extended mouth of the young one for a second, then hopping up deposited the food, then as quick back to the first position,

regarding for another second with marks of satisfaction the object of charity, and then away for a new supply.

In a few days the young bird found the use of its wings, and was followed from tree to tree upon the premises by its faithful providers, for nearly a week: it had by that time learned to find its own food; and soon it fell in company with some of its own kith and kin, and I could recognize it no more. Whether it ever returned to express its gratitude to its foster parents, we have never learned.

Many of my neighbors could testify to the above facts, as some of them called daily to see for themselves. J. Breck.

From Chambers' Journal.

MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

It is usual to trace the origin of great families to some gallant exploit, or some lucky accident, which suddenly raised the ancestor of the house from obscurity, and provided him at the same time with a legend to his coat of arms. The representatives of such families are born personages of history; their name, title, and estate—their position in the country—descending to them by inheritance, and so continuing from generation to generation, till war or revolution damages or removes the old landmarks of society. But there are other origins which it would be vain to endeavor to arrive at by a similar process; the origins of houses that rise steadily, not suddenly, in their peculiar career, and the success of which is not secured by a single incident, but distributed evenly over the lifetime of one or more generations. In such cases, the germ of prosperity must be sought for in the family mind—in the idiosyncrasy of the race—in the theory by which their conduct in the world is governed; and the first *accident*, which attracts the attention of the vulgar as the origin of their fortune, is merely a *point d'appui* selected by forethought and resolution. The rise of the house of Rothschild presents a very remarkable illustration of this view of a question which will never cease to be interesting, and affords a striking instance of the natural and simple means by which those vast results are obtained which it is customary to ascribe to chance or miracle.

In the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connections in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His *own* property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reöpened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for "the honest Jew" in the way of raising public loans.

The "honest Jew," unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated. Rothschild must have already been eminent as a banker, or he would hardly have been selected by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel as the depositary of a sum amounting, it is said, to £50,000, exclusively of the jewels. At any rate, it was in the year 1801 he was appointed agent to the landgrave, afterwards Elector of Hesse; and in the next year (indicated in the story as that of the

prince's return) a loan of ten millions was contracted with the Danish court through the house of Rothschild. Before this—and necessarily so no doubt—his knowledge, and the tried rectitude of his conduct, had gained him general confidence; his wealth had increased, and an enormous extension of the field of his operations had taken place. The fact appears to be, that by this time the banker of Frankfort was more in the habit of rendering assistance than of requiring it; and the grand duke of the day, to whom the Israelites owed their civic and political rights, nominated him a member of the electoral college, expressly as a reward for his generous services to his fellow-citizens.

The personal character of Meyer Anselm Rothschild is not of small consequence in the history of the house—for their dead father may be said to direct to this hour the operations of his children! In every important crisis he is called into their counsels; in every difficult question his judgment is invoked; and when the brothers meet in consultation, the paternal spirit seems to act as president. The explanation of this well-known and most remarkable trait in the family is not difficult to those who are in the habit of penetrating through the veil of the romantic, in order to arrive at the simple realities of life. The elder Rothschild was obviously a man of comprehensive intellect, who did not act on the spur of chance or necessity, but after mature reflection, and on rules distinctly laid down; and he must have brought up his children in a certain theory, which survived his mortal part, and became identified with his memory. This is the only *idolum* conjured by the piety of his descendants. His bearing, we are told, was tranquil and unassuming; and although a devout man, according to his views of religion, his devotion was so completely untinged with bigotry, that in his charities he made no distinction between the Jew and the Christian.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers sharing equally in the results. The other great principle of their conduct is one which actuates all prudent men, and is only deserving of special remark in them, from the almost mechanical regularity with which it was acted upon—this was the determination never to run the slightest risk in pursuit of great profits. Their grand object was to see clearly each transaction to its termination, to secure themselves from all accidents that human forethought could avert, and to be satisfied with a reasonable and ordinary reward. The plan acted in a twofold manner. By husbanding their capital, they were enabled to take advantage of a thousand recurring commissions, so as to extend their connection day by day; while their habitual caution earned for them a reputation of solidity, which, united with their real wealth, carried their credit to a pitch which would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to less steady intellects. Credit, however, was no snare to them. They affected no master-strokes—no *coups d'etât*. They would have used the lamp of Aladdin, not to summon genii, but to light their steps as they toiled on in the path of genii. The only secrets by which they obtained their choice of innumerable offers of business, were the moderation of their demands—the punctual fulfilment of their engagements—and the simplicity and clearness of their system. In short, the house of Rothschild became great because its affairs were conducted upon the most perfect system of mercantile tactics, and because the character of its members, partaking largely of that of the original banker of Frankfort, combined many of those amiable qualities which secure popularity without forfeiting respect. They sought to make money by skill and industry, not parsimony; they gave a liberal share of their profits to all whose services were of use in attaining them; and their hand—

"Open as day to melting charity"—

doubled the value of the gift by the grace with which it was presented—the grace impressed upon the external manner by a simple and kindly heart.

We may now mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the mean time enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the "Conversations Lexicon," that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred million florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were

raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive "of those sums for the allied courts, of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing." This, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the house of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present elector, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818, they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822) the same honor was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyor, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the chancellor of the exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorizing the Bank of England to extend its issues.

Most of the members of this family have married, and live in great splendor here or on the continent; and it must be observed, as something characteristic of the race, that their choice of wives has usually been a good one. In London, where we know them best, the widow of Baron Nathan is held in great esteem for her inexhaustible charity, in the course of which, we observe by the newspapers, she has contributed largely towards the formation of an educational institution for children of the Christian faith. Her sister, the lady of Sir Moses Montefiore, is popularly known as a suitable helpmate for her philanthropic partner. The sister of Baron Nathan, widow of the brother of Sir Moses Montefiore, is likewise well known for her liberality, and more especially for the large funds she has bestowed on the establishment of schools for all religious denominations.

But there is another female of this remarkable family whom we must mention in a special manner, and with her name we conclude. She is the widow of the banker of Frankfort, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of those flourishing men who are now rising proudly among the aristocracy of Europe. The following notice of this venerable and venerated lady we take from "Les Matinées du Samedi" of G. Ben Levi. "In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains on the window are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

"The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, 'Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first story?' This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—'In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children.'

"Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort; but their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where those sons come to visit her with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father, thus presenting bright examples for the present time."

From the Examiner.

LAMARTINE.

The French are a people of singular susceptibilities, and attach in too many instances much more importance to the form than to the reality. The citizens of Paris held aloof, a fortnight back, and allowed the populace to overthrow not only a monarchy erected by the citizens, but also to instal in its place a government consisting either of operatives or of persons directly representing them. The *bourgeoisie* looked quietly on, whilst the class below them broke into the hall of the legislature, and shattered along with the throne all the institutions founded in 1815 and 1830.

The good citizens said nothing. Nor did they say anything when the entire class of functionaries was changed, nor when the banks were stopped and credit suspended, nor when wealthy foreigners were driven from the capital, nor when universal suffrage was promulgated. None of these things stirred the citizens of Paris. But when the provisional government risked the further bold step of interfering with the shakos and *pompons* of the uniform of the national guard—when it decreed, in the spirit of republican levelling, that the grenadier's cap offended against the great law of equality; and when they threatened to deprive the tall citizen, not of his head, but of his head-dress, then the Parisians rebelled. The national guard got up, first a club, and then an *émeute*. All national guards of grenadier or light companies gave each other rendezvous before the Hotel de Ville, and resolved to take it and the provisional government by storm. The popular bands of Ledru Rollin were however ready, and refused passage to the national guard. The consequence was a fearful scene in the interior of the seat of magistracy, the moderates reproaching Ledru Rollin, and demanding his resignation, he declining to take any such step, but making a move to appeal from the window to the people. Mutual threats and recriminations took place, pistols were presented. But the honest men and the rogues have agreed on peace for the moment, Ledru Rollin insisting on the abrogation of the grenadier *bonnet-à-poil*. In short, it is to be feared that the representative of the mob had the best of the conflict. It is ludicrous that so serious a scene should have arisen out of such a trifle as the prohibition of grenadiers' caps.

The remonstrances against Ledru Rollin's famous circular are of the same nature. The gross oppression inculcated in it, if not so distinctly expressed, might have been tolerated. There was no voice raised against the minister or his agents assuming unlimited and revolutionary authority, and turning every *mairie* and every department upside down. The crime lay in his *saying* that this should be done, and that his agents had a right to do it.

This French worship of phrase, and respect of form, is the great secret of the immense popularity of Lamartine. Not even in Mirabeau were democratic sentiments and spirit concentrated in so gentlemanly a form. In Lamartine all the ideas of the very latest popular philosophy are to be found, expressed with the oldest traditional courtesy. His manifestos and addresses never offend the tasteful, or alarm the timid. In Lamartine the middle class put faith. And yet there is not one who has a more thorough contempt for the *bourgeoisie* as a ruling class than he. He expresses this sentiment over and over again in his "Girondins;" in which both Mirabeau and Robespierre, the representatives of noblesse and people, find more favor in his eyes than Lafayette, the hero of the *bourgeoisie*.

Strange to say, the very lowest classes the armed bands, show more respect for Lamartine than for his colleagues. When they crowded into the Hotel de Ville on the first day's sitting of the provisional government, they listened to his voice when they disregarded the injunctions of their own nominees. And this forms one of the great sources of hope at present.

It is evident that the general taste repudiates any return even to the forms of the old republic. The attempt to replace *Monsieur* by *Citoyen* has utterly failed. Since that, the decree abolishing titles of honor has failed also. Aristocracy and its modes all ran away in affright in 1793, or were trodden into republican mud beneath the scaffold. But gentlemanly feelings and habits are now those not of a class, but of almost a whole people, and the whole people refuse to abandon them. M. Dupont de l'Eure may preside over the palace of the Luxembourg, and install the operatives in the peers' seats; but not a soul comes to pay court to old Dupont. The temple of the republican Juggernaut has not a votary, whilst that of fashionable republicanism in Lamartine's residence is thronged. And were he to give a *fête*, all Paris would rush to it, and worship in its brilliancy another of the *meilleur des Républiques*.

From the Examiner.

FALLEN GREATNESS.

There has been a great effusion of maudlin cant about fallen greatness, and, for our own parts, we have had our share of reproaches for not having shown due respect to fallen greatness! We protest that the charge is utterly groundless, and that we are quite ready to respect the greatness that has fallen, provided we can discover it. But the due distinction is not made between fallen greatness and a great fall. It does not follow that a man is great because he throws himself down from a great height. A man of ordinary dimensions, who throws himself from the top of the Shakspeare Cliff, is not great when he gets to the bottom; and if he chances to fall on your head, he certainly does not obtain your respect or sympathy in the slightest degree.

We confess that we have no particular admiration of falls, especially of those which happen in culpable attempts. It was but the other day that a thief fell through a skylight in pilfering lead, and

was dashed to pieces, but no one mistook the case for fallen greatness, for the meanness of the man's condition prevented any false views of his mishap.

If we have not had reason to respect a man while holding the loftiest station, with the best opportunities for good, we see not why we should begin to respect him when, for the worst mischief, he casts himself from it to headlong ruin.

Pity is claimed for reverse of fortune; but in the ordinary affairs of life we do not observe that compassion is bestowed on reverses of fortune without any regard to the circumstances causing the reverse. There is but one stage on which the ruin incurred in criminal attempts is sure of a tender sympathy. Dryden indeed wrote of

"The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due,"

but we have changed all that now-a-days; and mischiefs, so that they are mighty enough, have not only a plenary pardon, but a certain homage. It was not so on Napoleon's downfall. His allowance of aristocratic sympathy was as niggardly and mean as his rations of meat and drink. But he was a plebeian.

How extremes meet! how complete is the conformity between the conduct of the publicans and tide-waiters at Newhaven, and exalted personages elsewhere, hastening to render mingled condolences and congratulations. With the humble class it is partly arrant sycophancy, and partly that vulgar delight in familiarity with any notoriety that would make them as ready to touch the hand of a Thurtell or Greenacre as that of an exiled despot; but what is the feeling actuating the other class? Is it at bottom a sympathy with the despotic tendencies? It certainly is not mere sympathy with misfortune, for exiles who have uprightly served just causes have not had any share of it. Be it what it may, the great body of the public witness it with dislike and displeasure. They fully grant the claim to shelter, but no more; any appearances of countenance they deem undue, and discreditable to the country. This line of conduct may, however, be liable to the objection that it accords not with the Christian obligation to love one's enemies; and seeing that the removal of the late king from the throne has forthwith restored the good understanding between the two countries, as if nothing else had stood between them, the Christian rule may certainly require on our parts exceeding love of Louis Philippe. And to add to his claims on this ground, there is not a person with any stake in the country of any sort or kind, who does not feel the securities for what he possesses, and for the fortunes of those who will come after him, impaired by the great convulsion which Louis Philippe's misrule has brought about. In ruining his own house he has shaken the stability of all others. He has let loose troubles for all the world.

He should have taken pattern by the King of the Flying Island in Laputa. That wise monarch used to punish malcontent subjects by letting down the flying island to crush them, but he always performed this operation with the greatest tenderness, not lowering down the island violently on their heads, but gradually grinding them down with it, giving out that he proceeded so from his extreme repugnance to severity, but really, as Gulliver explains, because the foundation of the realm was very infirm, and his majesty feared damaging it by too abrupt a collision with the people's heads.

Charles the Xth, with 12,000 bayonets, sank before the Paris populace. The discovery was soon complacently made that the failure was owing to his want of force. Louis Philippe has made a similar attempt, with 100,000, with the same result; and "more powder more kill" is still the argument, and his overthrow is ascribed to his want of resolution, not to the resolution that was opposed to him. If Louis Philippe had not firmness enough for his evil enterprise, we suspect the conclusion to be drawn is that no monarch can be found possessed of the boldness necessary to putting down a thoroughly malcontent and highly-spirited people. But there are some persons disposed to believe that the thing was feasible; for there are minds that always read the lessons of experience backwards, and that still fondly cling to the belief that armed might could have prevailed. Their faith in the bullet and the bayonet is inexhaustible. They would demonstrate to you how Pharaoh would have succeeded in his pursuit by carrying a higher hand. But somehow or other, happily for the world, the saying of Euripides is everlastingly applicable, that when heaven dooms a man τον νουν εβλαψε πρωτον. And the talk of what might have been done if a certain wanting quality had been present, is but tantamount to calculating what the man might have done if the man had not been the man he was; in which case he would never have made the attempt. If Louis Philippe had had the high courage necessary for his evil enterprise, the probability is that he would not have had the heart for it; for the generous qualities are in close affinity, and magnanimity is of near relation to bravery and constancy. The intense selfishness that prompted Louis Philippe's faults was incompatible with resolution in the hour of danger. As for seventeen years he had thought of nothing but making himself great, so in the crisis of his fate he thought of nothing but making himself safe. Self was the uppermost, or rather the only consideration. He had never had any higher vocation than self and sons, a sort of Dombey firm; and with the first demand for a particle of devotion, for an atom of chivalry as big as the pin's head that serves him for a heart, the man was off, taking care of self, and shrouding the precious thing in a dirty blouse. But to complete the disguise, he assumed over all a "fear-nought coat"—a *fear-nought!* disguise indeed!

Again, we shall be told we are hard, harsh, unsparing. Our answer is, that in these times heinous political offences should be subjected to the rigor of opinion. Heads are no longer taken; impeachment is a name. The only punishment for offences fraught with consequences the most

terrible to the world, is the punishment of the moral judgment—"Thus didst thou."

Remit this punishment, and the state malefactor has nothing to fear; if he succeed in his iniquitous attempt, he has his satisfaction that way; if he fail, he has a retreat not to be profaned by a syllable of truth, and the welcome of one who has not lost a particle of claim to the world's honor and respect. Against this we protest. Faults and offences in politics affect in their turn the fortunes and prospects of every member of society; and in proportion to the terrible effects of them should be the moral responsibility. They are prudently spared the edge of the axe, but they shall not be spared the not less sharp edge of the truth.

From the Spectator.

An act of true heroism should not pass unnoticed, in any age. The ex-queen of the French, who, in spite of the errors and unpopularity of her husband's government, has always preserved the respect of the French people, from her sincere piety and virtues, was, it is well known, most adverse to her husband assuming the sceptre.

How is the case changed now! Her arm supported the tottering old man, after his abdication, to the carriage which was in attendance: her courage alone sustained him. This is well known; but it is not so generally understood that she would have prevented his abdicating at all, and, while others were giving the most fatal counsel, she alone knelt before the king with the heroic words, "C'est le devoir d'un roi de mourir parmi son peuple." Though not much of a poet, I have endeavored to fix public attention on a circumstance which I think deserves neither to be overlooked nor forgotten.

The scene to which I have made allusion, and which I have the best authority for believing to be founded strictly on fact, occurred on the morning of the 24th of February. So rapid and unforeseen was the flight of the royal family, that although they were assembled to take their déjeuner à la fourchette at the usual time, before an hour had elapsed not one of them was left in the Tuileries. Not only did the queen remonstrate; it is stated that the officers in command were confident of the fidelity and honor of the army. Thus the weakness of a moment may emperil the destinies of the world!

LINES TO THE EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

Gentlest of mothers! on that fatal day
When Orleans, still uncrowned, in bitter doubt
Was weakly yielding, thine was it to stay
Ambition's voice, and hush the maddening shout
Of bad excitements; thine 't was to shut out
All from thy husband's breast but one small voice,
The voice of conscience and of truth: without
Such aids, saidst thou, ill fortune guides thy choice.

Oh! had he hearken'd then, well might he now rejoice.

But 't was not so; for statecraft gained the day,
And she who now reposes in the grave*—
Peace to her ashes!—o'er thy lord held sway,
And men cried out, "Magnanimous and brave!"
The softer counsel which affection gave
Unheeded past; and, haply, out of sight,
Thou shedd'st thy tears—all impotent to save,
But future witnesses, when known aright,
Of virtue's modest ways, which shun day's garish light.

Old ocean thus, in calm and placid mood,
Is softest of imaginable things,
In peaceful glory, by no zephyrs woo'd,
Whereto, as to a mirror, nature brings
Bright forms, and there reflects the spreading wings
Of myriad argosies; there in his joy
The giddy schoolboy makes his mimic rings—
Emblems, which still the poet may employ,
Of that vain glory which attain'd begins to cloy.

Yet can this self-same ocean, toss'd on high,
Be fierce and direful as devouring flame,
Raising his tumid billows to the sky,
And threatening heaven itself—the very frame
Of earth now yields—the floods their empire claim;
Is this the lake which but of late we knew
Reposing sweetly, spiritless and tame,
Fair as a sleeping beauty—gentle too—
Which now its wrath so dire would give us cause to rue!

Noblest of queens! not altered less thy mien
In the last crisis of thy destiny,
When thou erect and firm alone wert seen,
Thy husband's stay, no tear upon thine eye!
Thou could'st the anger of the mob defy;
Age had not bowed thy spirit nor thy heart;
For conscious virtue can on self rely.
When coward counsels spoke the word, "*Depart*,"
'T was thou, and thou alone, couldst act a heroine's part.

Dastardly spirits! couldst thou say to those,
Even to thy children, kneeling round the throne,
Who rather timid wavering counsels chose
Than the proud conduct which was all thine own—
Better to die a monarch, and alone,
By treacherous friends deserted, than to fly!
Like Cæsar, thou the height of power hast known;
Dare then, like him, each traitor to defy,
And learn, like Cæsar too, with dignity to die.

Naples, fair land of luxury and ease!
Where pleasure dwells, and virtues stern decay,
Where the bright vineyards and the placid seas
Teach a degenerate race to while away
Their wanton hours, and waste the livelong day—
Blithe self-sown children of the teeming earth—
Oh! 'mid a race so thoughtless and so gay,
If test of excellence be moral worth,
France may well envy thee at least one heroine's birth.

* Madame Adelaide.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

We have lately been much interested by an examination of specimens of artificial marble, sandstone, conglomerate, and other mineral productions made by a lady.*

Curious and useful discoveries may be arranged in three classes. first, those which are the result of mere accident, and therefore reflect no honor on those by whom they are made: and second, those made by a new application of known principles or facts, reflecting on the discoverer all the honor due to superior acuteness of mind, and a fine perception of the connection between cause and effect; the third and highest class are those resulting from a preconceived idea, wrought out to demonstration by pure force of reasoning and experiment, which is, in fact, just tangible reasoning.

To this last class belongs the discovery we are about to notice. So far back as 1840, Mrs. Marshall was struck with the odd idea, that the animal and vegetable remains so universally found in the second and tertiary strata might, by a chemical or electric influence exerted upon the disintegrated particles of these rocks, have been the cause of their aggregation.

Between the first rude outline of this idea and the realization of Mrs. Marshall's wishes, five years, and upwards of ten thousand experiments, intervened. Many of these were forbidden in their detail, and others requiring truly scientific patience to complete; but the whole result has been a satisfactory demonstration that if the constituents of any mineral body of which lime forms a part be mixed in their true proportions, (the lime used being free from carbon in any form,) and these mixed with animal and vegetable remains, under circumstances of due moisture and heat, aggregation of their particles will take place at periods varying with the substances under experiment, from a few minutes, to hours, weeks, and months; and these artificial aggregations (allowing for absence of time, and the incalculable amount of superincumbent pressure present in the natural phenomena) come so undeniably near, in appearance and qualities, to the products of nature, as to throw a totally new and interesting light on some of her hitherto most mysterious operations.†

There are two problems which have justly been considered by geologists as among the most difficult in their science; the one is, that the nodules in strata containing fossils, particularly crustaceous relics, contain more lime—taking size for size—than the intervening spaces in the beds. The natural conclusion at first sight is, that the surplus lime accrues from the osseous fabric of the organism. But investigation proves that there is more lime contained in the whole nodule than this will account for. Mrs. Marshall's experiments and specimens show that bone or recent shell, has more than any other portion of the animal frame, a power of attracting or of *condensing* lime, while a counter power is exerted by the lime of hardening or solidifying the bone. This of course acts more powerfully and obviously when the bone and the lime come in immediate contact, as in the nodules of the crustaceous fossils, than in the case of the vertebrata, where the integuments interpose like a screen. Thus if portions of bone, or recent shells, be placed in a heap of sulphate of lime, or of magnesia thoroughly free from carbonic acid, with a very small proportion of vegetable matter added, and the heap so prepared be kept in circumstances of moisture, the parts in contact with the bone will first begin to harden or condense, and this action will gradually radiate to an extent corresponding to the size and form of the osseous matter, while at the same time the bone, even the soft cellular portion, becomes hard and stone-like. The very same effect is produced by and on *coral;* for not only does the lime harden in an extraordinary degree round the coral, but in the same ratio the latter loses its dull opaque, and becomes semi-translucent. Whether "countless ages" would bring these to a perfect resemblance of natural fossils, it is hard to say; but a year and a half has sufficed to render them extremely curious, and worthy of attention. The experiments conducted with the constituents of sandstone and lias lead to the very same results, but much more slowly than in the pure lime.

The other problem to which we allude is this: From what cause has it arisen that many mineral substances, and even whole strata, are found identical in the nature and proportions of their constituents, yet totally different in their lithological structure? Such is the stratum frequently above coal and lime, and both above, and mingled with, sandstone. Mrs. Marshall's experiments show that if a mass in imitation of such mineral bodies be prepared, and one part of it left at perfect rest, while the other is agitated or disturbed, the one will harden in a few hours or days into a substance not distinguishable by the eye from the natural stone, and capable of resisting water and weather; while the latter will take as many weeks to harden, and then present a mass which readily degrades by exposure to either. The experiment may be varied thus:—Such masses always *set* or harden from the centre outwards; allow the mass to set till within half an inch of the surface; disturb what remains, and the result will be, that on making a section, the centre will be found hard enough to take a fine polish, while the outer crust will be a mere crumbling mass of chalk or sand.

Mr. Hugh Miller, in his "Old Red Sandstone," conjectures that the curious outstriking of colors which here and there occurs in that and some other formations, may have arisen from the action of decaying animal matter. Not only is this completely proved by this lady's experiment, but what Mr. Miller seems not to have once suspected, that decaying *vegetable* matter has the same effect; and doubtless to this, rather than animal, are owing the

* Mrs. Marshall, formerly of Manchester, now of Edinburgh. This lady is authoress of several popular works for children, on which, at the time they appeared, we frequently drew for the amusement and instruction of our young readers.

† We would be understood as not prepared to sanction the geological speculation here involved, though we decide on allowing the writer to state his own convictions. —Ed.

more curious and grotesque forms in which these white and gray stains appear.

We were particularly interested by one specimen, in which, with the view of solving two problems by one experiment, there had been laid down upon the surface, while yet fluid, a few of the delicately-rounded leafstalks of the *Fucus vesiculosus;* of these some had sunk only half, and others wholly, under the surface. In course of time the vegetable matter shrinks to a film that can be blown out with the breath, and there then remains in the mimic stratum perforations which are lined with white, presenting the most perfect resemblance to those mysterious worm-like borings which occur in the face of compact limestone, and have given rise to so much discussion.

The specimens are divided into two classes—the one terrestrial, and the other marine. We are inclined to consider the latter decidedly the more interesting and curious. Patents for Britain and foreign countries have been taken for the use of this discovery. But we confess that, as devoted utilitarians, we feel a far deeper interest in the *economic* than in the merely scientific results of this discovery, curious and important though they be. Upon the principle developed, two most valuable and entirely new architectural cements have been compounded—the one pure white, the other of a greenish-gray or sage color.

The first, after the trial of years, has proved itself a certain cure for all the damp arising from porosity, or presence of sea salt in building stone, *or from want of honesty in building even with good material*—a cause for damp, we regret to say, fully more common than the two former.

It is not easy, on any known or alleged theory, to account for this quality in the cement; but the *fact* is incontrovertible. We have seen walls in sunk flats (done with it more than two years ago) which had been streaming with damp, noxious and offensive in its effluvia, so as to be quite uninhabitable, rendered perfectly dry, and the apartments offering a peculiarly comfortable sensation to the feelings on entering, as if a fire had recently been in them. This arises from the intonuca* being such a remarkably slow conductor of heat, that the atmosphere in all apartments plastered with it is kept at an even temperature—warm in winter, and cool in summer; whereas common lime, being a very rapid conductor of heat, speedily robs the air of all warmth in winter, and throws in great heat in summer—effects which we but partially obviate by covering it with paint or paper.

This cement also resists fire to a very high degree. Half an inch depth of it has been known to protect lath from intense fire for two hours; and even when it reaches the wood, neither flame nor spark is ever emitted—it merely smoulders slowly into a light-white ash. The cement does not, even under a red heat, crack or fly off from the wall; but if water be thrown upon it at this time, its substance and cohesion are destroyed, and it requires removal.

*Mrs. Marshall has given this name to her cement—it is simply the Italian word for wall-plaster.

Dissatisfied with this result, the indefatigable experimentalist applied herself to making new combinations, and a few months since succeeded in perfecting a cement combining all the good qualities of the white with the additional advantage (a grand desideratum indeed!) of remaining perfectly uninjured by water thrown upon it, even when at a full red heat. If a common brick, covered with one eighth inch of it, be thrown into the heart of a large fire, and brought to a red heat, and from the fire be thrown into a bucket of water, it will neither crack nor fly from the surface, and when dried, will bear no mark of injury, smoke and dirt excepted. Care must be taken, in laying on the cement, that no opening to the brick be left, otherwise the brick itself will rend on meeting the water.

The advantages of a cement like this, both in domestic and trade architecture, are too obvious to require argument or demonstration. If floors and ceilings be formed of it, fire may be confined to the apartment in which it originates, instead of penetrating, as in so many deplorable cases it has recently done, both in this city and Glasgow, with the rapidity of lightning, from one story to another, upwards and downwards, through whole ranges of building. And when extinguished, no repair will be required but that occasioned by the removal of smoke and wet ashes.

Both these cements harden and dry in so short a time that houses or apartments done with them may be inhabited in a fortnight after the plasterers have finished. No noxious exhalation—as from common plaster—or lurking damp remains in them, to injure health or property; and this alone is an immense benefit in cases of alterations, particularly in shops. They both take paint or paper the moment they are dry. But for all unpretending apartments, or for lobbies and staircases, no color more beautiful or appropriate than that of the gray cement itself could be desired. It is considerably cheaper than the white; but this matter we refer to the manufacturer. It is, however, one of deep importance to the public, that anything preventing the scourge of fire and of damp should be brought within the reach of those building or *repairing* for the masses, at such a price as to remove all excuse for not using it; and here we would remark, that the rapid and thorough drying of these cements throws a large amount of saved rent to the credit side, which should be considered as reducing the expense of it. We have included damp, along with fire, as a *scourge;* indeed, we consider it very decidedly the severer of the two; nay, we are prepared to hold that in towns it is more the promoter of death than all other causes united—not to name the misery and discomfort it entails on life. We speak of the *dirt* of the habitations of the poor; but damp and dirt are indissoluble in their companionship: and how often, by the cruel Pandemonium-like window-tax, is the evil deepened and (without a pun) *darkened* to the industrious poor, whose very *means of existence* is often connected with a free access of the blessed light of heaven to the scene of daily toil!

We have already exceeded our space, or we would refer at length to the boundless variety and importance of the uses to which these cements may be applied. On our table, at this moment, are most delicately-beautiful medallions, executed in white on colored grounds; specimens of marble, splendid in coloring and polish; and pieces of granite and other stones, rugged from the quarry, united by it with most extraordinary firmness.

From Chambers' Journal.

MOROCCO.

Few persons in Europe are aware of the extraordinary policy of the emperors of Morocco, and few therefore were prepared for the solid support received by the Sultan Abd-er-Rahman from his subjects when attacked by so formidable an enemy as Abd-el-Kader had proved himself, by his religious and military prestige, as much as by his unbounded activity and energy.

The policy, however, which has made the fortune of the Edrisite dynasty, has at all times been a very simple one—namely, with foreign powers, no relations, complete isolation; and at home, *alliance with all the great families of the kingdom.* This double line of conduct explains the existence and the strength (if "union is strength") of the empire of Morocco. Let us enter more fully into the particulars of this twofold system, the originality of which will not fail to surprise those of our readers who may not be familiar with the ideas and principles of Oriental monarchies.

Morocco, in its geographical position, stands almost isolated. It is bounded on the west by the Atlantic, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Algeria, which, up to the period of the French conquest, seventeen year, ago, counted as nothing; and on the south by the Desert, and different tribes who obey no form of government. It was not difficult, therefore, for the founders and successors of the dynasty of Morocco to enclose themselves in a moral manner within a species of insurmountable barrier—that is to say, to have no relation with foreign powers. This they have done. No commerce, no diplomacy. They have imprisoned themselves in their own country; they have lived, and made their subjects live, in a perpetual enclosure, the country sufficing, by its own resources, for the few wants of its inhabitants. What has been the result of this singular policy? That this monarchy has had to engage in no foreign wars, and thus has been enabled to consolidate itself without fear of any dangerous foe.

Being unapproachable by enemies from without, they have turned their thoughts to avoiding hostility in their own territories, and the following is the plan they have adopted for centuries:—

Since the foundation of the dynasty, every reigning monarch has taken a wife from every important family of the country. Any of those who have reigned twenty or thirty years, like the two last sovereigns, Moleï-Sleinau and Mouleï-Abd-er-Rahman, have numbered two or three thousand wives from the great families alone. At the present moment, Abd-er-Rahman has no less than seven hundred lawful consorts—namely, two hundred at Morocco, two hundred at Mecknez, and three hundred at Fez. It is to this multitude of ladies, whose support is ruinous, that the low state of the imperial treasury must in a great measure be attributed. Let it not be imagined that these are unhappy concubines, kidnapped by the eunuchs for the seraglio; they are seven hundred daughters of the great families of the empire, who wait for and desire a fruitful marriage, to return then to their paternal home, with a young cherif, son of the sultan! The result of this matrimonomania is, that the emperors, when they reach the age of sixty, like Abd-er-Rahman, can number hundreds of male children fit to carry arms, thousands of grandsons, and thousands of nephews and grand-nephews. If you unite this little army, which derives its blood, its life, from one single source—the fathers-in-law, brothers-in-law, the cousins to the sixth degree inclusively—you will arrive at the strange but positive conclusion, that of eight millions of subjects, one million of individuals belong by the strongest ties to the reigning dynasty.

This may seem monstrous, but it is nevertheless the exact truth. There are whole towns and districts whose inhabitants are offshoots of the imperial family. Thus all the Chourfas of Tafilet are cousins, in various degrees, of the emperor. We can mention a fact which confirms, in an undeniable manner, all we have now stated. When General Delarue was about to define the boundaries of the eastern part of Morocco, he ceded a portion of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh people to the emperor. Sidi-Homza, chief (sheikh) of this tribe, solicited Abd-er-Rahman to admit one of his daughters into his harem, as a pledge of his faithful alliance with his new master.

But the imperial policy does not stop here. All those with whom the emperor, from peculiar considerations, cannot form connections by ties of blood, such as Moors, Jews, and Christians, if they be of any weight, he chains to his chariot by the link of commerce, of which he reserves to himself the exclusive monopoly. He not only gives to some the privilege of buying and selling such and such an article in such and such a port, but he constitutes himself their banker, and lends them the money necessary for their trade. Some of these loans have amounted to £80,000. When the Prince de Joinville bombarded Mogador, he was told that the merchants of that place owed £800,000 to the emperor.

Here, then, is a man who holds in his hands, either by relationship or by interest, almost all the chief resources of his kingdom. His patronage and his strength are increased by the prestige of holiness which he derives from his titles of "Lineal descendant of the Prophet," and the "Head of Islamism in the West." At the hour of need, he could also count on the valuable assistance of the order of *Mouleï-Taïeb*, a religious association, as powerful as it is numerous, and whose chief, being invested with the privilege of sanctioning the nomination of the emperors, is necessarily, from his position, devoted to the existing dynasty.

CHAPTER III.—A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

ALL looked towards the door. There stood a tall pale man, watching, with eyes that seemed somewhat tearful, the movements of the little child. When he saw that he was observed, the color came into his face, and his brow contracted as with the effort to suppress some strong emotion; he did not advance immediately—he even appeared to hesitate for a moment whether he should advance at all; but he had not more than one moment allowed him for hesitation; the next, the arms of his sister Ellenor were clasped closely about his neck, and her lips were pressed to his, and her tears were falling fast over his cheeks, as she murmured, brokenly but joyfully—

"My own—own, darling Percy!"

The observant Mr. Coniston paid great attention to this little scene, and it did not escape him that the first welcome which Percy Lee received to his long-left home, was also by many degrees the warmest. When he came forward into the room, with one arm still twined round Ellenor's waist, his brother John met him with a cordial, but rather embarrassed shake of the hand, accompanied by a doubtful side glance at Miss Melissa, who coldly offered her cheek for a salute, muttering at the same time that it was "a great deal too much for her, and she did n't think she should ever get over it." Alexander's politeness was as distant as though they had only been introduced the day before. The manner of Percy Lee himself was quiet, perhaps a little deprecatory, but perfectly self-possessed after the first moment; he did not betray agitation till he touched the extended hand of Mr. Becket, whom on his entrance he had not perceived. Then, indeed, he seemed much moved—his impulse was to kneel and ask a blessing—nay, yet further, to kiss that venerated hand, and weep upon it like a child; but nevertheless he only wrung it with a somewhat tremulous pressure, and walked hastily to the ottoman on which Ellenor had now seated herself, with the golden-haired Ida on her lap, contentedly submitting to her lavish caresses.

Whatever might have been the cause of so frigid and awkward a reception, there seemed to be an universal determination on all sides to assume an appearance of ease and friendliness as soon as possible; perhaps there was not one at whose heart the voices of childhood and of home were not silently pleading. For all possess in a measure (that is, all who are not utterly reprobate) that inner light which was first kindled in the cradle-days; in some it has been confined, and stifled, and repressed, till it burns feebly, and scarce perceptibly, so that you can barely say, "it is there!"—in others it has been fostered and cherished till its rays have penetrated to the outermost layer of the heart, making the whole transparent, and glowing with the emanations of the central fire, which is love itself.

Nevertheless, it was a relief to all when they separated to dress for dinner, and to establish the children in the rooms prepared for them. Little Ida, who did not seem to have a particle of shyness in her composition, was soon perfectly at her ease with her young cousins, specially attaching herself, however, to Frederick, whose gentle voice and manner were very winning to a young child. She sat on his knee in the window of their parlor, and prattled to him of the long voyage, and the wide sea which made her giddy by its ceaseless movement, and the stars which had looked so bright in the darkness, like a multitude of calm, kind eyes watching over her; and the restless, rocking vessel, with its tall spars making a maze of ever-changing lines against the sky; and the rough sailors, who had been all gentleness to her; and the ladies who had petted her, and the gentlemen who had played with her, and the dear, dear papa who had been always there to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy.

"Godfrey," said Frederick, "do you remember the story of that king, Midas, who turned everything he touched into gold?"

"To be sure I do," returned Godfrey.

"Well, I think Ida is like King Midas."

A burst of laughter from Alexander greeted this remark, calling the quick blood into the cheek of poor Frederick, who instantly began to think that he had said something very ridiculous, and lost all power to explain, or even define to himself his real meaning. A great deal of elaborate quizzing followed; sundry small articles, such as penknives, balls of string, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c., were brought to the puzzled Ida, that she might touch them by way of experiment; for, as Alexander dictatorially announced, "it is only stupid people who believe what they can't prove;" and had it not been for the perfect good humor of the butt, it is more than probable that a civil war would have ensued in the nursery department.

When Mr. Coniston descended to the drawing-room he found Miss Melissa Lee alone. Like many weak persons, this lady was much addicted to a sort of promiscuous confidentialness, very troublesome to her friends. It was, in truth, a most inconvenient characteristic; trifles were invested with all the pomp of gratuitous secrecy, and matters of real moment revealed with a freedom, which was, to say the least of it, indiscreet, and in bad taste. In the same breath she would caution you not to repeat that *she* had said the weather was likely to change, and impart to you her suspicion that her nearest relative had been guilty of a fraud on the exchequer. Nor let such inconsistency be supposed unnatural—it is more than natural—it is nature itself. The sense of proportion, if I may so express it, seems, more than any other faculty of the soul, to depend upon discipline. The development of this sense in life and action is consistency; but where it is wanting, a whole mass of contradictions appears to be the necessary result. Miss Melissa Lee was therefore consistently inconsistent, and naturally unnatural; and all this simply because she was undisciplined. She was, however, a very good subject to fall into the hands of a judicious experimentalist, and Mr. Coniston did not fail to make the most of her.

By force of sympathizing with her nervous depression of the morning, and cordially agreeing in her wholesale condemnation of spoiled children, he soon elicited the very facts which he wanted to know.

"You see," said the lady, "it was very distressing to us all to meet my brother Percy again; you must have observed an awkwardness—indeed, it cannot have escaped you—so perhaps it is better to be candid at once, and say that there are circumstances connected with the past which rendered it a very painful meeting. He has not been what he ought to have been—he has been a great affliction to us all—and then he married very unhappily, and in direct opposition to my poor father's commands."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Coniston, gently. "Mrs. Percy Lee was a foreigner, was she not?"

"Yes; a Greek girl whom he fell in love with on his travels. Nothing could be more distressing; she was, of course, wholly uneducated, and not a Christian, that is to say, not a Protestant. His travelling at all was against poor mamma's wishes, but he was always so restless and unsettled, and this is what it led to. Worse even than her worst fears."

"I can feel for you," said the lawyer. "Pray of what profession is your brother?"

"Percy? Oh! it was intended that he should have gone into orders, but he was, I am sorry to say, very wild at college; in fact—of course you will never repeat this—he was rusticated; and so then he came home, and was idle for a long while. He had a great talent for drawing, and said he would spend his portion, that is, as much of it as was left, in a journey to Rome, that he might qualify himself to be an artist. Mamma opposed this; so in fact did we all; but Percy was always the sort of disposition to take up a notion violently, and carry everything before him. He was so enthusiastic, and yet so unstable; and, I suppose, contradiction made him more determined, and he went. When once he was out of England, and away from control, we heard no more of his studying to be an artist; in fact, it was not in his nature to study; he could not keep to any one purpose long enough, or steadily enough, he was always so wandering and irregular."

"Ah, poor fellow! I think you are a little hard on him," interposed uncle John, who had entered the room during this speech; "he is a genius, you know, and all that sort of thing, and one must n't quite expect him to act by common rules. You and I, Melissa, may go on at an easy, comfortable jog-trot, but it 's out of the question for Percy to do anything in a common way."

Miss Melissa Lee cast up her eyes and was silent, while her brother proceeded:—

"Besides, he had a right to take his pleasure in travelling, you know, because, when Ellenor married so well, she made him a present of her portion; he was always her favorite brother, and she could do just what she pleased with poor Aytoun."

"My dear John!" holding up her hands with a deprecatory gesture. "Even with *your* incaution I should hardly have expected you to go so far as this. To mention a little private family arrangement of this nature! I hope, Mr. Coniston, you will have the kindness to be very careful in not suffering Percy to suspect that you know it. I would not have him aware of it, for the world. It would seem so *very* strange to him."

"I 'm sure I 'm very sorry," said good-natured uncle John, looking rebuked, "I *am* a desperately careless fellow. I never think of these things till it is too late. But I fancied you had been telling all the faults in the matter so fully, that there could be no harm in my telling the excuses."

There is no satire so keen as perfect simplicity.

"Besides," continued he, much troubled by his sister's pertinacious and obtrusive expression of mild distress, "I 'm quite sure Percy would n't care a straw if all the world knew it; his is just the sort of disposition to proclaim an obligation, not to conceal it. Now Ellenor, on the contrary, *would* be very much annoyed. I think she would find it a little hard to forgive me for my indiscretion. She is not one of those who like to have their good deeds trumpeted. The only time she ever quarrelled with me was when I wrote her name at full length in a subscription list, which I thought there *could* be no harm in, (turning to Mr. Coniston,) because Melissa had just done the very same thing for herself."

"Oh!" cried the discomfited Melissa, with a short hysterical laugh, and quick flush of suppressed anger rising to her cheeks, "I 'm sure I hate publicity as much as anybody, and rather more than poor dear Ellenor, I fancy, for *she* never was the least shy; but there are often circumstances which force one to go against one's nature, and you know, dear John, (looking at him as if she could have strangled him,) "I generally do as I am advised. But," she added, very hurriedly, seeing in her brother's face that he was about to express astonishment at that last assertion, and to explain with unmistakable clearness that she generally had her own way—"but all this must be very uninteresting to Mr. Coniston. I am really sorry that he should be bored with these petty details. What was it that you were asking me, Mr. Coniston?"

"I was inquiring," replied the lawyer, blandly, "in what capacity Mr. Percy Lee went to India."

"General Aytoun got him the appointment," said the lady. "He married, as I told you, and a very sad affair it was; he was bringing his bride home when, at Marseilles, he met General Aytoun and Ellenor on their way out, and the general had the power of offering him this appointment, and most kindly did so. Percy had no choice, for he literally had not a penny in the world, and there was not a day to be lost; he had not even the time allowed him to come on to England, but sailed for Malta by the same steamer which conveyed Ellenor and her husband."

"So you never saw your sister-in-law?" said Mr. Coniston.

"No, never, and perhaps it was as well; it would have been very painful not to welcome her

into the family: and yet, how could one have done so without insincerity? She was of course not a person with whom one could have had any feelings in common, though I believe she was very amiable, poor thing."

Perhaps Mr. Coniston thought that might be reason enough for her sister-in-law's having no feelings in common with her; he did not, however, express any such idea, but was about to seek a little more information, when Percy Lee himself entered from the garden accompanied by Mrs. Aytoun.

Did you ever, when weary and fovered with a night's festivity, turn from the sultry ball-room, and the noise of instruments, and the sickly glare of lamps, open the window wide, and let in a flood of fresh, quiet moonlight? Somewhat like this was it to turn from the face of Melissa, and look on that of her sister. And yet it was strange that it should be so, for there was not much difference in point of beauty, and Ellonor was decidedly the less intellectual of the two; only there was Love in the one face and Self in the other; therein perchance lay the secret of the contrast.

And what was the true history of that marriage which Melissa had been chronicling for the lawyer's benefit? for the *true history* of an event consists no more in the record of its outward lineaments, than the true history of a woman in the description of her complexion. The multitude are content to look upon the outer garment of a deed, and even wise men are for the most part satisfied with discovering that it has a real body; few are those who recognize the soul in it; fewer still, perhaps not more than one in a generation, who penetrate to the soul, and make acquaintance with it. Let us look at a few extracts from Percy Lee's journal, in the beautiful days of his youth.

"*June 7th*, 18—. —I have seen perfect beauty. Why is it that all things perfectly beautiful, whether in nature or art, have an air of melancholy when in repose, as though that were the expression which belonged to them, and to which they inevitably recur when not excited or disturbed? Is it that beauty is not of the earth, and that, whenever compelled to make her tabernacle here, she feels as a captive, and, in silence, sighs to be released? Oh, that I could paint what I have seen!—a profile, drawn as with a pencil of light against the violet sky, severe in feature, but soft as infancy in expression. She was kneeling to receive the blessing of a priest, who, with pale, venerable face and flowing garments, approached and placed his hand upon her head. Then she rose, and they walked away together, her large, wistful dark eyes lifted to his face, as she related to him some history, apparently sorrowful; for the unshed tears glistened on her eyelashes, and her voice faltered, while from time to time he interposed, as though giving consolation or advice. They paused, and he sat down: it was on the fragment of a prostrate column. She, half sitting, half kneeling at his feet, continued her narration, her slender fingers unconsciously busied, meanwhile, in pulling to pieces a red pomegranate flower which she held in her hand. To the west the sun was sinking behind Mount Pentelicus, steeping in purple light the groves of pine and olive, through which the road wound upwards to the marble grotto; a clear stream, fringed with oleander and myrtle, broke out of the shadow, and came sparkling down the hill-side like a shower of gold, with a gushing, joyous sound like the laugh of a young child. What a picture! * *

"*28th*.—She does not love me; I think she is incapable of it. She loves nothing upon earth but the sick mother about whose bed she steals softly and beneficently as a guardian angel, and the good father who comes from his monastery in the shadow of the mountain to teach and comfort her, and the picture of the saint before which she kindles a small lamp every evening, and every morning hangs a fresh chaplet of campanulas, or wild aloe-flowers. What a life is this; and yet how happy does the soul seem in this garden of its captivity!—it makes music to itself in the solitude and darkness, like a caged bird that has never known freedom. Yet there must be intellect under the sculpture of that brow; there must be passion asleep in the depth of those unfathomable eyes. What would they say to her in England? I will win her if I serve seven years for it. * * The other day I asked her why all the Greek female saints were painted in profile, while the men had full faces? She answered, looking up into my eyes, and speaking gravely and quietly, as she ever does when the subject of her religion is approached, 'That is because a manly faith ought to face the world boldly, while a woman must be modest and retiring even in her creed.' What a pupil she would be! Yet, is she not rather a teacher? I feel abashed in her absence when I think of her, for then I become conscious of the aimless frivolity of my life; but when she is present I am transformed, and lose all perception of myself, except as it exists in the thought and contemplation of her.—Letters from England again—nothing but reproaches, and appeals, and admonitions. I am weary of it all; I could find it in my heart to build a cottage in the shadow of the plane-trees, and never again see that land of restraints, and conventionalities, and semblances, where the tyranny of custom and the slavery of mere etiquette flaunt in the very face of that shallow mockery which we have enthroned and called freedom. Why must I fulfil the popular definition of industry? I am living most industriously the life of the heart, and the one sole duty which I omit is the duty of money-making; and why should I make what I do not want? But I am the *mauvais sujet* of the family—the black sheep in the fold; and my brothers sneer at me in their superior virtue, and my sisters make long faces and lament over me, and my mother—yes, even my mother—condemns me. And all this while, what have I done? If I love to feed the eyes and the soul rather than the body, is that a sin? But I will write no more; I will go and visit Ida. * *

"*July 29th*.—She is mine; but by what grief have I won her! I cannot write of it:—her mother

is dead. I stood at the foot of the bed, in the early morning; the sun had just risen out of the waters of the Ægean, and, shaking the drops from his refulgent tresses, was sending a flood of glory into the room. The window was thrown open, for through it they believe that the soul of the dying passes to heaven. She kneeled beside the pillow on which lay that quiet, untroubled face, and, with trembling hands, shut down the wan eyelids upon the pathetic vacancy of eyes once so eloquent with gentleness and affection. Then there was a low sound of suppressed weeping, and the voice of the aged monk faltered somewhat as he pronounced the simple words, 'Her soul is now before God who judges! May he pardon her!'

"They gave her to me with many cautions and entreaties; she was poor and unprotected, they said, but she had been used to kindness, and they charged me to be gentle with her. I loved them for their anxiety, though I could not but laugh at its needlessness.—Again letters from England—what a time to summon me back! They must wait awhile, and when I return I shall indeed bring them a treasure, to excuse my delay. How my mother will love her—and Ellenor too!—I fancy I see her, gliding into the little parlor at Woodholme with folded hands and head slightly drooping, and all looking upon her with doubt and wonder, as though on a visitant from some higher world. How sweetly will she learn domestic life among them! How happy will be my task in the training of her mind! * *

"*Sept.* 2*d.*—Hateful, oppressive, prosaic reality; just imagine living only that one may procure the means of life! Wearing away one's time in the incessant learning of languages, without once being permitted a glimpse at the literature for which languages were only created as vehicles! Always on the road—never resting! Yet this is what man—free, rational man must needs be in these miserable days, if he would be at all. The mere permission to exercise my powers of enjoyment—that is all I want, and that, it seems, is not to be achieved. Immortal souls, angelic capacities, illimitable desires, omnipotent intellects, be satisfied! A sum in arithmetic, a recipe in cookery, a contrivance for bodily comfort—these are the triumphs of your science, to these servilities must your genius stoop. Or else—the alternative is a simple one—you must die ignobly, and no man weep for you. No *man*—nevertheless there shall be tears shed upon your unregarded grave, each one of which is worthy having died to obtain. O my Ida—for you I can endure it all! To come down to plain English, I have barely money enough left to pay for our journey home—and then—what is to become of us? She looks brightly into my face and says, like a child, 'I know you will take care of me.' What care have I taken? Have I, indeed, been guilty towards her? No—it is that traitor circumstance, not I. * *

"*Oct.* 2*d.*—*Marseilles.*—It is all settled, I have no alternative; yet even now it does not seem like reality, and I pinch myself to discover whether I am dreaming or not. India—and without having even seen my home once more! Ah, I never knew what it was to have a home till now that I carry it about with me! How little of real sympathy is there in the ordinary 'domestic happiness,' as it is called! For I do not call that sympathy which is only excited by feelings which it can understand, coincide with, and appreciate—this is an easy love truly, and may grow and flourish side by side with the worship of self. But that is a true sympathy which is warm, and constant, and delicate where it understands *not*, where it differs, where, perhaps, but for love, it would condemn. This is what the soul needs—tenderness for *its own peculiar* sufferings, pity for *its own peculiar* wants, care for *its own peculiar* tastes, satisfaction for *its own peculiar* appetites. Not a cool taking for granted that it is to have no sufferings, wants, tastes, or appetites, but such as have been foreseen for it, but such as its companions have, or are able to comprehend, and to agree in. This is true love—kindling not for the sake of the thing felt, but for the sake of the person who feels it; not vigilant of weakness, not greedy of proof, not argumentative, not jealous—but ever taking all that the beloved does, says, or thinks, *upon trust*, and believing that it is good till it shall be irrefragably proved to be bad; ever acquiescing in differences; ever accepting mysteries; ever ready if pain be given or dissatisfaction felt to suspect the cause to lie in itself; ever seeking to nourish the beloved on the aliment which he has chosen for himself, not on that which it esteems most palatable for him; whose impulse is to agree and approve, and who, if it refuse, or criticise, or censure, can only do so by doing violence to itself! How different is such a sympathy as this, from the chill and meagre *toleration* which is generally love's highest practical achievement, in cases where tastes and tempers are unlike by nature!

"My own gentle mother! Not one profane thought against your tenderness will I harbor—nor against yours, my sweet Ellenor! Why have you been taught to think ill of me? Nevertheless you love me still, and one day we shall meet again, and then perchance you will do me justice." * *

(An interval of four years.)

"*Belgaun, March* 10.—At length I am the father of a living child! I have held the little mystery in my arms, trembling lest I should breathe too strongly, and scare away the new, feeble, fragile life. Born too on my father's birthday! Surely this is a pledge of forgiveness and reconciliation. I must write to him; I may now venture to do so. In the presence of this little angel, all bitterness must be forgotten. Her eyes are as blue as two forget-me-nots. The nurse says they are the same shape as Ida's—I must go and compare them. May they be alike in everything, and then truly my daughter will be perfect in beauty, gentleness, and goodness. Oh happy, happy life!" * *

[*Note*] No further entry was ever made in this book, but the Gazette of the ensuing week contained the following notice:

"Died at Belgaun, March 10th, Ida, wife of Percy Lee, aged 20."

THE GENTLEMAN.—The following is from an address delivered by Bishop Doane, at Burlington College, New Jersey:—

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon a tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a *gentle*man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetite; a gentleman refines his taste; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech; a gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; regarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world."

"I AM IN THE WORLD ALONE."

LITTLE child!—I once was fondled as tenderly as you;
My silken ringlets tended, and mine eyes called lovely blue;
And sweet old songs were chanted at eve beside my bed,
Where angel guardians hovering their blessed influence shed.
I heard the sheep-bell tinkle around the lonely sheiling,
As the solemn shades of night o'er heather hills were stealing;
The music of the waterfall, in drowsy murmurs flowing,
Lulled me in half-waking dreams—bright fantasies bestowing.
My nursing ones to heaven are gone—
"And I am in the world alone."

Fair girl!—I had companions, and playmates kind and good,
And on the mossy knolls we played, where ivied ruins stood;
The mountain-ash adorned us oft, with coral berries rare,
While clear rejoicing streams we sought, to make our tiring there;
And on the turret's mouldering edge, as dames of high degree,
We sat enthroned in mimic state of bygone chivalry;
Or at the mystic twilight hour, within those arches gray,
We told each other wild sad tales of times long past away.
My early playmates all are flown—
"And I am in the world alone."

Gentle woman!—I was deemed as beautiful as you;
My silken ringlets fondled, and mine eyes called love's own blue;
And then my step was bounding, and my laugh was full of mirth,
Ah! I never thought of *heaven*, for my treasure was on *earth;*
But now my cheek is sunken, and mine eyes have lost their light—
The sunny hours have faded in a long and rayless night;
Not rayless—no!—for angels still their blessed influence shed,
And still the dreams of peace and love revisit oft my bed.
Of earthly treasures I have none—
"And I am in the world alone."

Chambers' Journal.

THE COMMON NETTLE.—One of the plants which follow the footsteps of man, and which often indicates by its presence the situations on which cottages stood in some of the now thinly-peopled or deserted Highland glens. Thus, while proprietors of the soil, in their desire to have the exclusive use of large tracts of country, whether for sheep or for deer, make clearances of Highland glens, and endeavor to get rid of all vestiges of the peasantry who inhabited them, and "lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth," there springs up in the wild waste a plant, which marks the cottage sites as hallowed ground, and tells of the deed to future generations. The occurrence of nettles in neglected gardens and fortresses was a subject of observation in times long gone by. Thus Solomon, when speaking of the field of the slothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, remarks that "nettles had covered the face thereof;" and the prophet Isaiah, when alluding to the desolation which shall come on the enemies of God's people, says, "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof."—*Bass Rock.*

HOMAGE TO HARVEY.—It is proposed, says the *Maidstone Journal*, to erect a monument to Dr. Harvey. As so many statues have been awarded to men whose celebrity rests on blood, one, at least, may be considered due to the discoverer of the circulation of that fluid.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—It has been suggested to our friend, Mr. Briefless, that his opinion would be very valuable on the question, whether a man who dies before he has settled with his creditors, may be considered to have shown an undue preference, in paying the debt of nature before his other liabilities!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 4th May, 1848.

It cannot be reported that, in respect to internal tranquillity or fair prospects, any real improvement in the situation of the capital or the country has taken place since the date of my last epistle. *Troubles in the Interior*, is the title, daily, of the largest division of each of the newspapers. About twenty of the principal cities have been theatres of sanguinary riots, and some of them, such as Limoges and Lyons, remain under the direct domination of the insurgents. As much blood was not spilt during the three days in Paris, as at Rouen last week: a provisional independent revolutionary government has installed itself at Limoges, levied upwards of seven hundred thousand francs on the inhabitants deemed rich, and issued a number of formal decrees as peremptory as those of the rulers here. At Marseilles—which experienced an outbreak of the mob—a formidable plot was discovered *to burn the port*. Law and police commissioners are now employed in investigating conspiracies against our provisional government, one of which included the blowing up of the Hotel de Ville with gunpowder accumulated in the vaults. Armed bodies of desperadoes, self-organized, and professing association or allegiance to clubs and journals alone, turn the regular national guards out of their posts in the principal public edifices, with impunity, at least, if not with final triumph.

In most parts of the country the elections have, however, been more orderly and satisfactory than could be expected. In several districts, where it pleased the extreme radicals to suppose that they were in the minority, the ballot-boxes were seized and the ballots destroyed. Yesterday the results of six hundred polls were known, and it is to be inferred that the national assembly will consist in the greater part of moderate republicans: some twenty or more of the ex-deputies of the gauche and centre-gauche have seats, and a more considerable number of legitimists succeeded, in a few instances by collusion, or *log-rolling*, with the most violent of the *regenerators*. But, as the *Journal des Débats* remarks, "*Nous ignorons* l'esprit *qui animera la majorité;*" we are ignorant how the majority will be disposed. Three hundred seats were already taken by members on the 2d instant, in the hall for the nine hundred. The galleries for the public being vast, and the danger of terrible confusion manifest, it is proposed in the *National* that, in each district of the capital, a certain number of tickets shall be distributed by lot, in rotation, and a share be reserved for strangers.

The clubs and journals styled the *exaltés*, now the infuriated, rail against the national assembly beforehand; they revolt even from their old *idol*-scheme, universal suffrage; their addresses, placards, calls to arms—"leading articles"—are so ferocious that the funds, which advanced under the hopes inspired by the elections, have receded before the general apprehension of a rising to disperse the assembly and establish a Jacobin dictatorship. It would fail, in all likelihood, as the national guards on the side of the government are the strongest, and the troops would ally themselves faithfully with the guards. The condition, however, of the orderly people and the present authorities resembles that of a block or farm-house well guarded, but surrounded with Indians or famished wolves watching an opportunity of assault. If the assembly be patriotic, judicious, and resolute, doubtless they will not lack the means of creating at once a strong government for the maintenance of order; and a speedy street-conflict, on a large scale, might prove a final triumph. The combatants will give no quarters, on either hand. Every one who has anything, in possession or honest expectation, to lose, perceives that the legion of fiendish anarchy must be grappled with and beaten down, once for all; the hundreds of thousands of the guards and the garrison—now happily much augmented—are harassed to exasperation and the fiercest determination, by perpetual partial attacks and concerted alarms—the Jacobin tactics. This capital, having twice its population of 1791–2, and thrice the proportion of the lowest working classes and famishing *prolétaires*, is more dangerous—less manageable in a proper way—than at those periods of daily convulsion. Hundreds or thousands of reckless and penniless demagogues are incessantly active with their clans; and not a few men of some character and substance are impelled by an insane ambition into a league with the worst, either direct or oblique. In the provinces there is a strange vertiginous distemperature, without political incentive, of which the object seems to be sheer devastation. The socialists and communists are chiefly in the capital; these *doctrinaires* expound their panaceas to meetings which they call by advertisements at the exchange; the usual frequenters of that market detest, of course, the new-fangled reforms and the reformers. Two sentinels, armed with muskets, and with broad red sashes and liberty caps, parading before the gates of the hotel of the *Commune de Paris*, Sobrier's paper and garrison, formed a curious sight for me as I passed, on Friday last, No. 16 of the Rue de Rivoli, just opposite the Tuileries.

You will observe a decree, dated 27th ult., abolishing negro slavery in the French West Indies at the expiration of two months from that date. The following text explains the decision:—"Unless effective measures follow closely the proclamation already made of the principle of abolition, deplorable disorders may arise in the colonies." You will have learnt whether they have been escaped. The decree prescribing a costume for the members of the national assembly has provoked copious ridicule and rebuke: black coats, black pantaloons, waistcoats with white lappels, fantastic sashes, are enjoined, upon the axiom of equality. It is asked how the four bishops elected, and Father Lacordaire, the celebrated Dominican friar, are to manage, and whether the principle of *liberty* might not have been consulted as to dress. We have another decree, dated 1st instant, with the title —"Provisional Constitution of the National As-

sembly." The 22nd article runs thus:—"The president rises, and pronounces these words:—'Representatives of the people, in the name of the republic, one and indivisible, the national assembly is definitively constituted.'" It may be best if the assembly should, in this way, at once proclaim a republic. The legitimists mean to contend that the term does not exclude the adoption of a hereditary chief. An American gentleman of my acquaintance has related to me the following anecdote. A worthy woman long exhibited *Punch* and *Judy* in the *Champs Elysées*, and he became known to her by frequent visits with his grandchildren. A mob, after forcing her to go through her performances six times, for their amusement, while they took their places successively, demolished her whole theatre and the *dramatis personæ*, and, enormity of all! killed her accomplished cat, her chief auxiliary. A fortnight subsequently, she went to my friend to inquire whether she could succeed with a similar exhibition in his country, and get a little money by it on the passage. He gave her an encouraging answer. "But," she added, "have you a good *king* there?" "No, we are republicans." "Oh, then, I 'll not go—no indeed." She left him, quite cured of her project. Hitherto, the French republic has been a simple negation of monarchy, with arbitrary rule of popular license. The conservative journals say to the assembly, "Let us first solve the question of common safety; the existence of society is menaced. Everybody asks, will to-morrow be ours." The *National* tells the assembly that it must at once organize a democracy, political and social, to remove the doubts of republican France, and the pretexts of the anarchical factions.

A decree issued on the first inst. merges the ten departmental banks into the Bank of France. They become mere branches. The maximum of emissions is now fixed at four hundred and fifty-two millions of francs. The notes of one departmental bank were not current elsewhere. This amalgamation is a national benefit, on the whole. The mother bank announces that it discounts in Paris mercantile obligations and drafts on the cities in which the new branches are located. The report of the minister of France, on the subject, (*Moniteur* of the 2nd instant,) is a singular document. He states that the *consent* of all the ten banks was obtained, and that the distinct discount offices established by the government "*democratize* credit by substituting the tutelary impartiality of public power to the selfish counsels of individual power." The government is to nominate the president and the directors of the now sole public Bank of France; and besides, by means of "inspectors of the finances," it has gained the right, which it had not before, of keeping constantly an open eye on the administration of the bank. It has just borrowed from the institution, fifteen millions of francs for the army of the Alps.

The *Journal des Débats*, of this day, observes, "The two months which we have just passed, were very agitated and very painful. We seem to be in port with the national assembly; and yet the public mind is not calm nor easy." Some fifty thousand persons visited the hall of the assembly yesterday. Four hundred of the members met in the hall of conference. Lists of candidates for the executive stations of the assembly—president, vice-presidents, secretaries, and questors—were circulated. Those of Lamartine's party, the moderates, seemed to have the general preference. The questorship, being a lucrative office, is sought by numbers. All the clubs of Lyons (aggregate of members, twelve thousand) have protested against the elections in their departments as aristocratic, and so forth. Lamartine has to choose between the *ten* seats to which he has been elected. His majorities are double those of any other candidate. The provisional government, about to resign its trust to the national assembly, has put forth its final proclamation to the people, giving thanks for the support and favor which it has enjoyed, and preaching order and fraternity. The assembly must at once reinstate it, or appoint ministers for the several executive departments. An energetic, comprehensive administration is indispensable. A proclamation of the prefect of police threatens the anarchists, in reference to the public security, this day; he alludes to plots and traitors of their school. The Hotel de Ville is again guarded by a very large force; all the national guards and the garrison have instructions for battle-array at the first signal It is resolved that the assembly shall be inaugurated, at all events.

The list of journals established since the 24th February last is one hundred and seventeen. How they live, or expect to live, is a mystery. It was a puzzle yesterday whom to authorize to sit in the boxes designed for reporters and editors. Madame Niboyet, *rédactrice en chef* of the *Voice of Women*, was among the most clamorous for a ticket of general admission; she was rejected. Reporters from London, Brussels, and Geneva, presented themselves—few succeeded.

No article of the journals of this day is more interesting than the draft of the "fundamental law of the Germanic empire," coming from the grand committee of the late convention. It is a national and federal system, upon the cardinal maxims of republican freedom. An "hereditary Emperor of Germany" is the head—the supreme chief; with two chambers; the second wholly elective; the first, or senate, partly so, but to include the reigning princes of Germany or their proxies for life; counsellors of state, and other functionaries, *ex officio;* the deputies to be elected for six years, one for every hundred thousand souls. Our French legitimists will rejoice in the example of a mighty German republic, with an hereditary emperor and princely senators; for the present they may, however, in the homely phrase, hang up their fiddle. At the moment of the meeting of our national assembly, this day, salutes of the artillery of the Hotel des Invalides, and of parks planted in the Champ de Mars, are to notify the event; all the national guards and troops stationed in the streets and on the boulevards will immediately perform evolutions

and salutes. The cry of *Vive la republique!* is to rend the skies.

Our latest intelligence from Italy is, that all the corps of the army of Piedmont were in full march, on the 27th ult., to attack the Austrians in their entrenched positions at Verona. The head-quarters of King Charles Albert were at a league and a half from Somma-Campagna. The sovereign of Naples resists his dethronement in Sicily. The Polish patriots have been overcome in Gallicia and in the Duchy of Posen. The Sublime Porte trembles for several of his provinces. Mehemet Ali is near his exit from the world. Ibrahim Pacha, who holds the provisional rule of Egypt, is the safer for the confusion in Europe. Austria has closed her diplomatic relations here, with the French government. Count d'Appony wished to know what the army of the Alps meant. Sober Frenchmen heartily wish for the speedy triumph of the Italians, to save their country from being involved in the struggle. It is affirmed that the price of wheat has never perhaps been so low in France as at present, and the prospects of the new crops are very good. The Academy of Sciences is engaged with the accounts of the discovery of a new star and a new planet; one, by an astronomer in Ireland; the other in England. Berryer, the orator and legitimist leader, has a seat in the assembly; Thiers, the historian of the former revolution, failed with his old constituents. The vast hall abounds with the inscription, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. On the tribune or rostrum are the figures, 22, 23, 24, February. In general, simplicity has been observed; it appears to me that the members at the sides and extremities will scarcely be able to hear the speakers. There is absolute frenzy in the threats and imprecations of several of the Jacobin oracles this morning. It is understood, however, that they have adjourned their demonstration in the streets. The translations which I enclose, of articles of the higher journals, will be suitable instructions for your readers. If I have scribbled incoherently, you must blame the bustle of this hour (1 o'clock) which is "to commence the transformation of the universe," by the union of the French representatives.

[We insert, out of chronological order, the following letter, which was sent by a sailing vessel, and has just reached us. It should be read after the letter in No. 209.]

Paris, 17th April, 1848.

My latest missive bears date the 13th inst., and will reach you by the Liverpool steamer of the 15th, if the storm of the night did not prevent the Paris mail from crossing the channel. As we are informed that the steamer United States will depart from Southampton on the 20th inst., there is time for a few more cursory pages.

Sensation at the highest pitch may truly be called the order of the day in this capital. You can scarcely expect me to be coherent, or even lucid, in the midst of the turmoil. There has been, moreover, a monotony of disorder, which may occasion a surfeit of the tale. The day before yesterday, I read in the number just issued, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "A universal sadness envelopes and darkens all France. We could wish something to lean upon, but all is wanting; there is no *point d'appui*. What can remedy the suspension of labor, and the disappearance of capital! There is not a single *atelier* (work-place) in the metropolis in which the master ventures to command, or the operative consents to obey. All artificial organization of labor is sterile and ephemeral; but the chairman of the commission for it, at the Luxembourg, having an army or horde behind him, rules the provisional government; there is a new aristocracy, that of the *blouse* or over-shirt; a new privilege of *birth*—the lowest; we are to have a *maximum* for prices, and a *minimum* for wages; the very national guard, the citizens or bourgeois, who helped or suffered the lower orders to conquer, are now set aside or trampled under foot; all the relations, conditions, and habits of labor are entirely reversed; the state or government is to be substituted, in every case, for individual or personal enterprise, which implies a more absolute, arbitrary, and pervading despotism, than human society has hitherto known, except, perhaps, in Egypt. *Salus populi suprema lex* is the only recognized law, and this is to be interpreted at will and from notion, by two or three hundred commissaries and more clubs. In the elections, the nation is to be prompted and coerced for the choice, exclusively, of the avowed republicans of the day before the revolution, who form an exceedingly small minority. A new scheme of taxation is the true task, the only expedient, for relieving the masses brought into extreme penury, but the treasury needs every present resource; it cannot await the distant advantages of reduced imposts, particularly as consumption so sensibly decreases; fiscal ingenuity, for regular levies, is exhausted; our managers are like commanders or navigators, with a mutinous crew, on a tempestuous ocean, without compass or rudder." More dismal descriptions still abounded in the newspapers; the agitating radical journals reported various and formidable counter-revolutionary conspiracies, to be baffled by desperate revolutionary measures of vigor and rigor. This morning we all breathe more freely—the horizon is proclaimed to have been absolutely brightened by the events of yesterday, Palm Sunday. Saturday evening, the gloom was blacker than ever; at the opening of the Exchange, a *white* placard (the government color) on its walls drew the earnest attention of stock-dealers and traders, and nearly stopped all respiration; it was a bulletin (No. 16) from the ministry of the interior, as violent as any menacing edict of the Jacobin club, or committee of public safety, of yore; it denounced civil war, oracularly, in the direst strain, as you will see in the copy which I send you: the same was placarded in the afternoon all over the capital. Besides, it came to be generally known that very many thousands of the populace, according to a plot of the *communist* leaders, were to gather on the Champ de Mars,

march thence to the Hotel de Ville, and proclaim the deposition of the provisional government.

I entertained, before, no doubt that the attempt would be soon made, from the tenor of the conversation which Cabet, head of the communists, held with me last week. Yesterday morning, the journals were eagerly seized to ascertain whether the bulletin (No. 16) would be acknowledged or fathered by the government, or by Ledru-Rollin, the minister of the interior, himself. It bears intrinsic evidence of his paternity. It was excluded from the Moniteur and all the semi-official journals; the old or ex-dynastic journals furnished it, with the severest commentaries; they treated it as the knell of all French freedom and welfare. But the citizens generally were roused and exasperated at this *ukase*, and the project of the communists; the call to arms, by the drum, began about eleven o'clock, when some twenty or thirty thousand of the workmen and loose blackguards had already gathered in the Champ de Mars. The turn-out of both the old and the new national guards was marvellous for promptitude, spirit and numbers; the law and medical and other students, and particularly the Polytechnic school, hastened to the Hotel de Ville, which the government had fortified and garrisoned, as well as several of the great ministerial hotels. It soon appeared that the universal object and resolve was to support the government against the plot. Even the national guards of the *banlieue* (environs) lost not a moment in repairing to the head-quarters, for the same purpose. For most of the details, I must refer you to the enclosed newspaper accounts.

Lamartine first harangued the schools, and told them of the communist design of supplanting the provisional government by a *committee of public safety*, more energetic and destructive than the old; he asserted that though, in the provisional government, some diversity of opinion on administrative matters existed, the members were *politically* unanimous, and chiefly anxious to deliver their trust inviolate to the national assembly. The estimate of the numbers, in this manifestation for the government, is from two hundred to three hundred thousand, nearly all *armed*. A witness says—"The place or square of the Hotel de Ville was a forest of bayonets;" another relates that the defiling before the commanders of the national guards, which commenced at three o'clock, was not over at half past ten o'clock at night; a member of the government exclaimed—"We can now count on a hundred and fifty thousand *intelligent* bayonets." The cry of the myriads was—"Down with the communists! Cabet to *Charenton!* (the lunatic asylum;) Vive le gouvernement provisionel!" The procession from the Champ de Mars cut a sorry figure; when detachments of the guards, of both descriptions, broke in upon the convocation, with firm countenance and tone, the plotters saw the abortion of their enterprise; they affected to be engaged only with the election of certain officers and representatives of the trades, and willingly *fraternized* with the intruders. It proved for the communists and their mob an affair nearly resembling that of the chartists in London. The procession had dwindled to some fifteen thousand before it reached the Hotel de Ville, into which a few of its deputies were admitted with money in a basket as an offering to the provisional government! The thanks returned by a secondary functionary were brief and dry. Ledru-Rollin, the Jupiter Tonans, wrapped in clouds (his bulletins)—as the opposition or criticising editors designate this ominous minister—did not show himself at the Hotel de Ville. This morning, the 16th bulletin is disavowed for him. A story is told of the absence of the *chef de bureau* charged with the examination and fate of such documents; of its having passed without notice, owing to that circumstance; of the ministers having at once countermanded the transmission of it by the mails—alas! however, too late: it has travelled to all the provinces, and either answered its purpose, intimidation, or begotten fresh disaffection and disturbances.

The organs of the moderate members of the government, and the other journals averse to anarchy and pillage, expatiate rapturously on the "magnificent sally," *élan magnifique*, of the *true* people; both claim it as a decisive victory for social order; and the latter admonish the government that being now indisputably strong, it may abstain from further concessions to mob and club dictates. In truth, it has hitherto seemed to think that it could subsist only by flattering, promising, coaxing, expostulating, exhorting, demolishing—decreeing anything and everything accordant with popular prepossessions and sensibilities, and ultra-democratic aspirations and doctrines. One consequence of the manifestation is diffusively noted;—some freedom is thought to be obtained for the elections; some chance of security for the national assembly.

In the evening, I was at St. Germain-en-Laye, and went between nine and ten to the barracks. There the fine regiment of huzzars was foot in stirrup, awaiting orders from the minister of war to gallop into Paris. Several of the men were overheard to remark that they would administer a proper lesson to the blackguards who slaughtered the gallant municipal troopers on the 23d and 24th February. This feeling is found to prevail with the cavalry, but not with the infantry; they are, however, of the same origin. It is suggested that the anarchical party will give false alarms, with the hope of tiring out the national guards; these are multudinous enough to divide their force, and the police department has formed a little army, including *gardiens de sureté*, a corps on the model of the London constabulary. Besides, the provisional government may "take courage" and introduce a few artillery regiments and a pretty strong array of cuirassiers. Arago did not appear yesterday, until late, at the Hotel de Ville, because the question of ordering the irruption of the troops garrisoned or billeted in the neighborhood of Paris, required his constant presence at the hotel of the war department. When a battalion of the regular

infantry brought from ——— reached the *Barrière de l'Enfer*, a mob was ready at the gate to prohibit entrance. The colonel temperately insisted; then drew out his watch and said to the blockaders—In five minutes, I shall order the *pas de charge* if you do not give way; the soldiery fixed and pointed their bayonets, the word was given from the watch, and the multitude fled on every side as the first ranks pushed onward. A relative of Madame Lamartine who came, a few days ago, from England on a visit to her, has just mentioned to a member of my family, that he unexpectedly found himself in a fortress at the minister's residence. Authentic intimation had been received that Lamartine was to be thrown into the Seine.

Last week, Auguste Blanqui, brother of the eminent author and professor of political economy, issued a manifesto against the provisional government, upon the effects of which with the populace considerable stress was laid. He was carried in triumph by his club, and deemed the soul of substituting project. This man signalized himself as a leader of the street-insurrection of the 12th May, 1839, and underwent the sentence of the court of peers, in close confinement in a central prison. He was enlarged, with all the other political prisoners, after the expulsion of Louis Philippe. He has been for fifteen years a manager of conspiracies, a phrenetical Jacobin worthy of the years 1791—2. He relates in his manifesto—"I reached Paris on the 25th, crazy with joy at the triumph of the day before. But what an icy reception I had from the new masters, the provisional government! You would have thought that a portentous spectre suddenly stood before them. Whom did they look upon with an eye of dread and aversion? I understood it; it was the detested contriver of the 12th May, but really the clear-sighted, firm patriot, of whom they could not make either a coadjutor or a dupe in tricking us out of the revolution." Thus the provisional government has undergone the resurrection of many Marats and Couthons, more appalling for them than that of an army of Carlists or Orleanists. Lamartine, by this time, may regret his glorification of the Robespierres and Dantons in his famous and too eloquent history. The disciples of the *Mountain* the fanatics doubly heated by his own pages—the incubators of his own principles of *socialism*—whom he has now to propitiate or keep at bay, daily, by one device or other, form for him a hideous concourse, perplexing and distressing to the utmost his fund of rational patriotism and complexional benevolence. Blanqui boasts that he lives in a garret on ten cents the day, and walks the streets in rags, and seems to relish the following portraiture of his illustrious self, drawn from the police office. "Esprit sombre, altier, farouche, atrabilaire, sarcastique, ambition immense, froide, inexorable, brisant les hommes sans pitié pour en paver sa route. Cœur de marbre, tête de fer." I introduce this man, particularly, because he may yet stand on an eminence. The government committee of gifts and offerings have despatched into the interior a hundred thousand copies of a circular, soliciting contributions from the thirty-seven thousand *communes* or townships of France; they are sent, likewise, to the army, the navy, and the clergy. All the offerings at our Hotel de Ville do not amount to more than double the expenditure of each day on the *national* workmen. It is calculated that the commissaries of the republic, in the departments, receive as salary, in the aggregate, 203,400fr. per month—a new civil list. A decree of the 15th inst. abolishes the duty on *salt*, from and *after the 1st of January next*, and raises, from the same period, the prohibition on foreign salt, which is to pay a duty, coming by sea under the French flag, of two *sous* every 200 lbs., and two *francs* if under a foreign flag. The treasury cannot spare the tax in the interval.

The numerous female clubs of Lyons have petitioned for the right of suffrage. In one of the principal female seminaries, a branch of the *Sacré Cœur*, in the interior, the pupils revolted, locked up their mistresses and *gouvernantés*, and went forth arm in arm on their travels. The first procession which we saw in Paris on Wednesday last, was one of about a thousand washerwomen, with banners, bound to the Hotel de Ville to ask a decree of higher prices for their work. Among the best of the new caricatures is an assemblage of sturdy citizens in working costume, who represent to the minister of justice that they are honest, industrious mechanics, who pay their taxes, and who venture to think that wives should remain in some measure subject to their husbands *even* in a republic; in the background is a menacing phalanx of their ribs. Another caricature exhibits a *gamin* observing to a corporal—"Ah, you are all to be marshals of France now, and *reciprocally*."

Lord Brougham's application for French citizenship, (see my extracts,) and the repulse, afford matter for what is extremely rare at present, in the newspapers—pleasantry. Crémieux, the minister of justice, is a little of a wag, and smacked in dubbing the ex-chancellor and vain-glorious peer of England—citizen Brougham. His lordship has exposed himself to universal contempt. Were it any other man's case, the effect would be overwhelming, but he has the hide of a rhinoceros. He, I believe, is the first public character of any mark, who has ventured to rail at Pius IX.: his foul imputation of cowardice to the King of Sardinia is at once refuted by that monarch's recent successes over the Austrian army. He was on tiptoe to jump into the national assembly, in order to frame a constitution for France. We might opine that he would not have found five colleagues who had ever heard of his disquisitions on politics, nor less than two or three hundred with elaborate drafts—each his breast pockets stuffed. It is not exaggeration, for me to reckon at fifty or more, the printed schemes, which I have handled in the bookstores, or of which I have read the titles at the windows—most of them whimsical, or strangely intricate. Extracting sunbeams from cu-

cumbers is quite a lucid conception, compared with the new methods of realizing unprecedented felicity and glory for France. Swift's congregation of projectors is small and timid by the side of the present host of excogitating visionaries. Half the literary employment of the day is organic speculation, and, to use a French phrase not easily rendered, *déraisonner a qui mieux mieux*. The journal *La Liberté*, a new influential organ, proclaims a consolidated republic, with, *at the most*, a tribunate or council of state to prepare laws, and one or more executive chiefs. The title *President*, it is old and worn; Directory, would be an uncomfortable reminiscence; Consul, might do, but there are disagreeable recollections connected with it—words are things. France is more martial than commercial; she is destined to be for several years a vast civilized camp: we must take care not to give her names and forms too *bourgeois* or vulgar.

18th April, 1848.

I have just glanced at most of the morning papers. Here are some of the principal "items of intelligence." The staff of the army has undergone a first sifting: a hundred generals, colonels, and lieutenant colonels, are "admitted to retire." The leading decree in the Moniteur declares that the *inamovibilité* (life tenure) of the judiciary is incompatible with republican government; therefore, until the national assembly shall pronounce on a new judicial organization, the suspension or dismissal of judges and magistrates may be decided by the minister of justice, as a measure of public concern. Accordingly, five first presidents, or chief justices of superior courts, are suspended at once. The prosecution of three or four of the leaders of the plot of the 16th ult. is ordered, and information on the affair requested from all who can furnish any. The 20th inst., fixed for the monster federation in the Champ de Mars, is declared a universal holiday; all the public establishments are to be closed. It is to be "the grandest republic solemnity" ever accomplished; the *programme* defies all parallel. The *National* of to-day says—"The manifestation of the 16th April was the corollary and consecration of that of the 17th March. It guarantees a republic in the broadest latitude—a complete social regeneration. There shall be neither regency nor anarchy; the mould of the old governments is broken; the whole system of religious, aristocratic and monarchical ideas, which descended from the middle ages, is to be replaced." *La Presse* exults in the confidence which the manifestation of the 16th revived in the streets, on the exchange, and in the salons; it testifies that every citizen is now asking for arms, and eager to be of the national guard. "Not so fast," observes the *Courrier Français*, an able organ of Ledru-Rollin—"we greatly fear, that in giving vent to over-obstreperous rejoicing—that, in proclaiming with such elation a victory, *which, after all, was not one*—you are exciting vehement passions and bitter resentments. There was no real danger for the government. It would be a gross mistake, to infer that Paris will suffer any other constitution than a republic. If the provinces send representatives disposed to reaction or monarchy, we shall quickly see a change of feeling, and a movement among the Parisians; there may be bloody collisions; there can be no reliable order and peace until the old parties have renounced their last particle of hope." Berryer, the splendid orator, comes forward as a candidate for the national assembly, acknowledging that the "new revolution has not made a new man" of him; he always preferred hereditary monarchy, but will exert himself for the weal of the million. Citizens Louis Blanc and Albert, members of the provisional government, have put forth, with their signatures, a plan for assuring the election of twenty of the working men, out of the thirty-four representatives in the assembly, allotted to the department of the Seine. The National contains a curious confidential letter of Leopold, King of Belgium, to Louis Philippe, dated 29th February, 1836. It shows that Leopold was intensely monarchical, very hostile to the French parties of the *left*, and the *left centre*, to *Thiers* in particular, and anxious that his dear father-in-law should keep as tight a conservative and royal rein as possible. A member of the provisional government stated yesterday, in answer to an address, that there are now registered seventy thousand laborers, for whom the government is to furnish food and work. The assemblage of the 16th, on the *Champ de Mars*, carried, by deputation, yesterday, an address to the Hotel de Ville, in which they disclaim the charge of an intention to subvert th government, adding that if they had entertained such a design, they could as easily have collected two hundred thousand as one hundred thousand men.

We read of a revolution at Belgrade; the Turks have been driven out, and Walachia proclaimed free; of revolutionary pretensions in the Ionian islands; of a change of ministry (to liberalism) in Portugal; of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Sardinia and Switzerland; of the reduction of Verona by the Lombards; of Danish victories, in sanguinary conflicts, in the Duchy of Schleswig; of German projects and resolves for the resuscitation of Poland, and the independence of both duchies invaded by Denmark, &c.

THE HANDSOME THING.—The Emperor of Russia promises to behave with the strictest decorum towards France, if France remains quiet towards Russia. The times are changed. There *was* a period when Nicholas would have run unmuzzled at the republic; but now—like the bear of Goldsmith's showman—Nicholas will only take steps "to the genteelest of tunes."

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very ully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing *in each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Jane Eyre: an Autobiography. By CURRER BELL. Second Edition. Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

SINCE the publication of "Grantley Manor" no novel has created so much sensation as "Jane Eyre." Indeed, the public taste seems to have outstripped its guides in appreciating the remarkable power which this book displays. For no leading review has yet noticed it, and here we have before us the second edition. The name and sex of the writer are still a mystery. Currer Bell (which by a curious Hibernicism appears in the title-page as the name of a female autobiographer) is a mere *nom de guerre*—perhaps an anagram. However, we, for our part, cannot doubt that the book is written by a female, and, as certain provincialisms indicate, by one from the North of England. Who, indeed, but a woman could have ventured, with the smallest prospect of success, to fill three octavo volumes with the history of a woman's heart? The hand which drew Juliet and Miranda would have shrunk from such a task. That the book is readable, is to us almost proof enough of the truth of our hypothesis. But we could accumulate evidences to the same effect. Mr. Rochester, the hero of the story, is as clearly the vision of a woman's fancy, as the heroine is the image of a woman's heart. Besides, there are many minor indications of a familiarity with all the mysteries of female life which no man can possess, or would dare to counterfeit. Those who have read Miss Edgeworth's Montem, and know how a lady paints the social nature of boys and the doings of boys' schools, may judge *e converso* what work a man would have made of the girls' school in the first volume of Jane Eyre. Yet we cannot wonder that the hypothesis of a male author should have been started, or that ladies especially should still be rather determined to uphold it. For a book more unfeminine, both in its excellences and defects, it would be hard to find in the annals of female authorship. Throughout there is masculine power, breadth and shrewdness, combined with masculine hardness, coarseness, and freedom of expression. Slang is not rare. The humor is frequently produced by a use of Scripture, at which one is rather sorry to have smiled. The love-scenes glow with a fire as fierce as that of Sappho, and somewhat more fuliginous. There is an intimate acquaintance with the worst parts of human nature, a practised sagacity in discovering the latent ulcer, and a ruthless rigor in exposing it, which must command our admiration, but are almost startling in one of the softer sex. Jane Eyre professes to be an autobiography, and we hink it likely that in some essential respects it is o. If the authoress has not been, like her heroine, an oppressed orphan, a starved and bullied charity-school girl, and a despised and slighted governess, (and the intensity of feeling which she shows in speaking of the wrongs of this last class seems to prove that they have been her own,) at all events we fear she is one to whom the world has not been kind. And, assuredly, never was unkindness more cordially repaid. Never was there a better hater. Every page burns with moral Jacobinism. "Unjust, unjust," is the burden of every reflection upon the things and powers that be. All virtue is but well masked vice, all religious profession and conduct is but the whitening of the sepulchre, all self-denial is but deeper selfishness. In the preface to the second edition, this temper rises to the transcendental pitch. There our authoress is Micaiah, and her generation Ahab; and the Ramoth Gilead, which is to be the reward of disregarding her denunciations, is looked forward to with at least as much of unction as of sorrow: although we think that even the doomed King of Israel might have stood excused for his blindness, if the prophet had opened his message of wrath with a self-laudatory preface and eight closely-printed pages of panegyrical quotations, culled with omnivorous vanity from every kind of newspaper.

We select the following extract as an illustration of our remarks—a specimen at once of extraordinary powers of analyzing character and moral painting, and of a certain want of feeling in their exercise which defeats the moral object, and causes a reaction in the mind of the reader like that of a barbarous execution in the mind of the beholder. To render the passage intelligible, it is only necessary to premise that Jane Eyre, the heroine of the tale, is an orphan committed to the care of Mrs. Reed, her aunt, who after maltreating the child till she breaks out into a wild rebellion, sends her to a charity school to live or die as she may. Jane Eyre lives. Aunt Reed is dying, and Jane Eyre is at her bedside.

"I am very ill, I know," she said ere long. "I was trying to turn myself a few minutes since and find I cannot move a limb. It is as well I should ease my mind before I die: what we think little of in health, burdens us at such an hour as the present is to me. Is the nurse here? or is there no one in the room but you?"

I assured her we were alone.

"Well, I have twice done you a wrong which I regret now. One was in breaking the promise which I gave my husband to bring you up as my own child; the other——" she stopped. "After all, it is of no great importance perhaps," she murmured to herself: "and then, I may get better; and to humble myself to her is painful."

She made an effort to alter her position, but failed: her face changed; she seemed to experience

some inward sensation—the precursor perhaps of the last pang.

"Well: I must give it over. Eternity is before me: I had better tell her. Go to my dressing-case, open it, and take out a letter you will see there."

I obeyed her directions. "Read the letter," she said.

It was short and thus conceived:—

"Madam,

"Will you have the goodness to send me the address of my niece, Jane Eyre, and to tell me how she is? It is my intention to write shortly, and desire her to come to me at Madeira. Providence has blessed my endeavors to secure a competency; and as I am unmarried and childless, I wish to adopt her during my life, and bequeath her at my death whatever I may have to leave.

"I am, Madam, &c. &c.

"JOHN EYRE, Madeira."

It was dated three years back.

"Why did I never hear of this?" I asked.

"Because I disliked you too fixedly and thoroughly ever to lend a hand in lifting you to prosperity. I could not forget your conduct to me, Jane—the fury with which you once turned on me; the tone in which you declared you abhorred me the worst of anybody in the world; the unchildlike look and voice with which you affirmed that the very thought of me made you sick, and asserted that I had treated you with miserable cruelty. I could not forget my own sensations when you thus started up and poured out the venom of your mind: I felt fear as if an animal that I struck or pushed had looked up at me with human eyes and cursed me with a man's voice. Bring me some water! Oh, make haste!"

"Dear Mrs. Reed," said I, as I offered her the draught she required, "think no more of all this, let it pass away from your mind. Forgive me for my passionate language: I was a child then; eight, nine years have passed since that day."

She heeded nothing of what I had said; but when she had tasted the water and drawn breath, she went on thus:—

"I tell you I could not forget it; and I took my revenge: for you to be adopted by your uncle, and placed in a state of ease and comfort, was what I could not endure. I wrote to him; I said I was sorry for his disappointment, but Jane Eyre was dead: she had died of typhus fever at Lowood. Now act as you please: write and contradict my assertion—expose my falsehood as soon as you like. You were born, I think, to be my torment; my last hour is racked by the recollection of a deed, *which but for you, I should never have been tempted to commit.*"

"If you could but be persuaded to think no more of it, aunt, and to regard me with kindness and forgiveness ———"

"You have a very bad disposition," said she, "and one to this day I feel it impossible to understand: how for nine years you could be patient and quiescent under any treatment, and in the tenth break out all fire and violence, I can never comprehend."

"My disposition is not so bad as you think; I am passionate, but not vindictive. Many a time, as a little child, I should have been glad to love you, if you would have let me; and I long earnestly to be reconciled to you now: kiss me, aunt."

I approached my cheek to her lips: she would not touch it. She said I oppressed her by leaning over the bed; and again demanded water. As laid her down—for I raised her and supported her on my arm while she drank—I covered her ice-cold and clammy hand with mine: the feeble fingers shrank from my touch—the glazing eyes shunned my gaze.

"Love me, then, or hate me, as you will," I said at last, "you have my full and free forgiveness: ask now for God's; and be at peace."

Poor, suffering woman! it was too late for her to make now the effort to change her habitual frame of mind; living, she had ever hated me—dying, she must hate me still.

* * * * * *

I yet lingered half an hour longer, hoping to see some sign of amity: *but she gave none.* She was fast relapsing into stupor; nor did her mind again rally: at twelve o'clock that night she died. I was not present to close her eyes, nor were either of her daughters. They came to tell us the next morning that all was over. She was by that time laid out. Eliza and I went to look at her: Georgiana, who had burst out into loud weeping, said she dared not go. There was stretched Sarah Reed's once robust and active frame, rigid and still: her eye of flint was covered with its cold lid; her brow and strong traits wore yet the impress of her inexorable soul. A strange and solemn object was that corpse to me. I gazed on it with gloom and pain: nothing soft, nothing sweet, nothing pitying, or hopeful, or subduing, did it inspire; only a grating anguish for *her* woes—not *my* loss—and a sombre, tearless dismay at the fearfulness of death in such a form.

Eliza surveyed her parent calmly. After a silence of some minutes she *observed*:—"With her constitution she should have lived to a good old age: her life was shortened by trouble." And then a spasm constricted her mouth for an instant: as it passed away she turned and left the room, and so did I. Neither of us had dropped a tear.—Vol. ii., p. 177—182.

Here we have a deathbed of unrepentant sin described with as deliberate a minuteness and as serene a tranquillity as a naturalist might display in recording the mortal orgasms of a jelly-fish. It is the despair of Beaufort—the "He dies and makes no sign," without the response, "O God, forgive him!" All the expressions of tenderness and forgiveness, on the part of the injured Jane, are skilfully thrown in so as to set off to the utmost the unconquerable hardness of the dying sinner's heart. They are the pleadings of the good angel, made audible, and rejected to the last. We are compelled to see and acknowledge, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Mrs. Reed dies without remorse, without excuse, and without hope.

The plot is most extravagantly improbable, verging all along upon the supernatural, and at last running fairly into it. All the power is shown and all the interest lies in the characters. We have before intimated our belief, that in Jane Eyre, the heroine of the piece, we have, in some measure, a portrait of the writer. If not, it is a most skilful imitation of autobiography. The character embodied in it is precisely the same as that which prevades the whole book, and breaks out most signally in the preface—a temper naturally harsh, made harsher by ill usage, and visiting both its defect and its wrongs upon the world—an

understanding disturbed and perverted by cynicism, but still strong and penetrating—fierce love and fiercer hate—all this viewed from within and colored by self-love. We only wish we could carry our hypothesis a step further, and suppose that the triumph which the loving and lovable element finally obtains over the unloving and unlovable in the fictitious character had also its parallel in the true. But we fear that few readers will rise from the book with that impression.

The character of Mr. Rochester, the hero, the lover, and eventually the husband, of Jane Eyre, we have already noticed as being, to our minds, the characteristic production of a female pen. Not an Adonis, but a Hercules in mind and body, with a frame of adamant, a brow of thunder, and a lightning eye, a look and voice of command, all-knowing and all-discerning, fierce in love and hatred, rough in manner, rude in courtship, with a shade of Byronic gloom and appetizing mystery—add to this that when loved he is past middle age, and when wedded he is blind and fire-scarred, and you have such an Acis as no male writer would have given his Galatea, and yet what commends itself as a true embodiment of the visions of a female imagination. The subordinate characters almost all show proportionate power. Mr. Brocklehurst, the patron and bashaw of Lowood, a female orphan school, in which he practises self-denial, *alieno ventre*, and exercises a vicarious humility, is a sort of compound of Squeers and Pecksniff, but more probable than either, and drawn with as strong a hand. His first interview with Jane Eyre, in which he appears to the eye of the child "like a black pillar," and a scene at Lowood in which, from the midst of a galaxy of smartly dressed daughters, he lectures the half-starved and half-clothed orphans on his favorite virtues, would be well worth quoting, but that their humor borders on the profane. His love of miracles of destruction is a true hit. *Those* miracles are still credible. So is the inscription on the wall of Lowood. "Lowood Institution. This portion was rebuilt A.D. —, by Naomi Brocklehurst, of Brocklehurst Hall, in this county." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Mrs. Reed is a good type of the "strong-minded" and odious woman. Excellent, too, in an artistic point of view, is the character of St. John Rivers, the Calvinist clergyman and missionary, with all its complex attributes and irridescent hues—self-denial strangely shot with selfishness—earthly pride and restless ambition blending and alternating with heaven-directed zeal, and resignation to the duties of a heavenly mission. The feeblest character in the book is that of Helen Burns, who is meant to be a perfect Christian, and is a simple seraph, conscious moreover of her own perfection. She dies early in the first volume, and our authoress might say of her saint, as Shakspeare said of his Mercutio, "If I had not killed her, she would have killed me." In her, however, the Christianity of Jane Eyre is concentrated, and with her it expires, leaving the moral world in a kind of Scandinavian gloom, which is hardly broken by the faint glimmerings of a "doctrine of the equality of souls," and some questionable streaks of that "world-redeeming creed of Christ," which being emancipated from "narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few," is seldom invoked but for the purpose of showing that all Christian profession is bigotry and all Christian practice is hypocrisy.

In imaginative painting Jane Eyre is very good. Take the following—probably from the threshold of the lake country—the neighborhood of Kirby Lonsdale.

> I discovered, too, that a great pleasure, an enjoyment which the horizon only bounded, lay all outside the high and spike-guarded walls of our garden: this pleasure consisted in a prospect of noble summits girdling a great hill hollow, rich in verdure and shadow; in a bright beck, full of dark stones and sparkling eddies. How different had this scene looked when I viewed it laid out beneath the iron sky of winter, stiffened in frost, shrouded with snow! When mists as chill as death wandered to the impulse of east winds along those purple peaks, and rolled down "ing" and holm till they blended with the frozen fog of the beck! That beck itself was then a torrent, turbid and curbless: it tore asunder the wood, and sent a raving sound through the air, often thickened with wild rain or whirling sleet; and for the forest on its banks, *that* showed only ranks of skeletons.
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> April advanced to May: a bright, serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigor: Lowood shook its tresses: it became all green, all flowery, its great elm, ash and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life; woodland plants sprang up profusely in its recesses; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows, and it made a strange, grand sunshine out of the wealth of its wild primrose plants.—Vol. i., pp. 145, 146.

The rather ambitious descriptions of manners and social life which the book contains are, we are bound to say, a most decided failure. Their satire falls back with accumulated force upon the head of the satirist. It is "high life below stairs" with a vengeance; the fashionable world seen through the area railings, and drawn with the black end of the kitchen poker. Listen to the polite badinage of Mr. Rochester's drawing-room.

> "Certainly, my best;" says Lady Ingram to her daughter, "and I was quite right; depend on that: there are a thousand reasons why *liaisons* between governesses and tutors should never be tolerated a moment in any well-regulated house; firstly—"
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> "Oh gracious, mamma! Spare us the enumeration! *Au reste*, we all know them: danger of bad example to innocence of childhood; distractions and consequent neglect of duty on the part of the attached; mutual alliance and reliance; confidence thence resulting—insolence accompanying—mutiny and *general blow up*. Am I right, Baroness Ingram, of Ingram Park?"
>
> "*My lily-flower*, you are right now, as always."

Or the following playful coquetry between the said lily-flower and Mr. Rochester:—

"Mr. Rochester, do you second my motion?"

"Madam, I support you on this point as on every other."

"Then on me be the onus of bringing it forward. Signior Eduardo, are you in voice to-night?"

"Donna Bianca, if you command it, I will be."

"Then signior, I lay on you my sovereign behest to furbish up your lungs and other vocal organs, as they will be wanted on my royal service."

"Who would not be the Rizzio of so divine a Mary?"

"A fig for Rizzio!" cried she, tossing her head with all its curls, as she moved to the piano. "It is my opinion the fiddler David must have been an insipid sort of a fellow: I like Black Bothwell better: *to my mind a man is nothing without a spice of the devil in him;* and history may say what it will of James Hepburn, but I have a notion, he was just the sort of wild, fierce, bandit-hero, whom I could have consented to gift with my hand."

"Gentlemen, you hear! Now which of you most resembles Bothwell?" cried Mr. Rochester.

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"Here then is a corsair song. Know that I doat on corsairs; and for that reason, sing it *con spirito.*"

"Commands from Miss Ingram's lips would put spirit into a mug of milk and water."

"Take care, then: if you don't please me, I will shame you by showing how such things *should* be done."

"That is offering a premium on incapacity: I shall now endeavor to fail."

"*Gardez-vous en bien!* If you err wilfully, I shall devise a proportionate punishment."

"Miss Ingram ought to be clement, for she has it in her power to inflict a chastisement beyond mortal endurance."

"Ha! Explain!" commanded the lady.

"Pardon me, madam: no need of explanation: your own fine sense must inform you that one of your frowns would be a sufficient substitute for capital punishment."—Vol. ii., pp. 52—57.

The novelist is now completely lord of the domain of fiction. Whatever good or evil is to be done in the present day through that medium, must be done by him. He is the only dramatist whose plays can now command an audience. He is the only troubadour who finds admittance into the carpeted and cushioned halls of our modern chivalry, and arrests the ear of the lords and ladies of the nineteenth century. His work is the mirror of our life. It is the Odyssey and the Niebelungen Lied under a strange form; but still it is them indeed. Man's appetites do not change, nor his faculties, but only the external conditions under which they act; and the same appetites, the same faculties, which under one set of external conditions gave birth to Achilles, under another set give birth to Waverley or Pelham; who is to the reading gentleman what the son of Thetis was to the listening Greek—himself made perfect.

In the infancy of nations—in the age of bodily prowess, war, adventure, chivalry, when the mind is always turned outwards to great deeds, and never inwards to itself, the Romance, be it in the prose form specifically so called, or in the ballad, or that higher form of ballad which is termed the Epic, holds undivided sway. The Iliad and Odyssey ought to be classed, not with the Æneid, Paradise Lost and the Henriade, but with Amadis de Gaul and the Cid. Virgil, Milton, and Voltaire have obscured the idea of the Epic, as the perfection of ballad poetry, by trying to write after the Epic model in an unepic age. The consequence of this error to themselves (a consequence which Virgil and Milton seem to have felt) is, that Virgil is redeemed from failure by certain non-epic passages, such as the history of Dido's love, and the splendid Inferno and Paradiso in the Sixth Book; Voltaire fails utterly; and Milton, thanks to that immortal force of genius which his original fault of judgment could not force from its true bent, produces a great spiritual poem—the poem of Puritanism.

To another age of civilization belongs the drama. This too has its time—a time which does not return. Homer's heroes hurl stones ten times as large as his audience could hurl; but his audience too hurled stones, or they would not have heard of it with interest. In Shakspeare's plays action may be ten times more intense and rapid, language ten times more vehement, and character ten times more marked, than in the real men of his day; but still in the real men of his day action was intense and rapid, language was vehement, and character was marked. The Sidneys, Raleighs, and Southamptons saw in the heroes of the stage what they themselves aimed at being, and, in some measure, were. It was their own age which they saw imaged there, with all its grandeur, and its grotesqueness, its free and swelling speech, its fierce and open passion, its strong and sudden hand. The wildest Utopia which the brain of an idealist ever conceived, was only an exaggeration of the type of his own age. Plato's Republic is but a Greek polity after all. And so, we may be sure, the eye of the great poet, when rolling in its finest frenzy, saw the men of his own day, though he saw them through and through, to the very core of their humanity, and therefore was the poet of all ages while he was the dramatist of one. The essence of the drama is the development of character through action. When character is no longer developed in action—that is in visible action—the drama ceases. And that is the case in the period of civilization at which we are now arrived. You can no longer tell what a man is by what you see him do. The essence of action is driven inward; and what little does remain outward and visible, so as to be available for the purposes of the drama, is spread over so wide an expanse of mere conventionality and commonplace, that it cannot be eliminated and presented with dramatic rapidity without outraging all sense of probability. The perpetual tendency of civilization is to rub down all that is salient and prominent—all that of which the dramatist takes hold. The life of an individual of the higher classes in the present day is a perpetual *ειρωνια*—a polite dissimulation. Good breeding prevents the transpiration of character in manner; and language is seldom used to reveal the heart, though scoundrels only use it to conceal

their thoughts. You might as well produce your hero on the stage in a state of physical nudity, as in the state of moral nudity which the drama requires. The spectre of Clio does indeed still walk the earth. We have tragedies of two kinds—the intolerable, which are meant to be acted, and the tolerable, which are not meant to be acted, but only read; that is, undramatic dramas—poems on moral subjects thrown into the form of dialogue and divided into acts and scenes. Three of this latter kind stand distinguished by acknowledged merit—"Edwin the Fair," "Philip van Artevelde," and Mr. Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." In all these the scene is laid really—not formally only, as in the case of many of the plays of Shakspeare—in a far distant age: and in all, the thing principally aimed at and effected is not so much the development of character by action, as the embodiment of one predominant idea—an idea suggested in the case of "The Saint's Tragedy," and perhaps in that of "Edwin the Fair" also, by the theological controversies of our day, and which the poet takes occasion to express as it were from a vantage ground and with an appearance of impartiality, by putting it into the lips of other men, and throwing it back into other times. "Philip van Artevelde" is but an expansion of the simple moral of Wordsworth's Dion:

> Him only pleasure leads and peace attends,
> Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
> Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

And each of these three productions has something in it essentially artificial and unreal. They are beautiful dramatic exercises—no more the genuine and spontaneous growth of the present age than any copy of Greek or Latin verses.

Comedy shows more life. But it is not the comedy of Shakspeare—the counterpart of tragedy—the embodiment of the humorous and grotesque. *That* appears no more in its proper shape, except when its spectre is raised by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Kingsley. The comedy which does keep possession of the stage, is the comedy of manners, of the witty and the ridiculous. No other is any longer credible. A Falstaff or a Malvolio has become an impossible monster. The tailor and the schoolmaster, and the restraints and influences of polite society, have made your fool, in all external things, very difficult to distinguish from your hero.

Still the spirit lives, though the form has passed away. The ground once covered by the epic and the drama is now occupied by the multiform and multitudinous novel in all its various phases, from "Ellen Middleton" to "Pickwick." That is to say, the novel has absorbed the strictly dramatic and epic element; for the lyric element which the drama and epic held, as it were, in solution, is concentrated and crystallized under another form. We use the word "lyric" for want of a better, to include all poetry not narrative, descriptive, dramatic, or didactic—all the poetry of abstract feeling, sentiment, passion; without any reference to the "lyres" and "wires" with which such poetry, or a large division of it, was once associated, and of which it still, unfortunately, babbles. Byron presents disembodied and in its essence the life which Bulwer has embodied in Pelham and Ernest Maltravers; and the antagonists of Byron in poetry stand in a similar relation to the antagonists of Bulwer in prose. All those difficulties which oppose themselves with insuperable force to any attempt to epicize or dramatize the life of one day, the novelist, by means of his peculiar privileges and immunities, completely overcomes. Those long threads of commonplace doing and suffering which now make up the web of the most varied and eventful existence—which it is impossible to ignore, because, taken together, they are everything—impossible to narrate, because in their particulars they are mean—impossible to exhibit on the stage, because their length and complexity is infinite—are summed up and reduced to unity and significance. Between the rapidity and intensity of real and fictitious action a proportion is preserved, and the sense of probability is not outraged. The essence of action is followed into the recesses of the heart, without the fatal necessity of perpetual soliloquies and "asides." The gesture which would be indescribable in the epic, and invisible or unmeaning on the stage, is to the reader described, made visible, and rendered significant, by the exercise of an unlimited power of interpretation. The want of outward symbols and drapery is completely supplied by moral description; the integuments of social form and etiquette are stripped off, and we see that the tragic and the comic, the heroic and the base, the Hamlet and the Polonius, the Achilles and the Thersites, have not departed from life, but are only hidden from the eye—that it is true, as Carlyle says, that there is the fifth act of a tragedy in every peasant's deathbed, if you can only get it on the stage. The curtain of the novelist rises. The scene is a drawing room, where all the company are dressed alike; all have been drilled into a sort of Prussian discipline of manners, and a marked trait of character scarcely escapes once an hour. The worst dressed man there is perhaps the man of rank, the best dressed is the nobody. We penetrate at once through all the outworks of Stultz and Chesterfield into the depths of every breast—we know the royal nature from the slavish, the hero from the knave. The grouping of the guests, their conversation, their attention or inattention, their every look and gesture, has its true significance—a significance which no Garrick could impart. We discern the secret of the heart which causes a slight embarrassment of manner, a slight absence and wandering in discourse in the most polite and self-possessed of diners-out. We mark the plot or the intrigue which lurks in the arrangement of the party round the dinner table. We hear the bitter or passionate things which are said in soft words and with calm faces. The noise of the piano hides nothing from us. We know that the faint sigh which good breeding hushes on the lip would be, but for good breeding, an Othello's

groan. We see that the empty coffee cup is raised to the lip to conceal a smile of triumph, or the face buried in a book of prints to hide the pallor of despair. In this respect, indeed, the novel has the advantage of the drama, not only with reference to the necessities imposed by its particular subject matter, but in the abstract. When Johnson objects to Iago's long soliloquy, that he is telling himself what he knows already, he is guilty of almost as great a platitude as in saying, that "had the scene of Othello opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, *there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity!*" Iago is not telling himself anything; he is telling his audience what is passing through his mind. It is necessary to do so in order to give them a clue to his designs; but it is an awkward necessity, and one with which the genius of Shakspeare alone has dealt successfully.

Our object in this somewhat rambling digression has been to show what responsibility rests upon the novelists of our day—a reflection which we beg to suggest to the authoress of Jane Eyre. With them it rests to determine, each for himself and according to the measure of his gifts, whether so powerful an instrument of moving men, as fiction is, shall be used to move them for good or evil. Are the poetic and artistic faculties given to man purely for his amusement? Are they alone of all his powers not subject in their exercise to the legislative or judicial conscience. Curiously enough, we believe no moral philosopher has yet given a complete scientific answer to this question. A philosophical account of that part of man's essence which is neither moral nor intellectual, but lies midway between the two, both in itself and in its relation to the moral and intellectual parts, would we believe still be an addition to moral science. Neither in the fragments which remain to us of the poetics, nor in the psychology of the sixth book of the ethics, can Aristotle be said to have approached this subject. Plato in his Republic makes the same mistake regarding poetry which he makes with regard to rhetoric in the Gorgias—the same with the Patristic writer who calls poetry "vinum dæmonum"—that of confounding the faculty with its abuse—and the beautiful *amende* of the Ion, though it vindicates his instincts, does not mend his system. However this may be, the position that the poetic and artistic faculties are subject to conscience, is a truism in theory which seems to be metamorphosed into a paradox in practice. We suppose, for example, that Mrs. Marcet considered herself to be uttering an acknowledged truth in saying that Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," being poetry, is none the worse for being bad political economy. Yet if this is so, neither is Don Juan, being also poetry, the worse for being bad religion. Goldsmith intended, or at least he foresaw, that the effect of his poem would be, to raise certain sentiments and impressions relative to certain social questions; and if those sentiments were morbid and those impressions wrong, his poem is as plainly vicious as the most rigorous scientific treatise, embodying the same fallacies, would have been. This may seem an exaggerated instance. It is an *experimentum crucis*, certainly—but where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? The rule of truth-telling is, to convey a right impression; and therefore, unless a poet is to be absolved from the rule of truth-telling, his sentiments, as distinguished from his facts, must all be true. Deny this, and the realms of poetry and fiction become, what poor Charles Lamb pretended to think they were, a sort of refuge from the sense of moral responsibility—a region where the speaker of lies or blasphemies does no harm, and the hearer takes none—a place where the Omnipresent is not, beyond "the uttermost parts of the sea," to which the spirit of the Psalmist, borne on the wings of morning, fled in vain—a darkness which shall *not* be turned into day. We do not mean to say that the writer of fiction is called upon to play the part of the preacher or the theologian. Far from it. What he is called upon to do is to hold up a clear and faithful mirror to human nature—a mirror in which it shall see its good as good, its evil as evil. His pages must give back the true reflection of a world of which morality is the law, and into which Christianity has entered.

The tendency of English novelists seems happily to be at present in the right direction. Within the last fifteen years, common sense, at any rate, has achieved some victories in our literature. Shakspeare has shone forth again, and Byron labors in eclipse. No heads, we believe, but those of shopboys and farmers' daughters, are now in danger of being turned by Lytton Bulwer. *That* Upas tree is pretty well withered up by contempt and ridicule in this country, though it still flourishes with rank luxuriance in the congenial soil of France. Dumas, Sue, and George Sand are, indeed, read by us, as well as by their own countrymen; but then we read them for the story, and laugh at the sentiment, which a Frenchman swallows as the word of life. The belief that the pen of a west-end Adonis could regenerate society, without the tedious process of repentance and self-government, is passing away with the last great men of that heroic age which produced the national gallery and the reform bill. The religion which teaches that to sin is the indifferent-best way to save your soul, and that to prostitution in the higher classes much will be forgiven, has day by day fewer symbolical writings and fewer prophets in the land. Whether another and a more fatal humbug may not succeed, and whether a certain phase of the religious novel may not prove that humbug, remains yet to be seen. But at present a better influence reigns in the whole world of fiction, poetry, and art; and everywhere men who work by the rules of sense and truth, the Christian architect and the Christian writer, are slowly gaining ground, and seem likely—unless their course is crossed by some convulsion of society such as the last month has taught us to consider possible—

to make rubble of the chimney-potted Parthenon and waste paper of the Satanic novel.

What would be the fate of the authoress whose work we are now reviewing, should that happy consummation be brought to pass, must be considered as doubtful. To say that "Jane Eyre" is positively immoral or antichristian, would be to do its writer an injustice. Still it wears a questionable aspect. The choice is still to be made, and he who should determine it aright would do literature and society some service. The authoress of "Jane Eyre" will have power in her generation, whether she choose to exercise it for good or evil. She has depth and breadth of thought—she has something of that peculiar gift of genius, the faculty of discerning the wonderful in and through the commonplace—she has a painter's eye and hand —she has great satiric power, and, in spite of some exaggerated and morbid cynicism, a good fund of common sense. To this common sense we would appeal. Let her take care that while she detects and exposes humbug in other minds, she does not suffer it to gain dominion in her own. Let her take warning, if she will, from Mr. Thackeray, to whom she dedicates her second edition, whom she thinks "the first social regenerator of the day," and whose "Greek-fire sarcasm" and "levin-brand denunciation" she overwhelms with such extravagant panegyric. Let her mark how, while looking everywhere for "Snobs" to denounce, he has himself fallen into one, and not the least vicious, phase of that very character which he denounces. Or let her seek a more signal and ominous example in the history of that far higher mind which, after demolishing innumerable "shams," has itself, for want of a real faith of its own, sunk into the mournfullest sham of all. Let her reconsider her preface, and see how conventional may be the denouncer of conventionality, how great an idol the iconoclast may leave unbroken in himself. Let her cease, if she can, to think of herself as Micaiah, and of society as Ahab. Let her be a little more trustful of the reality of human goodness, and a little less anxious to detect its alloy of evil. She will lose nothing in piquancy, and gain something in healthiness and truth. We shall look with some anxiety for that second effort which is proverbially decisive of a writer's talent, and which, in this case, will probably be decisive of the moral question also.

From the Times.

AUSTRIA.

THE position of the Austrian empire, with reference to the two great political bodies of Germany and Italy, not to mention the difficulties which belong to the reform of its own institutions, is more critical than that of any other state in Europe; for, although we are unable to foresee the transformations which other countries may be destined to undergo, no one can doubt of their vitality, whereas, the external ascendency which Austria has enjoyed amongst the German and Italian states appears to be threatened with entire dissolution. The traditions of her imperial dignity and power have become more faint from year to year, and it is evident henceforth that the real influence which Austria may continue to exercise in Europe depends entirely on her own internal resources. She has virtually ceased to be the parent of Germany and the arbitress of the Italian governments. This loss of power has been aggravated in the present emergency by the absence of princes and ministers competent to wield her sceptre, or to direct her councils. Yet, in spite of all these adverse circumstances, the position of Austria on both sides of the Alps is still so strong, and the connection of the imperial house with the mass of the people is, upon the whole, so unbroken, that we entertain little doubt but that the vast and cumbrous vessel of the empire will ride out this tempest.

It is evident, on the simple inspection of the scheme for the reconstitution of the German empire which has been concocted at Frankfort, and which we discussed at some length yesterday, that Austria is no party to such a project. Accordingly we read an announcement in the Vienna Gazette to the effect, that the imperial government does not hold itself bound to submit implicitly to all the decisions of the constitutive assembly about to meet at Frankfort in the name of the German people; and this declaration indicates plainly enough that the court of Vienna never intends to give in its federal allegiance to a power whose greatness should be raised on the destruction of its own authority, not only over Germany, but in its own dominions. If, indeed, it should appear fit to this national assembly to restore the dignity of the empire to that family which was invested with it for ages, until French influence had broken up the last vestiges of its authority, such an arrangement might be no more than a restoration of old rights under new forms. But if it be proposed to transfer the imperial powers of the head of this new confederation into another house, and to secure it there by an hereditary tenure, it is certain that, whatever other parts of Germany and other candidates for that supreme dignity may think of such a suggestion, Austria will not spontaneously abdicate her rank and her independence. Nor, indeed, is it likely that the population of those provinces of the Austrian empire which belong to the present confederation would urge the government to make so unparalleled a sacrifice. The kingdom of Bohemia, the largest of these provinces, with more than four millions of inhabitants, is far more eager to restore the language and traditions of its distinct Sclavonian origin than to join the general Teutonic movement; and upon the very principles which the Germans are now eager to apply to their northern neighbors they must renounce Bohemia as a non-German province. The other hereditary dominions of Austria, the archduchies, the Tyrol, the Salzkammargut and the Voralberg, are purely German, but their inhabitants have ever been the most loyal and devoted subjects to the house of Hapsburg. They too will be little disposed to transfer their allegiance to a new empire, and to be brought into immediate contact with

the heretical creed and the foreign manners of their northern allies. The effect of this whole scheme would be the subjection of the German power of the house of Austria to a modern sovereignty supported by a Protestant democracy; and, if such an attempt be seriously made, we fear it will lead ere long to an armed resistance. The promised constitution of the Austrian empire has been promulgated. It is conceived in a wise and liberal spirit, without the excessive concessions made in some other states. For the first time a national and legislative tie is about to unite the Austrian provinces between themselves; and yet this moment is chosen by the German leaders to call upon them to sacrifice their own independence to the will of a larger country, and to sink their newly acquired liberties in the bosom of another empire. Such an offer will be alike rejected by the Austrian princes and the Austrian people.

In Italy the power of Austria is already, as all the world knows, still more openly assailed, but we have hitherto seen no reason to modify the opinion we originally expressed on the military prospects of this contest, as long as it is confined to the present belligerent parties. The evacuation of Lombardy was the first incident in the war, and it was to a great extent a voluntary and prudent retreat on the part of Marshal Radetzky. By securing his position between the great fortresses of the Mincio and the Adige he avoided any unnecessary effusion of blood, he recruited and collected his troops, he waits in security for the arrival of reinforcements, he allows the first impetus of the insurrection to cool, and shows the Sardinian army that the emancipation of Italy is not to be accomplished by a few hasty marches. Moreover, this position of the Austrians has interrupted the direct communication between Milan and Venice, and the Venetian territory has derived no sort of benefit from the Piedmontese demonstration on the western frontier. Higher up the country the corps which is advancing under Count Nugent has crushed the insurgents wherever it has appeared. Udine has surrendered; Pordenone has been occupied; and we shall not be surprised to learn that Venice itself has capitulated. That city has long been comparatively well disposed to Austria, and the recent attack on the British consulate shows that the government cannot control the mob without a garrison.

It may be blockaded by sea and land, and the provisional authorities have given offence to their Italian neighbors by a want of concert in the common enterprise. This state of things suggests a conclusion which ought to be acted upon for the benefit of all parties. The Austrian empire may, without any material diminution of dignity or real power, sacrifice the Milanese and even the Mantuan territories. There is nothing which can be called a defensible frontier short of the Mincio. Indeed, so strongly was the late Emperor Francis impressed with the difficulties and perils inseparable from a foreign administration of Lombardy, that it was with great reluctance he was induced in 1815 to allow it to be annexed to his empire. His sagacious prognostications have been fulfilled, and the experiment of an Austrian viceroy in Milan has failed. But the case is wholly different with the Venetian territory. From the moment that the republic of Venice ceased to be able to repel invasion or to preserve its neutrality, it laid bare the frontier of the Austrian dominions in their most vital part. The campaign of 1798 demonstrated that a French army, when it has forced the Adige and passed the lake of Garda, is on the high road to Vienna. The maintenance of that great line of defences by Austria is absolutely essential, not to her supremacy in Italy—for that we assume her to have abandoned or forfeited—but to the security of the imperial capital. We are, therefore, morally certain, that though the cabinet of Vienna might be induced to treat, and we think ought to treat, with reference to Lombardy, it will not hear of the sacrifice of the Venetian territory, until it has undergone the last humiliations of defeat by an enemy of vastly superior military power. The Lombard government, if it be wise, ought at once to close with such terms, if they can be obtained. They are under no obligation of honor or policy to treat conjointly with Venice, for Venice instantly proclaimed her own exclusive republic; and, if they hold out for more than they have gotten, they run some risk of losing the whole, or they open the door of Italy to a French republican army. There is not a man in Lombardy, worthy of the name of an Italian patriot, who would not regard such an event as a catastrophe fatal to those sacred principles of national independence which have marked this contest, and from that moment the future destinies of Italy would cease to depend on herself, and would again be governed by the rival policy of force of Paris or of Vienna. The imminent danger of a French invasion is the greatest peril Italy has to dread. It would be the triumph of a foreign military despotism under the disguise of republican liberty; and before a year had elapsed Italy would be sacked by those whom none but her worst sons could summon for her defence. With Austria there is still a chance of peace, if the present opportunity be wisely employed; and if this insurrection could be terminated by mutual concessions, all the parties to such a treaty would have a common interest in resisting future aggressions and in preserving the peace of Southern Europe.

Muscular Exercise.—Muscular exercise is a direct source of pleasure to every one not suffering from diseased action. Every one must have felt this. The effect of using the muscles of voluntary motion, when all the processes of the economy are being justly and healthily performed, is to impart a marked and grateful stimulus to the sentient nerves of the part, and a corresponding and grateful stimulus to the nervous system generally, sufficiently noticeable by the mind when studious of its analysis, and always ministering indirectly to the happiness of the individual, coloring and brightening the thoughts and feelings. So much is this believed to be the case by some, that it has been asserted—a man may use his limbs too much to leave him in the enjoyment of his fullest capability of pure and abstract thought, and to the extent of making him unduly imaginative. Although this may well be matter of doubt, the fact, and its wise and benevolent intention, remain unaffected; that man derives an immediate pleasurable sensation from using his voluntary muscles, which not only gives to labor a zest, and even to monotonous movements some degree of enjoyment, but produces a reaction on the mind itself, embellishing a life of virtuous toil with a degree of physical enjoyment, and mental energy, buoyancy, and hopeful lightheartedness, that can never be afforded in a like degree to the drones—the mere "fruges consumere nati"—of the human hive.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 11th May, 1848.

My last date was the epoch of the installation of the national assembly. Scenic exhibition and dramatic effect are always necessary in this meridian, and on this occasion they were highly exciting and imposing without the least tragedy. For details, you must be content at present with the newspaper-articles which I send you for any use. My note-book contains various incidents which fell under personal gaze, and may be regularly narrated hereafter. After the body was marshalled in the hall, *the republic* was proclaimed *seventeen* distinct times, with nearly universal shouts. How the several parties that begin to concrete respectively, understand the phrase, remains to be positively ascertained. Lamennais' scheme of a constitution, (he is now called the Siéyes of democracy,) with but one legislative body and a president for three years, cannot answer. The supreme revolutionary organ, the Commune de Paris, Moniteur of the clubs, says, "There are two rival schemes—the citizen and aristocratic republic, and the pure democratic, social one: we are for the latter, and claim for the people the right of interfering at any moment in the management of affairs. The journals, the clubs, the popular meetings, must never intermit their supervision of the government. We must preserve the revolution." At a sitting, of the 5th, of a great club, the point was mooted, Shall we have a president of the republic? After discussion, it was decided in the negative. A convention, and no more, would alone be welcome. "Some dreamers," said an orator, "call our attention to the United States; but we know that any separate executive leads to tyranny. The American Union is a mere aggregation of petty states—existing individually in fact; we boast a common nationality. There is no analogy; let us have no foolish plagiarism: our model is the ideal which God has deposited in the mind and conscience of man." The Club of the Revolution, the mighty Colonel Barbès in the chair, adopted by acclamation the report of a committee on the question, *Shall we have a president, as in the United States?* which report ends thus: "No president in France." The organ called the *Liberty*, edited chiefly by Alexander Dumas, contends, on the other hand, for the American model. "The Americans," observes the novelist politician, "are the true republicans; they do not plume themselves on the epithet citizen, but they *work;* they dispute little about words; they clear their lands; they do not talk of exterminating any one, but they cover the seas with their ships; they construct immense canals, roads, and steamers, without jabbering, at every stroke of the spade, about the rights of man; with them, labor, merit and talents are honored and rewarded aristocracies; they welcome and benefit every comer; let us try to conjure up Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons and Monroes, instead of Robespierres, Dantons and Marats."

Upwards of eight hundred members of the assembly are present. It is wonderful that so many of the ex-chamber of deputies have gained seats—one hundred and twenty-nine, nearly all of the old opposition. Some thirty doctors are counted. The president and first vice-president chosen by the assembly were of the faculty: they are authors and respectable men. Lawyers and judges are reckoned at a hundred and eleven; literati and editors thirty-one; few farmers or workmen comparatively; the professions of nearly three hundred remain undiscovered. As no rules of internal discipline were adopted, and the members had only a partial acquaintance with each other, disorder has prevailed in such degree, that several of the moderate journals exclaim—"No constitution can be expected from such a concourse; tempests alone will be its progeny." However, a committee has been appointed to report a manual like that of Mr. Jefferson, and on the main questions hitherto submitted, the decision seems to have been sound. It is unfortunate that the clubs succeeded in getting a box for their delegates; these gentlemen, acting as inspectors and arbiters, mingle their stentorian voices with the clamors from the floor. You can form no idea of the throng of both sexes by whom the hall is besieged for entrance, or communication with the members.

The provisional rulers having at once resigned, we were without an executive administration for several days. On the 9th, however, the assembly voted the appointment of a Directory of Five, who were not to occupy any of the departments, but to choose ministers. Yesterday, the five were nominated in this order, Arago, Garnier-Pages, Marie, de Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin. The poet would have been the first, had he not refused to serve unless Rollin should be included—a man exceedingly disliked and feared by a large majority of the assembly. But Lamartine thought justly that the dangerous aspirant could be managed, or more closely watched, if a colleague. On the whole, what has been done is the best under the circumstances; the executive comprises capacity, experience and energy; it has no absolute tenure, however, and the list of its ministers, which is circulated, does not strike me as the happiest attainable: the heads of the departments of justice, commerce, and public instruction, remain the same as under the provisional government. This "Executive Commission" may have a long term—the interval necessary to frame a constitution and get its machinery in motion. I am not aware that the assembly mean to define or limit the powers of the commission. A dictatorship is alone possible. The eloquent member, Favre, whose reasonings won a majority for the plan, observed—"We need a *pouvoir*, an executive control, to act promptly and efficiently on the *inferior* classes." The National of this day pronounces the choice to be one of high political wisdom—*haute sagesse politique.* The Exchange was gratified, though the aspect of the finances be lurid. Some of the provincial spouters in the assembly surpass all your stump-

Ciceros. Yesterday, the last occupant of the tribune vociferated, gesticulated, and *jumped* with an extravagance such as convulsed the eight hundred on the floor, and the thousands in the galleries. The responsive roar and *saltation* compelled him to leap precipitately from his pulpit. Our Parisians hesitate whether to be merry or indignant at the *patois* of the rhetoricians from the distant departments. We have already been regaled with all the dialects of France, some of them nearly unintelligible, and most of them grotesque like the declaimers themselves.

The weather has been splendid since the beginning of the month. Scarcely any traces of the inundation remain. We read daily of popular excesses in the interior, but they are less serious than those of last week. Toulon is in distress with the whole mass of the workmen who have struck, not for wages especially, but civic privileges and military equipment. Most of the Marseilles laborers applied for passports to Paris, as the metropolis of the free, but the government had transmitted orders to all the southern cities to allow no more emigration, we being overstocked with this description of patriots. A committee has been appointed in the assembly to investigate the social problems. Louis Blanc proposed in the tribune a new department, a *ministry of progress*, with reference to those questions. The only aye on the vote was his own. *Socialism* is at an unexpected discount. In the *Revue des deux Mondes*, of the 1st instant, there is an excellent article on the vexed subject of labor, fraught with sound doctrine and impressive examples. That journal argues, and rightly, that the French public revenue can be improved only through the customs; by a thorough revision and modification of the tariff in the sense of free trade. Baron Charles Dupin has just issued a copious and orthodox report, on the situation of French Industry, addressed to the national assembly, and prepared by direction of the society for the encouragement of that concern. He pays high compliments to the industrial system and practice of the United States.

The reports of the different members of the provisional government to the national assembly, are strikingly characteristic. Lamartine struck his golden lyre, and brought forth sentimental melodies. "France and Europe comprehended that God inspired the multitude, and that a revolution inaugurated by greatness of soul would be as pure as an idea, magnanimous as a sentiment, holy as a virtue." (Well! exceeding well!—from all parts of the assembly.) The poet announced that the treaties of 1815 were considered as defunct In his second report he suggests that peace may be preserved, if the powers will consent to the independence of Poland and Italy. It is hoped that the German national assembly will settle this thorny question, so as to preclude the necessity of French intervention. The revolutionary Poles here and in the north attempt a sort of dictation over the French national assembly, and are seconded by the sovereign mob of Paris. All the nations seem to be arming with as much expedition as possible: France bristles with bayonets. The destinies of the continent become more uncertain from day to day. Louis Blanc, the apostle of the "organization of labor," in his report to the assembly, gave such touches of his quality as these: "The state should systematically interpose to protect the weak from the strong; the state should be tutelary for the ignorant, the poor, the sufferers of every description; we must have a guardian government; one that will accord the benefit of credit, not to the rich only, but the poor; it must interpose in the matter of industry, in order to exclude the principle of *antagonism*, (meaning competition,) that poisoned fountain of so much animosity, violence, and ruin. Our maxim is, human *solidarity;* all men are of the same family; and when they shall become thoroughly sensible of this kindred, discord, hate, selfishness will no longer be possible between them. France is the country of progress and reason, on the highest level, that of universal sacred humanity." Of the foreign advices of this morning, the revolution at Rome has created the liveliest sensation. The holy see is no longer an ecclesiastical government, nor Pius a free agent; but this *progress* was inevitable. As pope, he could not declare a war of aggression, particularly not on the chief Catholic power on the continent. At the same time, his subjects could not abstain from joining in the glorious effort of all the rest of the Italians to achieve the independence of their peninsula. Universal action is necessary. It would have been dastardly, base, and dangerous for the millions of the Papal dominions to remain longer aloof. Pius yielded, wisely; he may still be "the bond of Italy." That the whole peninsula will be *republican*, in no long period after the expulsion of the Austrians, is doubted by very few of the observers of Italian condition and drift. The war in the north, between the Danes and Prussians, is truly deplorable. We cannot be sanguine as to the British mediation, which has been accepted.

[After we shall have laid before our readers the following arguments and facts, which will probably change their opinions, no party can have any equitable claim upon us for another long article on the subject. We hope that the scientific world will give the honor of the great discovery to a gentleman whose studies and habits are such as to make his claims probable. Of Mr. Morton we have learned more than we shall say at present. This argument is prepared for us by Joseph L. Lord and Henry C. Lord, Esquires.]

THE ETHER CONTROVERSY.

The writers of these pages are attorneys of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston. They have been employed by him to investigate the legality and equity of his claims to the recent discovery of the applicability of sulphuric ether, as an agent for safely producing insensibility to pain, during the performance of surgical operations.

It is well known that Dr. Jackson's claim to this discovery, has been drawn in question before the public, by Mr. W. T. G. Morton, a practical dentist of this city. Mr. Morton's counter-claim, and the justification of it by publications proceeding from various sources, to some of which the reader's attention will be requested, are before the public.

The authors perform their duty, without previous acquaintance with the persons whose names have appeared before the public, in this controversy, as parties, counsellors, witnesses, or apologists. They put the case upon its own merits, without bias from any personal, local, or accidental influence.

Since the publication, in June, 1847, of Dr. Martin Gay's able "Statement" of Dr. Jackson's claims to the discovery of etherization, the controversy has essentially changed its character. Mr. Edward Warren, who, it now appears, had a pecuniary interest in Mr. Morton's patent, had, previously to Dr. Gay's "Statement," issued various publications in Mr. Morton's behalf, of such a character as to be deemed by Dr. Jackson and his friends unworthy of an answer. The affidavits published by Mr. Warren, and recently bolstered up by publications from other and able sources, to prove that Mr. Morton had experimented with the ether, before Dr. Jackson communicated to him his first knowledge of its nature, and entrusted him with its first application, were, on their face, so suspicious, and connected with so suspicious circumstances, that it was hoped that the truth would be established by the evidence contained in Dr. Gay's pamphlet, without a sifting and exposure of the affidavits themselves. Accordingly, Dr. Gay, in conformity with his plan not to reflect upon the moral character of any individual, forbore to publish evidence, quite sufficient to justify the strongest suspicion of, if not to prove, the fraud and imposture, now placed, it is submitted, beyond the possibility of dispute.

In this state of the controversy, Nathaniel I. Bowditch, Esq., having been appointed, by the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, a member of a committee to draw up its annual Report for the year ending with 1847, undertook,—without formal instructions so to do, contrary to all precedent in the history of public charitable institutions, in opposition to the remonstrance of Dr. Gay, and of his declaration to Mr. Bowditch that there was important evidence with which he had not been made acquainted, and which, as he himself admits, he declined to listen to, when Dr. Gay offered to communicate it to him confidentially,—undertook, we repeat, to constitute himself an arbiter in the controversy, and to publish to the world unjust accusations and conclusions against Dr. Jackson, invested with all the *prestige* and authority conferred upon them by his official position. Whatever he might properly do in his private capacity, he had no right to travel out of his way to wield the high influence of a great and noble institution, against a private individual, who had never committed any offence against it, but, on the contrary, had procured for it the most signal benefits.

Mr. Bowditch cannot, under these circumstances, complain, if his qualifications for the self-assumed arbitration, shall be, in his own words, somewhat "strictly scrutinized." We wish, however, first, to state distinctly that we do not hold the Trustees of the Hospital responsible for the truth of his statements, the legitimacy of his inferences, or the justness of his conclusions. Mr. Bowditch has admitted, in a communication published in the Boston Daily Advertiser, since the publication of his Report, that in one instance, to which we shall directly invite the reader's notice, they "relied upon his accuracy;" and from the well-known manner in which the proceedings of a board of trustees, so numerous as theirs, are conducted, we have no doubt that, when they adopted his Report, they relied upon him for the accuracy of the whole, no less than of any particular part. The only error we would impute to them, is that of placing undue confidence in Mr. Bowditch, and suffering him to meddle with the controversy at all. The high moral character of the gentlemen who compose the Board, forbids the suspicion of any intentional injustice towards Dr. Jackson. We cannot doubt that, should they be convinced they have been deceived, by an atrocious conspiracy to break down the character of an innocent man, and rob him of his rights of discovery, rights dearer to scientific men than money, or life itself, they will all, Mr. Bowditch not excepted, repair, as far as possible, the injustice and suffering which have, however unintentionally, been inflicted upon Dr. Jackson.

We now invite attention to a charge of fraud, made by Mr. Bowditch in his Report, and subsequently defended by him in the Daily Advertiser: "On the other hand, Dr. Jackson transmits to Europe, as a paper which he had read before the American Academy, a statement of his claims to this discovery; thus communicating it to the world under an official sanction to which it was not as yet entitled." The groundlessness and injustice of this imputation of fraud, will be seen from the following statement of facts. At the written suggestion of

Hon. Edward Everett, and Dr. J. C. Warren, Dr. Jackson addressed a paper to the American Academy, containing an account of his discovery of etherization. On March the 1st, 1847, the day before it was actually read to the Academy, it was, for the purpose of sending it to Europe by the next steamer, published in the Daily Advertiser, aforesaid, accompanied by some prefatory remarks by the editor, in which he stated, *not that it had been read before*, but that it was "*addressed* by Dr. Jackson *to* the American Academy of Arts and Sciences." The editor of the Advertiser,—in vindicating Dr. Jackson, to use his own words, "from the charge of fraudulent misrepresentation," and himself from "that of being a participator in the fraud,"—in an editorial article, published some weeks after the publication of Mr. Bowditch's Report, and introductory to a communication in which Mr. Bowditch was called upon to retract his charge, uses the following language: "It was not stated in the caption, or in the paper itself, [Dr. Jackson's,] that it had been read before the Academy; nor was there anything that implied that it had been so read. We think it obvious, therefore, that the authors of the Hospital Report must have fallen, through some inadvertence, into a material error in supposing that the paper had been 'communicated to the world,' under a sanction which did not belong to it."

Mr. Bowditch, in a reply to the aforesaid communication, in which he admits that he is responsible for the charge, (this being the instance before alluded to, in which Mr. Bowditch states that the trustees relied wholly upon his accuracy,) attempts to justify it, by arguing that what he had positively affirmed to be a fact, was a "legitimate inference!" This "legitimate inference," as has been seen, is at total variance with the declaration of Hon. Nathan Hale. It is equally at variance with the general practice of scientific men, and of the American Academy itself, as will appear by the following letter of Mr. Everett, whose authority Mr. Bowditch will not call in question.

Cambridge, 15 May, 1848.

My Dear Sir,

I recollect having expressed the opinion decidedly, at one of the monthly meetings of the Academy, that no blame could attach to you for having printed and forwarded to Europe a paper, purporting to be addressed to the American Academy, before the paper had been read to the Academy. No sanction is understood to be given by the Academy to any doctrine or opinion contained in the memoirs submitted to it, nor when they have been read before it, printed at its expense, and bound up with its transactions.

I remain, Dear Sir, with great regard,
faithfully yours,
EDWARD EVERETT.

Dr. C. T. Jackson.

We have examined but one out of the many instances of false logic, misstatement of fact, and injustice to Dr. Jackson, with which Mr. Bowditch's Report abounds. The reader will not now doubt, that all of Mr. Bowditch's statements and inferences are to be received with great distrust, and that Mr. Bowditch, in this controversy, has assumed the part of a heated advocate, and not of an impartial judge. In justice to Mr. Bowditch, however, it should be remembered that his position was unfavorable for forming an impartial judgment upon the matters in controversy. Two of the medical gentlemen connected with the Hospital, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and his son Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, early committed themselves against Dr. Jackson's claims. The latter, during a short absence of Dr. Jackson from the city, early in November, 1846, read before the American Academy, and the Boston Society of Medical Improvement, of both which bodies Dr. Jackson is a member, a paper "promulgating" Dr. Jackson's discovery of etherization to the world; and a few days afterwards, further "promulgated" it, by publishing the same paper in the Boston Medical Journal, making no other allusion to Dr. Jackson, than that he and Mr. Morton were named in the patent as inventors. May not the "promulgator" of etherization naturally have felt some misgivings, lest the self-woven wreath with which he has sought to encircle his brow, might prove to be, not of laurel, but of night-shade; and may not these same misgivings account for the continued activity of his pen in filling the pages of the Journal, and for the entire suppression, by his father, of the name of Dr. Jackson, in his letter to Dr. Boot, of London, under date of Nov. 28, 1846, published, with his son's article aforesaid, in the London Lancet, and ascribing the discovery exclusively to Mr. Morton, at a time when the medical faculty of Boston unanimously allowed the suggestion, at least, of the new application of ether, to have originated with Dr. Jackson? It is but just to Mr. Bowditch to suppose that his mind has probably, however unconsciously, been warped by an influence "behind the throne."

The editors are aware that an attempt has been made to prejudice the public mind against Dr. Jackson's claims to the discovery, by the alleged fact, that he has always declined to submit them to suitable arbitration. We do not propose to inquire how far the advocates of Mr. Morton have succeeded in this effort, nor shall we attempt any review of the correspondence which passed between Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton upon this subject. It has no connection with the real question to be decided, and, as a mere collateral issue, should be avoided. The fact is simply this: Dr. Jackson originally expressed his willingness to submit his claims to a just arbitration, and he has been anxious to have them carefully scrutinised. His friends, however, and eminent legal counsel in his behalf, have opposed any such reference, upon the ground that he would be unprepared to meet the false testimony which would be manufactured against him, and the event has shown that these apprehensions were well founded.

The public attention is invited to the following statement of facts.

JOSEPH L. LORD,
HENRY C. LORD, } *Counsellors at Law.*

Court Square, Boston, 18 *May,* 1848.

CHAPTER I.

There is no evidence that previously to the thirtieth of September, A. D. 1846, on which day, according to both Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton, the first surgical experiment in etherization took place, Mr. Morton was acquainted, more or less, with the idea that sulphuric ether might be rendered available as an agent for safely producing insensibility to pain during the performance of surgical operations, or that previously to the aforesaid date, he had ever made either sulphuric or chloric ether a subject of study or experiment with any such reference.

Mr. Morton asserts, and attempts to prove, the contrary of what we have just stated, by the testimony of Francis Whitman, William P. Leavitt, Thomas R. Spear, Jr., and Grenville G. Hayden.

In the spring of 1847, and "shortly after Mr. Morton claimed etherization as his own discovery, these four witnesses were taken by Mr. Morton into a room in his office, where they were examined together, and their testimony drawn up, the gentleman who was at the head of the surgical department in the office being meanwhile dismissed from their presence."—See affidavit of D. P. Wilson.

Immediately afterwards, these witnesses, "all at once, and for the first time," began to talk of the alleged facts sworn to in their testimony, which was the more noticed from the fact that, during the fall of 1846, and the greater part of the ensuing winter, "Dr. Jackson had been uniformly spoken of by all connected with the office," not excepting these very witnesses, "as the sole discoverer of the new application of the vapor of sulphuric ether."

These witnesses all testify to a demijohn of ether, alleged by Mr. Morton, in his memoir to the French Academy, and by the witnesses, Leavitt and Spear, in their affidavits, to have been purchased of Messrs. Brewers, Stevens, and Cushing, by the said Leavitt, about the first of August, 1846; which ether is alleged by Mr. Morton in his memoir, and the witness Hayden in his certificate, to have been *sulphuric* ether. The witness Whitman alludes to the same demijohn, and Spear testifies to having inhaled a portion of the ether which it contained. All of which, as suspicious as it looks of concert between Mr. Morton and his witnesses, might possibly have some effect as evidence, were it not in proof that *no such demijohn of ether, as is alleged, was ever bought of Messrs. Brewers & Co.*

Boston, May 8th, 1848.

I, William A. Brewer, of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the firm of Brewers, Stevens, & Cushing, of this city, on oath depose and say, that we have never kept or sold any other quality of sulphuric ether than the best manufactured in the American market.

The only quality of sulphuric ether kept or sold by us, in the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-six, and the month of September of the same year, as I have ascertained by careful inquiry and comparison, was inferior to no quality of sulphuric ether which was, at that time, to be found in the Boston market—it being the best officinal or sulphuric ether of commerce.

We have *never* kept or sold a quality of sulphuric ether such as is alleged by Mr. W. T. G. Morton to have been purchased of us in August, 1846, and which was analyzed for Mr. Morton, by Dr. Martin Gay, of this city, as appears in Mr Dana's pamphlet, No. 201 of Littell's Living Age page 536. WM. A. BREWER.

SUFFOLK, ss. BOSTON, May 19th, 1848.—Personally appeared, the aforesaid Wm. A. Brewer, and made oath that the foregoing affidavit, by him subscribed, is true. Before me,

S. W. ROBINSON,
Justice of the Peace.

[The Editors are in possession of still further testimony, verifying the statements contained in the foregoing affidavit, but the said affidavit is deemed amply sufficient to prove the point for which it is introduced.]

That Messrs. Brewers & Co.'s was the place where the alleged ether—supposing it to have been purchased—*was* purchased, cannot be denied; for Morton, Leavitt, Spear and Hayden all so state: nor can it be pretended that it was chloric, and not sulphuric ether which was purchased; for Hayden certifies that he kept the very demijohn constantly in his possession, until the twenty-second of June, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, and on that day, he had a portion of its contents analyzed; and he produces the analysis of Dr. Martin Gay, and the certificate of Mr. Burnett, both of this city, that it was *sulphuric* ether. That sulphuric ether was taken to Dr. Gay, for analysis, there can be no doubt; and that certain ether taken to Mr. Burnett, to be pronounced sulphuric ether, was so pronounced, and truly, there can also be no doubt; but that it was the slops and drainings of Mr. Morton's sponges and inhalers, and of ether, too, bought after the 30th of September, both from the analysis of Dr. Gay and a sample of the same now in our possession for the benefit of the sceptical and curious, there is just as little room to doubt.

But there is still other evidence of there being no demijohn of sulphuric ether in Mr. Morton's office, either in the summer, or in September, of 1846.

Mr. Tenny says: "I was occasionally in and out of Mr. Morton's office, from about the 10th of September, 1846, until the first of October next ensuing; all the different rooms of the office were accessible to, and visited by me; there was no evidence of a demijohn of sulphuric, chloric, or any form of ether there during the said interval of time. I think there could not have been any sulphuric ether in the office without my having detected its odor, if it had been used."

Mr. Wilson was "quite frequently in and out of Mr. Morton's office during the month of September, and also the preceding summer months, and never heard Mr. Morton allude to sulphuric ether," and "never perceived its odor about his person, or otherwise." Mr. Hunt, who was an assistant in the office in the summer of 1846, uses still stronger language to the same effect.

So that if there was sulphuric ether in Mr. Morton's office, there is no probability of its having been used; which is no better for Mr. Morton's claims than if there had been none there. Again, it is not possible to discover any reason why Mr. Morton should have bought so large and unusual a quantity as a demijohn of sulphuric ether at this time. What could have been his *motive* or *inducement?* Mr. Morton pretends to but two experiments with sulphuric ether, previously to the purchase here alleged—one upon a water-spaniel, which we shall prove directly could never, in any probability, have been performed, and one upon himself, a few days previous. But it is also in proof, that Mr. Morton, as late as November, 1846, "had never, in any instance, inhaled the ether, excepting in the atmosphere about him," and that he never, during the fall of 1846, or the ensuing winter, gave any of his assistants reason to suspect that he had ever inhaled it, but every reason to suspect the contrary, from his most manifest fear of its effects. We can disprove, still more completely, this pretended experiment upon himself. Mr. Morton says that the ether which he inhaled was purchased by Mr. Hayden, at the apothecary store of Mr. Burnett, early in August. Mr. Hayden certifies that Mr. Morton, having inhaled it, informed him of the fact. But Mr. Hayden has since stated—as will appear by the affidavit of Mr. Blaisdell—"that the ether to which he swore as having been made use of by Mr. Morton, previously to Sept. the 30th, was chloric, and not sulphuric;" and Mr. Morton himself, at the time Mr. Hayden made this statement, substantially and emphatically admitted that such was the fact; and Mr. Morton has also given Dr. Gay distinctly to understand that there was no reference in the affidavits of his witnesses, to sulphuric ether. How absurd, therefore, that Mr. Morton should have commenced his experiments by the purchase of a whole demijohn of sulphuric ether!

We thus prove, that no demijohn of sulphuric ether was purchased of Messrs. Brewers & Co., about the first of August, as alleged;

Secondly; That it is wholly improbable that sulphuric ether, in any quantity, was purchased of any one; or, if purchased, that any use was made of it in Mr. Morton's office;

And, *thirdly;* That there was no ostensible reason why any should have been purchased.

Again; Thomas R. Spear, Jr., one of the four witnesses under consideration, states, in his affidavit, that, "about the first of August he inhaled some of the very ether brought by Leavitt from Messrs. Brewers & Co., in a demijohn, in Dr. Morton's office." There was not only no such ether to inhale, but Spear did not inhale sulphuric ether at all until the November following. Mr. Hunt details the circumstances of Spear's first inhalation of the ether. One evening Spear and Leavitt endeavored to induce, one the other, to inhale it. Spear at length consented, and handled a stranger in the office quite rudely while under its influence. Upon coming to himself, he apologized for his rudeness, asking the stranger to excuse him, "as this was *the first time* he had ever taken the ether." Hunt, thinking it barely possible that Spear might have intended this as only an apology, after the gentleman had left, asked Spear "if the ether had ever affected him in the same way before?" "No," he replied, "for I never took it before." Hunt speaks of other circumstances which fully satisfied him, at the time, that Spear told him the truth.

I, George H. Hayden, of Calais, in the State of Maine, on oath, depose and say, that I came to Boston to reside, in the fall of 1846, and resided there from the first of the month of November until the month of January next ensuing; that some time in the month of November of that year, Thomas R. Spear, Jr., stated to me that the evening before he had, *for the first time*, inhaled the vapor of sulphuric ether, in the office of Dr. Morton, and that it excited him very much; that while under its influence he seized a stranger who was in the office. Spear stated to me, distinctly, that he "had never inhaled the gas before." He said that it produced delightful sensations; and I feel quite sure, from the manner in which Spear spoke of the circumstance, that he stated to me the truth, and had never inhaled the vapor before that time.

GEORGE H. HAYDEN.

SUFFOLK, ss. April 24th, 1848.—Sworn to, before me, S. W. ROBINSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Wilson also testifies that Spear, about this time, "suddenly commenced inhaling the ether, and was afterwards in the habit of inhaling it continually;" which strongly confirms Hayden and Hunt.

But we should feel perfectly justified in disbelieving Spear's account of his inhaling the ether in August, from the circumstance alone that there was no such ether to inhale, as that which he positively asserts that he did inhale.

William P. Leavitt, another of the four witnesses, describes the inhalation, by Spear, of Messrs. Brewers & Co.'s ether, bought by himself, quite minutely and vividly. He tells us, moreover, that Hayden was an eye-witness to the same experiment. What does Mr. Hayden say about it? It was the first experiment he had ever witnessed; the first which Mr. Morton says he performed on a human being. According to Mr. Morton and Leavitt, it was attended with very striking and remarkable effects, which they remember most distinctly. Hayden simply says that Mr. Morton "*tried to induce*" Spear "to take it." Will Mr. Hayden say that it was at a different time that Mr. Morton "*tried to induce*" Spear "to take it?" Grant it. Is Leavitt not to be believed because he says that Mr. Hayden was an eye-witness to this experiment; or, is Hayden not to be believed because, having been an eye witness, he has told us nothing about it; or was it concluded, at the taking of the testimony, that Morton, Leavitt and Spear would be witnesses enough to this experiment?

We dismiss Leavitt with three words more. First,

he went to Messrs. Brewers & Co.—supposing him to *have* gone—with a lie in his mouth as to whom he wanted the ether for; second, he did not go there, as he alleges; third, he swears to an experiment with the very ether that he says he bought, which we have proved never to have been performed.

But Spear's is not the only experiment pretended. Hayden tells us that Morton informed him, in August of 1846, that he had just inhaled the ether, and on the 30th of September following that he had also inhaled it on that day. This latter is the experiment of which Mr. Morton gives such a glowing and detailed account in his memoir.

But Hunt gives us the circumstances in full under which Mr. Morton stated expressly to him, in the following November, that "he had never, in any instance, inhaled the ether excepting only in the atmosphere about him." It is, moreover, very remarkable that Mr. Morton never, during the whole fall of 1846, alluded to either of the two experiments upon himself, or gave Wilson or Hemmenway, his two principal operators, any reason to suspect that he had performed them, and should have manifested such a constant fear of its effects upon himself, as is testified to by them. Can any further evidence be required that Mr. Morton stated falsely, to Mr. Hayden, that he had inhaled the ether, whether it be once or twice?

Mr. Morton also described to Mr. Hayden an experiment performed by him upon a dog—the water-spaniel of Mr. Morton's memoir—"in the presence of two witnesses." The animal "at first wilted completely away, then roused, yelled loudly, and leaped *ten feet* into a pond." Please to take notice that the effects produced on this dog, as described, "exactly corresponded" to the effects produced upon human subjects in Mr. Morton's office even as late as March the 25th, 1847, as "witnessed and sworn to" by Mr. Hayden himself.

We look in vain for at least one of the two witnesses to this, the only experiment, in addition to the one upon Spear and the two upon himself, pretended by Mr. Morton in his testimony to have taken place, previously to the 30th of September. We have already proved that the three last named were never performed. This, therefore, was his only experiment. Must he not have known it, and does he think it unimportant to attempt to prove it by testimony of any kind? Are the two witnesses "spirits of the vasty deep" that "would not come," or have they forgotten the experiment, or has Mr. Morton forgotten who they were? Would that Æsop might live again to give speech to the dog! We would gladly abide by his testimony, either as to his having inhaled the ether at all, or as to his having leaped the ten feet.

We have said that "Dr. Jackson was uniformly spoken of, in the fall of 1846, and the greater part of the ensuing winter, by *all* connected with Mr. Morton's office, as the sole and exclusive author of the new discovery." In proof whereof, see Hemmenway. "The 'common report' of the office during the first months of the application of the new agent, known as it must have been to Mr. Morton, and uncontradicted, so far as I know, by him or by any one, ascribed the authorship of the new discovery exclusively to Dr. Jackson." Wilson and Hunt fully sustain this language of Hemmenway's. Wilson speaks of this ascription of the discovery exclusively to Dr Jackson, as "an every day remark."

Now these four witnesses yielded an entire assent, during the said fall and winter, to this "common report," which assent alone, by well-settled principles of evidence, would be conclusive as against any subsequent statements indicating a changed or opposite belief, no new facts having transpired, no reason being assigned, and it being impossible to discover any, why they should have changed their minds.

But we do not rely upon their silent assent alone. Spear told Hunt, in a walk to East Cambridge, that "Mr. Morton first obtained 'the gas' from Dr. Jackson at his laboratory, on the 30th of September; that he had tried it, and it worked first-rate; and that he had since then continued to use it under the directions of Dr. Jackson." This was late in October, or early in November, 1846. Francis Whitman assured Hunt that he had heard the truth in Spear's account. Hunt says he cannot be deceived as to the belief of Spear, at the time of the above statement that Dr. Jackson was the exclusive author of the new discovery.

If, therefore, the silent assent of these witnesses to the one voice and one mind of the office is not conclusive against their subsequent testimony, certainly their open, explicit, and voluntary declarations must so be taken.

At any rate, it is a very remakable fact that these witnesses, immediately upon the taking of their testimony, did "*all at once, and for the first time*," begin to harp upon the before-named experiments pretended to have been performed by Mr. Morton previously to the 30th of September; the experiment upon the water-spaniel—the two experiments of Mr. Morton upon himself—the demijohn bought of Brewers, Stevens & Cushing—and the inhaling of that very same ether by Spear.

We dismiss these witnesses with one word more touching Mr. Hayden. Hayden stated to Mr. Blaisdell, in June or July, 1847, that when he swore in his affidavit that Mr. Morton had used ether in the summer and September of 1846, "he knew it was chloric ether, but he thought he would write it as he did, and let people draw what inferences they pleased." Does not this show a manifest determination in Mr. Hayden to deceive the public by his testimony, and does it not cast a still more fatal suspicion upon the mysterious circumstances under which it first saw the light?

R. H. Dana, Jr., Esq., and Dr. Francis Dana, Jr., infer from Mr. Morton's having mentioned to them, in the summer of 1846, that "he was engaged upon something which, if successful, would revolutionize the practice of dentistry," that Mr

Morton alluded to the ether discovery. Messrs. Wilson and Hunt will inform the Messrs. Dana what it was to which Mr. Morton was accustomed to apply the very words addressed to them. Says Wilson, "During the summer of 1846 I often heard Morton speak of a new discovery which he was about to publish to the world, to which he was giving his whole energies, and which, in his own words, 'would revolutionize the whole practice of dentistry, and secure to him a fortune;' but he never hesitated to tell me that it consisted of a new composition for filling teeth, and a new mode of making teeth and setting them to plate." Wilson adds that "this was Morton's great hobby in the summer of 1846, and in September of the same year." Hunt tells us that Morton spoke to him of these improvements as being a discovery, which, in Morton's own language, "would enable him to uptip and monopolize the whole practice of dentistry in the city, and be worth one or two hundred dollars a day to him."

It thus appears that Mr. Morton's time and energies were almost wholly consumed, in the summer and early autumn of 1846, with this last-named discovery. It is probably this discovery, and Mr. Morton's use of chloric ether for the purpose of destroying the sensibility of teeth, as appears from Wilson, which constitute the groundwork of the disjointed and ragged recollections to which Mr. Morton's witnesses swore, so far as there is any groundwork to their recollections at all.

CHAPTER II.

The letters of Messrs. Metcalf and Wightman are relied upon as evidence that Mr. Morton was, on the thirtieth day of September, A. D. 1846, more or less acquainted with the *idea* and *use* of the new application of sulphuric ether. Less importance will be attached to letters such as these, by cautious readers, than to statements given under oath. There is nothing like an oath to fasten honest witnesses, which both of these gentlemen unquestionably are, to the letter of their recollections. The witness himself attaches greater importance to statements thus given, and is more careful and definite.

Testimony of so extremely indefinite a character as that contained in the letter of Mr. Wightman, would be rejected in a court of law, as not being entitled to weight as evidence, unless there should be accompanying testimony to give it definiteness, which in the present case is most sadly wanting.

Mr. Wightman says that his acquaintance with Mr. Morton commenced in the summer of 1846. We are enabled to approximate, in some measure, to the date, with the assistance of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain testifies, that "*late in the summer, or early in the autumn*," Mr. Morton called on him to obtain gas bags for a blow-pipe apparatus, an instrument which Mr. Morton probably needed to carry on the improvements which we have shown him to have been engaged upon in mechanical dentistry. Not being satisfied with Mr. Chamberlain's prices, Mr. Morton asked if such apparatus was made elsewhere in the city Mr. Chamberlain referred him to Mr. Wightman when Mr. Morton asked who Mr. Wightman was and where was his place of business? Mr Wightman's first acquaintance with Mr. Morton must, therefore, have been *after* this interview. Mr. Wightman says that his second interview with Mr Morton took place "*within a few weeks*, he should think," after the first, and according to the testimony of Mr. Morton, it could not have been until after the middle of September, when he returned to Boston from the country, where he had gone early in the month of August.

Approaching thus nearly by the testimony of the other party to the month of October, we can attach very little value to a circumstance by which Mr. Wightman says that he enables himself to remember that it occurred before the 28th of September, especially as that circumstance is withheld by him. Again; for what purpose did Mr. Morton seek his second interview with Mr. Wightman? Mr. Wightman tells us that it was to ascertain the effect of sulphuric ether upon India rubber bags. Is it not, therefore, in the highest degree probable, that the interview in question took place at the time when Mr. Morton, *after* the 30th of September, first set about inventing some apparatus for the inhalation of sulphuric ether? Is it not likely that Mr. Morton, when he left Mr Chamberlain's, went directly to Mr. Wightman, and asked him, as he had Mr. Chamberlain, concerning the different gases and bags which he might use in connection with the blow-pipe apparatus, which he was upon at that time; and may not Mr. Wightman have confounded this interview with a conversation or conversations respecting the effect of sulphuric ether upon India rubber bags, when, after the 30th of September, he actually was constructing an inhaler with bags of India rubber cloth? Or, if Mr. Morton did not go to Mr. Wightman from Mr. Chamberlain, has not Mr. Wightman antedated the interview in question a little?—a little, we say, for at the farthest, we come *within a very few days* of one another. A person so extremely indefinite in his dates as Mr. Wightman, is more easily deceived in this regard than he is apt to suppose. If, in point of fact, any conversation took place in the cars, on the 28th of September, between Mr. Wightman and Mr. Morton, in respect to ether as an agent for producing insensibility, it probably had reference to chloric ether, but only as a narcotic for destroying the sensibility of teeth, which, it appears by Wilson, was at that time used by Mr. Morton for this purpose.

That Mr. Wightman is confused and mistaken in his recollection of the date of the interview under discussion, and that Mr. Morton did not consult with him, with regard to the effect of ether upon India rubber, prior to the 30th of September, is also proved by other circumstances. If Mr. Morton was contriving an inhaler with India rubber bags previously to September 28th, why has not Mr.

Hayden recollected the fact, and why have not Whitman and Leavitt and Spear testified to it? Surely it was very material to confirm the statement of Mr. Wightman, and to establish the pretensions of Mr. Morton, and yet these witnesses are all silent upon the matter. Perhaps they will recollect it now!

Notice also the absurdity of Mr. Morton's statement upon this subject. After giving his account of the conversation with Mr. Wightman, he says: "I took from Mr. Wightman's a glass tunnel, *purchased an India rubber bag on my way*, and returned to my office." He went there to procure the same article, and he asked Mr. Wightman to show him some of his gas bags. Why, therefore, did he not make his purchase of Mr. Wightman? Mr. Morpurchased a bag on his way to his office! Where did he purchase it? At whose store? Why has not Mr. Morton fixed the date of his visit to Mr. Wightman, and thereby confirmed the indistinct statement of that gentleman by the testimony of the person of whom he bought the gas bag?

Again, if Mr. Morton had purchased a gas bag prior to the 28th of September, why should he have been in want of another on the 30th of the month, when he went to Dr. Jackson's laboratory to borrow one? Had the former bag, and the one also which Spear swears that he saw in Mr. Morton's office in August, been dissolved by the agency of ether, or was he contriving some very complicated apparatus for its inhalation?

Again, Mr. Morton states, that, upon his return to his office from Mr. Wightman's, he "sent Leavitt to Dr. Gay, a chemist, to ask the simple question, whether ether would dissolve India rubber? He (Leavitt) returned, saying that Dr. Gay was not in." Mr. Leavitt has, however, testified, that he went to call upon Dr. Gay, *but could not find his residence*. He has not, it is true, fixed the day when he went to call upon Dr. Gay for this purpose, but there is no evidence that he was sent twice, and the language which he has put into Mr. Morton's mouth proves that the same transaction is referred to by both parties. Does not this contradiction in the testimony of Mr. Morton and Mr. Leavitt, add greatly to the improbability of the statement of the former.

We submit, therefore, that the account given by Mr. Morton of his alleged visit to the office of Mr. Wightman in September is in the highest degree absurd and improbable, and that the testimony of Mr. Wightman must relate to an interview in the month of October, when, as we do not question, Mr. Morton did call upon him to procure some apparatus for the inhalation of ether.

As to Mr. Metcalf's letter. Mr. Metcalf has stated since his letter was written, that the vial of ether which Mr. Morton held in his hand in Mr. Burnett's store, early in the summer of 1846, was either a one or two ounce vial. We understand Mr. Metcalf will not state on oath that it contained sulphuric ether. He only believes it was so labelled. Mr. Metcalf will not probably swear that Mr. Morton did really purchase the said vial of ether. Mr. Morton held it in his hand, and he (Mr. Metcalf) therefore supposed that he was purchasing it. Mr. Metcalf will not probably swear that Mr. Morton made, if any, other than the most general inquiries respecting sulphuric ether; or that what was said in regard to ether as a substitute for nitrous oxide, was not wholly volunteered by himself, which is much more likely to have been the case, from the fact of Mr. Metcalf's having had some experience with it as such a substitute. Upon the hypothesis of sulphuric ether, did not Mr. Morton wish to ascertain whether it might not be a better article for destroying the sensibility of teeth, than chloric ether, which he was using? It is also to be noticed that Mr. Morton tells us what he did with the sulphuric ether which he bought at other times. Will he tell us what he did with this? Mr. Metcalf says that this was merely an accidental conversation with Mr. Morton, which "*quickly passed from his mind*," It was brought back to him some time and some where while in Europe, when he first heard of the discovery of the new use of sulphuric ether. Is not this last circumstance all which has led Mr. Metcalf to connect a forgotten conversation with sulphuric ether! Connecting with Mr. Metcalf's letter the other testimony in the case, the hypothesis that Mr. Morton's inquiries were concerning chloric ether, is by far the most reasonable.

As to Mr. Morton's memoir. His story about the water spaniel we have submitted to be untrue. Also the purchase of sulphuric ether by Hayden at Burnett's, early in August. The matter of the demijohn is a *third* falsehood. Spear's inhalation of a portion of its contents, a *fourth*. The analysis of another portion of the contents of the same vessel, a *fifth*. The pretension that if its contents had been a more respectable quality of sulphuric ether, he (Mr. Morton) should have made the discovery in August instead of September, is a *sixth*. His two experiments upon himself, a *seventh* and *eighth*. His account of his interview with Dr. Jackson on the 30th of September, when he thought it necessary to carry his deception to such an extent as to inquire of Dr. Jackson whether sulphuric ether was liquid or gaseous, lest Dr. Jackson "should," in his own words, "snatch the prize from his grasp," is a *ninth*. His statement that he inhaled the ether on the 30th of September, with *a tube and flask*, obtained from Dr. Jackson's laboratory on that day, and which we prove by the sequels to the original affidavits of Barnes and McIntire, that he did not obtain until two or three days after the 30th, is a *tenth*. His account, as appears from Barnes and McIntire, at the laboratory of Dr. Jackson, on Oct. the 1st, that he only inhaled it on the 30th with a *handkerchief*, is the *eleventh*. The account, also, that he inhaled it from a *sponge* on the same occasion, as given by Mr. Edward Warren, and endorsed by Mr. Morton, is the *twelfth*. (Three different accounts, it will be perceived, of an experiment which is proved never to have happened.) His account of an oper-

ation upon the wife and aunt of Dr. Jackson, as will appear from Mrs. Bridge and Miss Bartlet, is the *thirteenth*. His false assertion that his first successful experiment got into the papers without his knowledge, as will appear by the next following affidavit, is the *fourteenth*. But we forbear, not because the reader has been told all the falsehoods in Mr. Morton's memoir, but because we have sufficiently discredited him. We beg the reader's pardon for so far departing from the dignity which belongs to so grave a discussion.

I, A. G. Tenney, of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that I was an eye-witness to the experiment performed with the vapor of sulphuric ether by Mr. W. T. G. Morton, of this city, at his office, on the evening of the 30th of September, A. D. 1846. I allude to the experiment performed on Mr. Eben H. Frost.

On the following morning Mr. Morton called at the office of the Daily Evening Journal, with which I was then connected, and requested me to insert a notice of the said experiment in the paper of that day. I stated to him that the regulations of the office would require that he should first become an advertiser. In the course of the morning I received word that Mr. Morton had directed the insertion of his advertisement, and thereupon wrote a notice of the experiment aforesaid, which came out in the Journal of the same evening.

The same morning there was considerable conversation between us in relation to the experiment of the preceding evening, in the course of which Mr. Morton stated that he had received the assurances of Dr. Jackson, that the application of the preparation which he had used was *perfectly safe and harmless*. Mr. Morton, a few days afterwards, repeated the same statement to me.

I was occasionally in and out of Mr. Morton's office, from about the 10th of September, A. D. 1846, until the first of October next ensuing. All the different rooms of the office were accessible to and visited by me. There was no evidence of a demijohn of sulphuric, chloric, or any form of ether in the office, during the said interval of time. I think there could not have been any sulphuric ether there, without my having detected its odor, if it had been used.

I never saw Mr. Morton administer the ether, excepting on the evening of the 30th of September aforesaid, although connected with his office from the 12th of October, 1846, until after the commencement of the year 1847.

From the statements and expressions of assistants in the office, I was led to conclude that they had no confidence in Mr. Morton's knowledge of the nature and proper application of the ether. Mr. Morton appeared to have little or no connection with the responsibility of their experiments.

A. G. Tenney.

We come now to the 30th of September. We have followed Mr. Morton through with all his testimony up to this date. We have endeavored faithfully and fairly to discuss every material item of it. We now stand with Mr. Morton, in the laboratory of Dr. Jackson. We ask Mr. Dana, we ask the chairman of the committee of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, who attempts to justify, with such zealous advocacy the pretensions of Mr. Morton, what knowledge Mr. Morton had, on that day, which he *could* have concealed from Dr. Jackson? What evidence is there of any? What evidence is there that Mr. Morton had ever made the new application of sulphuric ether a subject of previous observation, inquiry, study, or experiment! Mr. Morton tells us, in his memoir, that he kept back, at the interview with Dr. Jackson, the knowledge at which he had arrived, as the result of his studies and experiments, lest Dr. Jackson should suspect his discovery, and steal it from him. Observe that we have to depend upon Mr. Morton's word alone, the value of which we believe we have, in the most effectual way possible, already submitted to the public, for the only account given us of this piece of deception. Mr. Morton's account has been substituted by Mr. Bowditch and Mr. Dana, in the place of the simple and straightforward narratives given by Barnes and McIntire, in their affidavits, of the circumstances in full, of this interview. It is now in our power to add yet a third narrative of this interview, agreeing with those of Barnes and McIntire, almost letter for letter, and "received by Mr. Wilson," without solicitation, "from Mr. Morton's own lips, in November, 1846." Says Wilson, Mr. Morton related to me the following facts. "On one occasion a lady called at the office to procure a set of artificial teeth. It became necessary to extract several stumps. The lady was timid and sensitive, and shrank from the operation. In order to prevail upon her to submit to the instrument, I determined in some way to act upon her imagination, and for this purpose went to the laboratory of Dr. Jackson, to procure an India rubber bag, which I proposed to inflate with atmospheric air, and then persuade the patient to inhale from it, stating to her, at the same time, that she would experience no pain from the operation. Dr. Jackson scouted the idea of practising any such deception, directing me to administer the vapor of sulphuric ether, with a handkerchief or folded cloth, which would render the patient insensible, when I could extract her teeth without her knowing it. I instantly seized upon the new idea, and immediately commenced my first experiments with the ether." These are admissions made voluntarily by Mr. Morton himself against his own interests—the highest evidence known to the law.

These three narratives taken together, place beyond a doubt Mr. Morton's total ignorance, on the 30th of Sept., of the properties and effects of sulphuric ether; Dr. Jackson's knowledge of its perfect safety and applicability as an anæsthetic agent, his communication of the discovery to Mr. Morton, and the committing to him, as his agent,—with the requisite and specific instructions, and an express and actual assumption of the whole responsibility—of the first surgical experiment and testing of the new agent. The perfect newness of Mr. Morton's delight upon receiving this trust, was equalled only by his ignorance of the agent intrusted to him.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Jackson's mind is to be seen no less clearly in the demonstration than in the authorship of the new discovery. Mr. Morton, because his hand extracted the first tooth without pain to his patient, is no more to be considered the discoverer of the new use of ether, than the sailor who first shouted "Land!" from mast-head, and not Columbus, is to be considered the discoverer of the New World. Taking the authorship of the idea—or the demonstration of it—it is Dr. Jackson's mind only which we see. It was his mind only which Mr. Morton himself saw, during the early application of the new agent. It was his mind alone which was recognized by the assistants in his office, and made by them their exclusive guide in the demonstration of the discovery.

We care not whether Mr. Morton, by the word "discovery," means "authorship," or "demonstration," one or both. During the early application of the ether in his office, he unhesitatingly proclaimed Dr. Jackson its "sole and exclusive discoverer." And Mr. Morton said this, we have not a doubt, because he saw Dr. Jackson's mind in all, and over all, authorship and demonstration alike. It was the tribute which his own good sense, and the good sense of the ether operators of his office, and the force of an urgent practical truth, compelled them to pay to the mind which guided and directed the whole operations of their hands. On these points, let us listen first to Mr. Morton, and then to his "ether corps."

Says Wilson, "Mr. Morton, in November, 1846, stated to me that 'he was indebted to Dr. Jackson for the idea of the new application of ether, and had received instructions from him how to apply it.'"

Again: "Respecting the authorship of the discovery, I do not feel the least embarrassment or doubt; for my opinion has been wholly founded upon the narrative and declarations of Mr. Morton, in which uniformly, and without reserve, he ascribed its authorship to Dr. Jackson, never speaking of himself, otherwise than as the first and fortunate person to whom Dr. Jackson had communicated it."

Robinson. "Mr. Morton unreservedly admitted that there was some one behind himself connected with the discovery, as its originator, and that Dr. Jackson was that person."

Blaisdell. "Mr. Morton stated that the idea of employing sulphuric ether, for the purpose before mentioned, was first suggested to him by Dr. Jackson. I asked him, therefore, if it was Dr. Jackson who made the discovery? Mr. Morton at once answered that he did, and that Dr. Jackson had communicated it to him, with instructions as to the proper mode of applying the ether, and that having acted in accordance with his advice, his (Morton's) practice had been successful, the result in every way answering to Dr. Jackson's prediction. I met Mr. Morton frequently afterwards, and conversed with him upon the subject of ether. He uniformly made the same declarations, awarding the discovery to Dr. Jackson."

Payne. "During this interview," (at Mr. Morton's office, Jan. 2, 1847,) "Dr. Morton stated, repeatedly and emphatically, that Dr. Charles T. Jackson was the sole discoverer of the new agent for producing insensibility to pain, and that Dr. Jackson had communicated it to him. Furthermore, that all the knowledge he possessed, of its properties and its application, had come to him from Dr. Jackson, and that he had never had any idea of applying sulphuric ether, or that it could be applied, for the aforesaid purpose, until Dr. Jackson had suggested it to him, and given him full directions for applying it."

Dr. Payne is recommended to our confidence by Hon. A. R. Hadley, Speaker of the House of Assembly of the State of New York, and by other highly respectable citizens of that state, as a gentleman of truth and veracity, "and as standing among the first in his profession."

Did Mr. Morton ascribe the discovery to Dr. Jackson, in the strong language which has been given, in order to inspire confidence in it, in the mind of Dr. Payne, and thereby induce him to purchase a right under his patent?

But Dr. Payne, when he came to this city, had already used the ether for a considerable time, had investigated its properties, and fully tested its applicability for the purposes of its newly-discovered use. An "injunction" had been served upon him in Troy. He came to Boston, not for information, but protection. His business was with the proprietor of the patent, not with the author of the discovery. Mr. Morton "offers to call with Dr. Payne upon the author of the discovery, who will give him any information he may desire." But no; Dr. Payne cannot be better convinced than he is already, or better assured, even by one of the best chemists in the country, of the perfect practicability and safety of the new agent.

What motive had Mr. Morton to tell a gentleman, upon whom he must have known Dr. Jackson's assurances could have no weight or influence, that the discovery belonged exclusively to Dr. Jackson? *It is not human nature* thus voluntarily to admit away a discovery, of which the magnitude and greatness were so fully foreseen. Mr. Morton's declarations to Dr. Payne are inexplicable upon any other hypothesis than that he believed what he stated.

There are many others who came to Mr. Morton under precisely the circumstances which brought Dr. Payne to this city, and to whom he made the very same statements.

Now as to the ether corps of the office:—

I, L. E. Hemmenway, of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that I was an assistant dentist in the office of Mr. W. T. G. Morton, of this city, from about the 15th of October, A. D. 1846, until after the commencement of the year 1847.

While in Mr. Morton's office I formed the belief that Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of this city, was the first and exclusive discoverer of etherization. This belief I was in the habit at the time of frequently

declaring to others. I founded it upon the fact that in all questions, which arose in the office, touching the nature and properties of sulphuric ether, and the judiciousness and safety of its application, (and they were of almost daily occurrence during the early period of its application,) the decision and instructions of Dr. Jackson were required by the operators, and obtained, either by Mr. Morton himself, or his brother-in-law, Mr. Francis Whitman. I founded it also upon the fact, that during the early application of the ether, Mr. Morton neither appeared nor pretended to have any knowledge of its nature and effects, excepting as derived from Dr. Jackson; upon the fact, that Dr. Morton never, to my knowledge, inhaled its vapor, or spoke of having inhaled it, or, excepting in one instance, applied it to a patient in the office himself, during its early application; upon the fact of his constant repetition of the assurances of Dr. Jackson, that the vapor of pure sulphuric ether, as an agent for producing insensibility to pain, during the performance of our dental, and of all surgical operations, was perfectly safe, if judiciously administered; upon the fact, that he cast the whole responsibility of the consequences which should result from our experiments, upon Dr. Jackson and ourselves; upon the fact, that the occasional directions which he hazarded upon his own responsibility, were at variance with those brought to us, as aforesaid, from Dr. Jackson, that they were regarded by us as injudicious, and that, as a general thing, we did not dare to follow them; upon the fact, also, that the "common report" of the office, during the first months of the application of the new agent, known, as it must have been, to Morton, but never, so far as I know, contradicted by him or by any one, ascribed the authorship of the new discovery exclusively to Dr. Jackson.

So intimately was Dr. Jackson connected, by his directions, instructions, and authority, coming to us as aforesaid, with all of our experiments, and so entirely did we distrust and set aside Mr. Morton's own unadvised directions, that if etherization had resulted in a failure, I should have considered it the failure of Dr. Jackson, and not of Mr. Morton.

I have heard Mr. Morton state, that Mr. R. H. Eddy, of this city, would not, as he had stated to him, take the sum of sixty thousand dollars, for his (Mr. Eddy's) interest in the patent taken out upon the new discovery.

L. E. Hemmenway.

Suffolk ss. Boston, May 4th, 1848. Sworn to by the said Hemmenway this day, before me,

S. W. Robinson,
Justice of the Peace.

Hunt tells us, "Dr. Jackson's directions and instructions were made the rule of all our experiments. The directions which Mr. Morton sometimes gave us we did not think it safe to follow, they being generally rash and injudicious."

Says Wilson, "In my administration of the ether I was guided by, and relied solely upon, the advice and assurances of Dr. Jackson, received through Morton. *We did not dare to follow Morton's own directions.* If we had followed even the few which he volunteered upon his own responsibility, and not confined ourselves strictly within the directions and authority of Dr. Jackson, received as aforesaid, and the teachings of our own observation and experience, I have no doubt that dangerous, and even fatal results would have ensued, and etherization at that time have resulted in a failure."

Tenney tells us, that "From the statements and expressions of assistants in the office, I was led to conclude that they had no confidence in Mr. Morton's knowledge of the nature or proper application of the ether. Mr. Morton appeared to have little or no connection with the responsibility of their experiments."

One word as to the gentlemen whose testimony we have produced. Among them are included all who were ether operators in Mr. Morton's office in the fall of 1846, excepting Mr. Hayden, the same who belongs to Mr. Morton's coterie of witnesses, who administered it but occasionally, when there was more than ordinary pressure of business. The gentlemen produced by us have hitherto observed a strict neutrality and silence. Animated by the "*esprit du corps*," they were unwilling to say anything which might affect unfavorably him whom they had served; but they have at length felt it to be their duty to the public to expose, by the statement of facts, which, from the circumstances of their connection with Mr. Morton, lay peculiarly within their knowledge, the gross and high-handed imposture which they have seen him attempt to practise upon the world.

It has been charged upon Mr. Barnes, that his testimony wants in accuracy, for the reason that six or eight months elapsed after the conversation which he relates took place, before it was put to writing by him. If this length of time had elapsed beforehand, it would be a proof of nothing but the astonishing accuracy and fidelity of his memory, for his narrative is almost literally verified by Mr. Morton's narrative to Wilson, in Nov., 1846, already given. But no such length of time did elapse; Mr. Barnes' testimony was all in writing, *within six weeks* after the conversation occurred, of which we have abundant proof.

To conclude the argument of the preceding chapters; we have in our possession a copy of a "Statement," by Dr. Augustus A. Gould, of this city, drawn up in the earlier period of the controversy, in fulfilment of an understanding with Mr. Morton, and expressly purporting to state the whole ground of Mr. Morton's claims to the discovery of etherization. No mention whatever is made in this "Statement" of any studies or experiments of Mr. Morton previously to the 30th of September, 1846.

Again; why did not Mr. Morton, when R. H. Eddy, Esq., his counsel in taking out a patent on the new discovery, stated to him that "Dr. Jackson should be made a party to the instrument, inasmuch as he had first suggested the new application of the ether,"—why, we ask, did Mr. Morton not tell Mr. Eddy that the idea was, in some measure, at least, the result of his previous studies and experiments, and why did he assent fully that the suggestion came entirely from the source to which Mr. Eddy ascribed it, and then proceed directly to confirm that assent by conduct so naturally the result of it?

CHAPTER IV.

The idea of the applicability of sulphuric ether as an agent for producing insensibility to pain during surgical operations, was perfectly well known to the mind of Dr. Jackson before the 30th of September, A. D. 1846; and on that day Dr. Jackson, through Mr. Morton, introduced, for the first time, the new agent into the surgical practice of the medical and dental professions. In substantiation of which proposition we quote Dr. Gay:

Dr. Jackson was for many years in the habit, when at work in his laboratory, of inhaling occasionally to a greater or less extent the vapor of sulphuric ether, to relieve the irritation produced by the various noxious fumes to which he was at times exposed. He knew that a long continued inhalation of it was supposed by physiologists to be dangerous; and about six years ago—with a view of observing fully the effects of this inhalation—he breathed the vapor for a longer time than he previously had done. In this experiment, a peculiar sleep or unconsciousness was produced; he observed that it was of short duration, attended with no unpleasant sensations, and no symptoms which seemed to him to be dangerous. In the winter of 1841—42, he inhaled sulphuric ether in order to obtain relief from the very unpleasant sensations, caused by an accidental inhalation of chlorine gas. He thought that in this case some relief might possibly arise from the union of the hydrogen of the ether with the chlorine, forming hydrochloric acid; which acid would be less irritating than the uncombined chlorine; and he inhaled ammonia, to neutralize the acid, and form muriate of ammonia, less irritating still. He at first breathed the ether without producing unconsciousness, but derived from it some relief. Afterwards, still suffering from the chlorine, he continued the experiment to such an extent as to produce complete general insensibility. Full relief from the suffering was experienced *before* he became unconscious, and it continued for a short time *after* the insensibility had passed away. When the system had become wholly free from the influence of the ether, the painful sensations returned, although with somewhat diminished violence.

Dr. Jackson also prescribed the ether to one of his students, Dr. William F. Channing, who was suffering in the same manner from chlorine gas. The effect of the chlorine was to produce a spasmodic sensation, and, to quote Dr. Channing's own words, "distress of respiration, of such a character, as to make me apprehend an immediately fatal result." He also found entire, but temporary, relief from the ether. It was evident, therefore, as this perfect relief from suffering, at first experienced, so soon passed away, that there must be some other explanation of these effects, besides that founded on the possible neutralization of the chlorine by the hydrogen of the ether, and of the acid by the ammonia; because, if these combinations of chlorine and hydrogen, and of the acid and ammonia, had once been formed, they would have been permanent; and the relief, having been a result of these combinations, would have been permanent also. This was not the case, for the peculiarly unpleasant sensations from the chlorine returned, although with less violence.

The question now arises, how far is Dr. Jackson entitled to the credit of having discovered the precise character of the unconsciousness induced by inhaling the vapor of sulphuric ether, and especially the important fact of the safety of the inhalation? Before his observations, a state of complete insensibility from this cause, was considered, by the best authorities, as one of greater or less danger; and it had been known to produce fatal results. Young persons had breathed this vapor to the extent of producing unconsciousness, and in some cases without injury. In Philadelphia it was breathed by some lads, who poured the ether into bladders, which they dipped into hot water, in order to vaporize it; they then inhaled the vapor thus formed; Dr. Mitchell states that, in some instances, it proved fatal.* These facts give some idea of the state of knowledge upon the subject, before Dr. Jackson made sulphuric ether an object of investigation. Acquainted with the opinions of others, and also with the fact, that this vapor had in various instances been breathed without serious or unpleasant consequences, and having performed bold experiments upon himself, he, at last, in opposition to the opinion of other physiologists, arrived at the conclusion, that the inhalation of a proper mixture of sulphuric ether and atmospheric air is perfectly safe; and that the state of unconsciousness thereby induced has all the various other characters which have been described, and which later experiments have fully established. That he had perfect and unwavering confidence in the correctness of his opinion, will be proved in the sequel. If we contrast the state of general information and belief concerning the effects of sulphuric ether previous to Dr. Jackson's investigations, with that which now exists, and if we recollect that this change is due to him, it would seem but just to admit his claim to have discovered, in the insensibility induced by the sulphuric ether, qualities of inestimable value.

Dr. Jackson conceived the idea, that the pain attending surgical operations might be prevented by inhaling the vapor of sulphuric ether to the extent of producing general unconsciousness. His conviction of the safety, with proper precautions, of inhaling it to this extent, was the first step towards the application of the ether to that purpose. The character of this unconsciousness, in other respects, was all that could be desired. Its principal features, as discovered by him, are, the short time required for its induction, its completeness, its brief duration, the rapid recovery of the patient from its effects, and a certain paralyzing influence upon the nerves of sensation. The difference is remarkable between the effects of this vapor, and those of all other substances, whose action on the system has been investigated. The ether is the only one known to produce the effects just described, and, with proper precautions, is not liable to produce any others, which would render its administration objectionable. It still remained to be ascertained, whether this unconsciousness was so perfect, that, during its continuance, no pain would be produced by wounding instruments. Dr. Jackson confidently believed that it was. Having, as the final result of his experiments and reflection, come to the conclusion, that sulphuric ether combines all the qualities requisite in a substance to be used for the prevention of pain in surgical operations, he selected it for this great purpose.

Dr. Jackson was now prepared to advise without reserve the performance of an operation upon a patient under the influence of the ether vapor. He communicated to several persons, and among others

* Vide Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, vol. ii., p. 668.

to Dr. Bemis, an eminent dentist, in 1842, as is proved by his statement subjoined in the Appendix, his observations and conclusions respecting the prevention of pain in surgical operations.

[That the agent of which Dr. Jackson spoke to Dr. Bemis, was, *in all probability*, pure and washed sulphuric ether, see letter of Mr. Blake, a distinguished chemist, who was formerly superintendent of the Norfolk Laboratory.]

In February, 1846, finding that Mr. Joseph Peabody, a student in his laboratory, wished to be mesmerized, that he might have two teeth extracted without pain, he dissuaded him from the attempt. He informed him that insensibility would be produced by the inhalation of sulphuric ether vapor; he advised him to breathe it, and to submit to the operation, while in the sleep induced thereby. He gave him directions for the purification of the ether; and instructions similar to those which were subsequently given to Mr. Morton, and which were found sufficient for a perfectly successful performance of the operation. All this was voluntarily done by Dr. Jackson, no advice or opinion having been solicited of him by Mr. Peabody. They conversed several times concerning this application of the ether; and Mr. Peabody intended to have the operation performed upon himself, after returning to his home in Salem; and he actually commenced the distillation of the ether for this purpose. He, at last, gave up the experiment, because his father, a scientific man, feared irritation of the lungs might ensue; because the best authorities on the subject were arrayed against the opinion of Dr. Jackson, and because he was unwilling to incur any risk for so slight an operation. Dr. Jackson declared to Mr. Peabody, that, notwithstanding the general opinion of physiologists, he felt perfectly satisfied that he would have incurred no danger.

Late in Sept. 1846, Mr. W. T. G. Morton called at the office of Dr. Jackson, and requested the loan of an India rubber bag, for the purpose of administering atmospheric air to a patient, in order to act upon her imagination, and to induce her to permit him to extract a tooth. He was dissuaded from the attempt by Dr. Jackson. There was also some conversation concerning nitrous oxide. Their conversation upon the above named subjects lasted for some time. It was finished, and no request had been made by Mr. Morton to Dr. Jackson to suggest to him any process, by which teeth might be extracted without pain. Mr. Morton had left the apparatus room, in which most of this conversation had occurred; he went into the office on his way to the street, when he was followed by Dr. Jackson, and stopped by him. Dr. Jackson then informed Mr. Morton, that he could impart to him a means of producing a general insensibility, during which, he was confident, surgical operations might be performed without pain. He communicated to Mr. Morton all that it was necessary he should know, for the performance of this experiment. He informed him, that the substance to be used was the vapor of sulphuric ether. He gave him directions concerning the degree of purity requisite in the ether to be used. He assured him of the certainty of the induction of the insensibility, and of the safety of the operation, if properly performed. He gave instructions in the most minute detail; so that nothing whatever was left for Mr. Morton to devise in any part of the process, for the successful performance of the operation. Dr. Jackson *distinctly* assumed the responsibility of the application.

It is evident from Mr. Morton's inquiry, respecting sulphuric ether, "Is it a gas?" that he was entirely ignorant of its appearance and qualities. He was incredulous as to the results, which Dr. Jackson assured him would be produced, and required *repeated* assurances from him. Relying on Dr. Jackson's knowledge and authority, Mr. Morton proceeded to his rooms to make the trial.

Thus it appears that Dr. Jackson instructed Mr. Morton upon every point relating to the new application of ether. He did not, to quote an expression often used, suggest merely to Mr. Morton this application for him to consider, whether it was a fit one among others of which to make trial; because Mr. Morton was not qualified to form any judgment about the matter. Dr. Jackson took upon himself the sole responsibility of the act, and would alone have been morally responsible, had the life of the patient been lost.

The ether was administered by Mr. Morton in exact conformity to the instructions of Dr. Jackson. He had procured the ether at the place recommended, and of the purity prescribed by him; he poured some of it upon a handkerchief, and held it close to the mouth of the patient. Insensibility soon ensued, the handkerchief was removed, and the tooth was extracted. The recovery from the insensibility was rapid and entire, and the patient declared, that he had felt no pain from the extraction of the tooth; and no unpleasant sensations during any part of the process. The instructions of Dr. Jackson had been followed in the most minute particular; and his assurances had been in every respect fulfilled.

The next day Mr. Morton called at the office of Dr. Jackson, and informed him of this successful experiment with the ether. Dr. Jackson expressed no surprise, as he expected this result.

The letter of Mr. Caleb Eddy, addressed to the surgeons of the hospital, is relied upon to prove that Dr. Jackson did not, at the time he communicated the discovery of etherization to Mr. Morton, appreciate its value, or foresee the extent to which it might be applied in the practice of surgery. Mr. Eddy states, that after Dr. Jackson had related to him the circumstances under which he had intrusted the discovery to Mr. Morton, he proposed the following question: "Dr. Jackson, did you know at such time, that after a person had inhaled ether, and was asleep, his flesh could be cut with a knife without his experiencing any pain?" To which the reply is alleged to have been given, "No, nor Morton either; he is a reckless man for using it as he does; the chance is, he will kill somebody yet."

Dr. Jackson remembers distinctly the object of his visit to the house of Mr. Eddy, and the conversation which took place at that time. Mr. Eddy has forgotten the general tenor of that conversation, and only remembers the detached expressions recorded in his letter, which, if taken out of their proper connection, would suggest the conclusion referred to. Dr. Jackson has assured the editors, that he called upon Mr. Eddy to protest against the taking out of a patent upon his discovery, and expressed his repugnance to having his name associated in any way with that of Mr. Morton. During the interview Dr. Jackson related to Mr. Eddy his original researches and experiments with sul-

phuric ether, and affirmed that the discovery of its efficacy to destroy the sensation of pain had been made in the year 1842. Mr. Eddy then asked Dr. Jackson, if, at that time, "he was aware, that after the ether had been inhaled, the flesh could be cut with a knife without the sensation of pain?" Dr. Jackson replied, "that he was satisfied it could be done, that he had not the least doubt of it, but still, that an actual operation should be performed before publishing the statement *as a fact;* and for this reason he gave Mr. Morton instructions to perform a dental operation upon a person under the influence of ether, before publishing his discovery." It appears, therefore, that Mr. Eddy has been able to recollect a part only of his conversation with Dr. Jackson, and that his testimony relates to separate and disconnected sentences, which, read together in the false connection in which he has put them, convey a totally different meaning from what was intended by Dr. Jackson. It is in proof, that, at and before the time of this conversation, Dr. Jackson entertained an entirely opposite belief from what Mr. Eddy would ascribe to him. The testimony of Barnes and McIntire is in point, and proves, beyond a question, that Dr. Jackson could not have used the expressions which Mr. Eddy quotes, and in the connection which he alleges. Barnes states that when Mr. Morton returned to the laboratory with an account of his first experiment, "Dr. Jackson expressed no surprise, but appeared as if he expected the result." McIntire testifies that "during the time he was in Dr. Jackson's laboratory he never heard him express any doubt about the effect which ether would produce in causing insensibility to pain." Peabody testifies that "Dr. Jackson always alluded to the effects of ether with the same confidence, so that when I learned the final success of the application I was not at all surprised." The deposition of Dr. Hitchcock meets this issue directly. Dr. Hitchcock had an interview with Dr. Jackson immediately after the discovery had been tested by Morton, at which time "Dr. Jackson stated that he had the utmost confidence in his discovery, and that he had no doubt that even the most severe surgical operations might be performed upon patients who had inhaled the vapor of pure sulphuric ether, with entire insensibility to pain." The editors are in possession of abundant evidence to the same effect.

Will any fair and unprejudiced mind now doubt that the discovery of the effect of the inhalation of ether to produce a state of complete and safe insensibility, during operations of a surgical nature, was perfect in the mind of Dr. Jackson on the 30th day of September, when he intrusted it to Mr. Morton?

We have no doubt that Dr. Jackson did, at this interview with Mr. Eddy, declare his deep regret at having confided so valuable a discovery to such a man as Mr. Morton; neither do we doubt that Dr. Jackson expressed fear lest the ignorance of Mr. Morton, and his recklessness in the use of ether, might endanger life. The testimony of many witnesses, the operators in Mr. Morton's office, proves that there was ground for this apprehension. Dr. Jackson did not express his anxiety to Mr. Eddy alone; Dr. Keep states that "Dr. Jackson often said to him, that he regretted very much having first intrusted the discovery of etherization to Mr. Morton, and transferred to him the sole right to apply the agent, for his ignorance of its nature, and his recklessness in ordering its application, might be the occasion of injurious, if not fatal, consequences." The statement of Dr. Hitchcock is also to the same effect.

Hence arose, in part, Dr. Jackson's repugnance to having his name associated with that of Mr. Morton in any public reference to the discovery, and particularly in the "special notices" and advertisements which Mr. Morton inserted in the newspapers far and wide; a fact which his oppo nents have judged so material in the case. Dr. Jackson would naturally have elected some other and more dignified medium of publishing his discovery to the world, than the quackish advertisements of Mr. Morton.

Dr. Jackson's confidence in the value of his discovery is not to be disproved by such expressions as those imputed to him by Mr. Eddy. All the expressions of distrust attributed to Dr. Jackson were coupled with Mr. Morton's name and recklessness, not with the utility and safety of etherization. Even if he had lost his confidence in the utility of his discovery, the fact could not undo what he had already done. The discovery was already made and known to the world, and every day was adding new proofs of its inestimable value.

The fact of Dr. Jackson's refusing to give Mr. Morton a certificate, as stated by the latter in his memoir, that "ether was harmless in its effects," proves nothing but his unwillingness to figure in Mr. Morton's advertisements, and his prudence in refusing to make himself responsible for anything and everything Morton might, in his ignorance, do with an agent liable to the most dangerous abuse.

CHAPTER V.—THE PATENT.

Our proposition is, that Dr. Jackson's exclusive right to the honor of the discovery of the application of sulphuric ether, for the prevention of pain, is not invalidated by the connection of his own name with that of Mr. Morton in the patent.

It is well known that a patent was taken out in the joint name of Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton, and that by the language of that instrument they were represented as joint discoverers. It is now contended, in behalf of Mr. Morton, that he is not estopped by that fact from maintaining the ground that he was the sole discoverer of etherization; that in permitting the name of Dr. Jackson to be associated with his own in the patent he was governed by the opinion of counsel, who now alleges that his advice was given under a misapprehension of the merits of the case. The assertion is, however, made, that Dr. Jackson is estopped from claiming the whole discovery, by the alleged fact, "that he knew that Morton had applied for an

exclusive patent," that "he made no objection," and that "he was satisfied with making a professional charge for advice." The testimony to this effect comes mainly from two witnesses, Mr. Morton himself, and R. H. Eddy, Esq. To the statement which is made in the "memoir" of Mr. Morton, to the French Academy, relative to the taking out of the patent, we do not attach any credit whatsoever. It is contradicted by the most conclusive evidence, to wit, his own voluntary admissions. If the narrative which he gave to Dr. D. P. Wilson of his connection with the patent, sworn to by that witness, be true, then are the allegations in his memoir false. Dr. Wilson, let it be borne in mind, was an assistant in the office of Mr. Morton; he was engaged in the surgical department of dentistry; he administered the ether, from which responsibility Mr. Morton always shrank; and he had the entire confidence of his employer. Dr. Wilson testifies, that, being surprised at the phraseology of the patent, he sought from Mr. Morton an explanation of his connection with it. In reply Mr. Morton stated as follows: "That as he was the first person who had applied the ether, he supposed that he had a right to take out a patent in his own name, and for this end consulted R. H. Eddy, Esq., who so *advised him*, but suggested that Dr. Jackson should be made a party to the instrument, inasmuch as Dr. Jackson had suggested to him the new application of the ether; *that Dr. Jackson was opposed to any patent whatever, but that he at length yielded to the solicitations of himself and Mr. Eddy, that a patent should be taken out, recognizing Dr. Jackson as the discoverer of the new agent, and himself as its proprietor;* and that Mr. Eddy said that he (Morton) had a right to take out a patent in his own name, and as he was determined to do so, this was the only way by which Dr. Jackson could secure or save to himself the credit of his discovery."

This was a responsible statement, made by Mr. Morton on the eleventh day of November, in the year 1846. He told the truth then; he did not then claim the discovery as his own; "he was its proprietor," and to Dr. Jackson belonged the whole credit of the "new idea." Eight months after, in the excitement of a controversy, he declares that "Dr. Jackson did not oppose his taking out an exclusive patent;" that Dr. Jackson thought he would do well with it, and only intended "to make him a professional charge for advice;" leaving it to be inferred that Dr. Jackson had no immediate connection with the discovery, but awarded it to him.

The friends and advocates of Mr. Morton have been compelled to admit that he sometimes practised duplicity, in confessing that Dr. Jackson had communicated the discovery to him, and that his right under the patent was merely the right of a purchaser; but this duplicity they would now turn to his advantage by saying that his object in so doing was to avail himself of the scientific reputation of Dr. Jackson, and to secure to the discovery the authority of his name. But in Mr. Morton's narrative to Dr. Wilson there was no deception; it was a deliberate confession to a friend and an assistant, and he is bound by it; the statement in his memoir comes "too late."

The testimony of Dr. Payne is in point. He has been using the ether in the city of Troy; an injunction is served upon him by one of Mr. Morton's agents, and he thereupon comes to Boston to see the proprietor of the discovery, and to satisfy himself in relation to the validity of the patent, which he has infringed. He seeks an interview with Mr. Morton, and asks, why it is that his name appears in the patent, if Dr. Jackson was the sole discoverer of the new application of ether. Dr. Payne has tried the new agent; he is perfectly satisfied of its safety; he does not care whether Dr. Jackson or Mr. Morton be its discoverer; there is no object in deceiving him; neither the assurances of Dr. Jackson, nor the authority of his name, will add aught to his confidence in the discovery; he merely seeks information about the patent. Dr. Payne testifies, "that he questioned Mr. Morton about the patent, how he came to have any interest in it, &c." Mr. Morton replied, "*that he had been very fortunate in effecting an arrangement with Dr. Jackson, before any one else had the opportunity; that he had purchased of Dr. Jackson, who, himself, objected to any patent, all his right and interest in the profits which might result from the discovery; and that his interest in the patent was a purchased one alone.*" Dr. Payne also states, that Morton only spoke of himself "as the fortunate person, who, by consequence of first receiving the idea of etherization from another, had been enabled to secure to himself great pecuniary benefit." This statement was made by Mr. Morton early in the month of January, 1847. It cannot be reconciled with the language of his memoir.

The testimony of Dr. Robinson, of Salem, is to the same effect. After alluding to his interview with Mr. Morton, he says, "I was convinced, from Mr. Morton's statements and admissions, that his own interest in the discovery was exclusively a pecuniary interest. He did not seem to consider himself in any sense connected with the originating of the discovery, but appeared to think of nothing but his pecuniary right." Refer, also, to the conversation quoted in Mr. Blaisdell's deposition. Mr. Morton tells him "that he is about to take out a patent upon the new application of ether," and Mr. Blaisdell asks how he could do so, since Dr. Jackson, by his own admission, was its discoverer. In reply, Mr. Morton states that he had purchased of Dr. Jackson his right to the profits of the discovery, and that Dr. Jackson had assigned his whole interest to him, for, said he, "*Dr. Jackson will have nothing to do with any patent.*" This interview occurred immediately after the discovery had been intrusted to Mr. Morton. Will the friends of Mr. Morton presume to say that he was deceiving Blaisdell, from considerations of mere expediency? Not long afterwards, Mr. Blaisdell was employed by Mr. Morton to act as his agent

for the sale of licenses under the patent, and he says that he uniformly, in accordance with the instructions of Mr. Morton, informed purchasers that Dr. Jackson was the discoverer of the new agent, and that he (Morton) was its proprietor. Were these directions given to his agents in order that they might thereby inspire confidence in the discovery? Had Mr. Morton so little confidence in himself and "his discovery" that the name and authority of Dr. Jackson were necessary to give it credit? We do not believe that his biography will afford another instance of so great modesty, and distrust of his own merit.

We next invite attention to the letter of R. H. Eddy, Esq., to the surgeons of the Mass. General Hospital. That document is important, not so much as a statement of facts as of opinions. To many of the facts stated we yield a willing assent, but to the inferences, and conclusions of Mr. Eddy we shall not pay so much respect. With the alleged reasons which induced him to regard etherization as the joint discovery of Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton, we shall have nothing to do; we do not propose to answer the question—"What constitutes a discovery?" To the general tone of the deposition we do object. Mr. Eddy, "has learned that Dr. Jackson utterly refused to submit his claims to a just arbitration;" he "had understood from Dr. Jackson that he had some connection with Dr. Morton in making the discovery;" he "is fully convinced that Dr. Jackson thought the whole matter of little value or importance, and was willing that Morton should do what he pleased with it, so long as he did not couple his (Dr. Jackson's) name with it;" "after he had prepared the specification for a patent, Dr. Jackson fully approved of it;" "it is a matter of indifference to him to whom the world may ultimately award the honor of being its benefactor for having given to it the great discovery in question," &c. We say, therefore, that the general character of the deposition is partial; that it betrays a want of fairness, and a judgment biased by interest. Mr. Eddy's opinions, if relied upon, would force the following conclusions: first, that Dr. Jackson shrank from submitting his claims to the arbitrement of a suitable umpire; second, that he did not regard himself as the exclusive discoverer of etherization; third, that he had but little confidence in the discovery, and was willing that it should be patented by Mr. Morton; fourth, that Dr. Jackson was glad to receive ten per cent. on all sales of licenses under the patent, as an equivalent for the part which he had in the discovery.

It is needless to add, that conclusions like these would do great injustice to Dr. Jackson. We propose to account for this manifest bias on the part of Mr. Eddy in favor of the pretensions of Mr. Morton. Our argument is a legitimate one, and supported by high authority. We say that a party who is interested in a matter in question is not competent to prove it. The facts which he states are liable to be colored, and the inferences which he draws are not the result of impartial investigation; feeling usurps the place of judgment, and the party is thereby really, though perhaps unconsciously, misled.

Now Mr. Eddy will not deny that he had an interest in Mr. Morton's patent; he will not deny that he expected to realize a large profit from the discovery in Europe; indeed, it is admitted, in the argument of Mr. Dana, that he was interested to the amount of fifty per cent. in the European rights, and when they were applied for both Mr. Morton and himself believed that they would be productive of great pecuniary emolument. The testimony of Hunt, Wilson, and Hemmenway, may be referred to on this point. It is apparent, therefore, that Mr Eddy must have testified under a strong bias; that his evidence has not the merit of entire impartiality: and that he must have leaned in favor of that party to whom his interest inclined him.

But, says Mr. Eddy, at the close of his letter, "I have endeavored to state a few facts relative to the early discovery of the effect of sulphuric ether in surgical operations. *In doing so, I am influenced by no other motives than to render justice to whom it may be due. It is a matter of indifference to me to whom the world may ultimately award the merit of being its benefactor for having given to it the great discovery in question.*" It would have been the part of wisdom in Mr. Eddy to have omitted that paragraph. We submit, upon the evidence already published by Mr. Morton, that it was not a "matter of indifference" to Mr. Eddy to whom belonged the honor of the discovery. If, in the month of June, 1847, the date of the letter referred to, the English government had, as was anticipated, made a large donation to the discoverer of etherization, would it then have been a "matter of indifference" to Mr. Eddy who was its discoverer?

There is another inconsistency in his testimony. Mr. Eddy states that "*he found Dr. Jackson tinctured with old and exploded prejudices against patents, which he labored to remove;*" but he afterwards goes on to say, that "Dr. Jackson's disinclination to associate with Mr. Morton in a patent arose from no disposition, ever evinced to me, to give the public a gratuitous use of the discovery." If Dr. Jackson was thus, in principle, opposed to patenting any new medical agent, if his prejudice against patents was so active and confirmed, if Mr. Eddy labored to remove it, it is very marvellous that Dr. Jackson should never have "evinced to him any disposition to give the public a gratuitous use of the discovery."

The allegation that the chief objection with Dr. Jackson to taking out a patent upon his discovery arose from what he supposed would be the action of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and also the statement that Dr. Jackson regarded the discovery of little value, are completely answered by the testimony of many witnesses. It is remarkable that Dr. Jackson should have expressed, to medical gentlemen, entire confidence in his discovery, and asserted that even capital cases in surgery

might be performed upon patients who had inhaled the vapor of pure sulphuric ether, with complete insensibility to pain, but, on the other hand, that he should have given Mr. Eddy reason to infer that "he thought the whole matter of little value or importance."

Without further comment upon the communication of Mr. Eddy, we submit the following facts relative to Dr. Jackson's connection with the patent. They are taken from the pamphlet published by Dr. Gay, and from certified documents in the possession of the editors; and it will be observed that this account of the patent is fully supported by the admissions, and positive and unsolicited declarations, of Mr. Morton, as sworn to by various witnesses.

A few days after Dr. Jackson had communicated his discovery of the effect of the inhalation of sulphuric ether to Mr. Morton, that gentleman applied to Mr. R. H. Eddy, who was a solicitor of patents, to secure one for himself. Mr. Eddy advised Mr. Morton, that, as he had made the first application of the discovery, he was entitled to the protection of the patent law, and that he could take out a patent in his own name.

Upon being informed of this movement on the part of Mr. Morton, and of the opinion which the solicitor had given in relation to the matter, Dr. Jackson called upon Mr. Eddy, and asked him why he had so advised Mr. Morton. Mr. Eddy then endeavored to explain to him, that, as Morton had performed the first operation on a patient who had inhaled the ether, he had a right to take out a patent in consideration of that application; but he urged Dr. Jackson, at the same time, to unite with Mr. Morton in applying for a patent, whereby his own right to the discovery might be recognized in the petition to be filed at the patent office. Dr. Jackson replied that *he was opposed to patents*, and that he did not deem it consistent with the principles of a liberal science to monopolize any discovery. He further objected, as an additional argument against taking out a patent upon the discovery, that it would be contrary to the spirit of the rules of the Mass. Medical Society. Dr. Jackson was then told that he would "lose his discovery;" that Morton would patent it, and would swear that "he believed it to be his own," and thus procure a kind of recognition at the patent office that he was the discoverer. Dr. Jackson was given distinctly to understand, that, in order to save to himself the honor of his discovery, his name must appear in the patent, and that otherwise the public would attribute it entirely to Mr. Morton. He was also informed that if he should take out a patent in conjunction with Mr. Morton, he might assign to him (Morton) his whole interest in the instrument, and thereby avoid a copartnership in the resulting profits.

Upon these assurances of the solicitor, in whose friendship and professional capacity he then had implicit confidence, and for the single purpose of securing the credit of his discovery, Dr. Jackson finally consented to the proposition of Mr. Eddy, and the patent was directed to him.

"There is no doubt whatever in the minds of Dr. Jackson's friends," concludes Dr. Gay, "that he consented to it for the sake of preventing Mr. Morton from holding a legal instrument in his possession, with his own name alone in it as the discoverer. Dr. Jackson was surprised, upon reading the petition presented for his signature, that Mr. Morton was fully recognized in it as a joint discoverer with himself, but he had agreed to the arrangement, and he supposed that the expression referred to was a necessary part of the technical wording of that paper. If, for the subordinate part performed by Mr. Morton, the patent laws were such as to permit him to join with Dr. Jackson in taking out a patent, the wording of the instrument referred to could not have been different. The patent has always been the exclusive property of Mr. Morton; he gave to Dr. Jackson a bond promising him a certain percentage of the profits that he might derive from it. Dr. Jackson has received no pecuniary advantage from this patent, and he has determined that he never will receive any. He has destroyed the bond."

The charge made by Mr. Dana, "that Dr. Jackson not only made no objection to Dr. Morton's being joined in the application, (for a patent,) but was glad to be included in it himself, even at the lowest rate of compensation," is not supported by Mr. Morton's own testimony; it is emphatically contradicted by the statement of Mr. Eddy, that Dr. Jackson expressed great unwillingness that his name should be associated with Mr. Morton's in any patent.

Again; Mr. Dana most unjustly asserts, in a preceding sentence, that "the idea of a right in the patent came only (to Dr. Jackson) from the partiality and legal caution of his friend Mr. Eddy;" and again, relying upon some minutes with which Mr. Eddy has furnished him, he labors to force the conviction that Dr. Jackson manifested a feverish desire to secure a liberal share of the profit to be realized upon the European patents. The whole argument relative to this matter is unwarranted by the evidence, and is in the highest degree disingenuous.

Dr. Jackson's motives for insisting upon a percentage of the proceeds of all sales of rights to use the ether, both in Europe and in this country, were the same. His first object was to defeat the taking out of any patent whatever, and when advised that this was impossible, he was unwilling that those parties, who were intent upon making his discovery a means of profitable speculation, should reap the whole benefit. That he did not wish to make anything out of the public is sufficiently proved by the fact that he immediately surrendered his share of the proceeds to the public. It is proper in this connection to state, that Dr. Jackson was, in the month of November, 1846, notified by Mr. Eddy that he had in his possession, for him, (Dr. Jackson,) a considerable

sum of money, which had been realized from the sale of patent rights, and that Dr. Jackson indignantly refused to accept it. He never taxed the public for his discovery, and has never received a dollar for the use of ether.

CHAPTER VI.

INTRODUCTION OF THE DISCOVERY OF ETHERIZATION TO THE MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL.

It is asserted that "so long as the discovery was under test, and its result was uncertain, Dr. Jackson was unseen and unheard," and that he did no act intimating that he had any connection with the discovery, until its value had been fully shown by two experiments at the Hospital. These allegations are disproved by abundant testimony.

There is no doubt, upon the evidence presented, that the Massachusetts Hospital was really indebted to Dr. Jackson, not only for the discovery of etherization, but for the privilege of first testing it in a capital operation, and for the right to use it freely, at a time when its general use was restricted by a patent. The testimony of Mr. Barnes is conclusive upon this point. That witness states that on the afternoon of the 30th of September, or of the following day, Mr. Morton called at the laboratory of Dr. Jackson, to announce the success of his first experiment. He stated "that he had tried it (the ether) upon a patient with complete success, for while he extracted a tooth the patient was insensible and knew nothing about it. Mr. Morton intended soon to perform another extraction. Dr. Jackson then said to him, 'You must go to Dr. Warren, and obtain his permission to administer it at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and if possible it should be in a capital operation; for people will not believe in the insensibility to pain in case of a mere tooth, since it is very common for patients, in an ordinary case, to say that it did not hurt them, when the twitch is very sudden and the operation skilfully performed; this proof would not be regarded by the public as satisfactory.' After some argument, and Dr. Jackson's further insisting upon it, Morton promised to go to the Hospital."

Mr. Barnes also testifies, "that some time after this, when the experiments at the Hospital had proved successful, and while the patent was being negotiated, the right of using the ether having been assigned to Morton, Dr. Jackson urged him, in my presence, to present the free use of it to the Hospital, saying that they would not buy a patented article, and it ought to be given to the poor. Morton was very reluctant to do this, and asked if there were not some pay patients at the Hospital, who could afford to remunerate him for administering the ether. This was argued a long time, and Morton finally said that he would do so." We think that this positive testimony completely disproves the assertion of Mr. Morton, that he agreed with Hayden, prior to this visit to Dr. Jackson's laboratory, that it was best to announce the discovery to the surgeons of the Hospital. The reader is already satisfied how much credence is due to the statements of those gentlemen.

It appears, therefore, that Dr. Jackson sent Mr. Morton, as his messenger, to ask permission of Dr. Warren to test the ether in a surgical operation at the Hospital, and that Morton was an unfaithful messenger, and did not mention the name of the physician who sent him, and that he managed to have the operation done without letting Dr. Jackson know when it was to be performed, so that he did not witness the first operation; a fact which has been dwelt upon by his opponents with great emphasis. After obtaining permission from Dr. Warren to apply the ether at the Hospital, Mr. Morton returned to Dr. Jackson's, and informed him of the fact, but did not tell him when the operation was to be performed, and he never knew of it until after it was done. This was the 16th of October. Soon afterwards, Dr. Jackson went to the copper mines of Maryland, but upon his return to Boston he attended the first operation of which he received notice, neglecting important engagements to do so. We submit, therefore, that the assertion, that "no experiment was tried, to Dr. Jackson's knowledge, *or under his direction*, although he thought the experiment on the tooth not satisfactory," is without foundation.

Some allusion has been made by Mr. Dana, and in the Report of the Trustees of the Hospital, to a conversation which took place between Dr. J. C. Warren and Dr. Jackson, later in this month, in regard to his (Dr. Jackson's) connection with the discovery, and also to the request which Dr. Warren extended to him to administer the ether during a capital operation which was to be performed on Saturday, the 31st day of October. The facts are as follows: On or about the 29th day of Oct., Dr. Warren was a second time informed by Dr. Jackson, at his (Dr. W's) house, that he was the exclusive discoverer of etherization, and that he had first communicated it to Mr. Morton. Dr. Warren again expressed his delight that the discovery had been made by a scientific man, and then made the request referred to, and upon the following day sent a note to Dr. Jackson containing the same invitation. Dr. Jackson declined accepting the invitation, for two reasons; one, that he was going out of town, and the second, that he could not do so consistently with his arrangements with Mr. Morton. Dr. Jackson was absent in Maryland when this operation was performed, and the arrangements with Mr. Morton, spoken of, relate to the patent which had already been applied for, and Dr. Jackson had assigned his whole interest in that instrument to Mr. Morton. So scrupulous was Dr. Jackson to observe the spirit of that assignment, that a very few days before, when sending his own sister to Dr. Keep to have some teeth extracted under the influence of ether, he had requested Dr. Keep to ask Morton's consent to the application of the agent.

This magnanimity on the part of Dr. Jackson should be contrasted with the mean and selfish spirit evinced by Mr. Morton in neglecting to notify Dr. Jackson of the first experiments which were performed at the Hospital. Dr. Jackson

manifested no feverish impatience to proclaim his discovery to the world, and to demand its gratitude; he was not ambitious for glory, and asked no reward; and he did not publicly claim the discovery as his own until it was in danger of being appropriated by another.

The editors are assured that Dr. Jackson felt great interest in the operation referred to, and he had entire confidence in its complete success. He mentioned it, during his absence, to Dr. Gale of the patent office, to Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, and Mr. Tyson of Baltimore, and he informed those gentlemen, and others, that they would soon read a notice of the first painless capital operation in surgery. The editors have also in their possession another letter from Dr. Warren to Dr. Jackson, desiring him to give some practical account of the new agent for producing insensibility to pain, and to procure for the Hospital the right to use the same, and the apparatus for its inhalation. The testimony of Barnes also proves that Dr. Jackson, so soon as it could be effected, induced Mr. Morton to surrender the right of the free use of ether, &c., to the Hospital. This arrangement was wholly the work of Dr. Jackson, and it was only by dint of arguments addressed to Morton's pecuniary interest that he finally prevailed upon him to accede to it. Mr. Morton was unwilling to make a free gift of his patent right, and he never would have done so, had it not been suggested to him that it was good policy to interest the surgeons of the hospital in the discovery, and that it would remove objections to the patent if it was made free to the poor. In justice to Dr. Jackson, we would add, that he did not resort to this last appeal until forced to do so by Morton's selfish manœuvering. Even then Mr. Morton was unwilling to grant an unrestricted right, but signified his wish to tax those patients who were able to pay for the benefit of the discovery. Thus was the hospital really indebted to Dr. Jackson for the free right to use the ether.

Had application been made to Dr. Jackson, by the surgeons of the Hospital, before he had transferred his pecuniary interest in the discovery to Mr. Morton, we are assured that he would most cheerfully have reserved to that institution the free use of the discovery. He did the best that he could do, after the transfer had been made, inducing Mr. Morton to surrender that right, and it is to Dr. Jackson that the thanks of the trustees of the Hospital should have been presented.

It is claimed, however, by the report of the trustees, that credit is due to Mr. Morton for tendering the free use of ether to similar institutions throughout the country. This meritorious act was unfortunately not done, if done at all, until after the patent had ceased to be a source of profit. The allegation that an unrestricted right was tendered to the army and navy of the United States is not sustained by fact. On the other hand, it is known that Mr. Edward Warren went to Washington in behalf of Mr. Morton, and endeavored to procure an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars from Congress for the purchase of this right. The petition presented by Mr. Morton is described "*as offering to the government, for the use of the army and navy, the purchase of his process for preventing pain in surgical operations.*" It was referred to a special committee in the senate, of which Mr. Sturgeon, of Pennsylvania, was chairman. That committee, however, never met, nor was any action had upon the subject.

Upon the occasion of this movement on the part of Mr. Morton, Dr. Jackson expressed his deep mortification to the President of the United States that any patent had been taken out upon the discovery, and he was especially indignant that the discovery had not been freely given to the army and navy.

We submit, therefore, upon the evidence already adduced, and upon facts well known to this community, that Mr. Morton manifested a determination to monopolize the discovery. There is no doubt that he intended to make the dentists of Boston tributary to him, that he at first refused to sell any rights in the city, and that he considered himself "sufficient for the dentistry of Boston." Mr. Morton also sent his agents to all parts of the country to dispose of licenses under his patent, and it is known that in many instances, in this vicinity, legal process was commenced against purchasers, who had given notes for the amount to be paid by them for the use of the ether, even after the patent had been in fact abandoned.

Dr. Jackson always denounced this monopoly; he asserted that the patent was an improper one, and that he lamented the connection of his name with it, for the discovery was not a joint discovery. Dr. Jackson's protest against the patent was everywhere read, and through his instrumentality alone the use of ether was made free to "suffering humanity."

CHAPTER VII.

It is proper to notice *Dr. Horace Wells'* claims to the discovery in controversy. This dentist, following out the suggestion of Sir Humphrey Davy, that nitrous oxide might probably be used with advantage, as an anæsthetic agent in such surgical operations as were attended with no great effusion of blood, extracted teeth from several patients, in the autumn of 1844, under the influence of this gas, without their experiencing any pain. Dr. Wells abandoned the use of nitrous oxide, however, in December of the same year, and there is no pretence that he, or any person in his behalf, or in consequence of his experiments, subsequently used this gas as an anæsthetic agent—a fact of itself sufficient to show that, notwithstanding his success in a few instances, there must have been decisive objections to the continuance of its use. This conclusion is amply confirmed, by a statement published to the world a long time ago, and republished by Mr. Dana in his pamphlet, and which, moreover, is not denied by a champion of Dr.

Wells' claims, in a communication in the Boston Medical Journal for May, to wit, that Hon. James Dixon, member of Congress from Connecticut, having applied to Dr. Wells to administer this gas to him, in a case of severe toothache, Dr. Wells informed him, that having met with only partial success, he had abandoned the use of it, and advised him not to take it.

As to sulphuric ether, Dr. Marcy recommended its use to Dr. Wells. An experiment was performed, by whom it is not stated, upon a patient under its influence, at Dr. Marcy's office. It has not been said that the experiment was successful. The inference is that it was not. Dr. Wells, in his pamphlet, states that Dr. Marcy advised him, after this experiment, to continue to use nitrous oxide in preference to sulphuric ether, *which advice he followed.*

On such facts as these, and they are derived from Dr. Wells' own pamphlet, it is preposterous to set up any claims, in his behalf, to the authorship of the ether discovery.

It is claimed for Dr. Wells that he imparted to Dr. Jackson the idea of using sulphuric ether in surgery. He must have imparted the idea, if at all, after sulphuric ether had been recommended to him by Dr. Marcy, and after, in consequence of Dr. Marcy's advice, he had *wholly abandoned the use of it.*

Now, it is not probable that Dr. Wells would have thought of imparting an idea to Dr. Jackson, which, as we have seen, he had entirely repudiated in his own mind. And even if, having repudiated, he had still communicated it to Dr. Jackson, would he have been deserving of any credit, if Dr. Jackson, subsequently, and in consequence of his suggestion, discovered that sulphuric ether *was* available as an anæsthetic agent. The fact is, however, that Dr. Wells never said anything whatever to Dr. Jackson, or to any one in his presence, in relation to the use of sulphuric or any other ether vapor, as applicable to prevent pain in surgical operations, and even if it were otherwise, it is proved that Dr. Jackson had long before imparted the very same idea which it is claimed that Mr. Wells imparted to him, to Mr. Bemis and Mr. Blake. (See their affidavits.) A Dr. Hickman, as it appears from the London Lancet, published a pamphlet in 1824, in which he describes surgical operations rendered painless to his patients, by the inhalation of carbonic acid gas.

Whatever credit may be due to Mr. Wells for his meritorious exertions to demonstrate the supposed applicability of nitrous oxide, in surgical operations, his experiments with that gas produced no result, of permanent value, except to prove its general unavailability as an anæsthetic agent, and they have had no more connection with the discovery of etherization, than have those performed by Dr. Hickman with carbonic acid gas.

As to nitrous oxide, Dr. Jackson has had no controversy with Dr. Wells, and he has never believed that it could be made generally useful in surgery.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is claimed that not only does the glory of the discovery, itself, belong to Mr. Morton, but that to him alone is to be paid the honor of spreading its blessings through the world. We simply admit that Mr. Morton was, sooner or later, the bearer of the discovery wherever a loaf or a fish, the lure of a price or a reward, enticed him. He claims to have tendered, through Congress, its free use to the army and navy of the United States. The editors are in possession of documentary evidence, furnished to them by members of Congress, showing the tender to these departments of government, not of its *free use*, but "*of its purchase*," as he had already tendered it to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Mr. Morton, with most disinterested alacrity, made it, according to Mr. Bowditch, "free as God's own sunshine," wherever, and provided always, there was the reciprocal gift of a good and valuable consideration. He was willing that the surgeons and dentists of the country should prevent, he cared not how much of human pain, if they gave him their ready money and their "notes to balance," for that which he had no right to sell at all. The editors are in possession of facts indicating that Mr. Morton would even have been willing that all the hospitals and armies and navies of the world should have paid him tribute, provided he could subsequently have enjoyed the sublime satisfaction of relieving their sufferings; and tributaries they might have been for many years to come, if Dr. Jackson had been prevailed upon to allow the patent to be taken out in his own name, as sole discoverer, and had then assigned it to Mr. Morton, who would thereupon have had a right to sell a discovery, which Dr. Jackson, as soon as he found that he was under no obligation to Mr. Morton and his co-partners, presented freely to the world.

But Mr. Morton did *not*, in point of fact, precede Dr. Jackson in the introduction of the discovery into general use. Nearly all the different countries of Europe received their first definite knowledge, if not their first actual intelligence, of it from Dr. Jackson; and it was through the influence of his distinguished scientific friends that its reputation was there established. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow's paper, the same which has been alluded to as published in the London Lancet, served but to mystify and conceal the true nature of the agent employed; and we know, from the highest authorities, that it was generally discredited until Dr. Jackson made his communication to the "*Academie des Sciences*" at Paris. Immediately after its introduction into Europe by Dr. Jackson and his scientific friends, he received works dedicated to him by medical writers in France and Italy, indicating to whom they considered their own countries indebted. The discovery was communicated by Dr. Jackson to Prussia. It was made public in Giessen on Christmas day. Dr. H. J. Bigelow had gone before, but had been received without notice, and had secured no place in the confidence of the

medical faculty of that city. Upon Dr. Jackson's authority alone was the discovery accredited, and put to trial.

A letter from Dr. Jackson contained the first intelligence of the discovery which reached the surgeons of Vienna; and they, relying upon his authority, and acting in obedience to his "precise and cautious directions," subjected it to an immediate test, upon the successful issue of which, a burst of applause rang through the operating room, and the name of Jackson was on the lips of every spectator, indicating from whom the discovery was there received. At St. Petersburg, and in Sweden, and in the United States, the same source is acknowledged. It was communicated by Dr. Jackson to the East Indies, in a long and carefully written letter of instructions to Dr. Parker, in the winter of 1846.

Upon the testimony herein written, the claims of Dr. Jackson, and the doings of Mr. Morton's defenders, are submitted to the world, to which, through Dr. Jackson, as its providential benefactor, the discovery now freely belongs. The world has not murmured, and it will not murmur, that Dr. Jackson did not sooner communicate to it a discovery already known to his own mind; or if, like the few envious maligners, who are always boding ill from their hollow oaks, it had murmured, its murmurs would long ere this have been forgotten in its deep and fervent gratitude.

TESTIMONY.

I, Don Pedro Wilson, of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that I was an assistant in the office of Dr. N. C. Keep, of this city, during the year next preceding the eleventh of November, A. D. 1846. While with Dr. Keep, I formed the acquaintance of Mr. W. T. G. Morton, and was in the habit of frequently visiting him, at his office, in Tremont Row.

After the discovery, by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of this city, of the application of ether to produce insensibility to pain during operations of a surgical nature, I had several conversations with Mr. Morton in relation to the circumstances under which Dr. Jackson had communicated the discovery to him, and the nature and extent of the interest which he had acquired therein, by virtue of his purchase, from its author, of the pecuniary benefit which should result therefrom.

Respecting the authorship of the discovery, I do not feel the least embarrassment or doubt, for my opinion has been wholly founded upon the narrative and declarations of Mr. Morton, in which, uniformly, and without reserve, he ascribed its authorship to Dr. Jackson, never speaking of himself otherwise than as the first and fortunate person to whom Dr. Jackson had communicated it.

I here speak of the time which intervened between the eleventh day of November, A. D. 1846, or thereabouts, and the month of February then next ensuing, when Morton *first* claimed the discovery to be his own.

On the aforesaid eleventh day of November, I concluded a contract with Mr. Morton to become an assistant in his office. During this month I had conversations with Morton, in which he expresaly stated that "he was indebted to Dr. Jackson for the idea of the new application of ether, and had received instructions from him how to apply it."

Immediately upon Morton's receiving his patent from Washington, which was within a few days of the time of my entering the office, being surprised at the phraseology of the patent, which, being taken out in the name of both Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton, declared them to be joint discoverers, I asked Morton for an explanation. He related to me, in substance, the following facts respecting the circumstances under which the discovery had been communicated to him: "That a lady, upon one occasion, called at the office to procure a set of artificial teeth; that it became necessary to extract several stumps; that the lady was timid and sensitive, and shrunk from the operation; that in order to prevail upon her to submit to the instrument, he determined, in some way, to act upon her imagination, and for this purpose went to the laboratory of Dr. Jackson to procure an India rubber bag, which he proposed to inflate with atmospheric air, and then persuade the patient to inhale from it, stating to her, at the same time, that she would experience no pain from the operation; that Dr. Jackson scouted the idea of practising any such deception, directing him to apply the vapor of pure sulphuric ether with a handkerchief or folded cloth, which would render the patient perfectly insensible, when he could extract her teeth without her knowing it; that he instantly seized upon the new idea, and immediately commenced his first experiments with the ether."

This narrative, received from Morton's own lips, was confirmed by statements and expressions made by him, and by the assistants and others connected with the office, from day to day.

Morton stated, "that as he was the first who had applied the ether, he supposed that he had a right to take out a patent in his own name, and for this end consulted R. H. Eddy, Esq., of this city, who so advised him, but suggested that Dr. Jackson should be made a party to the instrument, inasmuch as Dr. Jackson had suggested to him the new application of the ether." Morton also stated, "that Dr. Jackson was strongly opposed to any patent whatever, but that he at length yielded to the solicitations of himself and Eddy, that a patent should be taken out, recognizing Dr. Jackson as the discoverer of the new agent, and Morton as its proprietor; and that Eddy said, that although he (Morton) had a right to take out a patent in his own name, and had determined to do so, this was the only way in which Dr. Jackson could secure, or save to himself, the credit of his discovery."

I was in the office of Mr. Morton until April, A. D. 1847, and had charge of the surgical department of dentistry; but nothing occurred to change, or in the least degree modify, the belief which I had previously entertained in relation to the discovery of etherization. On the contrary, Morton's directions and instructions to the assistants in the office, and to the agents whom he sent abroad to sell rights under his patent—the manner and frequency with which the name of Dr. Jackson was associated with the origin of the "*new idea*," and the advice and authority of Dr. Jackson with our experiments in the office—only strengthened my former belief. During the early application of the ether, Dr. Jackson was constantly spoken of in the office, and without contradiction from Morton, as the sole discoverer of etherization, notwithstanding our knowledge of the language of the patent, which

declared Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton to be its joint discoverers. It was an every-day remark in the office, with assistants and students.

In my administration of the ether, I was guided by, and relied solely upon, the advice and assurances of Dr. Jackson, received through Morton.

We never dared to follow Morton's own directions. If we had followed even the few which he volunteered upon his own responsibility, and not confined ourselves strictly within the directions and authority of Dr. Jackson, received as aforesaid, and the teachings of our own observations and experiments, I have no doubt that dangerous and even fatal results would have ensued, and etherization, at that time, have resulted in a failure.

Morton, evidently, was afraid of the effects of the ether upon himself. He never gave me any reason to suspect that he ever inhaled it. I never knew him to apply it to a patient in the office. This was from a most apparent fear, and shunning of responsibility. I was in and out of Morton's office quite frequently during the summer, and the month of September, of 1846. I never saw sulphuric ether there; never heard Morton speak of it, that I can remember; never perceived its odor about the person of Morton, or otherwise. I think it could not have been used in the office without my having perceived its odor.

There was a small vial in the office containing chloric ether, which Morton stated to me he used to deaden the nerves of teeth—an article common among dentists for this purpose.

During the summer of 1846, I often heard Morton speak of a new discovery, which he was about to publish to the world, to which he was giving his whole energies; and which, to use his own words, "would revolutionize the whole practice of dentistry, and secure to him a fortune;" but he never hesitated to tell me and others that "it consisted in a new preparation for filling teeth, and a new mode of making teeth and setting them to plate." This was Morton's great hobby, during the summer of 1846, and during the month of September of the same year.

In the month of February, 1847, Morton, for the first time, pretended that the new discovery was his own, and that he had made the application of ether as an agent for producing insensibility to pain, a subject of study or experiment previous to the 30th of September, 1846. Soon after the setting up of this pretension by Morton, the affidavits of William P. Leavitt, Thomas R. Spear, Jr., and Grenville G. Hayden, were taken by an attorney of this city; I being sent from the room while these witnesses were examined together and their testimony drawn up. It was about this time also that Mr. Edward Warren became associated with Mr. Morton. As soon as the affidavits of Leavitt, Spear, and Hayden were taken, they, all at once, and for the first time, began to talk about Morton's experiments with the vapor of ether previous to the 30th of September, aforesaid; and I, for the first time, heard that Morton's earliest experiment had been performed upon a water-spaniel in the summer of 1846, and that there had been a demijohn of sulphuric ether in the office in the month of August of that year, and that Leavitt and Spear had, in that month, inhaled the vapor.

This language of the deponents aforesaid thus became, all at once, directly contradictory to all of their former assertions.

About the same time Morton undertook to explain his narrative and statements hereinbefore deposed to by me, by stating that his object in visiting Dr. Jackson's laboratory, as aforesaid, was to deceive him, and gather some information which would enable him to perfect the great discovery to which he had been wholly devoting himself during the summer.

The first time of Spear's inhaling the ether, to my knowledge, was near the middle of November, 1846, when he suddenly commenced inhaling it, and was, after that time, in the habit of inhaling it continually. I never knew of Leavitt's having taken the ether in any instance; and I feel very confident that I heard him state, sometime in the fall of 1846, that he had never inhaled it.

Mr. Edward Warren, the author of a pamphlet supporting Morton's claims to the discovery, was directly interested in Morton's patent. There was a contract in writing between them, by the terms of which it was provided that Warren should receive ten per cent. of the proceeds of all sales under the patent. The original contract I copied myself, at Morton's request, at a time when a large sum of money was expected to be realized from the patent.

I have heard Morton state that Eddy would not take one hundred thousand dollars for his (Eddy's) interest in the matter.

DON P. WILSON.

SUFFOLK, ss. May 2d, 1848, Boston.—Sworn to before me

F. K. BARTLETT,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, Horace J. Payne, of the City of Troy, County of Rensselaer, and State of New York, surgeon-dentist, depose and say, that in the early part of December, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, I commenced applying the vapor of ether for the purpose of producing insensibility to pain during operations of a surgical nature. This was after I had heard of the discovery of the preparation by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of the city of Boston. About this time Dr. Clark, of Lansingburg, of the aforesaid county of Rensselaer, called at my office in Troy, and desired me to inform him of the nature of the agent I was then applying, and also to grant or sell to him the right to use it. After some further conversation, he left my office, proposing to meet me again in relation to the subject the same evening. He did not call as appointed. I soon after heard of him in the city of Boston, where he had gone, as I supposed, to consult with the patentees of the new discovery.

Dr. Clark purchased of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, as he afterwards informed me, a right under the patent for this and several of the adjoining counties, and immediately upon his return to Lansingburg served a notice upon me to abandon the application of ether for the purposes before mentioned. Soon after, Dr. Clark sold a right for the city of Troy to Dr. A. Bardwell, and I was notified by Dr. Blake, of Boston, who represented himself to be the agent of Dr. Morton, to abandon the use of ether in my practice.

I then attempted to negotiate with Dr. Bardwell for the privilege of employing the new agent conjointly with himself in the city of Troy. Failing, however, in this, I determined to go to Boston and inform myself fully in relation to the patent, and if satisfied of its validity, to purchase a right under the same for the state of Ohio.

I went accordingly to the city of Boston on the

second day of January following, and at once sought an interview with Dr. Morton. I had a protracted conversation with him respecting the use and effect of the vapor of ether, its discovery, and the patent which had been taken out thereupon. During this interview, Dr. Morton stated repeatedly and emphatically that Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, was the sole discoverer of the new agent for producing insensibility to pain, and that Dr. Jackson had communicated it to him. Furthermore, that all the knowledge which he possessed in relation to its properties and its application had come to him from Dr. Jackson, and that he never had any idea of applying sulphuric ether, or that sulphuric ether could be applied, for the aforesaid purposes, until Dr. Jackson had suggested it to him, and had given him full instructions. I then questioned Dr. Morton with regard to the patent, how he came to have any interest in it, &c. He replied that *he had been very fortunate in effecting an arrangement with Dr. Jackson before any one else had the opportunity, and that he was the first man to whom the discovery had been communicated by Dr. Jackson.* Dr. Morton also stated that he had purchased as his right and interest to the pecuniary profits which might result from the discovery of Dr. J., who himself objected to any patent, and, added he, "I have made a great bargain."

Dr. Morton then went on to say that if I felt any apprehension or embarrassment with regard to the patent, or if I desired any instruction as to the proper application of ether, he would call with me upon the discoverer, who would render any information I might wish. *Dr. Morton stated again and again that he was not in any way the discoverer of the new application of ether, but that the idea had been first communicated to him by Dr. Jackson, who was its discoverer, and that his (Dr. Morton's) interest in the patent was merely a purchased one, and, moreover, that he had been very lucky, in anticipating all other persons, by first receiving so precious a discovery from the lips of Dr. Jackson.*

From Dr. Morton's admissions and statements, so freely and emphatically made, no doubt was left on my mind that Dr. C. T. Jackson was the sole author of the discovery of etherization. I was very much astonished in learning some time after that the former asserted any claim whatever to the same. Dr. Morton only spoke of himself as the fortunate person, who, by consequence of first receiving the idea of etherization from another, was enabled to secure to himself great pecuniary benefit.

H. J. PAYNE.

STATE OF NEW YORK, RENSSELAER COUNTY, ss. Personally appeared before me this 12th day of April, A. D. 1848, Horace J. Payne, known to me to be the person who subscribed the foregoing statement in writing, and being by me duly sworn, deposed that the facts therein stated are true.

JOSEPH WHITE,
Commissioner, &c., for the State of Massachusetts.

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I, Allen Clark, of Coney Island, in the town of Gravesend, County of Kings, and State of New York, depose and say, that in the month of December, of the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, I was engaged in the practice of dentistry at Lansingburg, in the county of Rensselaer, and state aforesaid, that in the early part of that month, after hearing of the discovery of the application of the vapor of ether for the purpose of producing insensibility to pain during operations of a surgical nature, I visited the city of Boston, with the intention of advising with the patentees of the discovery, and purchasing the right to use the same in my own practice.

Immediately upon my arrival in Boston I had an interview with Dr. W. T. G. Morton, and conversed freely with him in relation to the newly-discovered agent, its application, effects, and his privileges under the patent. This conversation was held in Dr. Morton's office, and there were several persons present at the time, and among them Dr. A. Blaisdell, who was acting as the agent of Dr. Morton for the sale of licenses under the patent.

I felt a great deal of doubt and hesitation both in regard to the safety and propriety of applying sulphuric ether for the purposes before mentioned, and also the validity of the patent, and was very particular and minute in my inquiries of Dr. Morton and Dr. Blaisdell.

After some negotiation, I purchased the sole right under the patent for the aforesaid county of Rensselaer, and several of the counties adjoining. During the whole interview, Dr. Morton never claimed to have discovered the new use of ether himself, but left a full and decided impression on my mind that Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, was its sole discoverer, and that he (Dr. Jackson) had first communicated it to him.

I never should have made the above purchase had I not believed, and been assured, that Dr. Jackson was its discoverer, and that he had pronounced its application to be perfectly safe. I never for an instant suspected, from the representations which were made by Dr. Morton at this interview, that he was in any way connected with the discovery of this new application of sulphuric ether, or that he ever would assert or pretend to any claim to its discovery, but was fully satisfied that Dr. Jackson was its author. I have since been greatly surprised that Dr. Morton should assume to have discovered etherization; since from his own declarations and the representations of his agents, I had drawn an entirely different conclusion. Dr. Morton left the impression on my mind that Dr. Jackson had first discovered the new agent, that he had thereupon communicated it to him, Dr. Morton, who had made the first application of it, and that his interest in the discovery was merely a pecuniary one.

ALLEN CLARK.

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I, John E. Hunt, of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dentist, on oath depose and say, that I was an assistant dentist in the office of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of this city, in the fall of 1846. I think I entered his office early in the month of November of that year. A few days afterwards I took up an inhaler which was lying upon the work-bench, containing a little ether, and breathed from it once or twice; I remarked to Dr. Morton how easily it worked, and asked him to try the instrument himself. He replied that "he would rather not." I inquired of Dr. Morton, if "he had ever inhaled the ether?" He answered "that he *had not, excepting only as he had inhaled it from the atmosphere about him.*" From which language, and the manner in which it was addressed to me, the conviction was inevitable that he had never inhaled its vapor, from a sponge, handkerchief, inhaler, or other instrument.

It was the "common report" of all in the office while I was connected with it, that Dr. Charles T Jackson, of this city, had made known to Dr. Mor

ton the new application of sulphuric ether, and given him instructions how to use it. Dr. Morton never denied this "common report;" never claimed the new discovery as his own; never, by a hint or expression, led me to infer that he in any sense considered it his own.

A few days after my becoming connected with Dr. Morton's office, in the fall of 1846, one evening, Thomas R. Spear, Jr., one of the boys in the office, asked William Leavitt, I being present at the time, to inhale the ether. Leavitt refused; whereupon, Spear said that "he would inhale it himself, if Leavitt would take the instrument from his mouth, when he had inhaled sufficiently." Spear sat down, and applied the inhaler to his lips; after a few inhalations, he sprung from his chair, seized a stranger who was present, by the waist, and nearly threw him over. Upon coming to, he apologized to the man whom he had handled so rudely, and asked him to excuse him, as "this was the *first time* he had ever taken the ether." I thought it barely possible Spear might have intended this simply as an apology for his rudeness. To satisfy myself, after the stranger had left, I asked Spear "if the ether had ever affected him in the same way before?" "No," he replied, "for *I never took it before.*" Spear had much to say, at the time, of the delightful sensations which the ether had produced upon him. He spoke of them, as those who took the ether for the first time, and were pleasantly affected by it, used always to speak; satisfying my mind, beyond a doubt, that he had never experienced anything of the kind before.

A few days before the occurrence of what I have just stated, I was requested by Spear to accompany him on a walk to East Cambridge; where, as he told me, he was going to execute an order at the Glass House, for Dr. Morton. As we were crossing Cragie's bridge, I asked Spear "where Morton first got hold of the 'gas,'" (the ether went by that name in the office.) Spear then related, that "Dr. Morton had *first* obtained the idea at Dr. Jackson's laboratory, and from Dr. Jackson; that he (Morton) had been directed by Dr. J. to administer the ether to produce insensibility to pain; had tried it on a woman; that it worked first-rate; and that he had since then continued to use it under the directions of Dr. Jackson." I cannot be deceived that Spear intended to communicate distinctly to me that the new discovery belonged exclusively to Dr. Jackson; and that, at the time of this conversation, *he* so believed himself. I soon after repeated Spear's story, but not as coming from Spear, to Mr. Francis Whitman, the brother-in-law of Dr. Morton, and a student in the office. Mr. Whitman gave me to understand that I had *heard the truth;* said "*he had heard the same account himself, and that there was no doubt of the truth of it in his own mind.*"

Dr. Jackson's directions and instructions were made the rule of all of our experiments in Dr. Morton's office. The directions which Dr. Morton sometimes gave us upon his own responsibility, and not as coming from Dr. Jackson, were generally injudicious and rash, and we did not think it safe to follow them.

About the middle of the month of November, (1846,) Dr. Morton stated to me expressly, that "*he had never inhaled the ether.*" I was also connected with Dr. Morton's office in the winter of 1845-6, and in the spring and summer of 1846. I often heard Dr. Morton speak of a great work upon which he was engaged, which, in his own words, "would uptip and monopolize the whole practice of dentistry in the city, and be worth one or two hundred dollars a day to him." This great work he unreservedly mentioned, as being a new "composition for filling teeth, and a new mode of manufacturing and setting them to plate." Morton stated to me, in the summer of 1846, that he had carried this "composition" to a chemist to be analyzed; that it had not yet realized his expectations, but that he should keep on trying to perfect it, until he succeeded; that he was sure to attain to perfection if money and time could effect it; that he had given one dentist of this city, whom I have since understood to be Dr. N. C. Keep, five hundred dollars for information upon the subject; and not being satisfied, had given to another a large sum of money, in order to gain all the information possible. During the summer of 1846 his energies seemed to be almost wholly bent in this direction. He was constantly exhibiting specimens of his manufacture to persons who called at the office.

I never, during the summer of 1846, saw sulphuric ether in Dr. Morton's office, and never perceived its odor there, about his person or otherwise; never heard its name mentioned by Dr. Morton, that I can remember, and never, during either the summer or fall of that year, heard him make a remark which would lead me to infer that he had made sulphuric ether a subject of observation, inquiry, study, or experiment, previous to the 30th of September of that year. *And yet Dr. Morton was communicative and sanguine to an uncommon degree, in relation to whatever particularly interested or occupied his mind.*

In the fall of 1846 I was in the office of Dr. Morton a few weeks only. When I left I spoke to him about going to Havana, with the ether and instruments for him. He told me that he would see Mr. Eddy about it; giving me to understand that Mr. Eddy was interested in the patent, and must first be consulted.

I have heard gentlemen who called at the office to purchase rights under Dr. Morton's patent, speak, in their conversations there, of Dr. Jackson, as the author of the "new discovery," and state that they had been so informed by Dr. Morton himself. I remember, at this moment, a gentleman from Philadelphia, another from Vermont, and a third, I think a Mr. Heald, from Portland, in the State of Maine. Indeed, this was evidently the only opinion entertained or expressed in the office while I was connected with it in the fall of 1846, and Dr. Morton never contradicted it, or intimated that it was not founded wholly upon the truth.

J. E. HUNT.

SUFFOLK ss. Boston, May 2d, 1848.—Sworn to by the said J. E. Hunt, this day, before me.

S. W. ROBINSON,
Justice of the Peace.

I, A. Blaisdell of the city of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, surgeon dentist, on oath depose and say, that during the summer and fall of the year eighteen hundred and forty six, I was associated in the practice of dentistry with Drs. Ball and Fitch, at No. 34 Tremont Row; that on or about the last of September or the first of October of that year, I met Dr. W. T. G. Morton at Mr. Burnett's apothecary store, No. 33 Tremont Row. This was soon after the application of the vapor of ether for the prevention of pain in operations of a surgical nature.

At that time I had a conversation with Dr. Mor-

ton to the following effect: I asked him how he succeeded in the application of ether. He replied, "Most satisfactorily." I then asked him how he had dared to use an agent so powerful? He told me that he had received the most positive assurance from Dr. C. T. Jackson, that it was perfectly safe. I remarked, "Then you have consulted Dr. Jackson!" He replied in the affirmative, and stated that the idea of employing sulphuric ether, for the purpose before mentioned, was first suggested to him by Dr. Jackson. I asked him thereupon if it was Dr. Jackson who made the discovery. Dr. Morton at once answered "that he did, and that Dr. Jackson had communicated it to him, with instructions as to the proper mode of applying the ether; and that having acted in accordance with his advice, his (Morton's) practice had been successful, the result in every way answering to Dr. Jackson's predictions."

Dr. Morton then told me that he was about taking out a patent upon this new application of ether. I asked him how he could do so, since Dr. Jackson was the discoverer. He replied that he had purchased his right of Dr. Jackson, and that Dr. J. had assigned his whole interest to him; for, said Morton, Dr. J. will have nothing to do with any patent. This ended our conversation at this time.

I met Dr. Morton frequently afterwards, and conversed with him upon the subject of ether. He uniformly made the same declarations, awarding the discovery to Dr. Jackson.

On the first day of Dec. following, Dr. Morton notified me to meet him at Mr. Burnett's. I met him as desired. At this interview Dr. Morton stated that he wished to employ me to work in his office, and also to go abroad and sell licenses to use the "Letheon," so called. The following evening we met again by appointment at his own office, No. 19 Tremont Row. Dr. Morton was at this time associated with Dr. N. C. Keep. Upon his expressing the same wish as on the morning before, and making certain proposals, "we closed a bargain." I entered the office of Drs. Morton and Keep, Dec. 14, A. D. 1846. On that day I went to Nashua, in the State of New Hampshire, to sell rights to use the Letheon. In closing a sale with a gentleman of that town, he objected to the phraseology of the *license*, the plural being used, as though two or more persons were interested in the grant or sale, as follows—"I promise to pay to their order, assigns or legal representatives." The question was asked me why the plural was used, there being but one signature at the conclusion of the license? and also who the person was to whom allusion was made? I answered that Dr. C. T. Jackson was the discoverer of this application of ether, as I had been informed by Dr. Morton, and that he had assigned all of his right and interest under the patent to Morton for a specified sum of money. The gentleman still objected, and called in his counsel, to whom I stated the facts as above; who thereupon advised his client that he could safely make the purchase. I returned to Lowell and sold three or four rights in that city, but encountered the same objection on the part of purchasers. To all of them I made the same statement as above.

Upon my return to Boston, I told Dr. Morton the difficulties in my way, and the statement with which I had opposed them, and asked if I had stated the truth, and the fact as he had given it to me. He replied that I had told the truth, *just as it was*. I also informed Dr. Morton that I found great difficulty in making people believe that ether could be used with safety, unless I gave them assurance, as coming from Dr. Jackson, to that effect. He answered that I must tell them that Dr. Jackson was the discoverer, and that he pronounced it perfectly safe. With this new instruction I started for Providence, Rhode Island, sold the right for that city to two dentists, but was subjected to the same embarrassment as at Nashua and Lowell, and met it in the same way.

On the twenty-first day of December, having returned to Boston, I was in Dr. Morton's office, making preparation, in compliance with his direction, to go to New York, when Dr. Clark, of Lansingburg, in the state of N. Y., called to purchase a right to use the ether. Dr. Clark was very urgent and particular in his inquiries respecting the discovery of this agent and its effects. Dr. Morton told him that Dr. Jackson, the eminent chemist, was *the man* who made the discovery, and that he had given him (Morton) instructions in regard to its use and effect. Dr. Clark then expressed his satisfaction, and a bargain was effected.

Dr. D. S. Blake was present during this conversation. Soon after, I went to New York in company with Dr. Blake. I sold rights under the aforesaid patent in different parts of that state; also in New Jersey, Virginia, and many of the southern and western states. When in Cincinnati, on my return home, in April of the following year, I received a letter from Mr. Edward Warren, stating that Drs. Jackson and Morton were engaged in a controversy respecting the discovery of the use of ether in surgical operations. This was the first intimation I ever had that Dr. Morton was in any way connected with the discovery.

In June or July following, an article appeared in the "Alliance and Visitor," severely censuring Dr. Morton for permitting the term ether, instead of chloric ether, to be used in a certain affidavit which appeared in the pamphlet published by Edward Warren, leaving it to be inferred by the public that sulphuric ether was intended. At this time I had a conversation with Dr. Hayden, about the statement in his affidavit. I asked him if he did not know, when he swore that Dr. Morton had made use of ether, that it was chloric ether. He replied, "I did, but I thought I would write it as I did, and let people draw what inferences they pleased as to the kind used." A few minutes after, Dr. Morton came into the office, and I handed him the article referred to. I asked him what he thought of it. He answered, "that he never told any one that he used sulphuric ether until he received it from Dr. Jackson." I have heard Mr. Edward Warren say that he "did not know or care to whom the discovery belonged, but that he meant to fight it through, and get all the credit for Morton." Both Warren and Morton have told me that he (Warren) was to have one half of the pecuniary profit arising from the discovery.

A. Blaisdell.

Suffolk, ss. May 27, 1848.—Sworn to before me.

F. K. Bartlett,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, Silas T. Gladwin, of Lowell, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dentist, on oath depose and say, that on or about the 15th day of December, 1846, Dr. A. Blaisdell, of Boston, called at my office in Lowell, to sell me a right to use the "Letheon," so called; that Dr. Blaisdell then and there stated to me that he was the duly authorized agent of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of Boston, to sell rights to the said "Letheon."

Dr. Blaisdell, during the interview, stated to me substantially and distinctly as follows. That the idea, that the "Letheon," or vapor of sulphuric ether, would produce insensibility to pain during the performance of operations of a surgical nature, was the discovery of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, who had imparted it to Morton, with instructions as to the nature and properties of the ether, the effects which it would produce, and the results which would follow its application; and also, instructions as to the mode in which it was to be applied. That Dr. Jackson being its discoverer, a man of science, and a great chemist, and the experiments which had been made having been according to the directions of Dr. Jackson, and having resulted according to his predictions, I need have no fear as to the perfect safety, practicability, and efficacy of the new agent, in producing insensibility to a sufficient degree, and for a sufficient length of time, to enable me to perform any dental or surgical operation under its influence, without pain to the patient. That Dr. Morton had only bought Dr. Jackson's right to the discovery; had got hold of it before any one else; had first received it from Dr. Jackson, and that he (Morton) was a go-ahead fellow, and would make a fortune out of his, a bargained and purchased, interest in the new discovery.

SILAS T. GLADWIN.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Middlesex, ss. Lowell, April 20, 1848.—Sworn to before me.

WILLIAM SMITH,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, Samuel Lawrence, of Lowell, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that on or about the 15th of December, 1846, Dr. Alvah J. Blaisdell, of Boston, called at my office in Lowell, and announced himself as the agent of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of Boston, to sell for him patent rights for the use of the "Letheon," so called. I did not purchase a right of Dr. Blaisdell, for the reason, as I stated at the time, that I had previously used sulphuric ether with good success; that I was perfectly satisfied that it was safe, if judiciously applied. Whereupon, Dr. Blaisdell went on to state that I could not use sulphuric ether, without infringing on the patent which Morton had procured on the "Letheon." I replied that I cared nothing for Morton's patent, for that I did not believe that sulphuric ether was patentable, any more than any other common drug or medicine. Dr. Blaisdell threatened me with prosecution if I used the ether; and upon his offering me a right for seventy-five dollars, I told him I would not give him twenty-five cents for one.

Dr. Blaisdell stated to me that the "Letheon" was perfectly safe; that I might rely upon its safety, for that Dr. Charles T. Jackson, one of the best chemists in the United States, discovered it, and imparted the discovery to Morton; that Dr. Jackson had given Morton directions and instructions how to apply the ether; that Dr. Jackson had also used it himself, and considered it perfectly safe; and that Dr. Morton, by the permission of Dr. Jackson, had taken out his patent.

Dr. Blaisdell gave me distinctly to understand, that Dr. Jackson first discovered the idea that the vapor of sulphuric ether would produce insensibility to pain during surgical operations, and I received from my conversation with Blaisdell the idea that "Letheon" was nothing but sulphuric ether.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE, *Dentist.*

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Middlesex, ss. April 20, 1848.—Sworn to before me,

I. B. ABBOTT,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, Daniel S. Blake of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dental surgeon, on oath depose and say, that I was, on the twenty-first day of December, 1846, employed by Dr. W. T. G. Morton as his agent to sell patent rights of the "Letheon," or the application of sulphuric ether to the relief of pain attending surgical operations; and in pursuance of my duty, as his agent, I travelled through parts of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and sold rights to different persons. Under Dr. Morton's instructions, I uniformly said that the application of sulphuric ether to the relief of pain attending surgical operations, was discovered by Charles T. Jackson, M. D., of Boston; that Morton had contrived the instrument with which the ether was applied, and which I carried with me for sale; and that Morton had purchased of Dr. Jackson his interest in the right to use the ether, and with Dr. Jackson's concurrence, Morton took out a patent for the new application of the ether, and was the proprietor of the patent. I was obliged repeatedly to explain to every person to whom I sold a right, who Dr. Jackson was, and who Dr. Morton was. The facts which I communicated I derived from Dr. Morton himself; and I was astonished when I heard that he pretended to be the discoverer of what he had so many times told me had been discovered by Dr. Jackson.

The first time that I had any conversation with Dr. Morton upon the subject of the discovery of the application of sulphuric ether to the relief of pain attending surgical operations was, when the discovery had been but lately made known, viz., in the fall of 1846. It was, I remember, on the day that the operation in surgery was performed at the Bromfield House, in which sulphuric ether was used. I asked Dr. Morton of the origin of the discovery, and he then told me that Dr. Charles T. Jackson had made the discovery, and had communicated it to him a short time previous, and that he first applied it under Dr. Jackson's directions.

Afterwards, on the 22nd day of December, 1846, a few minutes before I started as Dr. Morton's agent to sell patent rights, I heard Dr. Morton explain to Dr. Clark, of Lansingburg, New York, (who was then at Dr. Morton's office, having just purchased of Morton a right to use the "Letheon,") the origin of the discovery; and Dr. Morton then said, that Dr. Charles T. Jackson was the discoverer of the application of sulphuric ether to the relief of pain attending surgical operations, and that he, Morton, had got an interest in the matter by incurring the expense and trouble of securing the patent and obtaining the instrument used in applying the ether; that this instrument he, Morton, invented. Dr. Alvah Blaisdell, dental surgeon, of this city, was present when Dr. Morton explained to Dr. Clark the origin of the discovery, and his connection with Dr. Jackson in the matter.

Dr. W. T. G. Morton always said, and gave me to understand in all my interviews with him, (and I was his agent in selling patent rights for the use of the "Letheon" or sulphuric ether for about two months,) that Dr. Charles T. Jackson was the original discoverer of the application of sulphuric ether to the relief of pain attending surgical operations; that he, Morton, had in the autumn of 1846 first

used sulphuric ether, and then had used it and applied it under the instructions and directions of Dr. Jackson. DANIEL S. BLAKE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Suffolk ss. Boston, Aug. 16, 1847.—Then personally appeared before me the above-named Daniel S. Blake, and made solemn oath to the truth of the statement above subscribed by him, before me,

JOHN G. KING,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, J. A. Robinson, of Salem, County of Essex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that in the fall of 1846 I called at the office of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, in Boston, to negotiate with him for the purchase of a right to the "Letheon," so called. I spent about an hour in conversation with him. From Morton's conversation I came to the conclusion that Dr. Jackson was the discoverer of the new application of ether. I remember asking Morton, "How he could sell a right to the new agent, *Dr. Jackson having discovered it?*" He replied distinctly and in substance, "that he had purchased of Dr. Jackson the exclusive right to the discovery, and patented it." Morton unreservedly admitted that there was some one *behind himself* connected with the discovery *as its originator*, and that that person was Dr. Charles T. Jackson. I was convinced, from Morton's statements and admissions, that his own interest in the new discovery was *exclusively* a pecuniary interest. He did not seem to consider himself in any sense connected with the originating of the discovery, but seemed to think of nothing but his patent right.

J. A. ROBINSON.

ESSEX, ss.—April 22, 1848.—Subscribed and sworn to before me, A. HUNTINGTON,
Justice of Peace.

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I, Nathan B. Chamberlain, of the City of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, philosophical instrument maker, depose, that in the summer of the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, Mr. W. T. G. Morton called at my rooms, No. 9 School street, to consult with me in relation to certain apparatus with which he proposed to furnish his office. He first employed me to construct a turning lathe with the usual appliances. Subsequently, and late in the summer, or early in the autumn of that year, Mr. Morton asked me if I could make for him a compound blow-pipe, inasmuch as in the fitting out of a dentist's office that would in his opinion come next. He remarked that he wished to use the blow-pipe in soldering. Mr. Morton then stated that he wanted an instrument which would be snug and convenient, and which he might easily stow away under his table, and asked many questions as to its construction and expense. I told him that he might have a blow-pipe, furnished with India-rubber bags, and these would be both cheap and convenient. Mr. Morton then questioned me with regard to the kind of gas with which he ought to fill the bags, and what would be the cheapest; whether he might employ street gas, and how he himself might make it. During the whole of the conversation no allusion whatever was made to the subject of sulphuric ether, and I feel perfectly confident that he had no idea of using the India-rubber bag for any other purpose than the one before mentioned.

Upon stating to Mr. Morton the expense of a blow-pipe, constructed and furnished in the way described, he objected to my price, and asked if such apparatus was made elsewhere in the city. I referred him to Joseph M. Wightman. He at once asked who Mr. Wightman was, and where he could find him, where his place of business was, &c. Mr. Morton then left my room, and I had no further transactions with him until he sought my assistance in constructing the "ether inhaler," so called. This was in October of the same year. He then called upon me at my place of business, and stated that he was in possession of a "preparation" to produce insensibility to pain during the performance of operations upon the teeth, and wanted me to provide him with some instrument for inhaling it. I believed, from an odor about the person of Mr. Morton, that this preparation was sulphuric ether. I am certain that this was several days after the first of October, of the year 1846. Mr. Morton, by his conversation at the time, gave me every reason to believe that some one other than himself was the discoverer of the "preparation." He said distinctly that it was the suggestion of another, and from Mr. Morton's manner of speaking of Dr. Jackson in connection with the "preparation," as he did quite frequently during the interview, no doubt was left on my mind that Dr. Jackson was the discoverer.

I remember that after Mr. Morton left my room my brother, who was then with me, and was present during the said interview, spoke of the "preparation" as being the idea of Dr. Jackson. We both inferred this from Mr. Morton's conversation with us, during the whole of which he did not mention the name of any other chemist, or any one other than Dr. Jackson, in connection with the discovery which he wished to apply, and did not speak of, or in any way seem to consider, himself as the originator of it. Subsequently, as late as the 13th of October, 1846, he called to get the inhaler, with which I had furnished him, repaired. I knew that it was sulphuric ether for which it had been used.

At this time he gave me no reason to change or modify any impression or belief which I had obtained from him at the former interview.

When I heard that Mr. Morton claimed the discovery as being his own, I was surprised, for it was contrary to my previous convictions and belief, as derived from Morton's own statements. I had never hesitated to pronounce Dr. Jackson the discoverer of the application of ether to the purposes before mentioned.

N. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

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I, David K. Hitchcock, of the City of Boston, surgeon dentist, depose and say, that on the second or third day of October, in the year 1846, I had a conversation with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, upon the application of the vapor of ether to produce insensibility to pain. At this interview, Dr. Jackson related to me the circumstances under which he had communicated the discovery to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, and also gave his opinion relative to the proper, safe, and judicious administration of the new agent.

Dr. Jackson stated distinctly, that he had the utmost confidence in his discovery, and that he had no doubt that even severe surgical operations might be performed upon persons who had inhaled the vapor of pure sulphuric ether, with entire insensibility to pain. He also stated, that the new agent should only be employed by careful and scientific practitioners; and his chief apprehension seemed to be, that its use might be perverted in the hands of the ignorant, reckless, or unskilful, and thereby dangerous results ensue. Dr. Jackson was always very particular in saying, that only pure and highly

rectified ether could be employed with safety. At various subsequent interviews, which I had with Dr. Jackson, during the month of October, he stated to me, that he was opposed to taking out a patent upon his discovery; and, moreover, that he was, in principle, opposed to patenting any new medical agent whatever.

DAVID K. HITCHCOCK.

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I, R. C. Bartlett, of Boston, County of Suffolk, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, depose and say, that I was a member of the family of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, in the summer of 1844; that I am the aunt of Dr. Jackson's wife, and must be the person referred to in Mr. W. T. G. Morton's memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, as published in No. 201 of Littell's Living Age, in Boston aforesaid, and therein styled the aunt of Dr. Jackson, in the paragraph which here follows. "About this time," in the summer of 1844, "the wife and aunt of Dr. Jackson were under my treatment for dental purposes, and it was necessary to extract teeth in each case, the operation being painful, and the ladies showing an unusual degree of sensitiveness. The last named lady, in particular, before the extracting of each tooth, remained several hours in the operating chair, unable to summon courage to endure the operation, and begging to be mesmerized, or that I would give her something to make her insensible. Dr. Jackson was present, and made efforts to encourage the lady, but did not suggest any mode of producing insensibility," &c.

Dr. Jackson was *not present* at the time above alluded to by Mr. Morton, and I am sure that he had no knowledge of the operation until after it had been performed. Everything which Mr. Morton has stated in respect to my reluctance, my begging to be mesmerized, or to be made insensible in any way, and the time of my remaining in the operating chair, is wholly untrue.

I did not remain in his office longer than an hour in all. I subsequently told Dr. Jackson that I had had quite a number of teeth extracted by Mr. Morton, when he expressed great surprise, and great displeasure with Mr. Morton, and thought it unsafe to have so many teeth extracted at one sitting.

Dr. Jackson never was present at any operation performed upon my teeth by Mr. Morton.

R. C. BARTLETT.

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I, Elizabeth Bridge, of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that I am the sister of Rebecca C. Bartlett, and that I went to Mr. Morton's office with her, in June, in 1844, at the time that she had her teeth extracted; that Dr. Jackson was not present, and did not (to my knowledge) know that the said Rebecca C. Bartlett intended to have the operation performed of extracting the teeth.

Signed, ELIZABETH BRIDGE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Suffolk, ss. Boston, the twenty-fourth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

Then personally appeared the above named Elizabeth Bridge, and made oath that the foregoing affidavit by her subscribed is true. Before me,

ABRAHAM JACKSON, JR.,
Justice of the Peace.

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Boston, May 1 1847.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I offer you the following account of my experiments and observations, made several years ago, on the inhalation of vapor of pure sulphuric ether. I was previously aware, from the experience of others, and from my own experiments, of the kind of intoxication which is produced by the inhalation of that vapor. It was not known at that time, however, that an insensibility could be produced by this agent, of safe and short duration. I moistened a cloth and laid it over my mouth and nostrils, and laid myself back in a rocking-chair, and inhaled the vapor, noticing its effects on the system. The first impression was that of coolness, then a sensation of warmth and exhilaration, with a singular feeling of excitement in the chest. This was followed by a loss of consciousness, from which I in a short time awoke; soon afterwards I entirely recovered from the effects of the ether.

I have frequently inhaled the vapor of sulphuric ether to relieve the irritation occasioned by breathing noxious gases. During the winter of 1841–42, and not long after the experiment above described, I was preparing chlorine gas to be used in a lecture before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and, while collecting the chlorine in large glass bottles filled with boiling water and having their necks immersed in a pneumatic cistern, my assistant, who was holding a bottle, accidentally let it fall, and it broke while my face was quite near to it. I immediately inhaled a large volume of this gas, which nearly suffocated me, so that with great difficulty I got into the house.

As soon as I could get assistance, I sent for sulphuric ether and ammonia, and inhaled them alternately, hoping thus to neutralize the chlorine by the hydrogen of the ether, and the acid so formed by the ammonia. I received some relief for the time, but I was so much depressed, and felt such a weight upon my chest, that I feared I should not be able to give my lecture. I gave it, however, without much difficulty. Afterwards, still suffering from the effects of the chlorine, I thought I would try the ether vapor again, and for a longer time. I went, therefore, into my office, which is connected with my house, and, taking the bottle of pure sulphuric ether from the laboratory, I soaked a folded cloth in it, squeezed it out slightly, and seating myself in a rocking-chair, with my feet resting upon another chair, I commenced inhaling the ether from the cloth, which was placed over my mouth and nostrils, while my head was laid back against my chair, so that I was quite at ease in a fixed position. The effects of the inhalation were as before described, excepting that it made me cough at first. I was, therefore, led to believe, that the paralysis of the nerves of sensation would be so great, during the continuance of the insensibility, that a surgical operation might be performed upon a patient under its influence, without giving him any pain; for the loss of consciousness was remarkable, perhaps resembling that of epilepsy more than any other kind of insensibility. I heard afterwards of other cases of this insensibility accidentally produced, and I became perfectly convinced that the inhalation of the ether would be safe,—an opinion first formed from my own earlier experiments. I now felt prepared to recommend the trial of sulphuric ether vapor for the prevention of pain in surgical operations. The subsequent history of its application to that purpose is known to you from the evidence of others. I will add, that my interest in the respiration of gases

was first excited by Sir H. Davy's experiments, and that since I became acquainted with them, the subject has always seemed to me to deserve further investigation.

I am, with great regard, your friend,
CHARLES T. JACKSON.

DR. MARTIN GAY.

—

I, Samuel A. Bemis, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dentist, depose and say, that on or about the twenty-ninth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two, I was residing as a boarder at the Mt. Crawford House, at Harts Location, in the County of Coos, and State of New Hampshire. That, on or about the said twenty-ninth day of September, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, being at that time engaged in a geological survey of New Hampshire, stopped at the said Mt. Crawford House.

Dr. Jackson had, for some years prior to the above date, been an acquaintance of mine. During some conversation that occurred between Dr. Jackson and myself, at the time and place above mentioned, and in presence of several other gentlemen, among them Mr. William F. Channing, of Boston, then an assistant of Dr. Jackson, various remarks were made respecting my own profession; and the subject of pain and painful operations was introduced by Dr. Jackson, as being incident to its practice. Dr. Jackson then remarked that it was his wish to alleviate or destroy all sensation of pain and suffering during operations of a surgical nature, and asserted that this result would be secured by the introduction of a new mode of practice in such operations. After making several observations upon the importance of some new treatment or agent which would prevent all consciousness of pain, Dr. Jackson said that, if I desired it, he would give or provide me with something which he knew would effect that object, and also proposed to me to introduce the same into my profession. I have no doubt whatever that the plan communicated to me at the time was the same in regard to the substance to be used, viz., sulphuric ether, and in all other respects, as he has since promulgated to the world. Dr. Jackson also remarked that he had been induced to try its effect upon himself, when suffering in consequence of some accident, and that he had been completely successful in its application. To all of which I replied, as a reason why I should not be willing to introduce the use of this new agent into my own practice, that, in such operations as came under my particular care, there was seldom much suffering; and that I had more often found difficulty in impressing my patients with a belief that there was really no necessity for operations, than to persuade them to submit when operations were deemed necessary. In fact, the principle of my practice was to save teeth, and to keep them in the head, rather than to extract them. I had no doubt at the time that Dr. Jackson regarded the successful application of the new agent, above referred to, to the purposes above mentioned, as not only practicable, but quite within the grasp of the scientific operator; and I expected to meet with an account of it at some future day through the scientific journals.

S. A. BEMIS.

Boston, May 20, 1847.

Sworn to before me,
JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.,
Justice of the Peace.

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Boston, April 27, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiries, yesterday, I have to remark, that I distinctly remember the substance of the conversation which passed between us, in the spring of eighteen hundred and forty-two, concerning sulphuric ether. The conversation took place at your office, where I was passing the evening. Observing that you was suffering from severe pain in the head, I was about to take leave, when you requested me not to do so, remarking, that in ten or fifteen minutes you would probably be free from pain. I replied: "Were I subject to attacks so severe, and of such short duration, I should inhale nitrous oxide." My remark was not intended to be understood seriously. You answered: "Some of your sulphuric ether would be much better;" and added, "Are you aware, that when inhaled it produces complete insensibility?"—or words to this effect.

I was aware of this fact; but, at the time, my impression was, that either nitrous oxide or the vapor of ether, inhaled frequently, would be attended with evil consequences, if not fatal.

The ether to which you referred, was some which I had prepared for use in my private laboratory. It was pure sulphuric ether, and very different from the sulphuric ether of the shops—such as was then only to be found in the market.

With kind regards, I remain, dear Sir,
very truly your friend,
JOHN H. BLAKE.

DR. CHARLES T. JACKSON.

—

I, William Francis Channing, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, doctor of medicine, affirm that in the month of March, in the year eighteen hundred and forty six, I accidentally inhaled chlorine in the laboratory of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston. The effect was to produce spasms of the chest and distress of respiration, of such a character as to make me apprehend an immediately fatal result. I at once inhaled the vapor of ammonia and alcohol from the mouth of the vessels containing the same, for the purpose of neutralizing the chlorine, but found very slight relief. I also swallowed some brandy, which gave momentary, but no permanent relief. Dr. Jackson, who had then returned to his office, advised me to try the inhalation of sulphuric (hydric) ether, which he stated that he had himself used with success in an accident of the same kind; and he directed its application by means of a handkerchief. The inhalation of the ether produced an immediate suspension of the spasms, with entire relief from the distress. They recurred again after a time with less violence, but were subsequently entirely removed by occasional inhalations of ether; so that, in about one hour after the accident, I was enabled to walk from the laboratory without difficulty.

Several days after, inflammation of the lungs resulted from the irritation of the chlorine, connected with exposure to cold. In consequence of the great relief produced in my own case by the inhalation of ether, I recommended it shortly after my recovery, to be used as a remedy in ordinary cases of spasm of the chest.

I have heard Dr. Jackson speak on several occasions of the inhalation of sulphuric (hydric) ether, for producing insensibility to pain during operations of a surgical nature. These conversations with Dr. Jackson took place, according to my recollec-

tion, certainly more than a year and a half ago; and my own impression is very strong, that the earliest communication on this subject took place during the summer or autumn of 1842, while I was acting as assistant with Dr. Jackson on the geological survey of the State of New Hampshire.

WM. F. CHANNING.

SUFFOLK, ss. Boston, May 12, 1847.—Affirmed by the said William F. Channing, before me,

ELLIS GRAY LORING,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, Joseph Peabody, of Salem, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, depose and say, that I have been for some time a student in chemistry in the laboratory of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston; that, in the latter part of the month of Feb., 1846, Dr. Jackson related to me that he had discovered certain remarkable properties in sulphuric ether; that, by freely inhaling it, a state of unconsciousness was produced, with insensibility to pain.

The circumstances under which this communication was made to me were as follows:—I was suffering from a severe toothache; and, intending to have two teeth extracted, a fellow-student urged me to try the power of mesmerism to effect insensibility to pain, offering to attempt to produce the magnetic state. I consented, and he commenced the experiment. While we were thus engaged, Dr. Jackson came into the office, and remarked that it was a loss of time and labor to attempt to repeat the experiments of the mesmerizers; for their insensibility was only a pretence. "If you want to have your teeth extracted without pain," said he, "I have mesmerism bottled up in the other room—in the shape of sulphuric ether." He then repeated to me minutely the effects which would be produced by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. I asked him where he got his information from. He said that he had tried it on himself; that, about four years before, he inhaled it freely with a view of ascertaining the effects of its vapor on the system, and was astonished to find it produced an entire loss of consciousness; that this state speedily passed away, without leaving any unpleasant effects. He said that subsequently, while engaged in preparing some chemical experiments, he accidentally got his lungs full of chlorine, which produced a sudden irritation and severe distress; that, hoping to obtain relief, he applied to sulphuric ether; that he breathed the vapor copiously—having poured the ether upon a cloth which was laid over his mouth. He soon became unconscious and perfectly free from pain, although the trouble in his lungs returned when the effects of the ether had wholly passed off. He urged me to apply the ether when I wished to have my teeth extracted, assuring me of his confidence that I would escape the pain of the operation. He added that ether prepared expressly for the purpose, and freed from its alcohol, would ensure success. I immediately determined to make the trial; and, as I was obliged to return to Salem, I there commenced to re-distill some ether with sulphuric acid.

In the mean time I consulted several chemical and medical works, (in a large scientific library to which I had access.) in relation to the effects of sulphuric ether; and found that all the authorities stated that the action of ether upon the system was injurious, and warned against its use. My father was also averse to my breathing it. I therefore concluded that the operation proposed would not be sufficiently serious to warrant me in using any application pronounced dangerous by high authorities. Upon my return to Dr. Jackson's laboratory, I stated to him the opinion of chemical and medical writers in relation to the use of ether. He said that he was aware of the opinions in the works upon the subject; but, notwithstanding their views, he was satisfied that he was right—that the application of ether would be perfectly harmless, and its effects would be what he had stated.

This was not the only occasion on which the subject of the effects of ether was introduced. He alluded to it in several subsequent conversations, and always with the same confidence, so that when I learned the final success of the application I was not at all surprised.

I returned to Dr. Jackson's laboratory about a week after he had communicated his discovery to Mr. Morton, and since that time have been constantly with him; and I can most positively state that not at any time has he shown the least want of confidence in the importance of his application, and not for a moment did he undervalue it, nor has he ceased to assert his claims as the sole discoverer.

JOSEPH PEABODY.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS. COUNTY OF SUFFOLK, ss. City of Boston.—On this eleventh day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-seven, before me, came Joseph Peabody, and, being duly sworn, did depose and say as within written, and did sign the said within writing, as his deposition in and concerning the matters therein specified.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, on this said 11th of May, A. D 1847.

JOHN P. BIGELOW, *Notary Public.*

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I, George O. Barnes, of the City of Boston, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say, that Mr. W. T. G. Morton did not, on the thirtieth day of September of the year 1846, take from the laboratory of Dr. Charles T. Jackson a glass tube or flask, or any apparatus whatever for the inhalation of sulphuric ether. This is the day referred to in my former deposition, on which Mr. Morton called upon Dr. Jackson to procure an India rubber bag for the object therein mentioned. I was in the laboratory during the whole time that Mr. Morton remained, and heard the conversation between Dr. Jackson and himself.

He did call two or three days after to procure such apparatus, and Dr. Jackson then gave him the glass flask and tube, with instructions for their use.

GEORGE O. BARNES.

SUFFOLK, ss. Boston, May 2, 1848.—Sworn to this day by the said George O. Barnes, before me,

S. W. ROBINSON,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, George O. Barnes, of Plymouth, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, depose and say, that in the fall of 1846 I was a student in chemistry with Dr. Charles T. Jackson; that in the month of September I was at work in the back room of Dr. Jackson's laboratory when Mr. W. T. G. Morton passed through the room, as I supposed to go into the house which adjoins the laboratory. He soon returned, having in his hand an India rubber bag belonging to Dr. Jackson. As he went into the apparatus or glass room, I heard Dr. Jackson ask

Morton what he wanted to do with the bag. He replied that he had a refractory patient who would not allow him to take out her tooth, and that he wished to act on her imagination so as to induce her to submit to the operation; that he meant to fill the bag with air, meaning, as I understood, atmospheric air, which would give it a formidable appearance. He then asked how he should go to work to distend the bag. "The lungs or a pair of bellows," said Dr. Jackson, "can do that." "But," continued Dr. Jackson, "your proposition, Morton, is very absurd; the patient will not be deceived in that way; you will produce no result, and will be denounced as an impostor."—"I don't know that," replied Morton: "I think with this bag under my arm, well blown up, that I could make her believe anything." While saying this, he placed the bag under his arm, and, pressing the bag with his elbow several times, illustrated the manner in which he would operate. "If I could once get her mouth open," said Morton, "I would have her tooth out. Why," said he, "a man once bled to death by the mere force of imagination." As he was proceeding to give an account of this experiment, Dr. Jackson interrupted him, and said, "Pooh! you don't credit such a story as that, surely! I advise you to have nothing to do with this idea of using atmospheric air to deceive your patients; it will only injure you." Morton replied, "I don't care. I 'll blow it up." Morton then left Dr. Jackson, and was going from the glass room, where the latter part of the conversation had been principally held, into the front room towards the street door, with the bag swinging in his hand, when Dr. Jackson followed him, took the bag from his hand, and threw it on the floor. . There had been also some conversation concerning nitrous oxide, but not one word concerning sulphuric ether; and Morton had not asked Dr. Jackson to suggest to him anything to prevent pain during his operations of extracting teeth. Dr. Jackson then addressed him, and said, "Now, Morton, I can tell you something that will produce a real effect. Go to Mr. Burnett's, the apothecary, and get some very strong sulphuric ether, the stronger the better; spatter it on your handkerchief, put it to your patient's mouth, take care that it be well inhaled, and in a minute or two perfect insensibility will be produced." "Sulphuric ether!" said Morton, "what is that? Is it a gas? Have you got any of it? Show it to me." Dr. Jackson went to the laboratory case, and took down the bottle of sulphuric ether, which Morton examined and smelt of as though he had never seen the article before, saying, it was "queer smelling stuff." "Are you sure," said Morton, "that this will do it?" "Yes," replied Dr. Jackson, "I am sure." The rest of the Doctor's reply I did not hear, as I passed into the other room for some purpose, being engaged at the time in analytical work. Afterwards I heard Morton several times repeat, "Are you sure it will do it?" He even asked Mr. McIntyre, another student in the laboratory, and myself, if we thought it would do it. "Won't it hurt the patient?" said he. "No," replied Dr. Jackson, "it will not do any harm; for I have tried it on myself." He then briefly described his own experiments and the effects, and said "that the patients, after breathing a dozen breaths, would fall back in the chair insensible; and you can do with them as you please, without their knowing anything about it, or feeling any pain; so that you can take out their teeth at your leisure." Dr. Jackson distinctly said, "It will not do the least injury, I assure you." Indeed, Dr. Jackson urged the matter very earnestly and with perfect confidence, taking on himself the whole responsibility. He urged Morton to try it on himself, saying that it was the only way to convince himself. "Shut yourself up," said he, "in your room, and breathe it as I have directed." At the same time, Dr. Jackson, taking a handkerchief and bottle in his hands, went through the movement of applying the ether to it, and, placing the handkerchief to his mouth, made several deep inhalations, saying, "This is the way you must take it." Morton then left, promising to try it immediately. After Morton left, the students in the laboratory conversed considerably about the proposed experiment; and some one asking the question whether Morton would succeed, Dr. Jackson said confidently, "He will, if he follows my directions."

Either on the afternoon of the same day, or the next day, I am not positive which, Morton came to announce the success of his trial. He stated that he tried it on a patient with complete success; for, while he extracted a tooth, the person was insensible, and knew nothing about it. Dr. Jackson expressed no surprise, but appeared as if he had expected this result. Mr. Morton intended soon to perform another extraction. Dr. Jackson then said to him, "You must go to Dr. Warren, and obtain his permission to administer it at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and if possible it should be on a capital operation; for people will not believe in the insensibility to pain in case of a mere tooth, since it is very common for patients in an ordinary case to say that it did not hurt them, when the twitch is very sudden, and the operation skilfully performed: this proof would not be regarded by the public as satisfactory." Morton strongly objected at first to going to the hospital—that everybody could smell the ether, and it would not be kept secret, which it was Morton's object to do. He asked if something could not be put into it which would conceal the ether odor. Dr. Jackson replied, "Yes; some French essence, as the oil of Neroli, may answer in a measure, and a pleasant perfume will be left on the patient;" remarking, laughingly, "The scent of the roses will hang round him still." After some argument, and Dr. Jackson's further insisting upon it, Morton promised to go to the hospital.

In the course of this conversation, Morton repeatedly begged the doctor to keep the matter a secret. "No!" answered Dr. Jackson, "I will have no secrets with my professional brethren. I intend to give Dr. Keep the same information which I have given to you;" and, in point of fact, every one who afterwards came to get information on the subject was at once told all about it.

Some time after this, when the experiments had proved successful at the hospital and elsewhere, and while the patent was being negotiated, the right of using the ether having been assigned to Morton, Dr. Jackson urged him in my presence to present the free use of it to the hospital, saying that they would not buy a patented article, and it ought to be given to the poor. Morton was very reluctant to do this, and asked if there were not some pay patients at the hospital who could afford to remunerate him for administering the ether. This was argued a long time, and Morton finally said that he would do so.

A few days after, Morton called at the office, when Dr. Jackson was not in, with a glass bulb in his hand, having only two openings. He proposed to fasten an India rubber bag upon one of the open-

ings to contain the sulphuric ether, a sponge to be placed in the bulb, and the patient to inhale the ether from the other opening; there being no aperture for the admission of atmospheric air. His intention was, he told us, that the patient should breathe the ether vapor pure, without admixture of atmospheric air. I told him of the indispensability of atmospheric air, knowing very well that it would be dangerous to breathe ether vapor without the common air being mixed with it. He was told, also, that the ether would dissolve the India rubber. He then said that he would stop the opening with a cork, instead of the bag; intending still to exclude the common air.

Some time after, I heard Dr. Jackson speak of Morton's being reckless. He had heard that Morton did not manage well in the administration of the ether. Dr. Jackson expressed his opinion that it ought to be in the hands of careful and skilful persons. In fact he was sorry that he had communicated his discovery to Morton, and that he had employed him to make those early experiments with the ether. He spoke strongly upon these points.

GEORGE O. BARNES.

BOSTON, May 21, 1847 —Sworn before me,
JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.,
Justice of the Peace.

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I, James McIntyre, of Bangor, in the State of Maine, depose and say, that in the month of September, 1846, I was a student in chemistry with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston. In the latter part of September, I was sitting in the front room or office of Dr. Jackson's laboratory, when Mr. W. T. G. Morton came in and asked for Dr. Jackson, and passed through the office into the house adjoining the laboratory. In a short time Morton came into the back room with an India rubber bag in his hands, and passed through into the glass room. Dr. Jackson came in with him, or shortly afterwards. Dr. Jackson asked Morton what he wanted with the bag. He said he wished to blow up the bag, and act upon a patient's imagination by making her breathe from the bag. The precise words of Morton's answer I do not remember; but the purport of it was, that he wanted to extract some teeth from a lady who objected on account of the pain, and that he expected, by making her breathe from the bag, to believe that she would suffer no pain from the extraction of her teeth. In order to show the effect of imagination, he gave an account of an experiment upon two criminals, one of whom was bled to death; and the other, having his arm pricked and warm water poured upon it, died from the effect of the imagination. Dr. Jackson said that it was absurd, and never occurred. He told Morton that it would be useless to try that, as he could not act upon her imagination; and, if he failed, she would set him down as a humbug. There was then some conversation about the use of exhilarating gas, whether it was first mentioned by Dr. Jackson or Morton, I do not remember. Morton asked if he could not make it. Dr. Jackson told him that he could not succeed without apparatus and the assistance of some one who had some chemical knowledge; and that, if he undertook to make it, he would get nitric oxide instead of nitrous oxide. He asked Dr. Jackson if he could not prepare some for him; this Dr. Jackson declined to do, on account of his business. Morton was then going away with the bag, and I have no doubt intended to use the bag by distending it with atmospheric air.

As he was going, Dr. Jackson told him that he could tell him something that would make the patient insensible, and then he could do what he had a mind to with them. Morton asked what it was. Dr. Jackson then told him to go to Burnett's, and get some pure sulphuric ether, and pour it on a handkerchief, and put it to the patient's mouth and let her inhale it. Morton asked what sulphuric ether was, what kind of looking stuff it was. I stayed in the front room while Morton and Dr. J. went to look at the ether. From Morton's question about the ether, I am satisfied that he knew nothing about its properties or nature. I heard Morton ask Dr. Jackson very particularly whether it would be safe to use it. Dr. Jackson assured him that it was perfectly safe, and alluded to the students at Cambridge having used it. Morton appeared to be afraid to use the ether, and asked him several times if it was safe. Dr. Jackson advised Morton to try it himself. Morton asked me if I would be willing to take it. I told him that I would. The whole conversation between Dr. Jackson and Morton I did not hear, as I was not all the time in the room with them. But I felt sure, from the conversation I had heard, that he came to the laboratory without any idea of using ether, or anything else which would destroy sensibility to pain; that he knew nothing about its properties; that the effect which ether would produce was communicated to him by Dr. Jackson; and that he was induced to try it only by the repeated assurances of Doctor Jackson, that it would produce insensibility, and could be administered with safety. The next day after the above conversation, Morton came into the office, and told Dr. Jackson that the ether had worked nicely; that the patient suffered no pain.

During the time that I was in Dr. Jackson's laboratory, I never heard him express any doubt about the effect which ether would produce in causing insensibility to pain, but have heard him say that it ought to be administered with care, and by persons acquainted with the nature of it.

Signed,
JAMES McINTYRE.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS. County of Suffolk, ss. City of Boston.— On this first day of April, A. D. 1847, before me, came James McIntyre, and, being duly sworn, did depose and say as within written, and did sign the said within writing, as his deposition in and concerning the matter herein specified.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, on this said 1st of April, A. D. 1847. Signed,
JOHN P. BIGELOW,
Notary Public.

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I, James McIntyre, of the city of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose, that I was in the laboratory of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, on the thirtieth day of September, A. D. 1846, on which day Mr. W. T. G. Morton called to procure an India rubber bag for the purpose declared in my deposition of April 1, A. D. 1847. Mr. Morton did not to my knowledge ask for or take from the laboratory a glass tube and flask of any description whatever, which I should certainly have known if he had.

A few days after the said 30th day of September, on the 2d or 3d day of October, Mr. Morton did call and take from the laboratory the above named apparatus.

JAMES McINTYRE.

Suffolk ss. Boston, May 2, 1848.— Sworn to this day by the said James McIntyre, before me,

S. W. Robinson,
Justice of the Peace.

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Boston, May 18, 1848.

Dear Sir: — In answer to your inquiries I would state that on the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D. 1846, Dr. Jackson sent his sister, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, to my office, to have a painful dental operation performed. She requested me, in Dr. Jackson's name, to administer the vapor of ether, but, first, to obtain Mr. Morton's permission, as he had recently purchased her brother's pecuniary interest in this discovery.

A short time afterwards I had an interview with Dr. Jackson, at which he expressed the most entire confidence in his discovery, and asserted that sulphuric ether, when judiciously administered, was perfectly harmless, and that any surgical operations might be performed upon persons subject to its influence, with complete unconsciousness of pain. Dr. Jackson stated, however, that he very much regretted having first intrusted his discovery to Mr. Morton, and having transferred to him the sole right to apply the agent, for his ignorance of its nature, and his recklessness in ordering its application, might be the occasion of injurious, if not fatal consequences.

Very respectfully,
N. C. Keep.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson.

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I, N. C. Keep, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dental surgeon, having been called upon by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, depose and say, that on the twenty-eight day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, I became associated in the business and practice of dentistry with Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of said Boston, which connection continued from that date until the thirty-first day of December following; during that period the vapor of ether was administered almost daily to our patients, for the purpose of producing insensibility to pain in dental operations. It was his practice, during that time, to administer the ether, without any adequate provision for the admission of atmospheric air, and whenever operations were performed by other persons in the office, and under his supervision, he directed its application in the same way; by consequence of which, many of the operations, at that time, were unsuccessful, and great distress and suffering were induced. All of *his* apparatus for the inhalation of ether was so constructed that it was a matter, in my opinion, of absolute uncertainty, whether the patient could receive sufficient atmospheric air to prevent asphyxia. Dr. Morton appeared to be in no sense aware of the importance of admitting atmospheric air. I believe that he was not at all well acquainted with the nature, properties, and safe and proper application, of the vapor of ether, and he was certainly, in my opinion, reckless in its use, expressing the most perfect unconcern as to its effects upon the subjects of his practice, provided they were only made insensible.

Contrary to his clearly and unequivocally expressed wishes and opinion, it was my practice during the "thirty days," to make ample provision for the admission of atmospheric air, while administering the vapor of ether, and I advised the assistants to make the same provision; but they, being influenced by his directions and known wishes, did not, at all times, follow my advice. I remonstrated with Dr. Morton in reference to his mode of practice in this respect, till I found it of no avail.

With my first acquaintance with the use of the vapor of ether, for the purposes above mentioned, I was perfectly satisfied of the expediency, if not absolute necessity, of admitting atmospheric air during its inhalation, and I immediately, and have ever since, used it in that way, and in no other way.

N. C. Keep, M. D.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Suffolk, ss. Boston, May 24, 1847.—Then personally appeared the within named N. C. Keep, and made oath that the foregoing affidavit, by him subscribed, is true. Before me, Jona. Chapman,
Justice of the Peace.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LADY JANE GREY.

On hill and stream the morning beamed,
The fresh and fragrant morn,
And through the woodland cheerily
The huntsman wound his horn;
And lords and ladies, richly dight,
The gallant and the gay,
Had vowed to waken with the light
The pastime of the day.

Within her chamber, far apart,
In simple garb attired,
Of modest mien, and brow serene,
A lady sat retired.
In meditative mood she sat,
And scanned the magic page,
The dreamy and mysterious lore
Of Greece's poet-sage.

And when the sound of horn and hound
Broke full upon her ear,
"They wist not in their sports," she cried,
"What pleasure I have here:
They wist not, Plato, of the joy,
The rapture that I feel,
The 'Paradise of rare device'
Thy fantasies reveal."

The tranquil day has passed away,
Its sunny hours have sped,
And gathering clouds begin to lower
Around the fated head:
The guileless truth of early youth,
Its faith and trust remain,
But other cares and other friends
Surround the Lady Jane.

The heartless wiles of crafty men
Already hem her in.
The perils of the trusting heart
In sober sooth begin;
Before her feet adventurers lay
The glittering bauble down:
The haughtiest knee in England bends
To tender her—a crown!

"My lords," she said, "for one so young,
'Twere maidenly and meet
To take your counsels for a lamp
And guide unto my feet;
Albeit, I have never sighed
Nor sought for high degree;

The gauds and glitter of a court
Have little charm for me.

"I reverence your sage resolves,
Your subtlety admit,
And weak and worthless at the best
I know is woman's wit;
But God has fortified my soul
Against this trying hour,
And in His 'faith and fear' I shun
The path to regal power.

"How often in disast'rous feuds
Hath English blood been shed!
What living man, my lords, could bear
Its curse upon his head?
Were it not better to unite,
And bid dissension cease,
That so we might advance the reign
Of righteousness and peace?

"May God protect our English homes,
And bless my cousin's reign—"
A sudden shout was raised without,
"Long live the Lady Jane!"
Arise, ye loyal Londoners,
And shout for Jane the Queen!
The peerless choice of England's voice!
The monarch of sixteen!

The pageant gay has passed away·
The garish dream has flown:
In sad and silent prison-room
The captive sits alone.
The wasted form, and broken heart—
The chamber in the tower—
Are these the sole memorials left
Of that brief day of power?

But ne'er was sufferer's brow, methinks,
So placid and serene;
Angelic grace had left its trace
In her submissive mien:
"*He* cannot err whose hand," she cried,
"The universe sustains;
And welcome every change and chance
His Providence ordains."

And as the parting hour drew nigh,
Her faith the stronger grew:
So young, so good, so beautiful,
So constant and so true!
In vain the zealous priest of Rome
Essayed, with honeyed tongue,
To win her from the cherished creed
To which she fondly clung.

"Sir Abbot," with a smile she cried,
"Your subtle reasons spare;
My heart is fixed and resolute;—
In courtesy forbear:
To argue for my faith is not
For one so weak as I;
But *in* it, by the grace of God,
And *for* it I can die!

"And tell my cousin—since, you say,
She mourns my sinful state—
I have a ghostly counsellor
In this my mortal strait.
Tell her I freely own my fault,
And recognize her right;
She loves me not, and soon the grave
Will hide me from her sight

"May all her subjects duteously
Incline unto her will;
And God forgive me, if I e'er
Have wished or thought her ill:
Tell her that though the flesh be frail,
The spirit feels its might,
And longs to burst its bonds, and soar
Rejoicing into light!

"Commend me to my father's prayers,
And to my loving lord
I charge you as a Christian man
To take my dying word:
It mitigates the stroke of death,
The pang of parting pain,
To think that we who loved so well
So soon shall meet again!"

'T is said that on the fatal morn,
From her secluded cell
She saw Lord Guildford pass to death,
And waved a last farewell:
Nay more, she saw, too plainly saw,
Beneath her window borne,
Oh sight of speechless agony!
His headless trunk return.

Her fortitude had well-nigh failed
Beneath the cruel shock;
But calmly, martyr-like, she laid
Her head upon the block.
And long shall fame enshrine her name
Among the great and good;
The image of heroic faith
And guileless womanhood.

And brightly her example still
Shines through the mist of years;
The gentle and the true embalm
Her memory with tears;
By winter fires her tale is told,
And never told in vain,
As children listen to the Life
And Death of Lady Jane.

From the Springfield Republican

THE following detailed account, the first that has been published, of the ascent of the great volcano Popocatapetl, in Mexico, was furnished by an officer of the army in Mexico, who was one of the six that succeeded in reaching the summit. This mountain, which has never been ascended since the time of Cortez, is the highest point of land in North America. The Spanish officer, who, in 1519, was the first human being that reached the summit, was rewarded by the crown of Spain for his courage and perseverance by being permitted to assume, for his coat of arms, the figure of a burning mountain:

EXPEDITION TO THE SUMMIT OF POPOCATAPETL.

An escort having been granted, and an indefinite leave given by the general-in-chief to such officers as wished to go on the expedition, we started on Monday, April 3d. Arrangements had been made with some Mexicans for pack mules to carry our provisions, bedding, &c., but we were disappointed in not getting them; and as news had arrived, the evening before, of the ratification

of the treaty at home, we were afraid, if we remained one day longer to obtain other mules, we might have our leave countermanded; so we left about noon, with ten wagons.

As the ascent on the mountain is less precipitous on the south side, and a less depth of snow also on that slope, we took the general direction of Osumbra, which is a town near the base of the mountain, and very near the point of ascending. We stopped the first night at Ayotla, and the second at Tlaminalco. Here we were shown some magnificent ruins; a few walls with some five or six arches, were all that remained; but the carving was more beautiful and elaborate than anything of the kind we have seen in this country. We were told by an old padre, that the work had been traced back upwards of seven hundred years; but it was evidently the work of the Spaniards, as there was a head of our Saviour in alto relievo, with figures bearing helmets and shields, as well as the crown of Spain.

On the 5th we reached Osumbra, having stopped an hour or two at Mira Flores, (see the flowers,) the day previous, where we were very hospitably entertained by Mr. Robinson, a Scotchman, who is in charge of an extensive cotton manufactory. The looms, I perceived, were all made in the United States. There were two sets of hands, one working by day and the other by night. The girls earned from four to six rials per day.

When we reached Tlaminalco, a town of some six thousand inhabitants, we found the road somewhat impracticable for our wagons, and called on the alcalde, who furnished us with pack mules, taking charge of our wagons until we should return.

We left Osumbra on the 6th. The alcalde went with us to Atloutla, a little village some two miles further on, where we obtained two athletic young Indians as guides. Soon after leaving Atloutla, our path began ascending, and continued to do so until we encamped. The distance from Osumbra was ten miles, and we had ascended some four thousand feet above the valley. The path was a narrow train worn by mules, upon which the Indians pack wood down from the mountain sides; sometimes it was ten or fifteen feet below the surface, and our mules would get fast—again they would tumble over the side of a precipice and roll down, loads and all. These occasioned delays; still we were in camp by three o'clock. We had selected a place called "vacaria." This is nothing more than an open place in the woods, near the water, where the Indians rendezvous with their cattle, which they drive up from the plains below to graze on the grass which grows very luxuriantly in the woods on the mountain sides. We found the atmosphere quite cold here, but we were soon comfortable in our tents, with large pine fires in front of them. The view from our camp was very extensive, and towards sunset it was magnificently beautiful. Far above us, on the mountain, it was snowing quite hard; to our right, and far below us, was a large dark cloud. We could hear it thunder and see the lightning, while the rain fell in torrents over nearly the whole valley of Mexico. Where we were, and to our left, extending into the terra caliente, the sun was shining brightly. Towards night the clouds from above enveloped us, and we had sleet and snow, which continued all night.

Our party numbered nearly one hundred—twenty-five officers of different corps, four or five citizens, thirty-five dragoons, and some forty footmen. We left the camp early the next morning. The ground was covered with snow, and the weather quite unsettled. After a distance of some three miles, we reached the limits of vegetation; tall pine trees, some of them one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet high, extended almost to this line. We were now about five thousand feet below the summit, and, as we advanced, the ascent grew more difficult. The wind had been rising from the time we left camp, and now blew quite fresh. It was very cold, and in half an hour we were in a severe snow storm. The further we advanced, the more difficult was our respiration. It was necessary to rest every four or five minutes. We continued climbing until about one o'clock, when our party, which numbered, when we left camp, about thirty, had become reduced to only five. The remainder had turned back, one by one, as they had become exhausted with cold and fatigue. One of the officers became so chilled that his mind wandered, and we could with difficulty prevent him from lying down in the snow to sleep.

As we had succeeded thus far in ascending but a little more than one third of the way, and the day being more than half gone, we concluded to give up our attempt and make another trial on a fair day. We reached camp about four o'clock, having been exposed for more than five hours in a most terrible snow storm. We soon found that the fatigues of climbing were but a small part of our troubles; for we discovered, as we stood around our fires, that one officer had his nose frozen, and others their fingers. We were somewhat discouraged by this; still we made arrangements to try again the following day. Before sundown, one began to complain of an inflammation of the eyes; and soon every one of the party, who had been exposed, was suffering from very acute pain in the eyes. Our camp presented a singular scene that night and on the following morning, for there were some twenty whose faces were very much swollen, and the eyes so inflamed that we could not sleep. Some of us thought that our eyesight was totally gone. The morning found us no better, and we broke up our camp to descend to the valley. It was laughable to see so many of us groping our way down some ten miles through the defiles of the mountain.

There were two foreigners—Italians, I believe—who had come out from the city with us, for the purpose of ascending the mountain with our party. They had remained in camp, on account of the storm, during our trial, and, instead of go-

ing down to the valley with us, they started upwards, thinking they would be able to succeed in reaching the summit. We encamped that night at the base of the mountain, and reached Amecamecu the next day. There the Italians joined us. They had succeeded in reaching the "pecacho del Frayle," a peak some two thousand feet from the summit, when one of them began spitting blood, and they were compelled to descend. After some discussion, the majority of our party decided that it was impossible to reach the top, and that another attempt was useless. Some half a dozen of us thought we would make the trial. Our eyes were improving; we bathed them frequently with a solution of sugar of lead, and provided ourselves with green spectacles, and gauze for our faces. The next evening, at six o'clock, found six of us, with some twenty-five infantry, encamped two or three miles beyond the "vacaria," near the limit of vegetation; whilst the remainder of our party had gone, a portion to Mexico, to give an account of our defeat, and the balance to Cuernavaca, to visit a celebrated cave, which would in some measure repay them for their disappointment here.

We left our camp on the morning of the 11th, before 3 o'clock; our eyes were nearly well, and our faces not much swollen. The skin had entirely peeled off. Still we had several advantages over our previous trial, for we were much further advanced; there was a prospect of a fair day, and we had our eyes and faces protected. We rode our mules some two miles, until the ascent became too great for them, when we sent them back to camp. Our route now lay for some three or four miles over a surface of black sand. This distance, on our previous trial, was covered with snow. It had melted, and the sand having absorbed the water, was frozen quite hard. We had little difficulty in getting along over this. By sunrise, we had reached an elevation of about two thousand feet above our camp, and the scene below us was beautiful beyond description. The mountain cast a shadow, which extended not only across the entire valley to the horizon, but it reached beyond into the sky, where its outline was so distinctly defined, that even the shadow cast by the smoke, as it rose from the crater, was easily distinguished.

As we advanced our progress began to be impeded by the snow, and the atmosphere was so rare that we breathed with great difficulty. The snow varied in depth from a few inches to three or four feet; sometimes the surface was frozen, and as smooth as glass. We had provided ourselves with long poles with iron pikes on the ends; they were invaluable in preventing us from slipping, and in sounding the depth of the snow in the frequent chasms. From five to eight steps were as many as we could take without becoming exhausted. We all suffered severely from an acute pain over the eyes; and our faces, particularly our lips, were of a deep bluish-black color. As we approached the summit, our progress became still more slow; two and three steps required a rest of one or two minutes. But by very hard work, by ten minutes past two, we were standing on the highest point of land in North America, upwards of 17,800 feet above the level of the sea. After catching breath, we gave three cheers, and planted a small flag on the very summit of Popocatapetl. The crater, upon the very mouth of which we were standing, was about five hundred feet in depth, and about four hundred yards in diameter. The mouth was an ellipse, being formed by an oblique plain to the east with the highest part towards the west, the side towards Puebla being we thought some two hundred feet lower than the opposite side. The sides were nearly vertical, and a horizontal section at almost any height from the bottom would be a circle. The walls might be compared to three vertical cylinders, one within the other, the first rising one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet, where there was an irregular horizontal bench of a few yards in breadth which was intersected by the second cylinder, which rose about two hundred feet more; here was another horizontal bench, when the third cylinder rose to the top of the cone. Smoke was pouring out from several places on the sides of the crater, from the bottom, and from the bed of a large mass of sulphur two large volumes rose. We perceived no heat, and as small patches of snow were lying on the bottom, it was evident that little or none existed.

The view from our position was grand and sublime beyond description. We had the advantage of a clear day, for there was scarcely a cloud above the horizon. Orizaba and the Nevada of Toluca, both covered with perpetual snow, were distinctly visible, rising like two large rocks from the ocean. The vast field below us looked like the sea, with slight undulations. Even Iztaccihuatl, which from the city of Mexico looks almost or quite as elevated as Popocatapetl, now appeared far below us. Puebla with its entire valley was visible. A slight mist extended across the valley of Mexico, which in some measure concealed the city, although the lakes, Penon, and other objects could be distinguished. We had hardly gratified our curiosity above half an hour, when each one of the party became more or less sick, both from our elevated position and from the fumes of sulphur which we were breathing. We found our throats swollen, and some headache, and a sickness at the stomach. This compelled us to begin our descent, although reluctantly, for, as one of our soldiers remarked, we had never been so near heaven before. We collected a few specimens of lava and turned our faces towards the valley. Soon our sickly sensation left us, and when we reached camp, which was soon after two o'clock, we were perfectly well, with the exception of headaches.

The Indians would not believe us when we told them we had reached the top. They examined our heads, and said it was impossible, for no one could go there without having horns growing from the head. Others asked us what the mountain said to us. Our guides only went as far as the

region of perpetual snow, no money or persuasions on our part could induce them to go further. One of our men got separated from us in descending, and we have not heard of him since. We suppose he must have descended into the valley of Puebla and probably reached that city.

Out of twenty-five who attempted the ascent, but six officers, viz., Lieut. Stone, ordnance; Lieut. Anderson, dragoons; Capt. Bomford, 8th infantry; Capt. Fowler, 5th infantry; Lieuts. Kirkham and Buckner, 6th infantry, and an English gentleman, Mr. Baggally, succeeded. We reached Mexico after an absence of twelve days, and found that all our friends were prepared to sympathize with us on our failure, but when the truth was known we were congratulated on every side. This is the first excursion to the summit of any of the snow mountains in Mexico since our army has been here, and the first by any American to Popocatapetl, the highest mountain in North America. K.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

POOR MARGUERITE.

SECOND PART TO "THE PEOPLE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON."

"Say, mother, who is yonder weeping,
Leaning the cottage door beside?
That aged woman, feebly creeping,
With no kind hand her steps to guide.
Now say, good mother, why she weeps,
Whene'er of him you tell!"
"Children, old Marguerite's husband sleeps
Where many a brave man fell,
Beyond those distant mountain tops,
In Italy on battle day."
"Poor Marguerite! ay, she always stops,
Good mother, hearing what you say,
And many a tear she drops."

"*He* was the hero of the war,
A leader young and bold;
And oft his victories afar
The people's praises told.
Great fame he won, but many bled—
Some wept like her, when others smiled.
They turned away to mourn their dead—
The parent, wife, and child;
But she was not all lonely then,
She had a gallant son—
The hero lost his bravest men,
But yet what glorious battles won!"
"That brave youth, was he slain?"

"Ah! yes! her son was killed in fight,
His comrades told of his renown,
How well he fought, how, in their sight,
Dying, he struck his foeman down.
Oh! it was brave! his poor young wife
Looked up no more—her infant, too,
Soon pined away its little life:
It drooped, poor babe, as if it knew
That it was fatherless—they died—
Yet still she had two boys:
Two bold stout youths, her hope and pride.
To lose them both!—short are life's joys."
"Say, mother, how they died."

"When that great army through our village
Marched with such music and such state,
The eldest left his peaceful tillage,
And vowed to share the hero's fate.
He, too, was killed—with his last breath
He shouted, 'Glory to our Chief!'
Poor maiden! how she mourned his death—
Lisa, who loved him; and her grief,
And Marguerite's, too; and never more
Has Lisa smiled, nor has she spoken,
Save idiot words—her heart was broken."
"She weeps at Marguerite's door."

"The aged often live through sorrow
That younger hearts will break;
Marguerite will weep again to-morrow,
For her lost children's sake;
Lisa, who should have been his bride,
She lived not long, but sunk away;
And Marguerite asks by her dear side
Her weary bones in earth to lay.
But let us tell the hero's fame,
And talk of him and of his glory."
"Oh! mother, when we hear his name
And think of her and her sad story,
His praise were sin and shame."

"Ah! my good children, 'tis, I fear,
No more than others felt.
In every village, far and near,
Widows and orphans dwelt—
In those proud days of victory,
Begging their bread they came,
From door to door, while joyful nigh,
The people praised his name.
And his they called Heaven's brightest star—
Oh! e'er it set, what thousands more
Had perished in the snows afar!"
"Mother, why told you not before
The wickedness of war!"

LOOK TO YOUR FEET.

Of all parts of the body, there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to direct contact with good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness of the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered state of the stomach; and yet disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce disorder of the stomach; and this remark does not apply only to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the feet of the young and the delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether it is summer or winter-time—no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. But this is not the whole of the evil. These same feet are frequently, at different times of the same day, differently covered as to the stoutness of the shoes and their soles, and very often likewise as to the thickness of the stockings. I have often found, on investigating into the origin of cases of disease, that it has been a common practice to go out of doors in the forenoon, the feet being protected with lambs'-wool stockings, and warm and thickly-soled boots; and to sit in the afternoon at home, only having the feet covered with silk stockings and thin satin shoes. I have so

often found this to be the case, that it would hardly surprise me were the practice found to be almost universal among the females of the middle and upper ranks of society. To this common, and sufficiently inconsiderate practice, I have traced many cases of incurable disease. To this alone may be ascribed many a case of functional disturbance; this lays the foundation for many of those derangements by which the first inroad is made into the constitution, the first step taken in undermining the health; the first of that succession of changes brought about, by which the young, and the lovely, and the healthy, are converted into wasted victims of consumption, or become martyrs to other maladies as fatal, although less common. I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress; and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe, over the sole, or next to the foot. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred; if it is not to be had, or is not liked, felt may be substituted for it. The extreme lightness of the cork, the remarkable thinness to which it may be cut—its usefulness as a non-conductor not being essentially impaired thereby—and the inappreciable effect it has on the appearance of the shoe—all seem to recommend its use for this purpose in the strongest manner. I think that neither boots nor shoes should be used without this admirable provision against cold feet. There is sufficient objection to all shoes made of waterproof or impervious materials; they are apt to prove much too heating and relaxing, interfering with the due escape of the cutaneous exhalations. Thin shoes ought only to be used for the purpose of dancing, and then they ought only to be worn while dancing. The invalid or dyspeptic ought assuredly never to wear thin shoes at other times. As to the common practice of changing thin shoes for warm boots, and *vice versâ*, it is a practice that is replete with danger, and therefore rash, and almost culpable.—*Dr. Robertson.*

A Plea for the Moles.—The "Essex Herald" publishes the following letter from the Rev. G. Wilkins to a farmer, who wrote to him inquiring how the wireworm had been exterminated in the reverend gentleman's land. It contains much sound, though, we dare say, unpalatable doctrine to the owners of smooth lawns and trim-bedded gardens:—"Some ten years since, when I came to my living, and commenced cultivating the little land I hold. it was, I may say, full of wireworms. Nothing could have been worse, for my crops were in some places ruined by them entirely. What, then, did I do? I adopted a plan which I recommended and published in periodicals many years since—namely, encouraging moles and partridges on my lands. Instead of permitting a mole to be caught, I bought all I could, and turned them down alive; and soon my fields, one after another, were full of mole-hills, to the amusement of all my neighbors, who at first set me down for half-lunatic; but now several adopt my plan, and are strenuous advocates of it. My fields became exactly like a honeycomb; and this continued even among my standing and growing and ripening crops; not a mole was molested, but I still bought more. This summer I had fourteen brought, which I turned down; but they were not wanted; I have nothing for them to eat—all that moles live upon is destroyed—and so, poor things, they must starve, or emigrate to some distant lands, and thus get bowstringed by savage men, whom they aim to serve. Adopt my plan, and it will be sure to answer. If you have a nest of partridges, also encourage them; all the summer they live on insects, on wireworms, &c.; and consider how many millions a covey will destroy in a single summer. Again, always remember that moles feed upon insects, and of which the wireworm is the chief; if you doubt this, open a mole, and peep into his stomach. Again, do not fear that moles injure your crops, either in a field or in a garden; it is a low and vulgar error to suppose that they root up young corn; they never go anywhere until the wireworms have first destroyed the plants, and then, innocent things, they are punished for others' faults! If you do not like to see their hills, knock them about with a hoe, as I did; it is a healthful amusement, and they will do your lands good. Do not despise my plan because the farmers will not adopt it in your neighborhood; farmers adopt nothing till driven to it, and nothing that is new and good."

Australian Colonies.—The Athenæum mentions two schemes for remedying the great disparity of sexes now existing in our Australian colonies in process of organization. The one is a subscription by the colonists themselves, for carrying over 20,000 young women, daughters and sisters of artisans, who are to pay a small sum as a sort of guarantee of their respectability. The other is a Miss Burdett Coutts' institution, of which we have before spoken, and called her "Home" for penitent females. A large house has been taken at Shepherd's Bush, and fitted up at an expense of £1,200 for their reception. The institution is under the more immediate management of Mr. Charles Dickens, and Mr. Chesterton, the governor of Coldbath-fields prison. The female penitents are to be sent out to the colonies, after a course of trial and probation here, as free women; provision being made for them until they enter into service or marry. Every kind of domestic art—cooking, sewing, straw plaiting, etc.—is to be taught in the "Home," which can render them valuable as wives or servants. Great care is taken in the selection of the inmates; penitence, sobriety, honesty, health, being the qualifications demanded in the applicant for admission.—*Guardian.*

EGYPT.

"Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro."

Dante.

On the deep rock of ages have I set
My everlasting pyramid, and look round
From its great throne on oceans without bound
Time shoreless, shifting sands, and realms as yet
Growing to being. Of all here who met—
Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab—who hath stood!
All, all have drifted onward by my base,
And here I hold amidst their surge my place!
Before me things were not, or such as could
Endure like me, eternal. The broad Nile,
Young as the day it leaped to life, and made
Life wheresoe'er it moved—the godlike sky,
Star-written book unfathomable—the pile
Of mountain-walls around—these shall not fade.
They were—and are—and shall be!—*So shall I.*

Chambers' Journal.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer;* these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch;* and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very duly acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in *each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 214.—17 JUNE, 1848.

From the British Quarterly Review.

The Works of Charles Lamb, including his Life and Letters, collected into one volume. Moxon.

EARLY in the present century, there was, every Wednesday evening, in very humble quarters in the Temple, a snug little *réunion*, to which one would rather have been admitted that to any dozen brilliant conversaziones which London could offer. Nothing could be simpler than the entertainment; it had none of the attractions of wealth, of fashion, or of celebrity. It was never chronicled in the *Morning Post*. What was said and done there, afforded no food to idle *on dits*. No magnificent flunkies lined the staircase, and roared your name from one to the other, trumpeting your arrival. You were not ushered into a blaze of light, amidst jewels, plumes, and rustling dresses, crowding beneath chandeliers. It was a very small room, dimly lighted, modest in its appearance, the walls graced with an engraving or two, and a famous head of Milton, the possessor's pride. A quiet rubber, the solemnity of which was from time to time relieved by quaint "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles;" a plain clay pipe; a crust of bread and cheese—perhaps oysters; a foaming tankard of porter; a glass of ginger wine, and a glass or so of grog: these were all that hospitality could offer, but they were offered hospitably. The champagne was in the talk—and to hear them was worth the sacrifice of any entertainment.

The guests were various, but all "choice spirits." There you might see gentle George Dyer, as scholarly and simple as Parson Adams. There also, Manning, with his burning ardor, and great mathematical science. There Leigh Hunt, with overflowing animal spirits, quoting, misquoting, punning, and criticising—bold, yet timid; his audacity in speculation always restrained by constitutional timidity, which made him do away (in a parenthesis) with the very purpose of his opinion. There his fierce, irascible, dogmatic, acute, honest-hating, honest-loving, paradoxical friend Hazlitt, by turns giving vent to some political vehemence, and to some delicate criticism on painting—describing with gusto, and analyzing with startling acuteness. There also Coleridge, fat, florid, indolent, dreaming, silver-haired, and silver-tongued, pouring forth rivers of talk, on the banks of which grew lovely wild flowers of all kinds; discoursing bland'y and poetically on all the "high arguments" which can interest mankind, but coming to no definite conclusion on any one of them: always intending to accomplish great works, never writing them; weak, selfish, and dreamy; his fascinating talents somewhat tinged with moral *cant;* a great powerless power, an amorphous genius. There Wordsworth, rough in manner, stern in morals, cold, prosing, didactic, but surrounded by a halo of poetic glory; having left his mountains for a few weeks of London fog and sociality. There Godwin, the audacious theorist, dreaming of perfectibility and political justice; cold, grave, and oracular; uttering paradoxes with the passionless air of deliberative wisdom; rigid at the whist table; admitting no aristocracy but that of letters; receiving all opinions opposed to his own with silent scorn and exasperating superiority; unmoved by the convulsions of society; "a ruler of the spirits"—"the central calm at the heart of all agitation." There Talfourd, then a struggling barrister and flowery essayist, soon to become an eminent barrister and flowery poet. There also Holcroft, the author of the "Road to Ruin," having risen from the bottom of the social scale to an eminent position in the world of letters—having passed the strangest and most chequered of lives; the son of a hawking pedlar, always roaming, always changing his means of livelihood; now employed as an infant to lead a donkey to the coal pit, there to get it loaded, and then conduct it home; now taken as a stable boy at a trainer's, there to store up materials for "Goldfinch;" now setting up a school with one scholar; now trying to be a cobbler; now joining strolling players, and at last succeeding as a dramatic author; marrying four wives; indicted for high treason on the most frivolous grounds, owing to the arbitrary measures "when George the Third was king;" acquitted, but ever afterwards damaged in reputation, being looked upon as an "acquitted felon;" and now finally having passed through all these vicissitudes, and settled into old age, still writing feeble comedies, translating from the German, and dabbling in pictures.

The central figure of this group—the host, who numbered all these various men of genius and talent as his friends, and who differing from all, yet sympathized with all, was Charles Lamb, perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of the set.

"Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear
For rarest genius, for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought birth."

So sang Robert Southey, with more truth than felicity; and so would every heart respond. As a writer, whose place is forever conquered in our literature; and as a character, full of piquant contrast and matter for study, we shall not be blamed, we trust, for occupying the reader's time for a brief while, in endeavoring to present some of the characteristics of his genius.

"*Die Gestalt des Menschen*," says Göthe, "*ist der Text zu allem was sich über ihn empfinden*

und sagen lässt."* This is peculiarly applicable to Charles Lamb. The contrasts of his organization were reflected in his mind. He was an oddity in appearance and in manner; uniting contrasts in the subtlest way imaginable. He had a head worthy of Aristotle, but it was placed upon a *shadowy stem*, (to use Talfourd's happy description,) so fragile, so puny was the body which sustained it. His features were strongly, yet delicately cut. Over an expanded forehead black hair crisply curled. His dark eyes twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sadness. His nose was of the Jewish cut; indeed, clad in his clerk-like black, with his oriental style of feature, his delicate organization, and sweetness of demeanor, he presented an appearance very much like what he describes Braham's to be, "a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

Hitherto we have taken only the favorable view of him—the painter's view. But, besides what the artist transfers to his canvass, there is always an indefinite something which he cannot transfer; and hence the reason why painters are said to flatter, and also why they always fail in representing wholly those whom we greatly admire or greatly love. Charles Lamb is only half portrayed as yet. To the above must be added a certain oddity of look and manner—a something tantamount to his stammering. It was not disagreeable; rather let us call it quaint—individual.

Good simple King Duncan says—

"There is no art
To read the mind's construction in the face," &c.

It is a subtle touch of Shakspeare's to make the man just deceived by one he trusted, draw a general conclusion from a particular instance, such as the above; but no one could look in Charles Lamb's face without reading there the lineaments of the "mind's construction." The mixture of intellect and feeling; of reasoning and sensibility; of wit, humor, and sadness; of innocence and knowingness; of gentleness and brusquerie, stamped itself legibly upon his features.

The affection he inspired, together with the real unobtrusive kindness of his nature, has led his friends and critics into an oversight which it is necessary we should notice. So much stress has been laid upon his "gentleness," that the other part of his character—his recklessness and brusquerie—has been overlaid.

"My gentle-hearted Charles!"

is the apostrophe of Coleridge, in one of his poems; and to show how deserved was the epithet, let us recall the testimony of his school-fellow, Mr. Le Grice who says, "I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited kindness." Gentle he undoubtedly was; and a gentle spirit lends its grace to all his writings. But there was also a whimsical recklessness which would occasionally beset him. To give an instance: he dined one day at the house of a friend of ours, and on entering the drawing-room, after dinner, saw a gentleman standing in the middle of the room, whose bent shoulders, in schoolboy leapfrog phrase, "made a back;" the temptation was too great for Lamb; he placed his hands on the unconscious victim, and "flew" over his head, to the astonished indignation of many, and amusement of the few. This, perhaps, may be called a mere disregard to the proprieties of time and place; but Lamb was at times less excusably aggressive. He was fond of startling people on sacred subjects; though really religious himself, he liked to play with the religious scruples of others. In the same way he reversed the process on those who held sceptical opinions. We have heard a friend of his say, that whenever Godwin broached any infidel doctrines in Lamb's room, Lamb would check him by pointing to a volume of sermons on the shelf, which Godwin had written early in life. But to return to his aggressiveness: his love of practical joking is surely a strong proof. His jokes were more ludicrous than malicious, and in this they differ from ordinary practical jokes; nor do we wish much stress to be laid on them, but they indicate, as we said, a certain aggressive tendency, which must be taken as a set-off against his gentleness. While on this subject, and because, like the former anecdotes, it has not been made public, we may relate the story of his first meeting with Thomas Carlyle. Lamb was never partial to the Scotch,† and on this evening he was more than usually offensive in his remarks on their character; but when supper appeared, and a bowl of porridge was placed before Carlyle, Lamb's jokes and remarks upon it were so insulting, as almost to lead to an open quarrel. Even Lamb's friend, from whom we had the story, could say nothing in his justification; his behavior was wantonly offensive.

The epithet "gentle" was not the less merited because of these occasional outbreaks; and we should be sorry if our endeavor to represent more accurately the man, should lead any one to suppose that he was not as kind and gentle as his writings. Even in his writings there are outbreaks:

"And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words."

So Wordsworth. Leigh Hunt gives another and truer explanation:—"His sensibility to strong contrasts is the foundation of his humor, which is that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He will beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he does it. One

* "A man's personal appearance is the text for all that can be said of him or felt about him."—*Stella.*

† "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair."—*Essays of Elia: On Imperfect Sympathies.*

could imagine him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and melting into thin air himself out of sympathy with the awful."

Lamb was heart and soul a Londoner. Dr. Johnson himself was not more so. Although he passed the greater part of his life as clerk in the India House—doomed to the desk in murky Leadenhall-street, yet had he no yearnings for the country. He was not the man to sing—

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of sweet Nature's face," &c.

Johnson said, "When you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Sir, I like to look upon mankind: let us walk down Fleet street." Lamb said the same; he was, as Talfourd prettily says of him, "formed to nestle rather than to roam." In a letter to Southey, he says:

I have a timid imagination, I am afraid. I do not willingly admit of strange beliefs, or out-of-the-way creeds or places. I never read books of travels, at least, not further than Paris or Rome. I can just endure Moors, because of their connection as foes with Christians; but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Esquimaux, Dervises, and all that tribe, I hate. I believe I fear them in some manner. A Mahometan turban on the stage, though enveloping some well-known face, (Mr. Cook or Mr. Maddox, whom I see another day good Christian and English waiters, innkeepers, &c.,) does not give me pleasure unalloyed. I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, *Templar*.

And again, in a letter from Enfield to Wordsworth:

Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock; with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quietists—*confiding ravens*. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paroclete. What have I gained by health?—Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals?—A total blank. O! never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers; but to have a little teasing image of a town about one; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half a dozen apples and two penn'orths of overlooked gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford street; and for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show picture is a last year's valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled—(marry, they just begin to be conscious of the Redgauntlet;) to have a new plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral! The very blackguards here are degenerate; the topping gentry stock-brokers; the passengers too many to insure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping; too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter, is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire, by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles'. O! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence.

Nor was this the feeling of a moment; it was his taste through life. He had no eye for the picturesque. Human nature, in its miseries, infirmities, its virtues, and socialities, was what lovingly attracted him; and he liked towns because they spoke of man. In the same way he loved books. Mere descriptive passages, mere caprices of fancy, except in the authors he loved, were lost upon him. He cared nothing for theories; speculations on the great questions of philosophy and religion never troubled him, and he humorously describes Proclus (Coleridge having asked him to procure a copy) as one of those books the lid of which he shut faster than he opened it. But the dramatists were his especial favorites. He saw no flaws in them. To his guileless mind their reckless disregard of the boundaries of morality and decency was nothing but the sportive freedom of imagination. He has written a most elaborate and ingenious defence of the comic dramatists of the restoration, upon the ground that they were dealing with the fictitious world of wit, and ought not to be measured by the ordinary standards of morality, because they treated not of actual life. No one but himself could have written this; no one but himself could believe it. Besides the dramatists, he also loved the old humorists and moralists; was fond of Quaker folios, because they led him into a quaint, honest world; and had an especial regard for all *old* books. He had the spirit of an antiquary, not the grubbing patience, not the inordinate appreciation of minute points, which accompanies the antiquarian spirit. He was not a Cockletop; he was not a Ritson. To discover that some obscure man was born on the 16th of May, and not, as generally supposed, on the 18th, inspired him with no thrill of delight, nor did it make him assume contemptuous airs towards the ignorant rest of mankind.

A book was not better in his eyes than all other books, because it was older and more illegible; but in that affectionate regard for the mysterious past, in that lingering over the fragments of the ruined edifice, in that endeavor to reanimate in his mind the times which had been, and were no more, he showed the antiquarian spirit in its true aspect

He loved to recall the scenes of his boyhood, to live over again the emotions which had agitated his youthful heart; and in the same backward-looking spirit he threw himself into the bygone years of his country's life. It was no affectation in him; it was the bias of his mind. Without the strong pulse of hope, without the forward-looking speculations of philosophy, he was more prone to recall than to prophesy.* His very style was tinged with an archaic hue; and this, not as a matter of literary artifice, but because his thoughts themselves had that color. His careless letters show it quite as plainly as his studied essays.

A great reader, he cared little for modern books; the only contemporary writings which interested him were those of his personal friends. Scott's novels had no attraction for him; but Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson he read over and over again. Shelley could not win a word from him. Byron moved him not. But how he fondled an old folio! how he hugged some time-hallowed quarto! Wisdom only spoke to him authoritatively when gray hairs gave it authority.

The feeling which lies at the bottom of our great admiration for old books, and which causes us to exaggerate their merits, has yet to be analyzed. There cannot be a doubt that we are more struck by a shrewd remark in an ancient writer, than by a profound remark in a modern. Is not this the effect of *unconscious surprise?* Do we not, in reading an old treatise, sit down prepared to make all sorts of allowances, which we never accord to a modern? The modern writer speaks, or ought to speak, from the fulness of all time; his predecessors ought to have enriched him by the legacy of their wealth, and this makes us critical in our demands. But the ancient writer we read *as* ancient; his prosiness we forgive, his mistakes seem excusable, his very infirmities have something of the veneration due to age, while his beauties not only stand out prominent from the dull background, but surprise us with their existence. The other day we were looking over our Plato, and the passages marked by an approving pencil, though certainly often happy, and sometimes remarkable, were assuredly passages which in a modern author few pencils would have paused to indicate; moreover, compared with the quantity of unmarked passages, and its small *intrinsic* value, (apart from the charm of language and the *historical* value of these remnants of antiquity,) it seemed to us that the passages admired owed no little to the effect of contrast.† This led us into the train of thought expressed above. If it be just—if we do read ancient authors with a secret understanding that they had not the same advantages as moderns, we shall easily understand how the detection of great beauties in an old book leads the reader into an exaggerated estimate of its superiority. And this was Charles Lamb's feeling. He liked old books because he forgave their faults and admired their beauties; and he liked them because they were old. He liked the nonsense of Sir Thomas Browne (set off as it was by glorious glimpses of wisdom) better than any modern sense; it was old, quaint, and had a perfume of antiquity about it. This feeling is amusingly exhibited in a letter to Bernard Barton—the charming Quaker poet—who wrote to him about a proposed edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by Martin:—

A splendid edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim! (he exclaims;) why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cocked hat and staff transformed to a smart cocked beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice grey to the last Regent street cut; and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely, but good a style as possible. The Vanity Fair and the pilgrims there—the lily-smoothness in his setting out countenance—the Christian idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; the Lions *so truly allegorical and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's.*

Here the unintentional imperfections of the old book are transmuted by affection into absolute merits; and so we may say of all other drawbacks which an unprejudiced eye might detect. It is worth noting that this thorough-going partisanship was carried by Lamb into his friendships. He did not love his friends in spite of their faults—he loved them, faults and all. While on the subject of his antiquarianism, we cannot resist one witticism he uttered, when his sonnet was rejected as not sufficiently delicate for Annual readers: "Hang the age!" he exclaimed, "*I will write for antiquity!*" As a wind-up of this subject, let us give what he says on Burnet's History:—

I am reading "Burnet's Own Times." Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history! He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when his "old cap was new." Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me.

As a humorist, Lamb takes a high place. His

*Compare his beautiful essay on New Year's Eve.

† No one, we hope, will misinterpret this into any disparagement of Plato; it is only saying, that read by the light which Plato himself helped to spread abroad, his works are less important to us than they were to those for whom he wrote them.

humor was essentially his own—the quaint, ludicrous expression of his own strange nature. It is not necessary to refer to his works in illustration, because his letters teem with it. Here is a passage we just stumbled on in a letter to Bernard Barton, in which the humor runs riot:—

I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am *flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ———'s wig when the head is in it;* duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher—an 0! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'T is 12 o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, "Will it!" I have not *volition enough left to dot my i's*, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they 'd come back again; my skull is a Grub street attic to let—not so much as a joint stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; *just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off.* O for a vigorous fit of gout, of colic, toothache!—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything! Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. *I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good;* I come home late o'nights, *but do not find any visible amendment!*

The passages to which we have given the emphasis of italics are in the richest style of Lamb's quiet humor—a twinkling laugh peering through the sober gravity of style. Of his grave humor, there is an example in his letters which inexpressibly delights us. It is where, speaking of the Persian ambassador, who was then in London, the great "lion" of the day, he says—"I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are almost extinct in Persia." The splendid hoax of sending people out, on a dull, foggy November morning, to see the Persian worship the sun, and the droll seriousness of the conclusion he draws respecting the extinction of the race of fire-worshippers, are irresistibly ludicrous. Lamb did not jest merely with his intellect—his whole heart was in the joke. His perception of the ludicrous was not purely an intellectual perception, but carried with it the whole of his feelings. Thus, when his farce was hissed at Drury Lane, he joined in the hiss, and was among the loudest; and it was always a standing joke with him ever afterwards. He congratulated himself upon the fact of being free of the house, though the house had been pretty free with him.

Hang 'em! (he wrote,) how they hissed. It was not a hiss neither, it was a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes that hissed me into madness. 'T was like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us! that God should give his favorite children mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to praise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures desirous to please them.

It was the same thorough-going enjoyment of a joke which made him submit to have his personal identity merged into that of the persecuted Guy Fawkes. One evening, it was the 5th of November, he was with some old friends, who, particularly struck with the large flapping brim of his round hat, pinned up the sides. Lamb made no objection, but stuck it on his head, and sauntered towards his home in the Temple. On his way, he was met by a party of young men, "flushed with insolence and wine," who exclaimed, "A Guy! a veritable Guy! no man of straw!" and, making a chair of their hands, carried him in triumph into St. Paul's church-yard, where they seated him on a post and left him, there to await the fagots of traditionary patriotism and juvenile anti-catholicism. Lamb quietly enjoyed the proceedings. It was an *historical* joke; it threw him, by a humorous identification, back into the past he loved so well, and he always told the story with immense relish.

There was not only heart in Lamb's wit, there was also imagination; and hence its exquisite perfection. The wits and word-catchers of the present day are, unhappily, too *mechanical* in their efforts; they bring together ideas remote enough to raise a laugh by the suddenness of the collision; but these ideas have only remoteness as the primary quality for wit, and the juxtaposition is a mechanical process. Sydney Smith's famous witticisms have almost always some exquisite flavor of imagination or sterling wisdom, beyond the mere felicity of expression and juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas. Thus, descanting on the prodigies of railway travelling, he said, "The early Scotchman, scratching himself in the mist of his mountain tops, may that very afternoon dine in Pall Mall." There is a fine pictorial feeling in this joke which gives it an immense value; had he merely said, "The Scotchman scratching himself in the morning may dine in London that very afternoon," what a poor joke it would have been! One of Lamb's most imaginative touches of humor is where deploring that being no longer a clerk, he has no gratis pens and paper. The comparison of his banishment

from the plenty of the India House with that of Adam from paradise—the ludicrous assimilation of ideas connected with Adam and the apple-stall "in Mesopotamia," are so wonderfully represented, that we scarcely know of any witticism to surpass it, while the delicate manner in which any irreverence is avoided has made even strict persons enjoy its humor without misgivings. It would have made Sydney Smith roll with delight. Since his name has again been mentioned, let us notice Lamb's anticipation of the famous joke which Sydney Smith made to the Bishop of New Zealand, with respect to the civilities he would receive from his new parishioners, who would offer him luncheon, adding, "there is *cold clergyman* on the *sideboard*." Lamb, dissuading Manning from going to China, adds, "Some say they are cannibals, and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! * * * 'T is terrible to be *weighed out at fivepence the pound*."

Lamb's repartees were often brilliant, and were greatly heightened in effect by his stammer, which delayed and kept the mind in suspense for the joke which the eye plainly told you was coming. Many of them have been quoted; but they want the aid of his manner, as well as that of the circumstances which called them forth. Here is a story which has not yet been printed. On one occasion he was very inconsiderately invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper, when toasts were flying to and fro, he rose to propose the health "of the m-m-much ca-ca-calumniated *g-g-good* King Herod!"

In the letters we are constantly stumbling upon passages of grave humor, which we can imagine him uttering, as where he says, "I sometimes think the lower notes of my voice resemble those of Mrs. Bland;" or where quoting a pretended passage in German, he erases it and says, "The English meaning is, 'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid a fire or a precipice,' which I think is a sensible observation. *The Germans are certainly profounder than we.*" His writings are full of such sly hits. Here is a very ludicrous opening of a letter (it relates to a dog, to whom for some time he had been a perfect slave, and was forced at last to consign to the care of a friend):—

Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. P——e kept her rules, and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore?* Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot: and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder*-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you, (and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways.

The touch about shooting the children, and keeping the dog for scientific purposes, is admirable. Indeed, it is the peculiarity of all real humor, that it does not arise from words alone, but has intense meanings underneath the grotesque sound, and therefore the more we ponder on it, the more we are amused. How different is the humor now current in our comic writers! Perhaps there never was before so much joking at any one period of our literary history, and yet how little of it is above worthlessness! Joking has become a trade. The cap and bells are assumed with deliberate calculation. Wit is manufactured, like Sheffield hardware, at a fixed tariff. With dismal jocosity men drudge at jokes. Shall we wonder at the produce? Shall we wonder that men called upon to be facetious a so much per sheet, pestered by impatient editors for comic "copy," should, in the dearth of spontaneous humor, resort to any artifice to supply "the demand?" When subjects do not suggest themselves they must be invented. What invention is easier than to turn into ridicule everything which men hold sacred? It is not wit, it is parody, and of the vulgarest kind.

Charles Lamb, like most other wits, the most religious men included, was prone to play with sacred subjects; his very seriousness gave intensity to his perception of the contrast. But there was an implied reverence in his sportiveness which never shocked any but the most fastidious. You felt all the while that there was earnestness in him. He did not manufacture his jokes. On another point he is in striking contrast to the jokers of our day. He did not think it necessary to prowl about the disreputable haunts of London dissipation, nor to enter into the shambles of London civilization, to seek subjects for his mirth. He did not breathe the hot air of casinos and masked balls, nor the fetid air of "back slums" and pothouses, to move our mirth. On his pages there are no stains of beer, no cinders of cigars, no distorted humor of slang. He cared only for London, yet as delicate a breath rises from his page as from a bank of violets. He neither herded with the fashionable nor with the reprobate. From human life in its eternal truth, and not its conventional vulgarities, he drew his pictures, and they are painted "for all time." Thus he excels his successors not less in the healthy, pleasant tone of his writings than in the depth of wit and felicity of expression.

He was eminently a *genial* writer; Dickens is

not more so. Amidst all the quips and sports of humor—all the exaggerations of fun—all the licensed riot of wit, you never lose sight of the kindly, loving, honest, enjoying nature of the writer. So distinctly is this personality impressed, and so lovable the personality, that few have read his works without forming an attachment to the man: in this also resembling Dickens. But who ever formed any attachment (on the mere grounds of their writings) to the writers we are contrasting him with? These writers, as far as the mere readers can judge, have no personality; they are joke manufacturers, having no sympathy with anything—no pity for anything—no *hearty* laugh at anything. They use the poor because of their dirt, rags, and misery; they *use* them as contrasts.

Lamb, in truth, belonged to the highest class of humorists; Cervantes, Molière, Sterne, and Jean Paul would have called him brother; and, like them all, he made humor the safety-valve of a sad, earnest heart. It has been said that all true humor rests upon melancholy, and that without a keen sense of the contradictions and the wrongs which disturb the stream of life, no real humor is possible. Humor is not levity—not inane laughter. It does not result from a fortuitous juxtaposition of words or ideas, but from deep sense of the contrasts of life, and the subtle harmony which may unite the jarring discords. Thus is pathos inseparable from humor. There are tears in its smile; in its laughter there are convulsive sobs.

Charles Lamb was by nature of a serious and reflective turn; and the accidents of his life, acting upon a sensitive organization, made him peculiarly alive to the tragic under-currents which flowed beneath the grotesque and farcical incidents and characters passing before him. Little did the majority of those who saw this social, punning, gentle, frolicsome, stammering, quaint humorist, imagine the awful shadow which forever rested upon his spirit, mingling with and deepening by contrast the brightness of its sunshine. Yes, in that queer-looking clerk—in the gentle-hearted Charles—in the delicate Elia, underneath the lightsome wit and playful fancy, there was shrouded a dark tragedy, such as would have broken many a robust spirit. The story is known but to few, and those few have hitherto, from obvious motives of delicacy, refrained from speaking of it. The time has now come, we believe, when the grave, having closed over all whom it may concern, the story ought to be told as a noble example of unobtrusive heroism.

Lamb's parents were very poor. Lamb himself, at the time we speak of, being a mere clerk, and unable to afford them much assistance, the weight of their maintenance fell upon his sister, the well-known Mary Lamb. By her needle she contrived to support them. She had taken a young girl into the house as an apprentice, and things went on smoothly enough till the increasing infirmities of the old lady, and the incessant watching thereby rendered necessary, made great inroads upon Mary Lamb's health. Having in the earlier part of her life suffered temporary insanity from harassment, Mary's present state was alarming, and her brother went to Dr. Pitcairn in the morning to consult about her, but unhappily did not find him at home. On that very afternoon—it was the 22d Sept. 1796—while the family were preparing for dinner, Mary seized a knife which lay on the table, and making a rush at her little apprentice, pursued her round the room with fearful menaces. Her infirm old mother, with eager and terrified calls upon her to desist, attempted to interfere. With wild shrieks Mary turned upon her mother, and stabbed her to the heart! She then madly hurled the knives and forks about the room, one of which struck her helpless old father on the forehead. The shrieks of the girl, and her own wild cries, brought up the landlord of the house; but it was too late; he stood aghast at the terrible spectacle of the old woman lifeless on the chair, her daughter fiercely standing over her with the fatal knife still in her hand; her father bleeding at the forehead, and weeping by the side of his murdered wife; the girl cowering in a corner!

An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury, without hesitation, brought in the verdict of lunacy. Here there is a blank in our narrative. We do not know whether Mary Lamb was confined for any period in an asylum, and released on being pronounced sane, or whether Charles from the first undertook that watchful care of her which formed the heroism of his subsequent life. It is difficult to get at the details of an event which occurred fifty years ago, and which even at the time seems to have been carefully hushed up; for in the account of the inquest reported in the "Annual Register" of that year, from some inexplicable cause, *no name whatever is mentioned*, except Dr. Pitcairn. It merely says, "The coroner's jury sat on the body of an *old lady*, in the *neighborhood* of Holborn." But that the matter was not wholly unknown, is proved by the curious fact of the name being mentioned in the *index* to the "Annual Register," (compiled in 1826—that is to say, thirty years after the account was originally published,) where it stands thus—"Murder of Mrs. Lamb by her insane daughter."

This ghastly incident gave a new shape to all Lamb's subsequent career. At that time he was in love—the only time he ever felt the passion—and it inspired "a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music;" but he felt that his sister demanded all his care, and to her he sacrificed love, marriage, everything. Like a brave, suffering, unselfish man, he, at twenty-one, renounced the dream of love for the stern austerity of duty:—

"And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That round his trunk and branches might have
clung

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,*
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given a sister. * * * *
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers—
More than sufficient recompense."

If singleness of heart, and unshaken constancy of affection, could make a recompense for all he had renounced, then truly did Charles Lamb reap his reward. But we have only to put it to the reader's consideration, and he will at once acknowledge how noble a sacrifice it was which Lamb performed. We do not mean the mere renouncement of his hopes—it is not any one act—it is his whole life which we call heroic. To his sister he devoted himself, in the most absolute sense of the term; and that, in spite of recurring fits of insanity. Curiously enough, Mary Lamb was, as a friend of hers once said to us, "the last woman in the world whom you could have suspected, under any circumstances, of becoming insane, so calm, so judicious, so rational was she;" and Hazlitt used to say, "Mary Lamb is the only truly sensible woman I ever met with." Nevertheless, she was at no time free from the danger of a relapse, and they never left home without her brother's taking a strait waistcoat with him!

No one will read this story without an increased tenderness towards Lamb, upon whose life and writings it sheds a flood of light. Perhaps the very extremity of his suffering, the very intensity of passion which had been revealed to him in this unhappy incident, may have led him to enter with such relish into the reckless horrors of our old English drama. Unquestionably, it must have led him to those deep reflections upon our moral nature, of which from time to time his writings give us glimpses. That he was somewhat morbid in self-scrutiny cannot be denied—perhaps this also was a result of that great moral shock he had received; and a curious instance of his self-condemnation is given in a letter to Bernard Barton:—

There is Southey, whom I ought to have thanked a fortnight ago for a present of the "Church Book." I have never had courage to buckle myself in earnest to acknowledge it; yet I am accounted by some people a good man! How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kitten's neck off, nor disturb a congregation, &c., and the business is done. I know things (for thoughts *are* things) of myself which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient. I once set a dog upon a crab's leg that was shoved out under a mass of sea-weeds—a pretty little feeler! Oh, pah! how sick I am of that. And a lie, a mean one, I once told. I stink in the midst of respect.

How well he felt the "uses of adversity," the eloquent preachings of sorrow, may be seen in various passages, in none better than in *John Woodvil*—

"My spirits turn to fire, they mount so fast.
My joys are turbulent, my hopes show like fruition
These high and gusty relishes of life, sure
Have no allayings of mortality in them.
I am too hot now and o'ercapable
For the tedious processes and creeping wisdom
Of human acts and enterprises of man.
I want some seasonings of adversity—
Some strokes of the old mortifier, Calamity,
To take those swellings down divines call Vanity."

From what has gone before, it will be apparent that the serious side of human nature was not shut against Lamb's penetrating gaze, and that his pathos springs from the depths of real feeling. Hence his works will be enduring.

Another most important element in a writer's vitality, is style, and Lamb possessed it. Unlike that of all his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, it is peculiarly his own: quaint, delicately picked, with a sweet simplicity, joined to an archaic and artificial air, which, however, only *seemed* artificial; singularly easy and idiomatic in its flow, and unencumbered by superfluous words—never rising to the height of eloquence, but never turbid with ambitious rhetoric; felicitous in illustration and in potent words; sounding the very depths of pathos with the simplest phrase, and seldom breaking up a sentence for the sake of an antithesis or an epigram. It has not force—it has not rapidity—it has not heat—but it is always luminous, always suited to the subject, and in tenderness and delicate gusto has never perhaps been surpassed. As a sample of the gusto which he could infuse into language, we may recommend our readers to his famous *Dissertation on Roast Pig*.

If, from considering the general characteristics of the man, we descend to his particular works, we shall find no less matter for comment and applause. The single volume which contains these is, altogether, perhaps one of the most charming we could stand upon our shelves; it is a casket of gems of small size, but of the first water. It is not a book profoundly to influence the mind; it will make no epoch in a man's intellectual history; it will teach him nothing respecting his destiny, give him no clue wherewith to thread the labyrinth of doubt, furnish him with no great principles of action, open for him no new tracks of thought on which discoveries can be made. But it is, nevertheless, a book to be studied with profit, to be read, re-read, and loved. In the whole range of our literature, we can point to no book so purely charming. Lamb is the first of all our humorists, and the one most deserving of a place in our regard. Others may excel him in particular points, but, taken as a whole, he is incomparable.

Of his poems we will say but little. They have a personal interest which prevents their being wholly disregarded, but they have not much intrinsic value. The best is perhaps the tragedy of "John Woodvil," which, though feeble as a tragedy, is a sweet poem: an echo of the gentler music of the old dramatists, whom he loved so

* It is Lamb whom Wordsworth is addressing.

well. There is one splendid passage descriptive of forest enjoyments, which we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing :—

"To see the sun to bed, and to arise
Like some hot amorist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, and turn, they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society."

Here is a bit which might have had a place in his specimens of the elder dramatists :—

"He is not of that sort
Which haunt my house, snorting the liquors,
And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine
Spend vows as fast as vapors, which go off
Even with the fumes, their fathers."

But descriptive passages and poetical writing will not suffice to make a tragedy, and in the great requisites of a drama, "John Woodvil" is deficient.

It is on the "Essays of Elia" that Lamb's fame must rest. The foundation is strong enough to last forever. There all moods are reflected; every chord is touched, and by a master spirit. Wit, humor, extravagance, quaintness, egotism, pathos, criticism, mental analysis, taste, reverie, fancy, are by turns exhibited; while the writing is generally exquisite. To read these essays is to retain forever after a pleasant flavor lingering in the mind, as of some dreamy day in childhood. Who ever forgot Mrs. Battle, the pragmatic disciplinarian, at whist? Who does not remember hospitable Captain Jackson, whose magnificent imagination transmuted poverty into splendor—a poor platter into Althea's horn, at whose table "wine we had none, but the *sensation of wine was there.* Some kind of thin ale, I remember, 'British beverage,' he would say! 'Push about, my boys. Drink to your sweethearts, girls.' At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, and none of the effects were wanting. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements."

In another style, how pensively beautiful are "Blakesmoor," "Poor Relations," "The Superannuated Man," "New Year's Eve," "Witches, and other Night Fears!" How fine and subtle the criticisms on poets and painters! How pregnant the many observations carelessly thrown in, leading the mind to muse upon the perplexities of our nature! What Charles Lamb's readers may owe to him, beyond the mere delight, is not easily to be estimated; assuredly no mind, but the vulgarest, can commune with his, and not feel itself strengthened and enlarged.

From the Examiner.

Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Baronet With Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his son, CHARLES BUXTON, ESQ. Murray.

THIS is a plain and unaffected record of the life of one of that class of men which it is our boast to think peculiar to England; a merchant of good family, engaged zealously in trade, representing a numerous constituency in parliament, devoting himself to one or two questions of great social interest, and by dint of strong convictions and steady perseverance rather than more brilliant qualities, largely helping to effect important legislative changes. Mr. Buxton's position in childhood, on his father's death, seems to have determined his later life and character. He might have succeeded his father as a popular, hospitable, hunting high sheriff of a county, but for the complete control of his mother in those tender years, and the adaptation of his mind and temper to hers. She was a Quaker; and a robust, resolute, thoughtful, self-denying woman. Her son never lost the quiet religious ways of thinking, though he never adopted the language and dress, of the Society of Friends. He selected his wife, too, from the family of Mr. Gurney of Norwich; and early distinguished himself by speeches at auxiliary Bible societies, and by what we may call the Exeter Hall philosophy. Those were the days of that small but active party which Mr. Stephen has celebrated as the Clapham Sect.

The habit of speaking had been taught Mr. Buxton in Ireland. Dublin University was his Alma Mater. He was educated there because of expectations from an Irish inheritance; and, with John Henry North and other men not quite forgotten yet, made a figure in the Historical Society, (where, curious enough, his first speech was on the slave-trade.) But his expected inheritance failed; and much of his early life, happily for him, had to be passed in strenuous labor to retrieve this vanished fortune. He did not lose ambition, and he cultivated means to pursue it with success. His uncle was partner in Trueman's brewery, where a situation was found for him; his labors here soon obtained him a partnership; and while most strenuously engaged in the business of the concern, he found time for attendance at the academics, (a debating club of the time,) and for occasional dips into literature and political economy. He was forty-two years old before (in 1818) he entered parliament as member for Weymouth; but he had then made himself extensively known by active exertions in several religious societies, by occasional efforts connected with West Indian slavery, and by writing as well as speaking zealously on the subject of prisons, to which the disinterested labors of his sister-in-law (Mrs. Fry)

were directing public attention. He had procured the formation of a Prison Discipline Society; and to advance the same object, with such a reform of the criminal code as it was impossible to disconnect from it, he labored earnestly and exclusively in the first three years of his parliamentary life.

Romilly, Denman, Mackintosh, and the small but select band who voted with them on such subjects, found a welcome and unexpectedly efficient ally in the member for Weymouth. Buxton had invincible earnestness, steady, practical abilities, and the not unpersuasive eloquence which these create in a man. On the occasion of the motion to humanize the forgery laws, in May, 1821, he made a capital speech, opening up the whole question of adequate and inadequate penalties; and on the evening of the day after delivering it he received a letter from Wilberforce, describing the age and infirmities which disqualified himself from continuing his parliamentary leadership of the slave emancipation party, and inviting Buxton to become his successor. A circumstance which strongly operated upon Buxton's mind in the same direction occurred in a later month of that year. The dying injunction of his favorite sister-in-law, whose influence during her life had been extraordinarily great with him, urged him to the same field of exertion. Accordingly, after a laborious study of the subject for a year and a half, he accepted Wilberforce's invitation; exactly two years from the date of which, in May, 1823, he made his first speech in the house of commons on negro slavery.

It is not necessary that we should trace his subsequent career, fresh in the recollection of most readers as it probably is, and mostly occupied as it was in following up to successful and unsuccessful issues the various branches of this one great theme. In the course of it he exemplified the favorite doctrine of his life; that by persevering energy, by invincible and unrelaxing determination, by that which when a man takes up *any* subject enables him to take it up thoroughly, the things worth doing in this world can alone expect to be done. We must say of his speeches that they were always marked by sensible and manly expression, by strong religious feeling without cant, and by clear honesty of purpose. It was unlucky that, on the achievement of emancipation, he should have thrown himself into the agitation against foreign slave-trade with an imperfect apprehension of all the difficulties and dangers it involved. Here he received many checks; and the issue of the ill-fated Niger expedition, of which he was the most active promoter, threw a sad and irrecoverable gloom over the close of his life. He received his baronetcy in 1840, and died four years afterwards.

His son's narrative, as we have said, is plainly and unaffectedly related; his own letters forming its most important passages. These give us an extremely pleasing picture of the man, in his various private relations; and show all the qualities which obtained him his position in public life. He had undoubtedly an excellent common-sense understanding, unwearied patience in the pursuit of what he thought right, great simplicity of religious character, and undaunted courage and resolution. Let us illustrate the latter quality by not the least striking anecdote contained in the volume. It is related by himself in a letter to his wife immediately after its occurrence, and may be introduced without comment. To the man who could dare to grapple with a mad dog rather than suffer him to rush into the crowded streets, it was of course a necessity as well as duty of life to grapple as he could with abuses and wrongs. The circumstance occurred two years before he entered parliament. We should observe that horses and dogs were a sort of passion with Buxton at this time; and that he was a man of powerful make and stature, six feet four in height, and with chest and shoulders in proportion. His strength and gentleness united had got him the nickname in early life of "Elephantine Buxton."

An incident which occurred during the summer of of 1816 is thus mentioned by Mr. Buxton in a letter to his wife, who fortunately was absent at the time:

"Spitalfields, July 15, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck; he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad.

"Was there ever a more merciful escape? Think of the children being gone! I feel it most seriously, but I cannot now write more fully. I have not been at all nervous about it, though certainly rather low, occasioned partly by this, and partly by some other things.

"I do not feel much fit for our Bible meeting on Wednesday—but I must exert myself.

"P. S. Write me word whether Fowell has any wound on his fingers, and if he has one made by the dog, let it be cut out immediately; mind, these are my positive orders."

He afterwards mentioned some particulars which he had omitted in this hurried letter.

'When I seized the dog," he said, "his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty, I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, 'What do you want!' 'I've brought you a mad dog,' replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by his neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought, if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork, he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad."

Other letters contain interesting memoranda of the house of commons at the time Buxton entered it. Here is a notice of the famous debate on the Peterloo affair. The conscientious but somewhat formal scruples which gave the writer's mind its peculiar tone are also illustrated in it.

I must give you a line to tell you how things have gone on in the house. We have had a wonderful debate; really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first; his speech was absolutely the finest, and the clearest, and the fairest display of masterly understanding that ever I heard; and with shame I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence to which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third; he took hold of poor Mackintosh's argument, and griped it to death; ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the house the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a debate, in which the fourth man could keep alive the attention of the house from three to five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate. Now, what was the impression made on my mind? you will ask. First, I voted with ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester magistrates to a parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my conviction that the magistrates, ministers, and all, have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and, indeed, I never need have any doubts when I vote with ministers, the bias being on the other side.

In a subsequent letter to his old friend North he hits off rather happily the style of speaking then most native to the house of commons, and indeed always flourishing there. It is a different sort of plant, he tells his friend, from that which used to flourish in their old historical society.

Perhaps you will like to hear the impression the house makes upon me. I do not wonder that so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the house loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense, is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule. His reasoning is seldom above mediocrity; but then, it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he contrives to beguile the house of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them, but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject; he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the house.

And now let me tell you a secret; these great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition. I again, therefore, say, "Come among us, and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place."

No one could doubt, who knew the habits of sincere conviction which, in spite of many old-world notions, Buxton never was ashamed to indulge, into which of the ranks of the house he would subsequently fall. He became a steady voter with the whigs, occasionally breaking out into a vote somewhat in advance of them; and hence his loss of Weymouth in 1838, when the tories began to recover ground at the elections. Nor was it without occasional hints of caution from his early friends and advisers that he had persisted in taking this line; but it was matter of conviction with him. We quote a characteristic passage from one of the letters of the celebrated Charles Simeon—high in the confidence of the Clapham Sect, we need not say. The, in the same breath, "savor of love" and propensity to "thrash," are Simeon all over.

Certainly if I should live to visit your house again, I shall do it with no little joy, for I do not expect to see in this world a brighter image of heaven than I was there privileged to behold. A sweet savor of love remained upon my spirit for a long time after, and I am not sure that it has quite evaporated yet. But I do not know that I shall not trash you for supporting the radicals. I look

to you, under God, to be an instrument of great good in the house of commons; and I would not that you should subvert the influence which your habits and talents are so calculated to command.

But the most characteristic bit of description in the book is not in Mr. Buxton's letters. It is to be found in a letter of his father-in-law, Mr. J. J. Gurney, who gives a narrative of a famous dinner at Buxton's brewery in June, 1831, the guests at which were the principal members of the new whig government. The entertainment was beef-steaks "cooked in one of the furnaces;" and the clown to the entertainment, "in a shabby black coat and very old hat," was Brougham, of course.

* * * * The premier, grave and thoughtful as he seemed, did great justice to our dinner. "Milord Grey," cried the Spanish General Alava to him, as he was availing himself of a fresh supply of beef-steaks (pronounced by the lord chancellor to be "perfect")—"Milord Grey, vous êtes à votre *sixième*."

The contrast between Lord Grey and Alava was curious; the former, the dignified, stiff, sedate British nobleman of the old school; the latter, the entertaining, entertained and voluble foreigner. He had been the faithful companion of the Duke of Wellington through most of his campaigns, and now had displayed his usual energy by coming up all the way from Walmer Castle, near Dover, in order to help in devouring the product of the stoke-hole in Spitalfields.

The lord chancellor was in high glee: he came in a shabby black coat, and very old hat; strangely different from the starred, gartered, and cocked-hat dignity of the venerable premier. * * * * It was my agreeable lot to sit between Lord Grey and Dr. Lushington, and the latter being occupied by his friend on the other side, I was left to converse with the premier, which I had the pleasure of doing for nearly two hours. * * * * We talked of his long political course, and Lord Shaftesbury, who sat next to him, on the other side, complimented him on the subject.

Lord Grey. "I came into parliament for Northumberland when I was two-and-twenty, and I have been forty-five years a senator." Of course it was easy to draw the inference that he was sixty-seven years of age. On my expressing the interest I felt for him, and even sympathy, under the burthen he was bearing, he replied, "I am much too old for it. I would have refused the undertaking, if I could have done so consistently with my duty."

Our next subject was parliamentary eloquence. I asked him who, amidst the vast variety of orators whom he had been accustomed to hear, appeared to him to be the best speaker and most able debater.

Lord Grey. "Beyond all doubt and comparison, Fox. His eloquence was irresistible. It came from his heart, and produced a corresponding effect on the hearts of his hearers."

I asked his opinion of Sheridan. The answer was, "He was very able, but could not speak without preparation."

I ventured to insinuate that there was no part of a premier's office more responsible than that of making bishops.

He assented, adding, "You know I have had none to make at present." We talked of the Bishop of Norwich. Lord Grey expressed his admiration of his conduct and character, though he only knew him in his public capacity. "I fear the bishop is too old to accept any offer that I can make him. but I assure you that the very first and best thing that I have to give away shall be at his service."

This declaration has since been fully verified, by his offering to the bishop the see of Dublin, which the latter, as had been anticipated, refused: observing, in the words of old Erasmus to the Emperor of Austria, that dignity conferred upon him would be like a burden laid on a falling horse: "Sarcina equo collabenti imposita."

When the dinner was ended, I quitted my post by Lord Grey, and joined Buxton, Lord Brougham and the Duke of Richmond, at the top of the table. Buxton was telling a story on the subject of reform (the only way in which that subject could be mentioned, as the dinner was not political, and tories were present.) "A stage coachman," said he, "was driving a pair of sorry horses, the other day, from London to Greenwich. One of them stumbled, and nearly fell. 'Get up, you *borough-mongering* rascal, you!' said the coachman to the poor beast, as he laid the whip across his back." The chancellor laughed heartily at this story. "How like my Lord —— there was the old horse!" said he to me, laughing and putting his hands before his face—Lord —— sitting opposite to us.

Buxton now left us, to talk with Lord Grey, whom he very much delighted by praising Lord Howick's speech upon slavery. It was a speech which deserved praise for its honesty and feeling, as well as for its talent. But the old premier seemed to think that his son had been carried by his zeal rather too far.

Something led us (Lord Brougham and myself) to talk about Paley, and I mentioned the story of his having on his death-bed condemned his "Moral Philosophy," and declared his preference of the "Horæ Paulinæ," above all his other works. This led Brougham to speak of both those works. "Did you ever hear that King George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop? The king refused; and taking down the 'Moral Philosophy' from the shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. 'This,' said the king, 'is my reason for not making him a bishop.'" Lord Grey overheard the chancellor's story and confirmed it; "but," added the chancellor, "I believe the true reason why George III. refused to make Paley a bishop was, that he had compared the divine right of kings to the divine right of constables!" * * * * The chancellor was very cordial, and we were all delighted with his entertaining rapidity of thought, ready wit, and evident good feeling. Nor was it possible to be otherwise than pleased with all our guests, with whom we parted, about eleven o'clock at night, after a flowing, exhilarating, and not altogether uninstructive day.

Mr. Buxton's own account, though less graphic and minute than this, is also clever and curious; and the Brougham is brought out even more effectively. What a true touch is that of his admiration for the Dutch grace. It arises, you see, from a sort of hopeless envy. "They sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two." This is what Brougham has been vainly trying to do, all his days. One or two perfectly still and quiet minutes would have made all the difference between success and failure in his pantomimic life.

Our party at the brewery went off in all respects o my satisfaction. Talleyrand could not come, having just received an account of Prince Leopold being elected king of Belgium. Brougham said this was a severe disappointment, as his excellency never eats or drinks but once a day, and had depended on my beef-steaks.

The party arrived at about six o'clock, and consisted of the lord chancellor, Lord Grey, Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Cleveland, Lords Shaftesbury, Sefton, Howick, Durham, and Ducannon, General Alava, S. Gurney, Dr. Lushington, Spring Rice, W. Brougham, J. J. Gurney, R. Hanbury, &c., twenty-three in all.

I first led them to the steam-engine; Brougham ascended the steps and commenced a lecture upon steam-power, and told many entertaining anecdotes; and when we left the engine, he went on lecturing as to the other parts of the machinery, so that Joseph Gurney said that he understood brewing better than any person on the premises. I had Mr. Gow up with his accounts, to explain how much our horses each cost per annum; and Brougham entered into long calculations upon this subject. To describe the variety of his conversation is impossible—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

At dinner I gave but two toasts, "The King," and "The memory of George III.," whose birthday it was. We had no speeches, but conversation flowed, or rather roared, like a torrent, at our end of the table. The chancellor lost not a moment; he was always eating, drinking, talking, or laughing; his powers of laughing seemed on a level with his other capacities. * * * *

Talking of grace before dinner he said, "I like the Dutch grace best; they sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two. I thought it very solemn."

He inquired the wages of the draymen. I told him about 45s. weekly, and we allow them to provide substitutes for a day or two in the week, but we insist on their paying them at the rate of 26s. per week. "Yes," said he, "I understand; these rich and beneficed gentry employ curates, and the curates of the draymen get about as much salary as those of the clergy."

After dinner we took them to the stables to see the horses. Somebody said, "Now the lord chancellor will be at a loss; at all events he knows nothing about horses." However, fortune favored him, for he selected one of the best of them, and pointed out his merits. Some one proposed that he should get upon his back and ride him round the yard, which he seemed very willing to do; and thus ends my history of the lord chancellor.

Lord Grey looked care-worn, but was remarkably cordial.

Though the prevailing tone of Mr. Buxton's memoir of his father is necessarily a grave and somewhat serious one, many private anecdotes are touched lightly and pleasantly, and the book is by no means wanting in the amusement that we commonly look for in biography. Here is a capital glimpse of a venerable historic sportsman and professor.

Once, when he was staying with Mr. Coke at Holkam, a well-known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting party; care, however, was taken to place him at a corner of the covert, where it was thought that the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him, "Well, what sport! You have been firing pretty often!" "Hush!" said the professor, "there it goes again;" and he was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been set to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters, dimly seen through the bushes, had been mistaken for a hare by the professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. "But," said Mr. Buxton, "the man had never discovered that the professor was shooting at him!"

Buxton's letters to his children are for the most part admirable. He had a passion for little children, as most good men have; and such letters as he writes to them are the perfection of plain truth and affectionate good sense. To his sons he is continually inculcating the necessity of knowing thoroughly what they profess to know at all; and no one can acquire a more valuable lesson than that. One of his illustrations is well worth quoting:

What you do know, know thoroughly. There are few instances in modern times of a rise equal to that of Sir Edward Sugden. After one of the Weymouth elections, I was shut up with him in a carriage for twenty-four hours. I ventured to ask him what was the secret of his success; his answer was, "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection."

Mr. Charles Buxton has discharged himself of his duty to his father's memory and good fame, with great modesty, good feeling, and success. The book is not too big; nor have we that complaint to make of the praises bestowed upon its hero.

GLASS IN DAIRIES.—The attention of dairyists has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen months' preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally remarkable results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harris' Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favor of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedgeware pan, by at least ten per cent.—*Scottish Farmer*

From the English Review.

Erinnerungen au Wilhelm von Humboldt. Von Gustav Schlesier. Stuttgart: Köhler.
Reminiscences of William von Humboldt. *By* Gustavus Schlesier. Stuttgart.

Literature has known a speedy development in Germany, and almost as speedy a decline. Lessing and Klopstock were the first great names. Then followed the graceful Wieland, and the serious Herder. Then arose the two great boasts of the German language and nation, the ideal Schiller and the almost-universal Goethe. In the train of these, though partially opposed to them in the literary battles of the day, and ranged under another standard, came the romantic Tieck, the two Schlegels, the mystic Werner, the gloomy Kleist, and last, though not least, the eminently-artistic bard of Austria, Grillparzer. Such names as Müllner, or Kotzebue, or even Körner, cannot be cited in this roll of high degree; nor can we recognize the more modern lyric bards, some of whose earliest creations, however, date from the Augustan age of Germany, as worthy of admission into this category of literary aristocrats. Rückert, though kindly, and sweet, and graceful, has not sufficient power; Freiligrath, though animated, and vigorous, and picturesque, is too deficient in thought; Uhland, though generally pleasing, is too essentially common-place; and neither Karl Simrock, nor Chamisso, nor Gutzkow the dramatist, and still less Herwegh or Lenau, despite their various degrees of merit, can be classed with those master-minds, which wrought together in Germany towards the commencement of the nineteenth century.

It will be seen that we allude mainly to the poets among our Teutonic brethren. But these are also its greatest prose writers, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and Tieck, being the classic prosaists of Germany; whilst Frederic von Schlegel has little merit as a bard, and can only live by his Philosophy of History, and other kindred works. In novel literature, however, our friends the Germans are not poor. The names most worthy of citation, besides those already given, including Kleist, are Jean Paul, Hoffman, Fouqué, and perhaps Zschocke; for neither Hauff nor Spindler, nor other moderns, can lay claim to more than a secondary degree of merit. Their historians, including even Johannes von Müller, have not exercised a powerful influence on the national mind; and certainly their philosophers, or pseudo-philosophers, from Kant to Hegel, have not been of much service to German literature.

But to resume. Of all these really great men, (though in writing this, we feel that we are scarcely entitled to honor Augustus von Schlegel with such an appellation, despite his admirable translations,) two alone survive; Tieck, and the author of "Sappho," "The Golden Fleece," and "The Dream a Life," to whom we may possibly on some future occasion devote a special inquiry, one of the most classical of dramatists, severely chaste in design and execution, and yet intensely real, the partially unrecognized, but undoubtedly great, Grillparzer. *He* lives still, and not only lives, but writes: three of his most beautiful dramas have appeared within the last few years; but from various causes, mainly political, which it were too tedious to develop here, they have not attracted that attention, and excited that sympathy, which were due to their intrinsic merits. Grillparzer stands as a giant among a race of dwarfs, apparently more or less incapable to conceive his greatness: he will not yield his homage to all the petty tendencies of the hour; he is not content to swel the vulgar party cry which Gutzkow and his col leagues are shouting at the pitch of their voices; and he is neglected, accordingly, as our own great Southey has too long been among ourselves. Nevertheless, his time will come. But, with this remarkable exception, and that of Tieck, whose last work, "Vittoria Acorombona," has much merit, the great luminaries of Germany now shine only in the reflected glory of those works which have secured their earthly immortality.

We have before us the biography of a man who was the intimate friend, and even counsellor, of both Goethe and Schiller; of William von Humboldt, elder brother of the still living Alexander, author of "Kosmos;" one of the most remarkable thinkers, critics, practical statesmen, and diplomatists of his time, which was that of the great burst of literary genius above alluded to. As critic and thinker he more especially engages our attention: we see in him a contemporary of the greatest German authors, recognized by them as their coëqual; as "ebenbürtig" (the Germans would express it) with themselves. And although the English reader may not pursue the inquiries into the æsthetic value of "the ideal" and "the natural," as philosophically conducted on Kantian and other recondite principles by Humboldt and Schiller, with the same minute attention which German thinkers no doubt bestow on them, nevertheless all who are in any degree interested in German literature cannot but feel pleasure in entering as it were the workshops of the great artists of a foreign land, penetrating into the recesses of their minds, and tracing their creations to their source; all which they may well do in the perusal of the work before us.

Charles William von Humboldt, generally known by the name of William only, was born on the 22nd of June, 1767, at Potsdam. His father was the Baron von Humboldt, a major in the Prussian army, and gentleman of the bedchamber to the king, generally reputed to be a man of sound sense and superior capacity. An interesting account is given of William's education with his brother Alexander. From the first both brothers, but more especially William, displayed an uncommon degree of ability. Their literary tendencies are clearly indicated in the following interesting passage, which we accordingly render at length.

It may be safely asserted, that the education of both brothers was at once singularly many-sided and thoroughly solid. For, although both the desire exhibited for universality of knowledge, and the

exactness with which inquiries on any special subject were conducted, were natural instincts of the Humboldts, still such instincts require to be developed by education and guidance, favor and opportunity. By the side of this universality, which went so far in the elder brother, William, that he expressed his wish to leave nothing on earth unknown, the eagerness appears the more remarkable, with which either threw himself upon his own special division of labor, Alexander addressing himself to natural science in its widest sense, William to classical antiquity, art, philosophy, and language. Whilst the former was destined to observe external nature under every form, animate and inanimate, in plants, beasts, and men, William forced his way into the innermost sanctuary of mankind, the spirit-world within, and language, its first creation. Though these territories, in which each of them sought his individual home, may appear remote from one another, yet do they approximate in many ways, and possess one common basis. Thus, if we examine William, we shall find in him also the student of external nature, but with this difference, that such study was to him but *the means* of investigating the internal world and its phenomena.

Subsequently we read:—

He who heard Humboldt on special occasions discourse with his brother, or even with Goethe, would have imagined him to be a naturalist only; and would have been astounded, indeed, to recognize a spirit of a totally opposed order, when he conversed at other times with Goethe, or with Schiller, or with Wolf, the classical scholar.

William von Humboldt appears to have had much that was English in his character, intermingled, however, with a vast amount of Germanism. In his youth, and even throughout life, a certain tendency to sentiment, which is inseparable from all true greatness, appears to have characterized his heart and soul: but he was habitually cold in semblance, rarely displaying emotion on the most solemn occasions. Thus, when saved from drowning by his friend Stieglitz, he expressed no deep gratitude to his friend, or affection for his distant loved ones; somewhat to the surprise of Varnhagen, who records the fact, and who would have been better pleased had he "made a scene" of it; to our satisfaction, on the contrary, who believe it to be the natural instinct of all men who feel deeply, to conceal emotions on such occasions beneath a playful exterior, and laugh and joke, as Humboldt did on the evening in question. We are not contending for constant reserve in all the actions of life: there are times at which reserve is totally out of place—when we can console or strengthen others. It is out of place, too, when we would convey to others our perceptions of the good, and great, and beautiful, and teach them to admire and love with us; and, more particularly, it is wholly out of place when the prayers of the faithful are to be led, or the devotional affections excited, within the house of God. But to resume: this external coldness, with the depth of affection beneath it, which characterized Humboldt, have certainly something English about them; though, perhaps, we might almost as well say Prussian, or, rather, *Berlinese*.

Few men appear to have combined so many distinctive and almost opposite qualities. "The great susceptibility for the perception of all beauty, which," as Schiller says, "made Humboldt an instinctive critic, in no degree excluded energy and activity from his character: with the utmost sensitiveness of feeling was combined the protective coldness of the understanding; and with the boldest elevation of thought, he coupled the minutest study of the dryest details of science." We cannot wonder that such a man should have been recognized by the very greatest among his countrymen, by a Goethe and Schiller, as their authorized privy-counsellor; or that his career should be deemed worthy of the closest investigation at the present day. As literary creator, he has not indeed left much behind him; but he is universally recognized as one of the most valuable of German critics; as one of the noblest of her statesmen (he was Prussian minister of public instruction for several years;) as one of the most successful of diplomatists (he represented Prussia at the congress of Vienna;) and as one of the very greatest linguists of all times and countries. Our readers therefore will not wonder at our directing their attention to the biography of such a man.

No doubt they will inquire, and with reason, was he a Christian? For to us, writing in a professedly and distinctly Christian publication, this must ever be the most important of all questions. We cannot, alas! answer this question in the affirmative, nor can we altogether negative it. Our readers well know, no doubt, that dogmatic Christianity has been either opposed or strangely disregarded by the majority of German thinkers. Lessing led the attack, and Klopstock was no efficient opponent to Lessing. Wieland, though in his youth a Calvinist, to which fact several of his works bear record, was dissatisfied (as he well might be) with the external coldness and unphilosophical narrowness of his Genevan school, and took refuge in universal scepticism, having, indeed, nothing to turn to but cold and rationalistic Lutheranism, as it then existed, or Romanism, with all its false miracles, and pious frauds, and flagrant superstitions. Goethe followed, and confirmed the antichristian, or at least unchristian tendencies of German literature; he was too self-satisfied to require religion; too selfish, too "bequem," or cosily comfortable, to use his own expression. He has told us in his Auto-biography, that repentance always appeared to him tiresome and useless, since it could not bring back the past. A man who could speak thus was indeed remote from the spirit of Christianity. Even the ideal Schiller had not the courage, or perhaps the power, to stem the tide of infidelity.

We do not find one of these German poets or thinkers grappling with the historical difficulties of the question: they neither ventured to assert that our blessed Lord was an impostor (the only solid ground on which the infidel can stand;) nor did they contend, with the more modern rationalists and transcendentalists, the German Paulus, the

Englishman Carlyle, and the American Emerson, that CHRIST was totally misunderstood by his apostles; that they themselves were self-deceived, and imagined they wrought miracles, spoke with tongues, &c., though they did nothing of the kind, eventually dying for a faith which was the phantom of their own fancies; nor had they taken refuge in the still more monstrous hypothesis of a Strauss, that the whole history of the New Testament was a myth, and that those who wrote it, without any mutual concert or intentional deception, imagined themselves to be simultaneously inspired, and placed on record as facts witnessed by themselves what never had any being, save in their own diseased imaginings. In truth, both Goethe and Schiller had too much good sense to be satisfied with such theories as these; and as they would not accept historical Christianity, they consequently contented themselves with placing it altogether on one side—with ignoring it, in a word; no doubt the easiest method to pursue. And thus did Humboldt also act, despite the sound sense, and love for practical reality and positive results, which he was in the habit of displaying on other occasions. His age and country were too much for him.

Let us hear his biographer. As, in his office of public instructor, it became his duty to supply the necessary funds for the state religion, and in many ways influence and control its movements, the question naturally suggested itself, whether he was capacitated for such an office; and thus it is answered in the volume before us, after a very German fashion. "He has learnt little of Humboldt, and has seen little of his writings, who can doubt, whether or no he possessed religious feeling. But it is as certain that his religion always remained at a certain distance from positive Christianity; either because the shell of Christianity" (we suppose its dogmatic teaching) "was offensive to him, or because he feared to lose his spiritual freedom and individuality by yielding himself completely to its influence" (what a small fear!) "In this respect he exactly resembled the men of our great literary era, and though we cannot say that the boundaries of the eighteenth century confined him, we must declare him to have been its constant pupil upon this point. We have this characteristic expression of Humboldt's, 'All true knowledge leads to God.' No one of the philosophical systems of his day was capable of satisfying his intellectual demands; his natural sense left him remote from all the more modern developments of this science. He was not a mere deist, and certainly not a pantheist." "His belief in the personality of the godhead, in a guiding Providence, and an individual immortality, was deeply grounded in him; and was connected, after a peculiar fashion, in part with the ancient dogma of fate, in part with such theosophic and historic-philosophical views, as have been prevalent since the earliest days among Indians, Greeks, and Germans. But he was not anxious to prove everything, which he in faith conceived, and gladly fled with his most sacred treasures, into the realms of poetry, where nothing can appear too wonderful." (We translate freely here, the original being very awkwardly expressed.) Once more: "His attitude towards dogmatic religion was coldly reserved, but not inimical. He shunned too close approach to it, as though he feared to desecrate the Holy. And where he could not avoid it, he approached it as something positive, having actual existence, on which we all rest, avoiding closer inquiry."

We think that it will be sufficiently obvious to the thoughtful reader, from these remarks, that Humboldt, if he was indeed what he is here represented as being, would in all probability as an Englishman, have strenuously maintained that dogmatic Christianity which we not only ourselves profess, but of which we are at a loss to understand the rejection, by any man possessed of sound sense and integrity of will, devoting his attention to the subject. The truth is, that the absence of civil liberty in Germany was the primary source of freethinking in theology. Human nature will have some subject for inquiry, for cavil, for possible negation. If politics, the natural food, be denied, religion must be assailed in its place; more especially if literary criticism, as in Lessing's writings, and German literature generally, be rather affirmative than negative. Men questioned the propriety of divine laws, because they were not allowed to complain of human institutions, and being tongue-tied as to the errors of ministers and kings, they contented themselves with assaults on saints, and angels, and their God. Let Germany receive the representative constitution to which she is justly entitled, and the critical negation and unavoidable "opposition" of mankind will be directed to another and a safer channel. Men will have other things to cavil at besides texts of Scripture. The grandeur, and beauty, and unity of the Christian scheme will be recognized, and all minor objections will be felt unavailable, as opposed to the irresistible internal evidence of truth. Humboldt, however, believing in a personal God, a guiding Providence, and an individual immortality, had secured three of the great verities which Christianity has succeeded in impressing on the convictions of almost all who have come within her sphere; he was, too, a self-sacrificing friend, and one of the best of sons, of husbands, and of fathers. He did not think, with that epitome of absurdity and conceit, Emerson, (the praises of whom in Blackwood's Magazine are disgraceful to that periodical,) that prayer, as a means to effect a private end, is theft and meanness; *supposing* (presupposing!) *dualism, and not unity in nature and consciousness;*" that is, supposing God to be *above* man, and not to *be* man; he did not assert, with this self-satisfied scribbler, that, "as soon as man is at one with God he will not beg;" that "men's prayers are a disease of the will, as are their creeds a disease of the intellect."—And here we must be permitted to ejaculate, what a compound of selfishness and villanous conceit this

Emerson must be!—On the contrary, William von Burgsdorf tells us of his friend Humboldt, that when at Weimar, enjoying the society of Schiller, with his wife and children, but anxious for his mother's health, who was suffering from a severe attack which ended in death at Berlin, "he rarely retired for the night without first praying for his beloved mother." Thus, again, on his death-bed he said to those around him, his children and others, after a period of intense suffering, "Think often of me, but ever gladly. I have been happy, very happy: yesterday, too, was a beautiful day for me, in your love. I shall soon be with your mother, shall soon understand the ways of Providence."

But we do not strive to make Humboldt other than he was: we take him as the genial thinker and philosopher, almost unconsciously imbued with much of the spirit of Christianity, with a loving heart and a natural reverence for his God; but wanting that patience for the shortcomings and intellectual weaknesses of his fellow-men, which he might have attained in a clearer perception of his own sinfulness before his God. We have now said enough on this subject, and can turn our attention to other things, though want of time and space will compel us to be somewhat hasty in our remarks.

Despite the external coldness, which probably contributed in some degree to extract from Talleyrand the assertion—"que c'était un des hommes d'état dont l'Europe de mon temps n'en a pas compté trois ou quatre," Humboldt remained an enthusiast ever, for the great, the beautiful, and the true. In his last letter to Schiller he writes, "Be convinced, my dear friend, that my interest, my tendencies, can never change. My measure for things remains unalterable: *ideas* are with me supreme. For these I have always lived, to these I shall ever remain faithful; and had I a circle of operation which included the virtual empire of Europe, (like Bonaparte's,) I should still regard it as a mere inferior means to a higher end; and such is the faith of my soul." Such a man, whose words and actions were always self-consistent, we cannot but respect, and almost love.

Our readers may ask for some one sample, however brief, of Humboldt's æsthetic criticism, which should justify the praises of a Goethe and a Schiller. We will quote a few lines from an essay published in 1791, which appear to us at once suggestive and correct.

Poetry, he says, is, in one point of view, the most perfect of all the fine arts: but in another, it is the weakest. While it represents its objects with less reality and animation than painting or sculpture, it cannot appeal to the feelings with the power of music. But these defects are soon forgotten; because poetry, independent of its universality, which has been treated on above, steps as it were nearest to the true man in man, interposes the least shadow betwixt *the thought* and its expression.

Again, he says,

The beautiful is a power; true taste alone can gather all the tones of being into one entrancing harmony. Taste yields an internal calm and unity to all our sensations, physical, moral, and spiritual. Where taste is wanting, desire is coarse and savage; science without it may be deep and even sound, but never fruitful in its application. All spiritual perceptions, all treasures of knowledge, are vain without taste, without the beautiful: even moral nobility and strength are rough and displeasing, and void of power to feel or bless.

We should devote some paragraphs at least to the political opinions of such a statesman as Humboldt, particularly at the present moment, when the first principles of all government are at stake, and an European war of democratic propagandism, is but too likely to ensue. These opinions are in some respects vague. Humboldt appears to have been altogether opposed to a so-called pure or absolute democracy, and to have tended decidedly towards the system of constitutional monarchy; though he saw some advantages in absolute monarchy, which could not be realized under other systems. He was a strenuous advocate for individual liberty, thinking this of more import than any power residing in the mass or community; but this liberty included so much in his eyes as to be almost equivalent to license. The state, he thought, had nothing to do with morality, in as far as the sexual relations were concerned, or with religion. Marriage should be a private contract, to be kept or broken at the will of the contractors. State education, under any form, was undesirable, as involving a slavish uniformity of mind on the part of the instructed, who would be taught to be citizens and not men.

We need scarcely say in how far these views are opposed to our own. We hold that the nation or community, or the state as the nation's political embodiment, has a similar right with every individual to distinguish right from wrong for itself, in morals, and also in religion. That is, we think it qualified to recognize marriage as holy and binding, Christianity as truth, and the church as the church. With regard to education, we do not believe the fears of the Prussian statesman to be altogether groundless. Yet no state-education, no education at least based on religion, can reduce all children to the same flat level. Mind will always assert its prerogative. We would have whatever religious instruction is afforded in national schools based on that religion which is nationally recognized and established. Children, whose parents wished them to obtain other religious teaching, might retire after the hours of general instruction, and seek it privately elsewhere. We are indeed convinced that any state, not animated by the living spirit of Christianity, would make machines of those on whom it exercised too direct an influence; and thus far we agree with the hero of the work before us.

Despite some crotchets, however, we recognize much sound sense in Humboldt's political philosophy. Thus he demanded, as the editor of this biography says, "Partition of the legislative power betwixt the executive and the people; the utmost

possible publicity for all government proceedings; finally, control over the execution of the law possessed by the subject;" involving, we presume, our English trial by jury, and system of magistracy. Schlesier, our author, remarks: "The principle of the partition of legislative power consists in *this*, that no legal or constitutional change can be effected by either branch alone. This is the theory of counteraction, which daily gains ground in Germany, and will soon obtain supremacy." We are very glad to hear it, for it is the only rational political theory we are acquainted with. However, Mr. Schlesier informs us, *à propos* of another German statesman's praises of the British constitution, as realizing this division of power, that Humboldt could not possibly admire, or, at least approve of, the British system. Why, we are left to conjecture; but, we presume, because our hereditary aristocracy, the peerage, is displeasing to our German friend. He does not see that this affords an additional and, indeed, indispensable security to the balance of power. For that balance cannot be at all maintained, when, as in the case above assumed, the people and the executive are the two only agents of power. We have seen an experiment of this nature tried in France for the last thirty years, and must be by this time, after two revolutions, convinced that a constitutional monarchy cannot exist without a real and not nominal, a powerful and yet popular, aristocracy. This we have, and have long had, in England; and because we have it, our constitution still exists. The late monarch of France strove to make bribery and corruption, with a very restricted right of franchise, supply the place of an aristocracy. We need not say in how far he has failed.

And now, abandoning the stormy field of politics, let us linger for a few moments in the bower of the muses. There is matter for a long and careful essay on the literary relations of William von Humboldt with Schiller and Goethe. Schiller, it should be observed, was his especial friend and favorite. Perhaps, indeed, he admired Goethe most, but he appears to have sympathized far more keenly with Schiller. Let us content ourselves for to-day with a remarkable extract from a letter addressed by Humboldt to Schiller, in which his literary confession of faith will be found worthy of the reader's attention. "The imagination of the Greeks," says he, "was ever subject to the influences of nature: thence its wondrous calm and clearness; thence, also, from its confinement within the boundaries of the world of sense, its unspirituality, which, contrasted with the most thoughtful productions of the moderns, seems almost poverty. In the moderns this clear response to the external world, this susceptibility to the influences of nature, will not be discovered; the spiritual intention, taking various directions, is everywhere manifest. Thence their greater depth of meaning, but also their dissimilarity amongst themselves, national and other indirect causes existing for these various tendencies. Thus, both Italians and English are characterized by poetica. imagination, which is gay and sensual in the former, deeper, and nearer allied with feeling, in the latter. In the Germans intellectual intention and true sentiment are prominent: Goethe is especially remarkable in the latter respect, more particularly in his plays, Egmont, Faust, and Tasso, which are neither Greek nor English, but wholly and solely original. In you, my dear friend, the intellectual intention is most visible, but this by no means excludes other qualities." In another place he greets Schiller, for his combination of the spiritual and intellectual with the natural, as "the most modern of all modern bards." There is truth in these remarks, though the German critic must be owned to have claimed, with a perhaps pardonable partiality, the lion's share for his own countrymen. But we also should say, that, on the whole, English poetry was more characterized by poetic imagination than any other quality; Spanish by richness and copiousness; Italian by fancy; French by invention, taste, and finish; German by intellectual intention, and feeling; though we are not willing to abandon this latter quality to any foreign nation, remembering our own stores of bardic wealth. And here we may be allowed to remark, that we distinctively claim supremacy for our own poetry, as also for our literature generally, over that of any other country. Every nation, even if national vanity suggested the assertion of its own primacy, would place us second in the roll of degree; nor can we conceive how the Germans even can venture to oppose the few great names which they may muster, to our long series of glorious bardic memories.

Of Humboldt's long and valuable essay on poetry and its principles, in connection with Goethe's exquisite, "Hermann and Dorothea," we can merely say that it is well worthy of the perusal of all students of German literature; and Schiller's admirable reply, in which he maintains the superiority of the creative artist to the critic, who can never thoroughly express his own sensations of delight, and who, with all his writing, never touches the essence, the central core of an inspired creation, must also be dismissed by us with a brief general encomium. We must pause, however, to protest against the somewhat flippant comments of our author, Schlesier, on the later productions of Goethe, whether in poetry or prose, which he declares to be altogether valueless. We should have thought that Goethe's own crushing blows on the little critics who snapped around him in his lifetime, would have silenced such tiresome impertinence forever. The truth is, that Goethe's prose was noble to the last, though somewhat stiff; that his second part of Faust, published the year before his death, was replete with magnificent poetry; and that his oriental series of lyrics, the so-called "West Eastern Divan," the fruit of his latter years, so far from being an utter failure, is characterized by an almost miraculous freshness of thought, and feeling, and truly Goethian beauty. Writers like Mr. Schlesier should beware of neg-

ative criticism in such cases, by which they can only make themselves ridiculous. Nevertheless, we cannot withhold from Mr. Schlesier the general meed of impartiality, veracity, painstaking care, and no small degree of talent. He has conferred a benefit on the literary world, and it would be ungrateful in us not to tender him our thanks for the pleasure and instruction his work has afforded us.

We shall not follow William von Humboldt through his long and honorable career, having already exceeded the space which we had allotted to our labors. One remark let us be allowed to make in conclusion. William von Humboldt is the realization of a noble German character: he is the type of what thousands may become under the influence of that constitutional liberty, the full enjoyment of which should not be delayed another hour. We know not whether these pages will meet the eye of the present Prussian monarch, but here do we warn him that the hour for doubt and hesitation has passed: that if he would not abandon Germany to the almost immediate triumph of democracy, he must deprive the vast majority of the titled class in his country of their titular nobility, yielding them some appellation corresponding to our English esquire in its stead, and, further, form a chamber of peers from the mediatized princes, associated with some of the richest men in the country; the eldest son of each of whom should alone inherit the peerage. Then, having thus popularized the nobility, by an act of absolute but indispensable power, let him share the right of legislation with his parliament and people.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, ON THE BRITISH MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

It is well known that the time required to turn out a tolerable artillerist is twice, if not thrice, as long as that which will give you a perfect hussar, and six, if not nine times greater than is needed to metamorphose the ploughboy into a smart light bob or a steady grenadier. The time allowed by our regulations for bringing an infantry recruit into the ranks and rendering him fit to take his tour of general duty, is four months. Twelve will suffice to teach a dragoon the essential points of his *manége*, and to set him well on horseback. You cannot make a tolerable gunner under two years, or hope to render him master of the complicated arts in which he is expected to excel, much under three. It seems clear, then, that this country should be careful, while it maintains a good skeleton of horse and foot, to render its artillery more than a skeleton; that it should keep this latter corps far above the proportion which would be properly allotted to it during the progress of a campaign, and look well, not alone to the drilling and conduct of the men, but to the guns, the horses, the harness—to everything, in short, including the organization and internal economy of the corps itself, which shall in any way tend to make it generally useful in the mean while and available for service either in garrison or in the field at a moment's notice. It was on this principle that the United States of America acted from the conclusion of the war with England in 1815 up to the commencement of the Mexican job in 1845. Their small standing army consisted almost exclusively of artillery; and that the policy was a wise one has been proved first by the admirable conduct of this branch of their army in the late struggle, and next by the facility with which, when occasion required, infantry and cavalry enough to force their way to the capital of the Montezumas were gathered round it. The same course, though a good deal modified, is pursued by Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and most of the smaller German states. Aware of their inability to take the field single-handed against any first-rate power, these governments rely for the means of maintaining themselves, till succored from abroad, mainly upon their artillery, which bears in every instance a much larger proportion to the infantry and cavalry in their service than is ever contemplated in the arrangements of France, Prussia, Austria or Russia.

If this policy be good as regards countries which have no remote dependencies, it must surely be at least as reasonable in our own case. Let the reader spread out a map, and he will see that the British empire abroad, apart from it province of Canada and its Indian possessions, is an empire of fortresses. In Europe we hold Gibraltar, on the coast of Spain; Malta and Corfu, Cephalonia and Zante, in the Mediterranean. In the Carribbean and Atlantic Seas we are masters of a dozen settlements, every one of which, with the exception of Jamaica and perhaps Barbadoes, is more of a redoubt than a colony. Africa has given us Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, St. Helena, Ascension, and so forth. In Asia our standard floats over Labuan and Hong Kong, in addition to the more extensive territories of Ceylon and the Southern Archipelago. All these, or by far the greater part, depend for protection much more upon their fortifications and batteries than upon any resistance which could be offered in the field by the driblets from the army which hold the settlements themselves. How are they garrisoned? By strong detachments of artillery, supported by an adequate amount of infantry? No; but by infantry almost exclusively;—four battalions being stationed here—three there—two at another place—one somewhere else—half a battalion occupying one island—four companies taking charge of another, with just as many artillerymen added to each detachment as shall suffice to fire a royal salute, and to do the sort of work, certainly not soldierlike, which is imposed upon our gunners at foreign stations. In like manner our strongholds at home—the Channel Islands, though bristling with cannon—the great naval stations of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness, Pembroke—the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Fort George—the numberless forts which are supposed to bridle the Shannon, and keep the harbors of Dublin, Cork, Kinsale, Belfast, &c., clear—these and many more are to all intents and purposes left to shift for themselves. They may be more or less competently filled with soldiers of the line, or be garrisoned by detachments from the royal marines; but the best provided of the whole cannot show gunners enough to man any one of its faces, were it placed in siege to-morrow.

It was very well for amateur professors to talk of being able on an emergency to convert your infantry soldier into a gunner or a bombardier: but some vague dream of the sort appears to have reached of late, certain of our military authorities; and we find, in consequence, that the great-gun exercise has become a portion of drill with which

the infantry soldier is supposed to make himself acquainted. They who subject the recruit to this fresh manipulation, may depend upon it that, as far as regards practical usefulness in war, they are taking a great deal of pains to very little purpose. No doubt you may in six weeks' time teach any man, who is not deficient in common intellect, how to work, spunge, load, lay, and fire a garrison gun. But these operations, though individually and collectively of vast importance, do not make him an artillerist. The first accident that occurs—the first shot that strikes his carriage or his rammer—renders him powerless. He could not fit on a new wheel, were you to hand it to him; he would not know how to make shift with any other tool or implement than that which his drill-master has taught him to handle. As to dealing with a touch-hole somewhat run, or throwing hot shot, or keeping his powder clear of sparks, his first attempt in either of these branches of art would probably end in such an explosion as must not only silence his gun but himself too, and many of his comrades.

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In Gibraltar, Malta, Cephalonia, Zante, and Corfu, there are mounted, we believe, from twelve to fourteen hundred heavy pieces of ordance, each of which requires five men at the least to work it. This is allotting to a garrison-gun a smaller amount of strength than the book of regulations would warrant, and takes little, if at all, into account the hands that would be required, in the event of a siege, to supply casualties and bring up ammunition. It might do, however, upon a pinch, and we are not going to ask for more than is absolutely necessary. Now—assuming that a fortress may be considered safe when one half of the mounted guns can be worked at the same time—it is clear that for these four places alone we ought to have three thousand artillery men; and that even these, when we supply them, will be competent to the full amount of the duties required only so long as sickness or the accidents of war shall have made no serious impression on their numbers. What artillery force have we in this part of the world? Rather less than one third of our minimum? At Gibraltar there are five companies; there ought to be eighteen. At Malta there are two; there ought to be nine. Corfu and its dependencies have three; the very least to place them in a respectable position is nine companies. Jersey and Guernsey, the two outposts of England, with their numerous Martello towers, are held by one company of artillery respectively. To put them in a decently defensible state, not less than an entire battalion ought to be distributed between them. Is it an act of common prudence to keep points of such vital importance so feeble, at a time when in every country in the civilized world except our own, the science of war, and more especially that department of it which deals with the attack of fortified places, is cultivated with the utmost assiduity? But perhaps we may be accused of arguing somewhat unfairly. Jersey, Guernsey, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, besides being as strong as nature and art can make them, are objects to us of constant, and by no means of remote solicitude. The two former will of course be well watched from Portsmouth; the Mediterranean fleet will keep a good look-out upon the latter; while all, if they escape capture at the outset by surprise may be reinforced in good time, and then left in a measure to their own resources. Reinforced in good time!—Where are he reinforcements to come from? Out of the eighty companies which compose the whole regiment of artillery thirty-eight are scattered through our foreign possessions, and two, as has just been shown, have their quarters already in the channel islands. This leaves exactly forty companies in Great Britain and Ireland, of which ten at the least, or a number of men competent to fill up ten, are little better than recruits. Now, assuming that, in case of need, even recruits might be used after a fashion, how can we, with Ireland to guard, and London to cover, and Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Glasgow, and Newcastle to protect, with Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Chatham, Sheerness, more or less dependent upon us, because all giving full employment to their local battalions elsewhere than on the ramparts—how can we, out of forty companies, mustering in all four thousand men, undertake to spare a single gunner for reinforcing the garrisons of the Channel islands, or in the Mediterranean? The thing could not be done; for, take this along with you always, that if you be open to invasion on your own shores, your best, and indeed only, chance of meeting the enemy on anything like equal terms lies in your being able to bring against him an overwhelming artillery—and where you are to get this artillery even now, far more after detaching strong reinforcements to places beyond the sea, it puzzles our imagination to guess.

But we must not look exclusively to Europe. A war in this quarter would in all probability be followed ere long by a war with the United States, and, whether so followed or not, would lay us open to the risk of being attacked wherever an enemy's squadron could reach us, or a belief in our inability to defend ourselves might induce the commander of a single vessel to hazard a descent. Look at Bermuda. It supplies us with a naval station intermediate between North America and the West Indies; it forms an admirable harbor of refuge; it contains a respectable dockyard, a large amount of naval stores, and has been fortified at an outlay of money of which we really do not care to specify the extent. How is it garrisoned? A place which, on the most moderate computation, mounts four hundred pieces of ordance, is left to the protection of two battalions of infantry and a single company of artillery. Why, this does not allow one gunner for three guns. And when we look further abroad—to St. Helena, for example, and even to Ceylon, matters do not mend with us. The former station can boast of its single company, the latter of two companies in garrison; though the one mounts about two hundred guns, the other not fewer than three hundred, and on this latter force is imposed, over and above its garrison duties, the care of providing a field-battery for China whenever that shall be needed.

It is quite evident, then, that on the head of mere numbers, our artillery is under the proper ratio; that, instead of constituting our main strength in time of peace, it is the element in which we are weakest; and that, so far from being a nucleus round which, in the event of war, infantry and cavalry might be formed, we should be obliged to form it, as well as we could, upon our infantry and cavalry, and to send these arms into the field, as we have always done heretofore, most inefficiently supported by artillery. Indeed, we may go further. Should hostilities break out during a continuance of the existing system, we shall be forced, in the hour of need, to use our infantry as gunners; a process from which, even in our foreign garrisons,

nobody will suffer except ourselves. And as to attempting anything beyond operations of mere defence, we need not, be the urgency of the case what it may, take the project into our contemplation. We have neither men, nor guns, nor horses, nor wagons wherewith to equip, for European service, eight good batteries; and as we cannot denude Ireland of its field artillery, nor leave ourselves without a gun to send out, in case a second call were suddenly made, we must not count on being able to muster more than sixteen, or at most twenty pieces of cannon for the operations of a campaign. No doubt we have our field artillery in Canada; and its batteries are, we believe, though miserably under the mark as to their equipments, in high order. Another battery at the Cape, almost equally ill-found, has performed, as our artillery always does, excellent service; and we know that the detachment in China has on every occasion well sustained the reputation of its corps. But for the purposes of action, in case an enemy gained footing here, or for reprisal on his coasts, we should be unable, were the demand made to-morrow, to muster five good field-batteries of three guns and a howitzer apiece. No doubt the troops of horse artillery are in capital trim as far as they go. But besides that they are scattered, one troop at Limerick, one in Dublin, one at Newcastle, and one at Leeds, they carry about with them only two guns apiece; and are therefore in no condition to march from Woolwich, supposing you to put the whole disposable force *en route*, more than six light pieces; while our field-batteries are so deficient in every article of indispensable equipment, that, except for a sudden brush, or the show manœuvres of a review, we cannot see how they could be used at all.

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Our gunner passes the Atlantic safely. He enters the glorious St. Lawrence; he lands at Quebec; and becomes a constituent portion of its garrison. For about a year he continues there, spending his days and weeks pretty much as he used to do at Devonport, or Spike Island; after which he is transferred to Kingston, and enters again into a field-battery. It is easy to see that neither he, nor the company to which he belongs, has been much accustomed to field-work. The horses, which are never moved, get out of condition in the hands of the new comers. The harness loses its polish, or breaks; the guns and wagons make a terrible hash of it when brought out for exercise, either with or without the infantry; finally, the men themselves grow slovenly—as soldiers invariably do when overworked, or put to tasks which they scarcely understand. It takes months, perhaps a year, to bring things round again; but when they are brought round, the field-battery at Kingston becomes, what it was previously to the last relief, perhaps the smartest and most efficient in the British service. That it is defective in many articles of equipment necessary to active operations m. st, we are afraid, be admitted. If there be forge carts and wagons enough in store, spare guns, shot, wheels, and shafts are wanting; and the horses and men that would be required to put the battery in proper trim for active service are not forthcoming. Whatever articles are liable to rot—traces, whips, girths, saddles, collars, &c.—almost always prove on trial to be rotten; and are patched up from time to time at a serious expense, without ever being rendered trustworthy. The horses, though well-bred and well-broke, are in many instances so old that a single severe march would put them *hors de combat*; for there is an unaccountable reluctance on the part of the ordnance authorities to cast a horse after he has been once purchased. Indeed, we have ourselves seen an animal afflicted with staggers, drop time after time in the ranks, yet take his place as heretofore, till the driver well nigh refused to mount him, and always did mount with fear and trembling.

In spite of all these defects the battery-school in Canada is, perhaps, the best that we have; and as it continues on an average four years or upwards in operation, our gunner learns his field-duty well. He returns home with a bronzed cheek, a good seat on horseback, an accurate knowledge of his field movements, and from eight to ten years of honorable service. Is he kept to the mark by judicious management? We shall see. It is assumed that whatever his qualifications in battery may be, in other respects he has deteriorated; and a moment's reflection will show that this must be the case. Having had no opportunity of practising a single mechanical art since he quitted Woolwich, he has forgotten how to use a gin, knot a rope, construct a bridge, and lay a platform. He can work a garrison gun, and hit the target with fair precision; but the mysteries of slinging and moving heavy ordnance, of passing it up hill and down a declivity, and from one species of carriage to another, have become to him as dark as they ever were. It is determined to put him through a complete course of instruction over again; and the veteran of perhaps eleven years' standing has the satisfaction to resume his studies in the repository, and to manœuvre from day to day on the common, till competent authority pronounces him perfect, or the cycle of duty calls him away to another out-station.

But our sketch must be taken to represent, not the ordinary life of the gunner, but its abstract perfection. Comparatively few of our recruits enjoy the advantages of a Canadian campaign. In nine cases out of ten the tour of duty carries them direct from Woolwich to Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, the Mauritius, or Ceylon, or to some other station far away, where from one year to another they never cross a horse, or do any other duty than that of a laborer in a storekeeper's yard. And here we cannot but protest against the abuse, both at home and abroad, of horses and men brought into the queen's service for military purposes. Will our readers believe that, inadequately appointed as the field-batteries are, their effective strength is cut down, even in Woolwich, by the habitual employment in the arsenal, on what is called fatigue-duty, of battery-nags, and the soldiers who are supposed to work with them in learning their profession? Let a stranger visit that place of order and bustle when he may, he will encounter at every turn an artillery-horse harnessed to some enormous load of stores, and a gunner leading him; and should he be tempted to look next day into the veterinary hospital, the chances are, that he will find half a dozen of these same valuable animals lamed from having picked up rusty nails in their frogs, or had their sinews strained in the attempt to drag weights that were too much for them. A battery drill on the common has more than once been stopped for want of horses enough to perform the evolutions, while the horses which ought to have been with the guns, or harnessed to the wagons, were busy carting dung. The life of a gunner at stations wherever storekeepers keep their yards on anything like a scale of magnitude, bears little or no resemblance to that of an artilleryman. He loads and unloads

carts eads and drives a team, carries out manure, spreads it on the glacis, if there be one, or wherever else it is needed—keeps somebody's garden in order—and discharges the obligations of his enlistment-oath by occasionally furbishing up an old gun and cleaning shot when it grows rusty. And thus years steal from him during which he eats the bread of idleness, so far at least as the business for which the queen has taken him into her service is concerned; and comes back at the end of them much less fit for the field than he was when he took his first guard in Woolwich garrison.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

At the close of the late American war, the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment of Infantry, under the command of Colonel C. H. Darling, a corps much distinguished by its behavior in Canada, marched to Quebec. As it was probable that their services would be no longer required, they received orders to prepare for embarkation, with the view of proceeding to Halifax, and, if no counter-orders were received there, to be disbanded with the other Canadian regiments.

For this purpose the "Archduke Charles," a remarkably fine frigate-built ship, of 550 tons, was engaged for the transport of the right wing of the regiment; the left wing having previously been sent away for the same destination. The troops embarked in this ship consisted of eleven officers, the staff, two hundred rank and file, forty-eight women and children, which, together with the crew of the vessel, comprised nearly three hundred individuals. The ship was also provided with a king's pilot. How far he was fitted for his responsible situation subsequent events will develop.

The "Archduke Charles" left the harbor of Quebec on the morning of the 29th of May, 1816, with a fresh breeze from the E. N. E. Nothing worthy of particular remark occurred for the first ten days of the voyage.

On the evening of the tenth day from the ship's leaving Quebec she cleared the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, upon making what was deemed a sufficient offing, the pilot directed the ship's course to be altered to the westward, with the intention of making Halifax on the following day. About 7, P. M., the atmosphere being at the time remarkably clear, a black circle was observed to windward on the horizon, stretching from north-east to south-west—the well-known forerunner of a fog-bank; and in a short time the ship was surrounded by one of those dense fogs so common on that coast. Knowing that they were now arrived in the track of the homeward-bound West India ships, and the fog increasing to a pitchy blackness, accompanied by heavy rain, with continued squalls, a consultation was held among the officers of the ship as to the most prudent means to adopt; and it was deemed most advisable, at the suggestion of the pilot, to continue the course under easy sail. The consequence was, that look-outs were placed forward, the drum was ordered to be kept beating at intervals, and other precautions taken to prevent collision, in case of falling in with any ship during the night. It was also deemed desirable to have a portion of the troops on deck, to assist the watch.

After the arrangements for the night had been concluded, those who were not appointed to duty retired to their berths; among these was Lieutenant Charles Stewart, then commanding the grenadier company, whose subsequent brave conduct was the means of rescuing from a terrible death nearly the whole of the persons embarked in this ill-fated ship. He felt himself extremely fatigued by continuing so much on deck, as he had already done, at the request of his colonel—for he had scarcely been one night in bed during the passage. He had hardly descended to his cabin, for the purpose of taking some needful repose, when, to his surprise, he was sent for by Colonel Darling, who stated to him "that it was his particular wish (considering the extreme danger in which the ship was placed by the density of the fog) that he should remain on deck during the night; as, in fact, his wife could not rest in her bed unless he consented to do so." Although Lieutenant Stewart pointed out the exertion he had already undergone, and the absolute necessity that he should have some relaxation of duty, he was too good a soldier to murmur at the request—in truth, it may be said, command of his superior officer.

After the usual courtesies had been exchanged, and Colonel Darling had informed Lieutenant Stewart that some refreshments would be left out for his especial use during the night, ten men were ordered under his command to the forecastle, where he was to take his station; and ten more, under Captain Glennie, were ordered to the after part of the ship. The rain continued to fall incessantly, sudden squalls of wind, with a heavy sea rising, occasioned the ship to "work" much; but it was impossible, from the darkness of the night, and the impenetrable density of the fog, to see half her length; however, as it was known that the king's pilot had himself taken the wheel, a degree of confidence was generally created in the minds of all on board, and hopes were entertained that not anything of serious moment would occur before daylight, which was anxiously looked for by crew, as well as by passengers.

At about 10, P. M. the "look-out" stationed on the bowsprit hailed the forecastle, and directed Lieutenant Stewart's attention to what he thought was a light ahead; and by his looking directly in the line of the horizon, over the ship's bulwark, Lieutenant Stewart fancied that he also observed it; he immediately repaired aft to the quarter-deck to report the same to the pilot, when, to his surprise, he there found Colonel Darling (who, he supposed, had retired to his cabin) handing his majesty's pilot a glass of hot grog. Upon Lieutenant Stewart making his report, he was replied to in an uncourteous manner by the pilot, and ordered by his colonel back to his station. He has

not long returned forward, when the "look-out" again called "light ahead," and Lieutenant Stewart, placing his eye in the same position as before, distinctly saw what he considered a flickering light, and deemed it again prudent to go to the quarter-deck, and to report a second time the result of his observation. The answer he received was, "Sir, I have been a king's pilot on this coast for twenty-five years, and I know where I am." The colonel then said, "Mr. Stewart, you will return to your post immediately." To which Lieutenant Stewart replied, "Sir, I have done what I considered my duty." After the second rebuff Lieutenant Stewart considered it useless to make any further reports, and with a heavy presentiment on his mind, he continued at his post.

But a short time had elapsed between Lieutenant Stewart's return to the forecastle, the rain still pouring its torrents with increased violence, and the fog continuing equally thick, when an occurrence took place which had all the attributes of supernatural agency, not unlike the imaginary vision, for ages "talked of" by sailors, and considered by them as a certain warning of some disaster. It was about 11.30 P. M. when one of the sailors suddenly called Lieutenant Stewart's attention to a dark object, which appeared to shoot past the bows of the vessel, with the rapidity of lightning, and the words, "Take care of the rocks," were distinctly heard. Lieutenant Stewart immediately ordered the drum to cease, and although the most profound silence was observed for some time afterwards by those on the forecastle, nothing more could be heard, and it was considered to have been a delusion.

About midnight, Lieutenant Stewart finding himself nearly worn out from continued watching, and the heavy weight of his saturated clothes, determined to leave the deck for a few minutes. He had scarcely got below, thrown off his cloak, and was about to partake of those refreshments which his colonel had left for his use, when to his dismay he felt the ship strike with a tremendous crash, and ere he could gain the deck, the sea had struck the ship aft, carried away the bulwarks, and with it the whole of the round house, sweeping overboard with the wreck two women who were sleeping there. Those, and those only, who have been placed in like circumstances, and have been eye-witnesses, can form a correct idea of the horrible scene that instantly ensued. It is almost impossible to describe the wild and maniac-like actions which take place in a ship crowded with people, at the moment of a wreck like this. Amidst the raging of a boiling sea, in total darkness, the screams of the women and children, the total loss of all command over the men, husbands forsaking their wives, seeking only their own preservation, wives rushing for protection to others, present an awful spectacle In this instance, an officer of undoubted courage, hitherto an affectionate husband heedless of the entreaties of his beseeching wife, rushed up the main rigging and left her to her fate. The wife of Colonel Darling, catching the sound of Lieutenant Stewart's voice, flew towards him and clasping him round the knees, besought him in the most piteous language "to save her life;" with the greatest difficulty he was able to extricate himself from her death-like grasp, and to hasten forward.

The ship appeared to have struck on a sunken rock, the sea making a clear breach over her, and evidently she was fast filling; several were washed away the moment they escaped from their beds, but nearly the whole of the persons on board, the crew, the troops, the women and children, reached the fore part of the ship, where they remained huddled together in one mass of human despair, watching with intensity for the coming day. At about five, A. M., the light was sufficient to enable them to discover that the ship had struck on one of the Jeddore Rocks, lying about a mile and a half from the coast, and sixty miles east of Halifax. How she had got there during the night, still remains a mystery; it is said to have been afterwards accounted for by the supposition that, although the ship's *head* had been kept to her course, the current had gradually caused her to near the land.

As daylight increased, they could then perceive that at about the distance of fifty yards from the ship's bows, was a rock above water, but against which the sea lashed itself with terrific violence. To get a communication with this rock by means of a rope, was now considered their only hope. One suggestion followed another, and was as quickly abandoned. Among the crew was a seaman, a "Trafalgar man," and who had, for that reason, been looked upon with some consideration; his advice it was deemed would be of importance. He was sought for, but alas! notwithstanding the peril of the moment, with death every instant threatening his existence, he who had escaped the bloody battle, was found insensibly drunk. He with others, abandoning themselves to their fate, it was soon discovered, had forced the spirit stores; some of the men had likewise broken open a chest of specie and loaded themselves with doubloons, the weight of which afterwards cost them their lives. At length, as if by general instinct, all eyes were directed towards Lieutenant Stewart, who had stood with folded arms, calmly surveying the intervening gulf between him and the rock, to pass which, the mountainous sea every instant wasting itself in a long line of foam, seemed to bid defiance to all human power; each man of the crew had declared the attempt as utterly beyond the accomplishment of man, and the soldiers alike shrunk from the attempt. Lieutenant Stewart was known to be a most expert swimmer, and at length the silent thought broke into earnest solicitation. Instantly the soldiers, so highly was he held in their estimation, amid the wild confusion which reigned around them, fell on their knees and besought him to save their lives. A half-inch rope of sufficient length was soon procured: divesting himself of clothes, except a pair of light trousers and shirt, and buckling his military cap tightly,

with the rope secured round his body, he dashed from the fore chains into the boiling surge; he was immediately lost sight of by those on board, having been sucked under the ship, but recovering himself, and swimming with astonishing vigor, which nothing but an indomitable courage could sustain, he ultimately gained the rock, upon which he was thrown by one huge wave with terrific force. Bruised and cut as he found himself, his first thought was to secure the rope to the rock; in doing this he experienced much difficulty, for although it presented many rugged points, there was not one to which he could apparently attach it, with sufficient security to allow those on board to haul on it. The seaweed, with which the rock was nearly covered, was another obstacle, as it prevented him getting a sure footing; however, after several efforts, he managed to crawl to the summit, and at length he firmly secured it. Having swallowed a large quantity of salt water in his arduous undertaking, he felt extreme thirst, and perceiving a cavity at the top of the rock filled with water, he concluded it was fresh, from the heavy rain which had fallen; he eagerly filled his cap, and as eagerly drank of its contents; but unhappily he found it to be as briny as the waves from which he had just emerged. Those on board were as yet in ignorance of his success, or indeed of his being alive; they had "paid out" the rope gradually, and in sufficient quantity to enable him to reach the rock, but were afraid to haul, the fog continuing so thick that they were only able to discern the base of it; and this Lieutenant Stewart himself discovered, after he had fastened the rope, for he could not see the ship in the position in which he was placed.

It was a period of intense anxiety and uncertainty to nearly three hundred human beings; if he were lost, their last hope of life had fled; their straining eyes were all fixed on one small spot, to catch a glimpse of the only man out of so great a number, who had shown nerve enough to hazard so bold an enterprise. Lieutenant Stewart now attempted to descend from where he was, and to get as near as possible to the wreck, to enable those on board to see him, and to give them warning that he had succeeded in fixing the rope, by a preconcerted signal of waving his cap; but on endeavoring to retrace his steps, he found that the waves were dashing with increased violence on the side of the rock which he must traverse; he consequently began cautiously to creep round on the opposite side, when, to his dismay, he found that it was perpendicular with the water, and in his anxiety, attempting to hold himself on by the seaweed, the slippery substance gave way, and he was again precipitated into the foaming breakers. From the wounds he had already received in almost every part of his body, when previously hurled with such violence on the rock, and his limbs having become stiff with the intense coldness of the atmosphere, he at first was unable to make the slightest effort to save himself, but, uniting his powerful strength to the consciousness of the importance of the task for which he labored, and aware of the inutility of what he had already accomplished in securing the rope, unless he could give intimation of it to those on the wreck, he redoubled the efforts of his Herculean frame, notwithstanding his being repeatedly driven back by the mighty adversary with which he was contending. When nature had nearly resigned the contest, after half an hour's struggling to gain the mastery of the foaming water, he reached the side nearest the ship, and was again thrown on the rock opposite the wreck; instinctively catching a branch of the sea-weed, he was enabled to maintain his hold until the retiring wave left him lying on his back, in a state of exhaustion approaching to insensibility. He was now for the first time seen from the wreck; they anxiously waited for the signal; this he was soon enabled to give them, and instantly all on board raised a joyful exclamation at the prospect of escape from their awful situation. They began to haul on the rope, and found it fast; the ship had by this time fortunately "forged" considerably ahead, and consequently her bows approached nearer to the rock. No time was now lost in launching the jolly boat, (the only one remaining on board,) which they slung from the "cat-head." Having accomplished this, and being able to keep her by the aid of the rope under the end of the bowsprit, one of the sailors soon hauled her to the rock, bringing with him another and stouter rope; this was secured like the former one, and as the ship evidently could not long hold together, it was resolved that the women and children should be the first taken off the wreck. As the boat could now be "kept steady" under the bowsprit, the women were slung two at a time and lowered into her; the size of the boat would only admit of that number each trip, with two men to pull her.

Lieutenant Stewart having partially recovered from the state of almost insensibility in which he had been lying, raised himself, for the purpose of assisting those who might be brought to the rock. He was now fully convinced that its rugged and slippery surface did not contain sufficient space to allow of even standing-room for the whole of those on board; but, the instant after he saw the boat leave the ship with its first freight, containing the colonel's wife, her two children, and the assistant-surgeon of the regiment, the fog suddenly cleared (in the form of a long vista) towards the coast, and discovered to him another rock, of apparently much larger dimensions, and of considerably more elevation above the sea. Consequently, as the boat neared him, he directed their attention by signs and as those in her now observed it, they pulled towards the second rock, and, finding the swell much less than outside, they were enabled to land their freight in safety. In this manner they continued to transport from the wreck the whole of the women and children.

In the mean time a running toggle had been rigged on the ropes, for hauling the men on the rock where Lieutenant Stewart was, and many

of the soldiers, as well as the whole of the officers, had been drawn from the wreck some time before all the women could be got off.

An occurrence here took place, showing how the love of life will prevail over all other considerations. Still, instances such as the following, it is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, are rare indeed. Horrible as the situation of those on board was momentarily becoming, yet one can scarcely believe that the dearest ties on earth which man possesses could be severed and forgotten, under any circumstances, however dreadful. As Captain W—— was about to quit the wreck by the rope, his wife, who had been lashed in the fore-rigging, to prevent her being washed away, perceiving his intention, raised her infant from her breast, and, with outstretched arms and hideous shrieks, implored him not to leave her. She and her child were alike unheeded. This was seen by the soldiers already landed; many of them belonging to the captain's own company. On his arriving at the rock, Lieutenant Stewart could not forbear pithily saying to him,

"Ah! my good fellow, you'll never be turned to a pillar of salt, for looking behind you."

The poor lady and her babe were, however, happily saved, with the other females. Women are proverbially said to be of a forgiving disposition; but the writer has not been able to ascertain if the captain ever received that pardon, to which his conduct so little entitled him.

It was evident to those still on the wreck that she could not last long, and that no time must be lost by those remaining on board. Several, in their anxiety to escape, were washed away, and sunk, to rise no more. These were most likely the men who had loaded themselves with the gold they had obtained from the treasure-chest. Ultimately, however, nearly the entire of the male portion of the passengers and crew effected a safe landing on the rock, and were apparently for a time rescued from their impending fate.

The total loss of life, including men, women, and children, which had taken place from the ship's first striking, amounted to ten in number. The last man who left her (one of the sergeants) had not done so more than ten minutes when an overwhelming sea struck her, she heeled over, and instantly disappeared.

It now became evident that in a short time considerable difficulty would be experienced with respect to space. The rock was crowded, and the sea breaking over them at every point. Colonel Darling proposed that the officers should be immediately removed in the boat to the rock on which the women had been carried. This proposition, as might be expected, met with considerable opposition from the soldiers, and suppressed murmurs soon gave way to openly-expressed objection on their part to such an exclusively invidious selection. The boat was, however, ordered to approach a projecting point of the rock, and Colonel Darling, with one of the officers, whom he had selected, were about to step into it, when the soldiers simultaneously rushed to the spot, and drove the colonel and his companion away. Had the boat been sufficiently near at the time, certain destruction and loss of life would have been the consequence, as more than twenty men were ready to have dashed into her, and she would, of course, have sunk instantly. Becoming desperate at their situation, and maddened to frenzy at the thought of being left to perish by their commander and officers, the soldiers now broke out into open mutiny. All subordination was at an end, and language uttered by the men, regardless of all distinction as to rank; each man avowing that he considered his life equally dear to him as the colonel and officers did theirs, and resolutely maintained that he would not permit them to leave the rock, unless a portion of the men were removed at the same time. All attempts to reason or to command were found to be utterly futile: wild confusion reigned, and self-preservation seemed paramount in the breast of every man. The waves were perceptibly advancing higher up the rock; but all power of reasoning with men placed in this dreadful situation was totally useless. The boat still remained by them, holding on with difficulty to the ropes, which were secured to the rock.

Amidst this mass of frantic beings lay Lieutenant Stewart, nearly covered with blood, from the wounds he had received, and it was considered by the men that he was dead, or dying; but, roused to animation by the contention going on between his commanding-officer and the soldiers, and the yells and screams of others, he raised himself on his feet, and learning the cause, he addressed the men energetically, and in language which they could not mistake. He represented to them the consequence of their remaining long where they were, without aid; that certain death would be the result; strengthening his argument by convincing them that the only communication they could obtain with the land was by means of the boat; that if she were lost, they must all perish; that he knew they would recollect that they were British soldiers; and he declared his resolution, that if they would permit the colonel, officers, and crew to be taken away in the boat, he would stand by them, and share their fate, and that, should opportunity offer, he would be the last man to quit the rock; adding, that whilst this was his determination, where was the man among them who would so far forget himself as to dare to stir one step?

His address was electric: the rock, which the instant previously to his raising himself had been one scene of terrible commotion, became at its conclusion one of comparatively passive tranquillity. Each man dropped, or crossed his arms; their reasoning faculties appeared to have returned simultaneously; order and subordination instantly took the place of confusion and mutiny. The voice of this brave and heroic man stilled the raging of the human storm. Dreadful as was the prospect, or the hope of relief, this offer of self-devotion, by one individual in whom they could place confidence, and whose previous conduct had already stamped him in their minds as

their saviour. at once restored them to their senses. They immediately and willingly obeyed his orders, formed themselves as he commanded, as nearly as possible into a hollow square, and permitted the colonel, officers and others, to be taken in the boat to the other rock. As two persons could only be taken at each trip, the last time it left it contained but one officer, who said to Lieutenant Stewart,—

"Now is the only chance to save your life. This rock will soon be covered with water. Come with me."

Lieutenant Stewart replied, that he had pledged himself to remain by the men, and nothing should tempt him to swerve from his resolve; that he would abide his fate, be it what it might. The consequence was, that the colonel, officers, and crew of the ship, with his majesty's pilot, were all safely landed on the rock "in shore," and Lieutenant Stewart was left, with two hundred and eight soldiers, awaiting the chances of an improbable rescue.

Soon after the ship went down, the confined air must have burst her decks, for the sea became covered with the contents of her hold, consisting of the officers' and soldiers' baggage, casks of provisions, &c.; and several of the bodies of those who had met an untimely death now floated to the surface—a sad spectacle to those on the rock, as the mountainous waves swept them towards the coast. The water had now encroached so perceptibly on the rock, that the soldiers were compelled gradually to keep moving close together, until at length the space left was barely sufficient to permit them to form into one solid mass.

Lieut. Stewart, with a view of ascertaining the rapidity of the rise of the tide, directed a sergeant to place two stones on a projecting part of the rock, the surface of which the water had just reached. After waiting with their backs turned to the spot (dreading to behold the too convincing proof) but a short time, they found, on examination, the fearful truth—that the stones were no longer to be seen. He again had another one placed, conceiving that perhaps the former ones had been washed away; and after again turning their eyes from the place, as did all the men, with the conviction, that should this be covered by the water, they had nothing to expect but quickly-coming death, they remained calmly silent in that position for some time; when, to their unspeakable joy, on again turning round, they beheld not only the single stone, but the two which had previously been laid down. Thus assured that the tide was now receding, and that yet there was a chance left them of being saved, should their situation become known to some vessel passing the coast, their drooping spirits became reanimated, and each man strained his eyes, to be the first to catch the sight of the hoped-for means of deliverance.

By this time, from the continued breaking of the sea over them, and swallowing the salt water, which many had done in getting from the ship, they were seized with intense thirst, and without the slightest chance of alleviation: and were this a work of fiction what is now related might be set down as an incident to heighten the interest of the moment. But here truly occurred one of those miraculous interpositions of Divine Providence which must convince the most sceptical of the goodness and power of the Almighty Creator of the universe. Amongst the great number of articles which were at every instant rising to the surface from the wreck and floating past them, one of the sergeants observed a cask, which, contrary to all other things, was apparently being fast driven to the rock. He communicated the circumstance to Lieut. Stewart, and at the same time gave it as his opinion that he believed it to be a cask of rum, which must have broken from the spirit-store. On learning this, Lieut. Stewart, with a judgment worthy of him, well knowing what the consequences would be, privately ordered the sergeant to provide himself with the largest stone he could find, and instantly that the cask came within his reach, to stave in the head of it. This the sergeant was soon in readiness to do; but wonderfully singular as it may appear, the cask, as it neared the rock, was lifted by one enormous wave, and carried into the very centre of the body of men, so much so, that it knocked several of them aside, and the receding water left it firmly placed among them. It is useless to attempt a description of the men's feelings under such circumstances. It is sufficient to assert that it proved to be a hogshead full of fresh water! To open it, and each man to partake of its contents by the use of his cap, occupied but a short space of time. Their parched throats were relieved, and their minds, from the now certainty of the tide's receding, rendered comparatively happy; so much so, that it was proposed to endeavor to obtain some sleep, and their first care was to attend to their fatigued and wounded officer.

With their hands they soon cleared a space of the sea-weed sufficient to permit him to lie down on the bare rock, and a man lay down on each side of him to impart warmth; others laid themselves across their comrades to cover him, and thus formed what might not inaptly be termed a living pyramid. The majority of the soldiers with their officer were soon in as sound a sleep as if they had been in the most comfortable quarters; care having been taken that a few should alternately watch for any vessel that might come near them.

It may here be mentioned that the one of the Jeddore Rocks, on which these two hundred men were now quietly reposing, is, when the wind blows from any other quarter than that which then prevailed, covered to the depth of fifteen feet of water, and thence called the "sunken rock." This circumstance was doubtless well known to the king's pilot, and had been communicated by him to Colonel Darling, which accounts for his anxiety to leave his men in the reckless manner in which he did.

The sea still continued to throw up articles from the wreck; but the only thing which was washed on the rock, save the butt of water, was a speaking-trumpet, which ultimately proved of infinite service. The day was passing fast away, the fog still con-

tinued dense in the extreme, the rain pouring its torrents on these miserable, half-clad men, while a cutting north-easter, although it kept the sea from rising on them, increased the severity of the cold. It may be said, in truth, that so hopeless appeared their chance of rescue, at the approach of night, that fortitude gave way to despair, and each man looked upon death as a happy termination to his now terrible state of existence.

An incident now occurred, trifling in itself, but sufficiently indicative of what had at some previous period been the fate of one or more wretched beings on the very spot where they were. One of the sergeants observed, wedged in a cleft of the rock, a piece of cloth, which, on drawing out, had attached to it a button of the 69th regiment of foot. It told a fearful tale. On his showing it to Lieut. Stewart, he, with a just discrimination and foresight, strictly forbade the sergeant to make the circumstance known to the men, rightly judging that it would only aggravate the horrors of their situation, and might probably reduce them to such a depth of despair as to deprive them of all reasoning action; the consequences of which might have led to acts too horrible to contemplate.

How few men, with such a fearful warning before them, would have preserved their self-possession! It was an exercise of the most consummate prudence; and a foreboding so awful was sufficient to shake the strongest nerve. Alas! it was in reality what it seemed to be. Twenty years before, a dreadful shipwreck had happened on this very rock, where perished a large portion of the 69th regiment—the only sad memento of which was this significant button.

The darkness of night was already shadowing the horizon; sleep had long forsaken the most wearied of the soldiers. Many had been the delusive visions to those watching, and their frequent cries of "A ship! a ship!" only proved the intensity of their bewildered imaginations. These were but the effect of denser portions of vapory matter driven past them by the howling blast. At length they were again overwhelmed by the total darkness of the heavens, and again reduced to an utter hopelessness of relief. Each man appeared to hold but little communication with the one next him; they seemed to be absorbed in silent prayer. All was silence save the roaring of the winds and the surging of the waves on the rock;—and prayer alone did in truth occupy the minds of this mass of human suffering.

The returning tide now threatened them again, with increasing force, the wind having partially "chopped round" to westward; and they at length became so closely wedged together, to avoid the rapidly-approaching waters, as to render respiration difficult to those in the centre.

Whilst thus awaiting their fate with a calmness of resignation unequalled, suddenly a light red as blood, (the effect of fog,) appeared to their strained eye-balls, and instantly afterwards a ship loomed through the dense atmosphere. A shout of joy, such as perhaps never before escaped the united voices of two hundred human beings, soon indicated to those on board the vessel, (which had, in fact, been sent with another in search of them, but with faint hopes of success,) that the rock was still uncovered by the water, that its wretched occupants still survived.

It was subsequently ascertained, that after the jolly-boat had landed the officers and crew on the rock where the women were, she was sent in search of some of the fishing or coasting vessels that might be passing. She was fortunately successful, by falling in with three, one of which had taken off the officers, women, and other persons, and the two others stood out to ascertain the fate of the soldiers, but with almost a positive certainty of the inutility of doing so, the opinion of all being that death had long previously put an end to their sufferings. The Omnipotent Power who ruleth the waters ordained it otherwise. The vessels had each hoisted lights at their mast-heads, and it was one of these which first attracted the attention of the soldiers. It was as much to the surprise of the crews of the vessels to hear the cry from the men as it was delight to those from whence it came.

The vessels now cautiously neared the rock, and no time was lost in despatching a boat, which they had brought with them, to the rescue of these wretchedly-situated creatures. On the boat being perceived, Lieutenant Stewart, by the aid of the speaking-trumpet washed from the wreck, was enabled to hail her, and, as a precautionary measure, inquired what number of men she could carry at one time. They replied, "Eleven," and added, "that they must watch the swell of the sea, and be in readiness to get into the boat the instant she rose with it."

This step was in exact keeping with the excellent judgment which this intrepid officer had displayed from the moment he quitted the ill-fated ship. The very last order he gave on the rock to these now eager and excited men was received by them with a respectful attention, which clearly demonstrated how highly they estimated his conduct. On his hearing the reply from the boat, he immediately directed the men "to form" as well as the nature of the place they were on would admit; which they did, as orderly, and with as much subordination as if on parade. He then quietly told them off in elevens, informed them of the manner they were to step into the boat, cautioned them against any display of impetuosity, and warned them of the danger attending a "rush." They implicitly obeyed his injunctions. The first eleven stepped into the boat as one man, catching her as she rose to the wave, and were safely taken to the vessel. The others minutely followed their comrades' example, and in a short time the whole were embarked, in equal divisions, on board the two vessels,—a truly wonderful proof of the merciful goodness of the all-seeing eye of the Divine Disposer of events; and it may be added, that, under his especial will, the bravery of conduct, coolness of judgment, and discriminating powers

of Lieutenant Stewart, were the means of preserving to his country the lives of two hundred and eight of its defenders.

Although it might now be said, that

"The perils and the dangers of the voyage are past,"

it is hoped that it will not be the less interesting to the reader to be informed of events not only relative to the wreck of the "Archduke Charles," but to learn in what manner the brave officer, whose actions have formed so prominent a feature throughout the preceding pages, was rewarded.

Lieutenant Stewart and his men now began to experience extreme hunger, as well as thirst; but the coast on which they were appeared to be nearly as desolate, and, with respect to provisions, as inhospitable as the barren rock which they had left. However, after some time occupied in the search, they discovered a pool of water, and also a "fish-flake" (a stage on which it is laid to dry) well stored. The soldiers seized the raw fish, and, without waiting to cook it, devoured it like so many ravenous wolves. It should be stated that they had obtained a light from the vessels, and on their first landing had lighted a fire which they continued to supply with the logs that lay near the hut.

Lieutenant Stewart now seriously felt the effects of the wounds he had received on the rock. He was terribly bruised in the body, and much lacerated about the feet and legs. Surgical assistance was not to be obtained. He therefore philosophically became his own doctor. With a piece of iron hoop (picked up in the hut) he made some lint from a portion of his shirt, and with the rest of it bound up his leg.

With the intention of waiting until daylight before he proceeded with his men to Cold Harbor, which he understood was about six miles distant from the place where they were, he lay down before the fire to take some rest, which by this time he fully needed; but, great was his astonishment to be aroused from his slumbers by the uproarious noise of the soldiers fighting with each other like maniacs. Whether this was in consequence of devouring the raw fish, or other cause, he could not discover. Ultimately they, as well as their officer, went to sleep.

In the morning they began their march to Bold Harbor, which they reached about six, A. M., and were immediately supplied with requisite provisions. Colonel Darling, the officers and females, had already been taken there the previous night by the vessel in which they had left the rock. Two schooners were here engaged to carry them to Halifax, whence they were distant sixty miles; and the next day they arrived off that port.

On entering the harbor by the eastern passage, they were hailed, as is usual, from the fort on George's Island, and were asked what troops they were, and from whence brought. Greatly to the astonishment of those at the battery, they learned that it was the left wing of the Nova Scotia regiment. As the report had already reached Halifax that not the slightest hope remained of a single man, woman, or child being alive, the news was instantly telegraphed to the town, and, as might be expected, it became a scene of intense excitement. A great number of the soldiers had relatives residing there; and the people flocked in crowds to learn the particulars of their escape.

Many of the officers and men of the right wing, which had arrived some weeks before, together with nearly the whole of the garrison, consisting of five regiments, under Major-General Gosling, hastened to see them disembark, and the gallant behavior of Lieutenant Stewart was the general theme of admiration. He was confined by illness about six weeks; but, a robust constitution, and the consciousness of an honorable mind, restored him to health. As a matter of course, he was allowed his compensation (about 80*l.*) for the loss of his property in the wreck, which was, in reality, of the value of 200*l.* Among this was 30*l.* "subsistence money" for his company. This, by the regulation of the service, he was, of course, obliged to make good; so that, pecuniarily, he was a considerable loser. Singular as it may appear, but not the less true, it was remarked by many, military as well as civilians, that during the time he was confined by illness, solely arising from his distinguished conduct, the colonel and officers who had escaped the wreck, abstained from publicly alluding to the circumstance; nor did any one of them make the slightest personal inquiry respecting his health. It may very naturally be asked, what could have been the cause?

"There 's nothing half so base in life
As man's ingratitude!"

The only assignable reason for such an utter absence of courteous feeling, (setting aside gratitude,) arose doubtless from self-reproach, an inward conviction of their own pusillanimity; they were afraid to face a brother officer, whose conduct, in comparison with their own, had placed him so immeasurably above them. They must have been fully sensible in what light they would henceforth be regarded by their own men, whom they had so basely deserted, and consequently the colonel as well as officers dreaded a recurrence to anything connected with so disgraceful an event.

There was a report in the military circles at Halifax, and believed to be true, that Colonel Darling had expressed an intention of bringing Lieutenant Stewart to a court-martial. The reader may reasonably inquire for what? It was thus stated: for a breach of military discipline—for leaving the wreck without *orders!!!* Whether it was ever seriously contemplated or not, is of little importance; the result of such an absurd step was too obvious.

It is proper here to state, that some time previous to the regiment's arriving at Quebec, a captaincy in the regiment had become vacant, and Sir Gordon Drummond, the governor-general of Canada, had recommended Lieutenant Stewart, not

only by reason of his being the senior lieutenant, but for his conduct on the lakes and other services, to fill the vacancy. As hostilities with the United States had ceased, and several regiments were ordered to be disbanded, on his arrival at Halifax, he learned that his promotion had not been confirmed by the home authorities. Notwithstanding this, there can be no hesitation in believing that had his brave conduct at and after the wreck been duly represented, (as it most unquestionably should have been) to his royal highness the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, and ever esteemed as the "soldier's friend," Lieutenant Stewart would now have been an officer of high standing in her majesty's service; as it was, the regiment was disbanded at Halifax, the majority of the soldiers became pensioners and settlers in the colony, upon lands granted by the government; Colonel Darling got his step as major-general, with the governorship of the Island of Tobago, and Lieutenant Stewart—remained *Lieutenant* Stewart!!

Possessing a mind sensitive to the injustice awarded him, he may be said to have exiled himself for a period of six or seven years afterwards. At length, by the advice of his friends,

"So many bold captains (had) walked over his head,"

he determined personally to make an effort to obtain that rank to which he was so justly entitled. His royal highness was, it is well known, urbane in the highest sense to all who had an audience of him. He was astonished that the circumstances had never been brought under his notice; but, with the numerous applications from the Peninsula and other heroes of the day, his royal highness' hands were tolerably full of business, and whatever might have been his intentions, it must be presumed that Lieutenant Stewart's claims merged into the general mass and were forgotten.

It was not until nine years afterwards, and sixteen from the time of the wreck of the "Archduke Charles," that Lieutenant Stewart in due couse obtained his promotion as a "captain unattached!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—At the recent anniversary of the American society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews, celebrated in the city of New York, the Rev. Dr. Tyng recited a remarkable poem of *Charlotte Elizabeth*, with the foregoing title. The reverend doctor offered a resolution "that the signs of the times are such as should arouse all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and wait for his salvation, to renewed and enlarged effort in this holy enterprise"—and concluded an eloquent speech upon the subject by the remark that this poem embodied the whole of all he had further to say. The scriptural references were arranged by Dr. Tyng:

When from scattered lands afar,	Matt. xxiv. 6, 8.
Spreads the voice of rumored war,	Luke xxi. 25.
Nations in tumultuous pride,	Haggai ii. 7.
Heaved like ocean's roaring tide,	Heb. xii. 26, 29.
When the solar splendors fail,	Matt. xxiv. 29.
When the crescent waxeth pale,	Rev. xvi. 12.
And the powers that starlike reign,	Matt. xxiv. 29.
Sink dishonored to the plain,	Joel xi. 10, 31.
World! do thou the signal dread,	Luke xxi. 26, 35
We exalt the drooping head,	Luke xxi. 37, 28
We uplift the expectant eye,	Eph. i. 14.
Our redemption draweth nigh,	Rom. viii. 9, 23.
When the fig-tree shoots appear,	Matt. xxiv. 22, 23.
Men behold their summer near,	Luke xxi. 29, 31.
When the hearts of rebels fail,	Isaiah lix. 18, 19.
We the coming conqueror hail,	Rev. xix. 11, 16.
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,	Rev. xix. 7, 9.
Listen to our longing vows,	Rev. vi. 10.
Listen to her widowed moan,	Luke xviii. 3, 7, 8.
Listen to creation's groan,	Rom. viii. 22, 23.
Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound,	1 Thess. iv. 16.
Gather thine elect around,	Matt. xxiv. 31.
Gird with saints thy flaming car,	Jude 14.
Summon them from climes afar,	Isa. xxiv. 13, 15.
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,	Matt. xxiv. 40.
Call them from the marble tomb,	Rev. xx. 4, 6.
From the grass-grown village grave,	Luke xiv. 14.
From the deep, dissolving wave,	Psalm xlix. 14, 15.
From the whirlwind and the flame,	1 Thess. iv. 17.
Mighty Head, thy members claim,	Col. i. 15.
Where are they whose proud disdain,	Luke xix. 12.
Scorned to brook Messiah's reign?	Matt. xiv. 41, 42.
Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire,	Luke xvii. 27. 30.
Now they taste His tardy ire,	Rev. xix. 20, 21.
Fettered till the appointed day,	Rev. xviii. 3, 5, 9.
When the world shall pass away,	2 Peter 2, 9.
Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord,	Rev. xix. 15, 21.
Sheathe again the dreadful sword,	Ps. cx. 5, 7.
Where the cross of anguish stood,	Isa. liii. 3, 5, 12.
Where thy life distilled its blood,	Mark xv. 27.
Where they mocked thy dying groan,	Mark xv. 20.
King of nations! plant thy throne,	Isa. xxiv. 23.
Send thy law from Zion forth,	Zach. 8 3.
Speeding o'er the willing earth,	Daniel ii. 35, 44.
Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise,	Isa. xl. 1, 9.
Crowned with more than Paradise,	Psalm lxvii. 6.
Sacred be the impending veil!	1 Cor. xiii. 12.
Mortal sense and thought must fail,	1 John iii. 2.
Yet the awful hour is nigh,	Luke xxi. 31.
We shall see thee eye to eye,	Rev. i. 7.
Be our souls in peace possessed,	2 Thess. iii. 5.
While we seek thy promised rest,	Heb. iv. 9.
And from every heart and home,	2 Tim. iv. 8.
Breathe the prayer "O, Jesus come!"	Rev. xxii. 20.
Haste to set the captive free,	Isaiah xlix. 9.
All creation groans for thee.	Rom. viii. 19.

British Female Poets; with biographical and critical notices. By REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.

WE scarcely know whether most to commend the good taste of the editor or that of the publishers of this volume. The latter gentlemen have done all that was needed in the matter of mechanical execution. The paper, printing, and binding are as nearly faultless as may be; a finely engraved portrait of Mrs. Norton is the frontispiece, and a beautiful view of the residence of Mrs. Hemans, Rhyllon near St. Asaph, forms a vignette title page. But these are inferior merits, and would not alone place this volume in the catalogue of "books which are books." Dr. Bethune has selected his materials with exquisite taste, culling the fairest and sweetest flowers from the extensive field cultivated by the British female poets. The brief biographical notices add much interest to the volume, and vastly increase its value. It is pleasant to find hardworking and close thinking divines thus recreating themselves and contributing by their recreations to the refinement of the age. Dr. Bethune has brought to his task poetic enthusiasm, and a ready perception of the pure and beautiful.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Researches on the Chemistry of Food and the Motion of the Juices in the Animal Body. By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M. D. Giessen. Translated by Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, and edited from the English edition by Professor Horsford of the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. Published by Daniel Bixby & Company, Lowell. 12 mo., pp. 248.

A PART of this little work had already appeared in England, and a few copies were received in this country, but the present is a more extended and corrected view of the labors of the eminent author in almost a new field. The comprehensive title includes what has been done, with that which is to be performed before the "chemistry of food" is fully elucidated.

In the first section, a clear exposition of the state of our knowledge previously to the labors of Liebig, is found; the following ten pages are devoted to a criticism of Mulder's Protein Theory, and his views derived from the analyses of formulas, in which the author, in emphatic terms, dissents from the conclusions of Mulder, and holds his researches before the reader as views which lead to no real progress. Mulder is the respected head of a distinct school, differing in details from that of Giessen, of which the author is the founder; Liebig has been severe in his criticisms of cotemporary labors, and in Mulder he finds a worthy opponent, whose profound knowledge of chemical phenomena, and ability in the use of the means and aids of analysis, place him among the great teachers of the present day. From such differences science always gains facts, the schools higher repute, and the labors of each exhibit models of practice, rendering the path of the student more safe and easy.

Section second contains an introductory allusion to the labors of the distinguished chemists who have earlier entered the field of research. The account of the experiments and observations of the author follows, with much minuteness of detail, in relation to the extraction of the substances, whose study is the chief object of the first part of the work. It is here that the reader finds that, instead of an investigation into the chemical composition of food generally, the juices of flesh only have been studied; apparently a subject hardly calling for labor, and yet how much has the science and consummate skill of this great chemist brought to light! Kreatine, a crystallized compound of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, very imperfectly known before, is the first in order. This singular body is, chemically, neither an acid, nor a base; it appears in the form of beautiful crystals, containing more than twenty-eight per cent. of nitrogen, and having the elements of glycocoll and ammonia. Kreatine, by its decomposition, or reärrangement of its constituents, gives the new body kreatinine, having characters analogous to those of ammonia. While studying its analogies, the reader is hardly prepared for the announcement, that both kreatine and kreatinine are found as constituents of the most abundant excretive fluid; this fluid, being in fact a source, from which the characteristic and nutritious constituent of fresh meat may be economically obtained. Sarcosine, a product of the decomposition of kreatine, having no alkaline properties, but acting as an oxide or base in forming salts with acids, and having most interesting relations to other bodies, follows, as if to complete a list. We have now been made acquainted with an indifferent body, or one neither acid, alkaline, nor basic; a strong alkaline base before unknown, and a new oxide, or basic compound. On the other hand, returning to the expressed juices of flesh, we find a description of a new acid, inosinic acid, and its definite compounds, with well-known bases. The latter pages of the second section are full of interesting and most highly important deductions, in relation to lactic acid; the importance of salt as an article of food; its true uses; phosphate of soda, and its remarkable properties in absorbing and giving off carbonic acid—throwing a flood of light into the darkest recesses of animal physiology.

Section III. Remarkable and surprising as are the new facts, and new views of old facts, contained in the last section, in this we have the general results and their applications to the arts of life. Science, in the hands of Liebig, is about to "perform her whole duty." The practical application of knowledge, gained from one of the most profound investigations of the present day, is to have an every day accumulating value. This section is a treatise on the art of cooking meats. Full of accurate views, it is indispensable to every housekeeper, who would ensure economy and perfection in culinary matters; a treasure to the invalid, and exactly fills a want felt by every practising physician.

The second part of the work, devoted to the motion of liquids separated by a membrane, has an intimate connection with the first. Interesting to the general reader, it is full of new facts and views on the subject of animal and vegetable physiology, and leads to precise knowledge of the action of the fluids and vessels, on which health and life depend. As an experimental inquiry, it has the Baconian character of leading on from fact to fact, to the ultimate point of attainment, every step being a sure one. In this part more particularly is exhibited, as in the earlier works of the distinguished author, that power which he possesses of happy argumentative illustration, through which the mind receives so much pleasure, that the exercise of the strict rules of reasoning seems uncalled for.

This work will add to the already world-wide reputation of Baron Liebig, and there is one feature of high scientific interest in it which cannot be passed over. In the midst of the greatest activity, in searching for new chemical compounds, inducing, as a late writer has observed, "a disorder of formulæ," the distinguished author has stepped from the course of an objectless production of new combinations, returned to the true path of *approximate analysis*, and recorded his opinion, that "the equations employed in books and treatises, to

represent the changes which occur, as well as the formulæ of the products assumed in these equations, have been obtained by fallacious methods." The value and influence of such an opinion is greatly enhanced by the fact, that no chemist has directly or indirectly so much aided the multiplication of products and formulæ, as the respected author of this work. And if his unceasing diligence, strict, conscientiousness, and well-trained habit of research, are to be aided by better and more true methods of analysis, what may we not expect? The present little work is the first earnest of future labors.

It is one of the advantages flowing from the education of our countrymen abroad, that the valuable labors of scientific men can be made known early here. We hope that hereafter Professor Horsford will have the pleasure of publishing the labors of his instructor, without recourse to English translations; for through negligence or intention in sending the sheets, his labor was greatly increased. Every page shows how carefully his duty has been performed, and his notes add much to the value of the book. The publishers and printers have given it a fitting dress, at a price so low as to excite surprise.

From the Examiner.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. II. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R. A., For. Sec. R. S. Longman and Co., and Murray.

THIS volume of Humboldt's great and most delightful work opens with a series of essays which he entitles "Incitements to the Study of Nature;" the object of which is to exhibit the action of the external world on the imaginative faculty, and the reflected image produced in those forms of art and fancy which have so charmed and elevated the world. If what is said of Sir Isaac Newton be true, that he defined poetry to be ingenious nonsense, these passages of Humboldt are a noble vindication of Science from any supposed connection with that opinion. They form a delightful relief to the graver passages of the great descriptive work in which they appear, while they are made excellently to subserve the most austere and philosophical portions of the author's design.

The reader will be surprised to see the quantity of reading and observation which he might have been tempted to think *un*philosophical, brought by Humboldt to this branch of his theme. Every sort of literature is laid under contribution. We quote a passage treating of the poetic descriptions of nature in modern authors, which will serve to illustrate what we refer to.

If in Shakspeare the inward life of feeling, and the grand simplicity of the language, animate thus wonderfully the individual expression of nature, and render her actually present to our imagination; in Milton's sublime poem of Paradise Lost, on the other hand, such descriptions are, from the very nature of the subject, magnificent rather than graphic. All the riches of imagination and of language are poured forth in painting the loveliness of Paradise; but the description of vegetation could not be otherwise than general and undefined. This is also the case in Thomson's pleasing didactic poem of The Seasons. Kalidasa's poem on the same subject, the Ritusanhara, which is more ancient by above seventeen centuries, is said by critics deeply versed in Indian literature to individualize more vividly the vigorous nature of the vegetation of the tropics; but it wants the charm which, in Thomson, arises from the more varied division of the seasons which is proper to the higher latitudes; the transition from fruit-bringing autumn to winter, and from winter to reanimating spring; and the pictures afforded by the varied laborious or pleasurable pursuits of men belonging to the different portions of the year.

Arriving at the period nearest to our own time, we find that, since the middle of the last century, descriptive prose has more particularly developed itself, and with peculiar vigor. Although the study of nature, enlarging on every side, has increased beyond measure the mass of things known to us, yet amongst the few who are susceptible of the higher inspiration which this knowledge is capable of affording, the intellectual contemplation of nature has not sunk oppressed under the load, but has rather gained a wider comprehensiveness and a loftier elevation, since a deeper insight has been obtained into the structure of mountain masses, (those storied cemeteries of perished organic forms,) and into the geographical distribution of plants and animals, and the relationship of different races of men. The first modern prose writers who have powerfully contributed to awaken, through the influence of the imagination, the keen perception of natural beauty, the delight in contact with nature, and the desire for distant travel which is their almost inseparable companion, were in France, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Buffon, Bernardin de St-Pierre, and (to name exceptionally one living writer) my friend Auguste de Chateaubriand; in the British islands the ingenious Playfair; and in Germany, George Forster, who was the companion of Cook on his second voyage of circumnavigation, and who was gifted both with eloquence and with a mind peculiarly favorable to every generalization in the view of nature.

I must not attempt in these pages to examine the characteristics of these different writers; or what it is that, in works so extensively known, sometimes lends to their descriptions of scenery such grace and charm, or at others disturbs the impressions which the authors desire to awaken; but it may be permitted to a traveller who has derived his knowledge principally from the immediate contemplation of nature, to introduce here a few detached considerations respecting a recent, and on the whole little cultivated, branch of literature.

Buffon, with much of grandeur and of gravity—embracing simultaneously the structure of the planetary system, the world of organic life, light, and magnetism—and far more profound in his physical investigations than his cotemporaries were aware of—when he passes from the description of the habits of animals to that of the landscape, shows in his artificially-constructed periods, more rhetorical pomp than individual truth to nature; rather disposing the mind generally to the reception of exalted impressions than taking hold of it by such visible paintings of the actual life of nature, as should render her actually present to the imagination. In perusing even his most justly celebrated efforts in this department, we are made to feel that he has

never quitted middle Europe, and never actually beheld the tropical world which he engages to describe. What, however, we particularly miss in the works of this great writer, is the harmonious connection of the representation of nature with the expression of awakened emotion; we miss in him almost all that flows from the mysterious analogy between the movements of the mind and the phenomena perceived by the senses.

Greater depth of feeling, and a fresher spirit of life, breathe in Jean Jacques Rousseau, in Bernardin de St. Pierre, and in Chateaubriand. If in the first-named writer (whose principal works were twenty years earlier than Buffon's fanciful Epoques de la Nature) I allude to his fascinating eloquence, and to the picturesque descriptions of Clarens and La Meillerie on Lake Leman, it is because, in the most celebrated works of this ardent but little informed plant-collector, poetical inspiration shows itself principally in the inmost pecularities of the language, breaking forth no less overflowingly in his prose, than in Klopstock's, Schiller's, Goethe's, and Byron's imperishable verse. Even where an author has no purpose in view immediately connected with the study of nature, our love for that study may still be enhanced by the magic charm of a poetic representation of the life of nature, although in regions of the earth already familiar to us.

In referring to modern prose writers, I dwell with peculiar complacency on that small production of the creative imagination to which Berdardin de St. Pierre owes the fairest portion of his literary fame—I mean Paul and Virginia: a work such as scarcely any other literature can show. It is the simple but living picture of an island in the midst of the tropic seas, in which, sometimes smiled on by serene and favoring skies, sometimes threatened by the violent conflict of the elements, two young and graceful forms stand out picturesquely from the wild luxuriance of the vegetation of the forest, as from a flowery tapestry. Here, and in the Chaumière Indienne, and even in the Etudes de la Nature, (which are unhappily disfigured by extravagant theories and erroneous physical views,) the aspect of the sea, the grouping of the clouds, the rustling of the breeze in the bushes of the bamboo, and the waving of the lofty palms, are painted with inimitable truth. Bernardin de St. Pierre's master-work, Paul and Virginia, accompanied me into the zone to which it owes its origin. It was read there for many years by my dear companion and friend Bonpland and myself, and there—(let this appeal to personal feelings be forgiven)—under the silent brightness of the tropical sky, or when, in the rainy season on the shores of the Orinoco, the thunder crashed and the flashing lightning illuminated the forest, we were deeply impressed and penetrated with the wonderful truth with which this little work paints the power of nature in the tropical zone in all its peculiarity of character. A similar firm grasp of special features, without impairing the general impression or depriving the external materials of the free and animating breath of poetic imagination, characterizes in an even higher degree the ingenious and tender author of Atala, René, the Martyrs, and the Journey to Greece and Palestine. The contrasted landscapes of the most varied portions of the earth's surface are brought together and made to pass before the mind's eye with wonderful distinctness of vision: the serious grandeur of historic remembrances could alone have given so much of depth and repose to the impressions of a rapid journey.

The latter portion of the volume is occupied with the "history of the physical contemplation of the universe." We have seven epochs, ranging from such knowledge of nature as is indicated in the oldest Greek Physics, to the days of Newton and Leilnitz. First, the nations that inhabited the coasts of the Mediterranean in the earliest known times are taken; then the fusion of the East and West under Greek dominion, and the great acquisitions of the Greeks from their contact with the Indian races; then the Egyptians; then the Romans; afterward such contributions to European civilization and culture as have been derived from the study of nature among the Arabians; next, what Humboldt calls the epoch of Oceanic discoveries, the opening of the western hemisphere, and the expeditions of Columbus, Cabot, and Vasco de Gama; finally, the epoch of celestial discoveries, and the progress of astronomy and mathematics from Galileo to Leibnitz. The practical object of the work is nobly kept in view throughout all this historical retrospect. The glance back upon the past is to help the future forward. Up these successive steps in human cultivation we are to mount to the more exact understanding of what we now possess, and the more certain expectation of what lies yet further beyond waiting to be explored.

The present translation of the *Cosmos* is the only thoroughly reliable one. In itself it is very ably done, with a scrupulous correctness in spirit as well as letter, and much facility and elegance of style. The greater part of this second volume has been compared with the original by the Chevalier Bunsen.

GOD'S UNIVERSE AND THE POOR MAN'S HOME.—First, I would ask you just to contemplate for a moment in your minds the outward universe, so orderly, so beautiful, so richly replenished and adorned; the fields decked with flowers, as well as laden with fruits, the heavens glittering with count less stars. Remember how these things are spoken of in Scripture. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and can you doubt that much more would God have done for man, the noblest of his creatures here below, fed, clothed, and lodged in comfort, to his own satisfaction, and to the glory of his Maker? Next, reflect what serious obstacles are presented by such poverty as I speak of, to the growth of almost every Christian grace. Let us leave the fields and flowers, the fresh air and pleasant skies, and let us enter some close tenement, some narrow lodging, perhaps a single chamber for a whole family, dark, dirty, noisome, pestilential, the occupiers in rags, and faint for want of food. I stay not to observe that the bird fares better in its nest, the bee in its hive; instead of contrasting mankind with the brute creation, I ask you to contrast this picture with the portrait of a Christian, as set before you in God's word. I ask you whether the beauties of the Christian character are likely to flourish in such an atmosphere as this? Will a man take no thought for the morrow who has no means of making provision for to-morrow's meal? Is cheerfulness or joyfulness easy of attainment under the pressure of cold and hunger? Can modesty bloom where common decency is impracticable? —*Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

From Chambers' Journal.

ARTICLE LITERATURE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Among the radical changes that have taken place in the present century, there is a change in the body of our literature, which, strange to say, has been little if at all noticed by the generation whom it concerns. The "miscellanea," "fugitive pieces," "occasional poems," and "papers," which our ancestors regarded as a mere make-weight, now fill unnumbered volumes. Of the making of many books there may be no end, but there *is* assuredly an end of the reading of them: their day has gone pretty nearly by, and the present is the age of Articles.

It is a pity that a better word was not chosen to designate what may almost be called a new literature. An "article" means properly a clause, a part of a whole—a thing incomplete in itself; whereas the brief pieces alluded to, whether in prose or verse, have an entireness, working out a single conception, and are scattered over with thoughts all tending to a single end. An article is not a chapter, or a canto, but a complete work. It stands upon its own legs; it bears its own charges; and like many brevities in the human species, it has a sense of dignity out of all proportion to its deficiency in inches.

The supremacy of articles may be dated from the era when men, tired of perplexing themselves with philosophical questions, and cutting off heads as a solution, set fairly to work to spin cotton, make railways, build steamboats, and change the whole face of the world. Immersed in such occupations, they had no time for books; and perhaps too (for I will do justice between the two kinds of literature) they lost the taste for study. This preference, however, of the brief, pointed, off-hand article, is rarely a question of taste. It is a mere affair of time. In the hurry of life, comparatively few are able to grapple with a continuous work. Men of business are too much disturbed by anxious thoughts to reünite with any satisfaction the broken thread of study; and persons engaged in laborious and long-continued employments have neither the energy nor the leisure to give up their faculties to what resembles a task. It is a mistake to suppose that the brief papers in such works as the one in which I am now writing, circulate widely merely because they are cheap: they do so because they are constructed on a principle which is applicable to human nature in all ranks of society. If the rich read more *books* than the poor, it is simply because they have more time; but, generally speaking, the same preference for short articles is found in both classes. This is what keeps the high-priced magazines alive; and this is what introduces the low-priced journals to the "best company." Extreme cheapness, however, is in one grade of society as repulsive as extreme dearness in another; and we are only verging by degrees towards that point in civilization when the quality of the literature will be estimated without reference to the circumstance of price.

But articles are not preferred merely because the age is practical; for they are themselves born of the practical spirit of the age. They are condensations of thought and knowledge; they have a terseness of style which would be fatiguing in a larger work; they avoid superfluities, and not unfrequently sacrifice elegance to utility. It may seem paradoxical to say that this popular department of literature is the most difficult; yet such is the fact. There are more bad articles, even in proportion to number, than bad books, and it requires a master-mind to fulfil all the conditions of the former. He who would write a good article, must unlearn as well as learn; he must have the idea constantly before him, that he is not meandering through the ample pages of a volume; he must recollect that "brevity" is not less the soul of wit than the soul of articles.

I have some suspicion that the number of book-readers (for I do not affect to deny that there are still a few) is smaller than is usually supposed. Take any country town of moderate population, and on inquiring into the facilities for such study, you will find that these are pretty nearly confined to a small circulating library, or the works of a reading club. In some towns of considerable size more especially in Ireland, there is no such thing as even a circulating library; and the family supply of books, in ordinary houses, in all the three kingdoms, is not only very scanty, but appears to have descended as an heirloom for more than one generation. The custom of individuals buying books, appears to have gone almost completely out; and generally speaking, the publishers who still persevere in the old system of business, make their calculations solely with reference to the book-clubs and circulating libraries. The comparatively small number of wealthy families who furnish their book-room, just as they do any other part of their house, has little effect upon trade, and still less, I fear, upon the circulation of knowledge. The classics of the language are more talked of than read; and as a proof of this, if you will examine, in such depositories, the works of the canonized names, you will be surprised at their state of preservation! This is far from being an agreeable condition of things. It shows both a decline of capital and a decline of taste, and it would imply some want of depth in the existing literature of the country. Articles are read for information: he who would acquire knowledge, must read books.

But the limited circulation of books is compensated, and more than compensated in quantity, by the extraordinary increase of articles. No man in our day, who can read at all, is so poor as to be in intellectual destitution. The most ignorant among us is a philosopher, the rudest a sentimentalist, when compared with his grandfather. The knowledge thus disseminated may be, or rather must be, wanting in depth; but it *is* knowledge for all that; and the papers that contain it are the winged seeds, light as a feather, that, floated here

and there on the unconscious winds, are destined to cover the earth with a glorious vegetation.

Articles (and I now consider them generally, whether occurring in books or otherwise) are of more value than as vehicles either of mere information or mere entertainment. They have a *personal* character which is necessarily wanting in more elaborate productions, and they thus serve as links to interlace and bind together the sympathies of men. In a book, an author loses his own identity in the subject—he does not dare, as it were, to fill so important a space with himself; while in a few stanzas, or a few pages, he is upon less ceremony, and has no scruple in occupying the trifling area with his own feelings as well as his own opinions. Almost all brief poetical pieces are full of this individuality; and even in short tales and essays, the author is usually seen, in his moral being, through the thin coverings of fiction or philosophy.

This may be one reason, independently of other considerations, why such pieces possess so great a charm for ordinary minds. But let not the author fancy, in his fond simplicity, that he is *himself* the object of the readers' interest. He is only known to them in his sentiments. He is an ideal being, as unsubstantial and as fleeting as the creations of his fancy, and he vanishes as suddenly. The article has done its work when it is read. It has laid impressions—perhaps enduring ones—upon the mind; it has suggested thought; it has opened out vistas for the imagination; and is then, when its fruit is gathered, thrown away and forgotten. Perhaps we may think for a moment that we should like to know the writer who has touched a chord of sympathy in our hearts; perhaps we may amuse ourselves with piecing together an image from the fragments of memory, so as to identify his features with those of the loved and lost: but presently the colors fade, the phantom flies, and, hurried on in the ceaseless round of our ever busy existence, we plunge into new dreams, as fragile and as brief.

Although the article, however, has so short an existence, it is full of dignity and importance in its connection with the system of which it constitutes a part. That system embraces the intellectual world. It forms a perpetual correspondence of mind with mind, of heart with heart. Its business is not only to inform, or amuse, but to refine and humanize, to draw closer together the sympathies and affections of men. This will be obvious if we only call to mind the effect which these "unconsidered trifles" have had upon ourselves. How often, in reading some page of the kind, which had possibly no other merit than that of suggesting a train of thought to be followed out in our mind—how often have we felt our heart soften, and our eyes grow moist! It has snatched us away from the present world of care, and we walk again with the phantoms of other years, and dream once more the dreams of our haunted youth; and when we awake, it is neither with a start nor a shudder we look around, but with a subdued temper and a chastened spirit, as if the past reacted upon the present, imparting to it a mellowness of hue which is otherwise seen only through the mists of time. Again, how often have we been roused by similar means from apathy, and almost despair! How often have we felt a thrill run through our inner being, awaking our dormant energies, and stirring up our fainting courage, as if with the sound of a trumpet! For my part, I care not to conceal that, in passing through a life of perhaps more than ordinary vicissitude, I have frequently derived from these hasty and laconic monitors a fortitude that was not my own. I have been nerved to endurance, and incited to perseverance; and as I read, I have felt a warm sunny light breaking anew upon crushed feelings and withered hopes.

I have likened this system to a universal correspondence; and I would have it understood that not one letter fails of reaching its address. Every mind has its like. It belongs to a class, possessing a common calibre, a common standard, and a common language. Within this sphere the article appertaining to it circulates, because it is therein felt and understood, although in other spheres it may be too high for apprehension, or too low for notice. Nothing is written in vain. The volume that is said to drop still-born from the press does its work like the rest. A few copies see the light, and a few kindred minds—were it only those of the trunk-maker or the butterman—attest, however unconsciously, its power.

If such is the influence of literature—and the fact will be denied by no thinking person—the moral responsibility that devolves upon authors must be great indeed. It matters not what the piece may be—whether designed for entertainment or instruction, or whether a mere vagary of the fancy—it has still its effect upon some minds, whether few or many, and must therefore assist or retard *pro tanto* the progress of the race. Brief pieces more especially, being usually indications of personal character, should be carefully written, from policy, if from no higher motive. It is vain, for instance, for a man to declaim against public war, who incites class against class, and sows dissension among those parts of society on whose union the safety of the structure depends. It is vain for the moralist to preach against the poison of intoxicating liquors, who disseminates the worse poison of uncharitableness. Without consistency and coherence, we can do nothing. Our guiding principle must be a love of mankind in the aggregate—a devout faith in human nature—for this involves true charity and true liberality; and in the end, as refinement and civilization advance, it will triumph over the clamor of sects and parties.

Before concluding these desultory remarks, I may be permitted to advert to a most gratifying characteristic of the article literature of the day. I do not confine my observation to what are called tracts—short papers designed for spiritual admonition—or to the essays which circulate as usual among the different denominations of the Christian world; but there appears to me to pervade the

respectable portion generally of this department of our literature a deeper and more catholic feeling of religion than has hitherto been manifested in a popular form. But how, indeed, could it be otherwise? The more general the diffusion of letters, the more firmly fixed must be the idea of spirit. In the last century, when the human mind was in preparation for a mighty political revolution, the comparatively small number of authors were the priests of the people, and, like many an older priesthood, their aim was to confine the popular worship to themselves. This hierarchy is now at an end, and the gates of the temple are thrown wide open. We are all priests, and prophets, and soothsayers. We are all interpreters of the mystic whispers that run through the eternal aisles. Spirits ourselves, we commune with spirits. Imprisoned no longer within the external crust of nature, we *know* that there is something beyond; we read the fact in the "starry scriptures of the sky;" and hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees.

The religious feeling I allude to is not obtrusive, not sectarian, not controversial: it is simply a feeling—an inward conviction, conscious or unconscious—which *must* spread and deepen with the progress of enlightenment, beautifying and ennobling the whole system of our literature. If confined to books, its influence would be slow and limited; but imbuing, as it already does to some extent, the articles which are the intellectual pabulum of the masses of the people, it must advance, in defiance of all obstacles, with the steadiness of the ocean tide,

"Which rolled not back when Canute gave command."

From Chambers' Journal.

DANISH JUSTICE.

The war had broken out between England and France; Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailer, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well-regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with his blood. With an effort Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, so truly attached had they been to the chief mate, and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line; the sun

had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather; placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the plash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature he has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passenger. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment,) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand the full powers delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c. &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and upon the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface. Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—*Second Series. Translated from the French, by J. De Clinton Locke. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

THE continuation of a work, the first part of which was given to the public some years ago. It is a deeply interesting narrative of the trials, the adventures, the heroism, the ingenuity of a family, consisting of a Swiss pastor, his wife, and their four sons, wrecked in the latitude of New Holland, on some unknown, uninhabited coast, where, after having lived for ten years, and converted the wilderness into an Eden, they were discovered by an English captain. It is in the Robinson Crusoe style, without being an imitation; is imbued with a high-toned morality and the most generous sentiments, and abounds in lessons of practical wisdom. —*National Era.*

[The following statement of the laws, as recognized by scientific men, by which conflicting claims to discovery are to be determined, and of the application of those laws to the facts developed in the article of the Messrs. Lord in our last number, has been kindly furnished to Dr. Jackson, by Mr. Joseph Hale Abbot, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is believed that his conclusions will be found to be a fair and logical deduction from the facts, which are taken by him as the basis of his argument.—Since this statement was published in the pamphlet of the Messrs. Lord, it has been revised by the author, and received important additions.]

PRINCIPLES RECOGNIZED BY SCIENTIFIC MEN APPLIED TO THE ETHER CONTROVERSY.

Before entering upon the subject to be discussed, it is necessary to premise, that the error into which Dr. Jackson, through undue confidence in the judgment of a solicitor of patents, was led, of supposing that the first painless extraction of a tooth by Mr. Morton from a patient under the influence of sulphuric ether, constituted him, in the technical and legal sense of the term, a joint discoverer with himself of etherization, is entirely irrelevant to the question now under consideration; past events, and their relations to each other and to truth, which never changes, cannot be affected by the subsequent false judgments of the actors in those events, or of anybody else, concerning them.

It should be further premised, that discovery, in the sense in which it will be used in the sequel, and invention or discovery, in the sense of the patent laws, are two quite distinct things. Patents are issued, not on the mere ground of scientific discovery, but of useful, original application of discovery. Had Sir Humphrey Davy merely discovered certain scientific principles, and another man, without any scientific discovery whatever, first applied those principles to use, in the construction of a safety lamp, the latter alone would, under the patent laws of this country and of Great Britain, have been entitled to a patent for the invention. It is the more important to bear this distinction in mind, inasmuch as some of the gentlemen who advocate Mr. Morton's claims, have fallen into great confusion of thought, from overlooking it. An able writer in the Edinburgh Review fully sustains this view of the subject, and goes so far as to say, that "proofs of prior discovery are available, though not *disclosed* at the time."

In the purely inductive sciences, under which category the physiological discovery of etherization falls, discoveries of new truths may be divided into four classes:—

1. Discoveries in which the only element is a legitimate and true induction, from the experiments and observations of others. Watt's discovery of the composition of water, belongs to this class. From the experiments and observations of Cavendish, repeated by Priestley and communicated by him to Watt, the latter inferred that water is composed of the two gases, now known by the names of oxygen and hydrogen. The truth of his induction was never admitted by Priestley; nor by Monge, a distinguished member of the French Academy, till he had added the evidence of analysis to that of synthesis. On the ground of the above induction, Arago and Dumas in France, Dr. Henry, Lord Brougham, Sir David Brewster, the author of an able article in the Edinburgh Review, and other men in Great Britain of like authority in matters of science, award this brilliant discovery to Watt. Among scientific men, there are only three known dissentients from this award, Harcourt, Peacock, and Whewell; the two former of whom, (Whewell's grounds of dissent are not known to the writer,) claim the discovery for Cavendish on the ground, though there is no evidence of the fact, that he must have made the induction from his experiments himself. This difference of opinion relates to a question of fact, not of principle. To this same class belongs, also, Black's discovery of carbonic acid gas; in reference to which Whewell thus remarks: "This discovery consisted, of course, in a new interpretation of observed changes;" in other words, in an induction from facts previously ascertained by others. It appears, therefore, that if Dr. Jackson had legitimately deduced the conclusion, that the inhalation of pure sulphuric ether would safely and surely prevent pain in surgical operations, solely from the observations and experiments of *others*, his claim to the discovery of etherization, would have been complete.

2. Discoveries deduced by their authors from, and fully verified by, their own experiments and observations. Davy's discovery of the metallic base of potassa, Black's discovery of latent heat, and Dr. Jackson's discovery of chlorine in meteoric iron, are examples of this class.

3. Discoveries suggested by an existing, but discredited popular belief. To this class belongs the discovery of vaccination. Jenner generalized the element of truth, which he alone, of all the neighboring physicians, had the sagacity to perceive in the belief of the milk-maids of Sodbury in Gloucestershire,—that those who had had the cow-pox would never have the small-pox. By a legitimate induction from his own observations and experiments, he made the great discovery, that the virus of an eruptive disease of the cow, introduced by artificial means into the human system, and subsequently propagated by similar means from one individual to another, confers immunity from the most destructive disease to which humanity is subject. This discovery, like that of etherization, required verification on an extended scale; but mankind have decided, that this detracts nothing from the exclusiveness of Jenner's claims to the discovery.

4. Discoveries legitimately deduced from the experiments and observations of their authors, but requiring, for their complete verification, further experiments, devised, but not performed, by themselves, and committed by them, with full instructions for their performance, to others. To this class belongs Dr. Franklin's discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning; in reference to which a writer in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia

uses these words: "Posterity have unanimously agreed in associating with this brilliant discovery his [Franklin's] name." A writer in the Encyclopædia Americana says: "To him [Franklin] belongs exclusively the glory of the [above mentioned] discovery." Dr. Franklin was the first to infer by a process of inductive reasoning, founded partly on the results of his own experiments, and partly on facts observed by others, the identity of electricity and lightning; and he also pointed out the means of verifying his induction, by actual experiment. In pursuance of his directions, Dalibard erected a rod at Marly-la-ville, near Paris, and employed Coiffier, an ex-dragoon, to watch it. The latter, following the instructions given him, took the electric spark from the rod, and thus became the first verifier of Franklin's discovery. Franklin's experiment with the kite was performed a month later; that experiment, and others similar to it performed soon afterwards, were but the further verification of a discovery already complete.

Dr. Jackson's discovery of etherization belongs to the same class with that of Franklin; but his claims are, in several important respects, much stronger than Franklin's. No one had before him, as was truly and without contradiction affirmed at a large meeting of the French Academy, ever conceived the idea of using sulphuric ether to prevent pain in surgical operations; whereas other writers before Franklin, had perceived and clearly pointed out many striking analogies between electricity and lightning.

The very experiment devised by Franklin and performed by Coiffier, had often been performed, more than a hundred years before, by a sentinel who mounted guard on one of the bastions of the castle of Duino, on the Adriatic sea, and who, whenever he observed indications of an approaching storm, took a halberd, always ready for the purpose, applied it to an iron rod standing in a vertical position, and, on observing sparks, or "a small gerb of fire" at its point, rung a bell to warn the peasants in the fields, and the fishermen at sea, to betake themselves to a place of shelter.

Dr. Jackson also *personally* instructed Mr. Morton respecting the anæsthetic properties of ether, and how to perform the experiment committed to him, and expressly assumed all the *responsibility* of the experiment. Further, his induction was made, in much greater part than Franklin's, indeed almost exclusively, from his own original observations. This will be seen by the following letter, written in reply to a request made by the writer to Dr. Jackson for a statement of all the observed effects upon himself of sulphuric ether, so far as he could recollect or had recorded them, together with a specification of *the grounds* of the induction, which has resulted in the complete discovery of etherization. Such a statement he has never before attempted to draw up for publication.

Boston, May 19th, 1848.

JOSEPH HALE ABBOT, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I cheerfully comply with your request for a more minute statement than I have hitherto published, of the effects produced upon me by sulphuric ether, when I inhaled it for relief from the distress occasioned by the inhalation of chlorine, in the winter of 1841–42; and also a statement of the precise grounds, which I have never published, of the idea then conceived by me, that pure sulphuric ether could be used, with safety and success, to prevent pain in surgical operations. I will add, that in my published letter to Dr. Gay, I neglected, through inadvertence, to state one of my principal reasons—which, as will be seen by his pamphlet, I had mentioned to him in conversation—for the inference I drew from my observations. The experiment referred to above, in the course of which I observed that sulphuric ether produced insensibility to pain, was as follows:—Having taken a bottle of pure sulphuric ether from my laboratory, I went into my office, soaked a folded cloth with it, squeezed it out slightly, and seated myself in a rocking chair. Having laid my head back against the rocking chair, with my feet supported in another, so as to give me a fixed position, I placed the cloth over my mouth and nostrils, and commenced inhaling the ether. The effects perceived by me were at first a little coughing—a sensation of coolness—then warmth and fulness of the head and chest—exhilaration and giddiness—numbness, or want of feeling in the feet and legs—a swimming sensation, as if I had been afloat in the air, together with a loss of all feeling of the rocking chair on which I was seated—loss of all sensation of pain in the throat and chest—a state of reverie, and soon entire unconsciousness, for a space of time unknown to me. Recovering, I felt a sense of giddiness, but with no desire to move—found the cloth I had moistened with ether, had dropped from my mouth—had no feeling of pain in the throat and chest, but began to feel a strange thrilling in the body. In a short time, I felt the soreness in the throat gradually returning, and the distress in the chest also, though much less than it had been before. From the cessation of all pain, and the loss of all feeling of external objects, a little while *before* and *after* the entire loss of consciousness, I was led to infer that the paralysis of the nerves of sensation would be so great during the continuance of the unconsciousness and the total loss of feeling, that a surgical operation could be performed upon a patient, under the full influence of ether, without giving him any pain; and, therefore, I prescribed it, with entire confidence in the result. The effects observed in a previous experiment, in which I had inhaled sulphuric ether in order to notice its effects upon the system, were, with the exception of coughing, and relief from pain, similar to those I have just described. I had inhaled ether on other occasions, but not to such a degree as to produce loss of consciousness; and always, as well as in the two experiments I have spoken of, without injurious or disagreeable consequences. I heard afterwards of cases of stupor, accidentally produced, which, although universally represented as dangerous, and attended with unpleasant effects from the administration of alcoholic ether, yet, so far from impairing my confidence, added to my conviction of the safety of inhalation, when pure sulphuric ether should be used.

I am, sincerely, your friend,

CHARLES T. JACKSON.

That a being invested with a material body, should, as if he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," and were a bodiless spirit floating in air, lose all

sense of feeling, all sensibility to external objects, and yet, at the same time, retain full possession of consciousness and of the intellect,—a state of existence which, till it was first observed by Dr. Jackson, was never imagined to be possible in health, far less to be producible and terminable at pleasure, and that without danger,—is a wonderful physiological, a wonderful psychological, fact, a newly discovered capacity of the human constitution. If the reader bear in mind that this state, as observed by Dr. Jackson, preceded and followed the period of unconsciousness, and was itself preceded, accompanied, and followed by entire cessation of pain;—and also that Dr. Jackson had repeatedly inhaled pure sulphuric ether, without the slightest unpleasant consequences; he will, it is not doubted, be ready to admit, that the inference drawn from these facts by Dr. Jackson, was a perfectly legitimate one:—"That, the paralysis of the nerves of sensation would be so great during the continuance of the unconsciousness, and the total loss of feeling, that a surgical operation could be performed upon a patient, under the full influence of the ether, without giving him any pain." Let it be observed, that all that is necessary to the legitimacy of a philosophical induction, is, that it should be logically drawn from the observed facts of the case, and that it should possess, not demonstrative or moral certainty, but probability sufficient to produce belief.* If this principle be admitted,—and he must be a bold man who will deny it,—Dr. Jackson's inference must be acknowledged to have been a legitimate induction.

They who deny its legitimacy, will be compelled to concede to Dr. Jackson a discernment, akin to the wonderful sagacity which led Newton to infer the combustible nature of the diamond, and the existence of an inflammable substance in water, from their effects upon light. All that is essential in this connection, is the undeniable fact, that he made the induction, and that the result of the experiment devised by him and committed for performance to Mr. Morton, has verified its truth. This, as the world has decided, is all that is required to render a title to discovery decisive and complete. No scientific man will doubt, that if the science of chemistry had been sufficiently advanced to enable Newton to verify his conjecture by an experiment, devised and committed by him to another person, the discovery of the combustibility of the diamond would belong exclusively to him.

The absurdity of setting up a claim to discovery, or even to participation in it, for the mere performance of experiments devised and suggested by others, is set in a clear point of view by the fact, that Priestley did not, to the end of his life, acknowledge the validity of the discovery deduced from his own repetition of Cavendish's experiments. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow uses the following language: "He who verifies the suggestion is the true discoverer." Let us suppose that the experiments performed by Priestley had been performed to verify a "suggestion" of Watt:—Will any one say that, either in the actual or in the supposed case, Priestley was, in any degree whatever, the discoverer of a truth in which he never believed? Can the hands discover a truth which the mind repudiates? Is discovery the act, not of intellect, but of the muscles?—Does not the discovery of a truth necessarily involve a perception of it as such, and consequently belief in it? Was Coiffier,—and not Franklin, as "mankind have unanimously agreed,"—the true discoverer of the identity of electricity and lightning?

It has been said, and with truth, that from the facts expressly admitted, or not questioned by Mr. Bowditch, the discovery of etherization may be shown to belong to Dr. Jackson. Admitting, for a moment, as contended by Mr. Bowditch, Mr. Morton's alleged study of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether, and his alleged experiments therewith, previous to Sept. 30, 1846, to have had an actual existence; and also that Mr. Morton was really guilty of the duplicity* alleged by himself and by Mr. Bowditch, the case will stand thus:—Dr. Jackson, long before Mr. Morton had ever even thought of sulphuric ether, as an agent for preventing pain, drew from his experiments and observations the conclusion, that the inhalation of pure sulphuric ether was safe, and that it would prevent pain in surgical operations;—further, he had fully devised and prescribed to others an experiment for verifying his conclusion, and well nigh persuaded Mr. Peabody to try it upon himself. Mr. Morton also, having conceived the idea that sulphuric ether might be used for the aforesaid purpose, had administered it a few times to produce insensibility, but with no such success as to have induced him to apply it, for the prevention of pain, in the dental operations he was daily performing. In order to overcome the difficulties he met with, he sought, by artful and indirect means, information from Dr. Jackson; affecting, all the while, not to know even whether ether was a gas or a liquid, and inducing him to assume, in express terms, all the *responsibility* of an experiment which was declared by all the au-

* Nothing can be conceived less pertinent than the question put to Dr. Jackson: "Did you *know* at such time, that after a person had inhaled ether, and was asleep, his flesh could be cut with a knife without his experiencing any pain?" No philosopher would answer in the affirmative such a question in respect to any induction whatever, requiring verification by experiment.

* It is evident to the writer that Mr. Morton was guilty of no concealment, no duplicity, at the interview of the above date. Mr. Bowditch has adopted Mr. Morton's account of his visit to Dr. Jackson, in opposition to the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses who were present at it. Mr. Morton did not himself solicit information respecting sulphuric ether, nor introduce any mention of it into the conversation. On the contrary, he had nearly reached the door on his way to the street, when Dr. Jackson called him back, and made his voluntary, unsolicited communication. When Mr. Morton found he had been anticipated by Dr. Jackson, his alleged motive for concealment would have prompted him to declare, not longer to conceal, his alleged studies and experiments. The evidence contained in the pamphlet of the Messrs. Lord, proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of the anæsthetic properties of ether to conceal.

thorities on the subject, to be dangerous; which Dr. Jackson without the least suspicion of Mr. Morton's duplicity, instructed him fully how to perform; which he committed to him for performance as his own; and which Mr. Morton accepted as such, intending, however, at the same time, should the experiment be successful, to claim the great discovery verified by it for himself. Mr. Morton goes to his room, and, with the aid of the new knowledge obtained from Dr. Jackson, he pulls a tooth without causing pain. It is submitted that, *on moral grounds*, he is forever estopped from afterwards claiming that experiment as his. He has by acts stronger than words, agreed to perform it as Dr. Jackson's experiment; and he can morally no more release himself from that contract, than he can from a positive legal contract. He is equally estopped on scientific grounds from claiming the experiment as his. It is different in two points essential to its safety and success, from any which Morton *could*, from his ignorance, as appears from the testimony of Barnes and others, and from his own admissions, have previously himself devised; namely, the purity of the ether from alcohol and acids, and the admixture of atmospheric air. For a knowledge of these cardinal facts, Mr. Morton was indebted wholly to Dr. Jackson; through ignorance of them, and of the simple mode of administering the ether prescribed by him to Mr. Morton, and still used in the hospital in this city, many eminent surgeons' early experiments with ether in England and France, were for the most part failures. Even Liston, the great English surgeon, is represented, in the London Lancet, to have said that "at one time he had doubts about the utility of ether," in consequence of the faulty manner in which it had been administered in his operations. From what has been said it necessarily follows, that inasmuch as the experiment was neither in a moral nor in a scientific sense Mr. Morton's, the discovery verified by it was in no sense his either.

Again, it is an admitted principle among scientific men, that it is not essential to the validity of claims to prior discovery against those of a later date, that it should first be disclosed, or that its truth should be acknowledged even by a single individual. This principle is taken for granted by all the eminent men of science in Great Britain, who have taken part in the controversy, respecting the rival claims of Watt and Cavendish. It is agreed by all, that if Cavendish had left evidence in his private note-book, that he made the induction alleged by his friends, though without disclosing it, in the year 1781, which Watt made in the year 1783, his claims to priority of discovery would be beyond dispute. Harvey left a manuscript containing an outline of his discovery of the circulation of the blood, dated twelve years before he published that discovery to the world. No man of science will deny that that manuscript, if authenticated, would have been decisive evidence of priority of discovery against any claims of a later date. Since then it is not necessary to the validity of claims to prior discovery, that the discovery should be disclosed, still less can it be necessary that it should be published at the time. Now, to say nothing of earlier facts, it is undeniable that Dr. Jackson communicated to Mr. Peabody and others, in February, 1846, his induction respecting the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether, and gave to him complete instructions for verifying it, and that too several months before Mr. Morton's alleged experiments with sulphuric ether. On grounds similar to these, so far as verification by another person is concerned, the world has adjudged to Dr. Franklin the exclusive honor of his brilliant discovery; and it remains yet to be shown that on Mr. Bowditch's own admissions, Dr. Jackson's claims to the original discovery of etherization are not equally good. This view of the case is confirmed, not less by the obvious suggestions of common sense, than by the unanimous decisions, in similar cases, of scientific men. All that remained to be done in order to verify the discovery, was, to perform with the hands a prescribed act, and watch and report the result. To attribute scientific discovery to the mere performance of such an act, were no less absurd, than to ascribe it to the shepherd's dog that, in obedience to the teachings of his master, barks to give notice of the expected approach of the wolf. All that is intended to be shown by these remarks, is, that according to principles admitted by scientific men, Dr. Jackson's claim to the intellectual glory of the discovery of etherization was complete, when he communicated his induction and experiment to Mr. Peabody, in February, 1846,—inasmuch as nothing but verification by an experiment already devised, was required to complete it.

It has been objected that Dr. Jackson could not have made his induction at the time* he is positively proved to have made it, because he was not more prompt to announce it to the world. They who argue thus, manifest great ignorance of the history of science. The objection, if admitted to be valid, would be subversive, in not a few cases, of the most clearly established rights of discovery. Harvey, as has been seen, did not announce to the world his great discovery, till twelve years after it had been made. It was more than a quarter of a century after Jenner had conceived the idea of vaccination, and after his friend John Hunter was accustomed to allude to his views in his lecture room in London, before he made the direct application of vaccine matter, in the manner which is now common. It is well known that Newton forebore to publish most of his great discoveries, for many years after they were made. The same cautiousness, in regard to the publication of his discoveries, characterized Wollaston in a remarkable

*The affidavits of Mr. Bemis and Dr. W. F. Channing, and the letter of Mr. John H. Blake, *taken together*, prove beyond a doubt that Dr. Jackson made his induction as early as the year 1842.

degree, as it has many other minds of the highest order. Much of this same cautiousness* is known to belong to Dr. Jackson, and hence the confidence with which his discoveries are received in Europe at their first announcement. It is neither very graceful nor very grateful, in the recipients of a gift of inappreciable value, to quarrel with the donor about the time or the manner of his bestowing it.

The reader is now prepared to judge what confidence is due to the following assertions. Mr. Bowditch says in his report: "He [Mr. Morton] certainly administered it [sulphuric ether] to a patient. *By so doing he made the discovery.*" The reader is requested to observe that the last sentence is italicized by Mr. Bowditch himself. Mr. Dana says that Dr. Jackson "discovered nothing." Dr. Henry J. Bigelow says, as we have seen: "He who verifies the suggestion is the true discoverer."

Before these gentlemen can make good these assertions, they must show that a great original discovery can be made in the inductive sciences, without a single original experiment; without a single independent, original observation; without a single philosophical induction, the essential, the only common element, as has been seen, in all discoveries in the inductive sciences; without, in fine, originating a single new idea. The most Mr. Morton can claim, is, not in any degree discovery, but performance, verification, endeavors to introduce into practical use the discovery of another man. To all who, *by fair and honorable means*, by their influence, their acts, or by verification, have promoted the diffusion of one of the greatest blessings that humanity has received at the hands of science, belongs the glory of participating in a noble undertaking.

The author has now completed a labor performed in the midst of pressing occupations, and in such haste, as to leave little opportunity for revision, and none for condensation. He is aware that much which he has written will seem, to persons conversant with the principles of inductive science, to be a work of supererogation. It is proper, therefore, to say, in apology for the numerous and, he fears, prolix illustrations by which he has sought to render himself intelligible to unscientific readers, that the erroneous notions prevalent in this community, respecting what constitutes scientific discovery, and the consequent withholding from Dr. Jackson of what is due to him, were thought to demand a somewhat careful consideration. The author may be permitted to add, that he had no intimate acquaintance with Dr. Jackson before the commencement of the present controversy; and that he has been prompted to make this effort in behalf of what he deems the cause of truth and justice, by his sympathy for him as an injured man and benefactor of his race; and by his conviction that a conspiracy, unparalleled in the history of scientific discovery, and so far successful as to have deceived many upright and honorable men, has been formed to rob him, not merely of his rights of discovery, but of his fair fame as a man. The final judgments of mankind are generally right; and it cannot be doubted that they will ultimately do full justice to the benefactor to whom they owe so much.

J. H. A

Boston, Temple Place, May 26, 1848

* Dr. Jackson, as it appears from Silliman's Journal of Science, discovered chlorine in meteoric iron in the year 1834; he published no account of this discovery, which was received with great interest by scientific men, till the year 1838. Other facts of a similar character might be added, were it necessary.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE.—When we published No. 201 of the Living Age, containing divers arguments and affidavits, intended to show that the means by which surgery could be performed without pain, were discovered by Mr. Morton, we had no knowledge of Mr. M., or of the subject. We saw only that gentlemen of good standing in this community appeared to be willing to publish their names as believing in the justice of his claims, and this in many of the cases, (so far as we could see,) without any inducement of profit or honor. We also understood that there was no imputation upon Dr. Jackson's motives, and that he undoubtedly was honest in thinking himself the discoverer. Upon grounds like these—vague and indefinite as they are—most readers will, as we did, form rather a "sympathy" than an opinion.

But this sympathy, expressed by a resident of Boston, and presumed (although erroneously) to know the opinion of scientific men in this city upon the subject, may give abroad a weight to claims and assertions which is entirely undue. And we know that, in a matter of pecuniary importance, we were deceived by one of the affidavits, which, upon our looking at it again *in the light of experience*, was susceptible of an opposite interpretation to that which we had given to it.

Feeling that others may be equally credulous and incautious; and that some responsibility is incurred by all who do what may give undeserved currency and character, either to men or things; we find ourselves (however disinclined to pronounce judgment upon the controverted point) under the necessity of saying that we have heard the opinions of persons on whom we rely, that Dr. Jackson was the exclusive discoverer;—and we feel bound to add, that we do not believe that Mr. Morton made any experiments with sulphuric ether until advised to do so, and how to do so, by Dr. Jackson.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 14 May, 1848.

If you had seen the capital yesterday you would understand what is meant by *fraternity* and liberty. Copy some of the paragraphs of Galignani's Messenger, of the afternoon, which I have pencilled, and your readers will equally know how we are situated. No one has a sense of the least security. I might, indeed, except the reckless and penniless perturbators. The clubs had announced a street procession to carry a petition to the national assembly in behalf of Poland. All precautions were taken for that body; the hall was surrounded with national guards, and the gardens filled. Such rumors of concerted assault were brought in, that one of the questors despatched orders for the *rappel*, or call to arms, in several quarters; battalions of the guards quickly obeyed the summons. Some disorders—a little violence of the mob here and there—occurred; but there was no general commotion, so that at night, the sober citizens, the representatives, and the executive authorities, could say, as they have had occasion to do two or three evenings of every week since the 24th February, *nous sommes quitté pour la peur*.

The Polish demonstration was not multitudinous; it was stopped at the bridge opposite to the hall of the assembly, the petition passed into the hands of a member who deposited it with the secretaries; the house postponed the reading. The clubs, not satisfied, clamor for another popular demonstration to-morrow; thus the capitol will quake again. *Vive la Pologne* has no other signification than *Vive la guerre*, or *Vive l' agitation;* and the majority of the representatives and the inhabitants earnestly deprecate both. A little tranquillity at home, and peace abroad, are indispensable for every common interest, and for the formation of a constitution. The central Polish committee, comprising men of sense and prudence, have published an entreaty to the clubs, to abstain; those men know that the northern Polish excitement and outbreaks were premature, and in other ways detrimental to the cause. Patience, until the French and Germans could have duly consulted and concerted—until the revolutionary parties had established and marshalled their governments—would, probably, have assured its success.

The attention of the assembly, yesterday, was diverted for half an hour, to rumours of immediate foreign war. An orator, Jules Favre, who exclaimed in the tribune, on the 11th inst., that it could not be avoided—that republican France must rush to the aid of the Italians and the Poles—has been appointed under secretary of state; and this aggravates alarm, although Lamartine, on the same day, proclaimed the policy of peace. It is affirmed, positively, that the directory are about to order an extraordinary levy of two hundred thousand men, between the ages of 18 and 30. What with all this allegation—the gatherings and marches in the streets—the new and seditious placards at every corner—all sorts of stocks went down on the exchange. This day (Sunday) was to be signalized by the transcendent "Festival of Concord," of which I have before me the official programme, on a large sheet, illustrated by engravings of the scenes, wherein both sexes—Polish, German, and Italian deputations; the "*emancipated blacks*," the soldiery, the assembly, the public authorities of every description—were to figure as parties to the "holy alliance of universal humanity." Yesterday afternoon, a minister announced to the assembly that the festival was postponed, the preparations being incomplete. It is doubted that this reason had most influence. The discovery of premeditated *émeutes*, for which the excessive heat and even the beauty of the weather are auspicious, may have chiefly operated. An anarchical editor observes: "The government does right to suppress the festival; the revolution and France are in mourning for the republic." Another: "Why should we move for Poland? The republic, forsooth, is a good-natured devil, that does not wish to quarrel with anybody." There is truth in the following paragraph of a *feuilleton* of La Presse: "The days on which the sun shines Paris has an aspect of festivity which deceives strangers. The boulevards swarm; all the morning, crowds of saunterers; how pleasant! You might think yourself among the happy shades that have nothing to do except to disport in the Elysian fields. But this compulsory recreation is, after all, dreadful; it is not the refreshment of toil, it is the leisure of distress; the manufacturer and the artisan walk, because they have no orders; the shopkeeper, because he does not sell; the workman, for want of employ. They meet and pass each other, backwards and forwards, with a sad indifference. At eight o'clock the shops are closed. Why consume oil and gas in lighting goods which nobody comes even to cheapen? The owners go forth again, and the clerks and boys, who represent them in the morning, pass their evenings too in the streets."

Among the topics of wonder, is a dinner at the Dutch minister's mansion, at which were present, in full harmony, the ministers of Prussia and Denmark, and the ambassadors of Austria and Sardinia. The departure of the Countess D'Appony, who for twenty-two successive years has done, with perfect grace and splendor, the honors of the Austrian legation, causes sincere lamentation in the ci-devant fashionable world. A paragraph in the legitimist journals, this day, detailing the marriage, yesterday, of a counsellor of the Sardinian embassy with a Belgian countess—the mother of the King of Sardinia—princes and duchesses, and all the corps diplomatique, being in the church by invitation—struck me as quite an anachronism. The republican mayor of Lyons has occasioned formidable riots by undertaking to banish the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. from the principal square: its excellence as a monument of art was the pride of the city. The completion of the Louvre, that is, the connection of

the palace with the Tuileries on the north-east side, is seriously undertaken; a noble improvement, requiring, however, funds and stable power upon which no one counts.

The national assembly have passed a series of regulations for internal order and safety, that might prove efficacious with a different national temperament and more resolution than the president and the members can be expected to exert against the external pressure. There are three or four new orators of promise. Father Lacordaire, the most popular of preachers, has failed in the tribune. Athanasius Coquerel, a minister of the Protestant consistory, has made a successful début, in asserting the freedom of clerical costume, and the rights of the clergy, of whatever denomination, to liberty and equality everywhere. Citizen Augustus Portalis, the new attorney-general of the Paris court of appeals, had assailed the father on account of his Dominican frock. The name, Portalis, is eminent and honored in the annals of French jurisprudence; but the attorney-general emulates, as a demagogue, the distinctions of 1792–3. Two of the chief justices of the higher provincial courts, whom it pleased a minister to dismiss, have published a manly protest against the act, as an outrage on the laws and the rights of the bench. A government commissary broke up at once a whole bench, so that no term could be held. The dismissals and substitutions by the minister of justice are exhibited in the journals, so as to show that he has put ex-deputies of the party to which he belonged in the chamber, and which professed zeal for the monarchy and dynasty, in the place of abler lawyers of the conservative benches. He gratified his old *cronies* and his personal favorites. The victors of the monarchy have not scrupled in the least to seize and divide the spoils of every description; old and new offices, all possible salaries preëxisting and contrivable; whatever resources the treasury possessed, or could be created out of any imaginable claim or attainable fund. A near relative of Arago has just been appointed envoy-extraordinary to Berlin; rich provision is made for all his other kinsmen. In reference to this country, we hardly understand what the public meetings in your cities are celebrating with so much enthusiasm. The *republic* has, indeed, been *proclaimed;* but, hitherto, we have not seen either substance or form, nothing except popular license, arbitrary rule, and general fermentation. Senator Calhoun's speech on the resolutions of Congress has appeared in two of the principal Paris journals; it is offered as furnishing pregnant truth and useful admonition. The prayer of the chaplain of the house of representatives is likewise translated and warmly commended. A son of George Lafayette has been chosen one of the secretaries of the national assembly. George and his two sons, Edmund and Oscar, two Lasteyries, grandsons of the general by his daughter; two sons-in-law of the daughter, and a brother-in-law of George, have obtained seats. The name is still deeply popular.

The national assembly yielded at first, perhaps inevitably, to the arrangements and purposes of the provisional government, and the numerous compact junto of the *National* newspaper. Within the few days past, yesterday in particular, a spirit of independence was manifested in several important votes. The *National* of this day mentions the chief act of *revolt* thus:—"Yesterday the national assembly adopted, rather abruptly, a grave measure. It resolved to distribute itself into fifteen standing committees, each to consist of sixty members, for the various branches or heads of the public service and interests. The subject was not sufficiently discussed. It was the party defeated in the question of the mode of choosing the ministers that triumphed here in the creation of these committees, intended for a control of each ministry, and every fraction of ministerial business. The old parliamentary men set our friends an example of skilful discipline and persevering tactics; let us profit by it." These committees will be so cast as to endow each with as much of special capacity and self-importance as the assembly can supply. Lamartine, by his declaring his determination to refuse executive functions unless Ledru-Rollin should be of the directory, has lost considerably in the points of favor and confidence, with the most numerous division of the assembly, and the moderate republicans and old conservatives throughout the country. They suspect him of *trimming* between them and the ultra-revolutionary agitators. Patriotic expediency, however, has been his motive, in all likelihood. We may regret, supposing him entirely honest, any diminution of his popularity, because a favorite of the masses, worthy of trust, is indispensable for the national rescue. The committee on the condition and claims of the working-classes embraces representatives and advocates of all the prominent theories and interests. *Socialism* will not be denied fair discussion; its extremes and whims have precious little chance of success. The two Bonapartes and Lucien Murat, in the assembly, have attracted much attention. Jerome Bonaparte and his family grace a side box, with looks of restoration. Old Béranger, the supreme songster, has tried again to escape from membership, being conscious that he has no qualifications as a legislator; but the assembly insists, and the journals cry, "This is absolute tyranny: he prefers his chimney-corner in his garret at Passy—let him go." A few days since he visited Chateaubriand, who is mortally sick: "Ah," said the sire of poetic prose, "how happy you must be now; you have your dear republic at last." Béranger answered: "I would rather have dreamt of it all my life, than have seen it as it is." The harp is hung on the willows, Israel not being yet redeemed.

This day's *Moniteur*, *official*, is a study for the quidnuncs. It begins with a decree, not of the directory, but of the national assembly, according to which, "by *order* of the president of the assembly," the executive commission (the directory) are to convoke voters for elections to fill vacated seats. A contest was waged in the hall by some of the

ministers, who insisted that the convocation belonged primarily to the executive, with the advocates of the legislative sovereignty who prevailed. The postponement of the Festival of Concord was entirely the work of the directory and ministers, and a subject of surprise for the assembly; but the commander-in-chief of the national guards, Courtais, proclaims in the *Moniteur*, that the assembly had decided the postponement, thus casting on this body whatever popular dissatisfaction may have ensued. The general is an *ultra;* the moderate guards, a large majority, are striving to supersede him in some way or other. Two sublime hymns were composed (words and music) by an eminent professor of the conservatory of music. One of them is entitled The *Republican Te Deum*. A huge monument is to be erected in the Champ de Mars, in honor of the revolution of 1848. The official design, which I have seen, is imposing but cumbrous.

Letters from the French West Indies, of the 10th ult., describe the slaves as dangerously impatient. In Algeria the French are still fighting the Arabs, in different quarters. In the foreign news, nothing is more memorable than the opening of the parliament at Piedmont, at Turin, on the 8th of this month. In the speech delivered for the king by his lieutenant-general, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the main principles and reforms of constitutional liberty are solemnly adopted; not a word, however, of the pope, and the projected diet at Rome. Charles Albert preaches the *fusion* of all the Italian communities into one *kingdom*, of which he seeks and expects to be the head. We may doubt, nevertheless, whether he will be able to clutch the iron crown of Lombardy. You may remark the details of the suppression of the second insurrection at Madrid—bloodshed enough in the streets, followed by unceremonious military executions. Narvaez has never trifled on emergencies. The Spanish nation is not yet matured for the cry of republic, though well circumstanced for a federal and national system. The democratic Swiss act with signal discretion. They are intent on neutrality, and the consolidation of the victory over the aristocratic elements and impetus of the Sonderbund.

Paris, 15th May—Monday.

We passed through yesterday without a general commotion. Large gatherings in the faubourgs, particularly that of Montmartre, could not be dispersed by the strong patrols of the guards, until two o'clock this morning. The clubs, the petty dealers, the deputations from the departments, and the hosts of idlers, had prepared themselves for the festival. The disappointment was scarcely to be brooked. In the course of the day, the members of the directory, and the ministry, were actually hunted by the five hundred colonels and other officers of the provincial national guards, who came on invitation, and would not consent to remain longer than Tuesday, to-morrow. After several hours of delay, two of the ministers delivered apologetic and deprecatory harangues; one gave it to be understood that the festival might be indefinitely postponed, from considerations of public safety. Lamartine sent word that, although he was sick, he would receive the complainants at his ministry on the boulevards. They had waited for his answer to their summons an hour and a half, and when it came they merely marched by the hotel, tearing up their flags as they passed. The national guards of Rouen, Havre, and the environs of the capital, came in late on Saturday evening, when they first heard of the postponement. All the aggrieved have been solicited to assemble this day; they may be disposed to join the mighty array of the friends of Poland, to be marshalled on the site of the old Bastille, at ten o'clock.

The Polish question is the order of the day for the national assembly; what with the fanatical rhetoricians within, and the imperious sympathizers without, that vexed body will require all wisdom and resolution, to avoid plunging France and Europe into a ruinous and bootless war. All the higher journals, this morning, reason against the crime and the folly, and exhort the assembly to exercise courage and patience. The *Presse* begins in this strain. "The fate of liberty, doubtless, and that of France, perhaps, will be decided this day, the 15th. If the executive government and the assembly have not spirit to answer peace, credit, and liberty, to those who demand virtually, war, bankruptcy and despotism, our revolution of 1848 will end as did its elder sister, in two invasions and two restorations. Poland is only the pretext; *terrorism*, the object," &c.

We have a proclamation, dated last evening, from the executive government, which reproves the unnecessary *attroupements*, or gatherings of the people, and declares that the utmost vigor will be exerted to maintain public order against both reaction and anarchy. Our weather is more and more sultry, with dazzling skies, which enhances the difficulty of this enterprise. The issue you will learn by the London papers, which get the latest intelligence by express. The order of the Jesuits is suppressed in Austria; Reschid Pacha, deemed too much of a liberal, has been dismissed from the post of grand vizier. The Danes were bombarding Frederica, and the Sound is covered with vessels of war.

Our minister of finance seriously meditates a project of monopolizing, for the government, all kinds of *insurance*, especially the fire. He calculates on profits to the treasury, of from twenty-five to fifty millions of francs. The *Journal des Débats* as seriously combats the plan, on every ground. Two and a half columns of the *Siècle* of this day, are allotted to an abstract of the constitution of your Union. Galignani has furnished, in his Messenger, some ten or twelve columns, in three instalments, of notes on the American institutions in general, from an American pen. Twelve or fifteen of the ablest members of the national assembly read English well.

We have not, as yet, the names of the committee on the French constitution. There seems to be small chance of a senate, or a single executive, or any material *de*-centralization. A new journal, *La Vraie République*, with which George Sand and Pierre Leroux are connected, opens, today, with this paragraph: "We invite all the representatives of the people, who wish to carry out the social and popular republic to its farthest limits, and with all its consequences, to call and see us fraternally in the bureaux of our paper." While the assembly are discussing the scheme of a constitution which may be reported, a hundred or more juntos will be engaged in criticising and anathematizing it, however democratic its cast. Three fourths of the oracles condemn it beforehand.

The mails of yesterday afternoon brought accounts of the capitulation of the Polish insurgents in the Duchy of Posen. Ferment continued at Rome. The compromise between the pope and the belligerent party had not released him from the Quirinal, where he was environed by the national guard. Emissaries from Paris keep Rouen, Lyons, and others of the large French towns, in agitation and panic. The greater part of the members of the national assembly passed yesterday in the committee rooms, at work. Patriotic zeal is not wanting, but portions of the debates extant in yesterday's Moniteur, show a greenness as to forms and ideas of deliberate legislation, which, while it provokes a smile, threatens mischievous delays and embarrassment, of which the evil spirit, watchful and daring within and without, cannot fail to essay advantage.

Paris, May 18, 1848.

My latest epistle, written on the 15th, was closed, owing to interruption, about one o'clock. You could understand, from its tenor, that a storm was impending over this capital. A serious outbreak, skilfully prepared for several weeks, appeared to me certain. The daily journals of the clubs, and the demeanor of three or four of the chiefs of the Jacobin conspiracy, members of the national assembly, could not be mistaken in the purpose, by a close observer. So sudden a postponement of the grand festival intended for the 14th, showed that the executive commission were apprized of that purpose. You will note, in the printed details, the unsatisfactory account of the failure of their measures to protect the assembly. It is not in my power to narrate to you now, circumstantially, what happened in the afternoon of Monday. A volume, like the strangest romance, might be indited. Let me refer you to the reports of Galignani's Messenger, sent herewith, and content myself with short extracts from two of the principal journals.

From the Union.

The day which has just past will be recorded in the history of our revolution. During more than three hours anarchy reared its head; during more than three hours the majesty of the nation was violated and insulted in the persons of its representatives. A band of factious men broke into the national assembly; masses, blinded, deceived, and exasperated by culpable tribunes, violated that pale, in defiance of the protection it ought to have received from respect for the laws and the sacred title of those whom it enclosed. This is more than a great scandal, it is a crime of Lèze Nation, which God has permitted us to witness. But the genius of France was awakened. Good citizens marched to the succor of their menaced country. One hundred and fifty thousand citizens came hand in hand to support the common weal, and victory remained with the cause of order. Thanks be rendered to the national guard! It has saved Paris and France from the horrors of anarchy, and has deserved well of its country, and a page in her history. * *

When the news of the invasion of the chamber by the parties engaged in the procession, and of the constitution by them of a provisional government composed of men some of whose names have long inspired terror, first spread in Paris, it produced an impression of alarm impossible to describe. At every few paces a knot of persons was to be seen with dread mingled with disgust, marked upon their countenances; but in a few minutes the feeling of indignation overpowered dread, and nothing was heard but exclamations of vengeance.

From the Univers.

We write in haste, quite agitated with the great and terrible scenes which have passed before our eyes. We have seen the national assembly delivered up by treason, invaded, violated and dispersed, and an hour after order reëstablished in its power and sovereignty by the spontaneous coöperation of the citizens. The national guard of Paris has not only saved the republic, but has saved civilization, which was at one moment in the power of the barbarians. The representatives of the people were worthy of their mission. The *émeute* kept them during three hours under the *coup* of its violence. It could not wrest from them a vote, nor even a sign of sympathy. They only replied by the majesty of their silence to the threats of which they were the object. Victorious, they will know how, we doubt not, to give to their outraged dignity the satisfaction it demands, and which the interest of the country exacts, without making liberty expiate the crime of factions. The guilty are in the hands of the national assembly—it will punish them—it will punish all, for they have committed the greatest of crimes; their triumph would have been the signal for civil war in Paris, and in all France; but it will only punish them. It is not a hope that we express here—it is a profound conviction. The national guard and the assembly had only one cry "*Vive la République des honnêtes gens!*"—that is to say, "Long live order in liberty!" This day, so frightful up to the moment at which the national guard, the garde mobile, and the army, acting with one heart and as a single man, dispersed the factions—this day will be a happy one; it will have shown the demagogues their profound impuissance; and it will, at the same time, make known all the infamy of their projects. It is another respite which God accords us on the brink of the abyss; at five o'clock all was lost—at the present hour all may be saved.

Judge, after having perused the foregoing paragraphs, what faith was due to the letters from Paris, that have abounded in your American papers, in which perfect tranquillity and entire con-

fidence are affirmed, not of the capital alone, but of all France. On one day Paris may have resembled a lake with a general rippling or moderate fluctuation; on the next, it has been like a stormy sea. Nearly all the city is now a camp; the main result of Monday's insurrection, is, to be sure, encouraging and fortunate. But, in the discussions of the assembly, on Tuesday and yesterday, disclosures occurred, which have left a cruel distrust and sad forebodings in the public mind. The minister of police himself was an accomplice of the traitors; the commander in chief of the national guards one of their chiefs and most efficient auxiliary; the president or speaker of the assembly yielded, in his chair, to threats, and betrayed the body by a written order to stop that call to arms by which alone the government could be saved. Little doubt remained that one of the executive commission, Ledru-Rollin, and two at least of the ministry, would have sympathized and leagued with the assailants, in the event of the dispersion of the assembly. It transpired, also, that Lamartine and two of the best of his colleagues had been so weak or improvident (I use, the softest terms) as to direct that the very worst of the clubs—the *Commune de Paris*, on the Rue de Revoli—should be supplied with arms and ammunition, when the journal daily issued from it urged a new revolution. The great majority of the assembly, of the old and new national guards, and of the inhabitants of Paris, are intent and bent on the maintenance of social order and the regular experiment of a republican constitution; but they scarcely know whom to trust in the executive departments, whether civil or military. Lamartine, as I have heretofore mentioned to you, declined in the favor of the assembly, by his adoption of Ledru-Rollin; he has fallen lower by his interposition on the side of the recreant minister of police; however, he and some of his colleagues are still indispensable. A considerable increase of the troops of the line in the capital has been at once accomplished; the moment has not come for the delegation to an energetic warrior of those powers which are generally thought the only means by which the hydra of anarchy can be crushed.

You should copy Galignani's report of the proceedings of the assembly on the 16th inst. It is most impressive history, though an imperfect compendium. I will give you here a brief portion of them, not included:—

Buchez—(president of the chamber)—"I confess that I wrote from my desk, this order, 'Desist from the *rappel*'—(beating to arms;) I yielded to instances of persons who believed that the *rappel* irritated the people. I wished to save your lives." General Lamoricière, from the floor—"Say your own life; you were frightened by the faction." Buchez—"I was afraid that if I refused, the mob would have fallen on the assembly." Many voices from the floor—"Well, suppose they had done so." Buchez—"I was driven from the chair." Numerous voices again—"No, you left it." A member, M. Luneau, then complained that the president, in concert with the minister of the interior, (more than suspected of collusion with the clubs,) had suppressed a part of the facts which should have been recorded in the *Moniteur*. "Our president," he added, "is not authorized to suppress either the whole or a part of the truth." The assembly then decided that the facts thus unlawfully withheld, should be committed to the *Moniteur*. Barbès and Blanqui, the ferocious demagogues; Courtais, the traitor general; Albert, an ex-member of the provisional government, and others of the Jacobin managers, have been arrested and placed in the Castle of Vincennes. The national guards routed several of the armed clubs, and closed these garrisons. It is attempted to break up the free corps, self-styled the republican guards—the *montagnards*—real banditti, and to organize them into a battalion, under immediate and acknowledged official control. They took possession of the vast edifice of the prefecture of police, where they were besieged by a large force of the guards and the line, to which they capitulated after a long parley. They threatened to blow themselves and the edifice sky high, with the large quantity of powder stored for the new revolution. Not a few of the worthy guards were killed, in various quarters of the city, by discharges from bands of the *clubbists* in ambuscade. Lists of accomplices, and documents of pregnant tenor, were rescued from the gripe of tenants of the club-rooms, by throttling these worthies, some of whose jaws were crammed with this kind of evidence. A Captain Lallier, whom I personally well know, commander of the marine-guard, broke into the head-quarters of the montagnards, on the Rue de Revoli, with only ten of his sailors; he captured sixty of the ruffians, and two hundred percussion muskets, along with a number of barrels of powder; he defied the threats of explosion, and immediately after distributed the muskets among his corps stationed in the street. No blood was shed by the defenders of the government, except in the rout of one of the clubs. In the proclamation of the minister of police, the aggressors are styled, "people seduced by generous ideas!" These generous ideas were expounded from the tribune of the assembly by Barbès, in his call for the dissolution of the body;—the imposition of a tax, forthwith, of ten hundred millions of francs on the rich, and the establishment of the *guillotine*. This man, the chosen president of the "revolutionary democracy," was the leader of the street insurrection of May, 1839, and tried and sentenced by the chamber of peers. The revolution of February last opened his prison doors. We may expect plots for his release during his present confinement; and if he and his confederates in duress at Vincennes, should be publicly tried in Paris, formidable attempts for his deliverance from the hands of justice will certainly occur. The Jacobin journals (I must employ this epithet in its worst sense) continue, this day, to revile the assembly and the executive commission. Such invectives and menaces as those, of the *Père Duchêne*, for example, cause a shuddering. The clergy are

railed at with truly demoniac language and rancor. Credit is due to the new national guards for the zeal with which they emulate the present conduct of the old. Lawyers, doctors, all the higher professions, as well as the bourgeois, serve in the ranks, and are foremost where there is peril. The troops of the line do not hesitate to fight when the guards coöperate. Energetic and single-minded able command is all that they require for the repression of disorder. General Cavaignac has just accepted the department of war. An eminent French politician and author, his intimate acquaintance, informed me yesterday, at dinner, that it is an appointment of good omen; Cavaignac being an honest patriot, a sensible man, and a truly valuable officer; possessing authority with the army in all its divisions. His age is about forty-five, his frame robust. Trouvé-Chauvel, a member of the assembly, has been installed as minister of police. He has been mayor of the city of Mans, between Paris and Rouen; was distinguished by his republican opinions, and, in consequence, created by the late provisional government its commissary general over three contiguous provinces. His own gave him a unanimous vote for his seat in the assembly. These two functionaries are of the highest consequence, in regard to the national weal. Social order has become the first and last necessity of France. Until it be assured we cannot expect a change in a condition of things, which is described in the new number of *La Revue des deux Mondes*, in these terms:—"However brilliant the destinies imagined for our country, we must all acknowledge that the present is dismal. Commerce and industry are perishing, the public finances under exhausting drain, private fortunes vanishing like shadows, labor is suspended, and the very springs of wealth therefore dried up. Soon, if this decay be not stopped, the national assembly, sufficiently embarrassed with its great task of a constitution, will have to face an empty exchequer, industry in complete ruin, and a panting people without work or bread."

The executive commission proposed yesterday afternoon, to the assembly, an appropriation of three millions of francs for the national *ateliers*, work-shops and factories. Decrees were asked prohibiting all armed associations under severe penalties, and including Louis Philippe and his family in the sentence of perpetual banishment pronounced on the elder Bourbons. It is calculated that a hundred thousand national guards bivouacked in the streets the night before the last. As soon as the rising against the assembly was known in the provinces, many battalions of guards came spontaneously from distances of twenty, thirty, and forty leagues, to assist in defending or avenging the national sovereignty. If the conspiracy had prevailed, a civil war would have at once ensued.

More than a hundred of the ex-deputies of the opposition, that is, of the old liberals of the constitutional monarchy, have entered the national assembly. By degrees, their talents, knowledge, and experience open to them a field of action and authority. I am sorry to observe that their influence in debate and committee has excited the apprehension or jealousy of the *National*. This morning, it cautions the republican majority of the chamber against allowing themselves to be supplanted and juggled (*confisquée et pipée*) by an adroit minority, meaning the old deputies, who, it adds, are for a monarchical republic instead of a democratic. For the present, however, they are, undeniably, very useful and temperate. The assembly have chosen, as yet, only five of the committee of eighteen on the constitution. Cormenin, Lamennais and de Tocqueville, are among the successful names. Some wiseacres of the press exclaim—"We must not accept Roman nor American liberty, but only the Gaulist and the French." Expositions of our system multiply in the newspapers. Faith in the *practicability* of any republic is far from being diffusive or general, even in the assembly, but a sincere aim at the best that can be framed, is common to the parties, excepting the ultra-revolutionary.

The minister of the interior announced yesterday that he would, provisionally, carry into effect the laws not formally abrogated, against mob-gatherings, seditious cries, placards, and all excitement to revolt or sedition. This day the assembly will vote an energetic proclamation to the French people. The minister of finance announced a proposition that the state should *resume* or take possession at once of all the rail-roads—an uncomfortable idea for the British stockholders. On the northern road, there is now a strike of nine hundred workmen. The assembly, towards the end of the sitting, was thrown into tremendous tumult by an endeavor, on the part of the ministers, to have their measures of coercion out of doors sanctioned instantly. This was resisted on the ground of the new regulation that all propositions of decrees should be submitted twenty-four hours before discussion. The president put on his hat—signal of suspension of business—and the tumult did not subside for twenty minutes. A general murmur arose, when it was proposed and argued that the executive commission should exclusively manage the force without, for the protection of the assembly—should be charged with all military arrangements, the assembly retaining the faculty of ordering the *rappel* to be beaten. The stock-market was in much agitation for two days; no real quotations; now the funds look up a little.

Our foreign news has variety and piquancy as usual. The allied Italians claim fresh successes over the Austrians. The monarch of Piedmont advances in his plan of a noble northern kingdom from the Alps to the Apennines. Parma, Placentia and Modena have adhered, and Lombardy was likely to do the same, but on the 12th inst., Milan was threatened with a democratic revolution, to prevent the incorporation. Massa and Carrara have united themselves to Tuscany. The Swiss council of war recommends a considerable increase of the forces of the Helvetic republic, in order to repel a probable entrance into its territory, on the eastern frontier, by the Austrians.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very duly acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in *each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 215.—24 JUNE, 1848.

From the North British Review.

The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography. In Four Books. By JOHN FORSTER. London, 1848.

THIS book accomplishes a retribution which the world has waited for through seventy and odd years. Welcome at any rate by its purpose, it is trebly welcome by its execution, to all hearts that linger indulgently over the frailties of a national favorite once wickedly exaggerated—to all hearts that brood indignantly over the powers of that favorite once maliciously undervalued.

A man of original genius, shown to us as revolving through the leisurely stages of a biographical memoir, lays open, to readers prepared for sympathy, two separate theatres of interest; one in his personal career, the other in his works and his intellectual development. Both unfold together; and each borrows a secondary interest from the other: the life from the recollection of the works —the works from the joy and sorrow of the life. There have, indeed, been authors whose great creations, severely preconceived in a region of thought transcendent to all impulses of earth, would have been pretty nearly what they are under any possible changes in the dramatic arrangement of their lives. Happy or not happy—gay or sad—these authors would equally have fulfilled a mission too solemn and too stern in its obligations to suffer any warping from chance, or to bend before the accidents of life, whether dressed in sunshine or in wintry gloom. But generally this is otherwise. Children of Paradise, like the Miltons of our planet, have the privilege of stars—to "dwell apart." But the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically with the agitations of mother-earth, cannot sequester themselves in that way. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow, which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very tenure on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet always with more peril to the accomplishment of their earthly mission.

Amongst this household of children too tremulously associated to the fluctuations of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith. And there is a belief current—that he was conspicuous, not only in the sense of being constitutionally flexible to the impressions of sorrow and adversity, in case they had happened to occur, but also that he really *had* more than his share of those afflictions. We are disposed to think that this was not so. Our trust is, that Goldsmith lived upon the whole a life which, though troubled, was one of average enjoyment. Unquestionably, when reading at midnight, and in the middle watch of a century which *he* never reached, this record of one so amiable, so guileless, so upright, or seeming to be otherwise for a moment only in the eyes of those who did not know his difficulties, nor could have understood them; when recurring also to his admirable genius, to the sweet natural gayety of his oftentimes pathetic humor, and to the varied accomplishments from talent or erudition, by which he gave effect to endowments so fascinating—one cannot but sorrow over the strife which he sustained, and over the wrong by which he suffered. A few natural tears one sheds at the rehearsal of so much contumely from fools, which he stood under unresistingly as one bareheaded under a hail-storm;* and worse to bear than the scorn of fools, was the imperfect sympathy and jealous self-distrusting esteem which he received to the last from friends. Doubtless he suffered much wrong; but so, in one way or other, do most men; he suffered also this special wrong, that in his life-time he never was fully appreciated by any one friend—something of a counter-movement ever mingled with praise for *him*—he never saw himself enthroned in the heart of any young and fervent admirer, and he was always overshadowed by men less deeply genial, though more showy than himself:—but these things happened, and *have* happened to myriads amongst the benefactors of earth. Their names ascend in songs of thankful commemoration, but not until the ears are deaf that would have thrilled to the music. And these were the heaviest of Goldsmith's afflictions: what are likely to be thought such, viz., the battles which he fought for his daily bread, we do not number amongst them. To struggle is not to suffer. Heaven grants to few of us a life of untroubled prosperity, and grants it least of all to its favorites. Charles I. carried, as it was thought by a keen Italian judge of physiognomy, a predestination to misery written in his features. And it is probable that if any Cornelius Agrippa had then been living, to show him in early life the strife, the bloodshed, the triumphs of enemies, the treacheries of friends, the separation forever from the familiar faces of his hearth, which darkened the years from 1642 to 1649, he would have said—"Prophet of woe! if I bear to live through this vista of seven years, it is because at the further end of it thou showest me the consolation of a scaffold." And yet our

* We do not allude chiefly to his experience in childhood, when he is reported to have been a general butt of mockery for his ugliness and his supposed stupidity; since, as regarded the latter reproach, he could not have suffered very long, having already at a childish age vindicated his intellectual place by the verses which opened to him an academic destination. We allude to his mature life, and the supercilious condescension with which even his reputed friends doled out their praises to *him*.

persuasion is, that in the midst of its deadly agitations and its torments of suspense, probably enough by the energies of hope, or even of anxiety which exalted it, that period of bitter conflict was found by the king a more ennobling life than he *would* have found in the torpor of a prosperity too profound. To be cloyed perpetually is a worse fate than sometimes to stand within the vestibule of starvation; and we need go no further than the confidential letters of the court ladies of this and other countries to satisfy ourselves how much worse in its effects upon happiness than any condition of alarm and peril, is the lethargic repose of luxury too monotonous, and of security too absolute. If, therefore, Goldsmith's life *had* been one of continual struggle, it would not follow that it had therefore sunk below the standard of ordinary happiness. But the life-struggle of Goldsmith, though severe enough (after all allowances) to challenge a feeling of tender compassion, was not in such a degree severe as has been represented.* He enjoyed two great immunities from suffering that have been much overlooked; and *such* immunities that, in our opinion, four in five of all the people ever connected with Goldsmith's works, as publishers, printers, compositors, (that is, men taken at random,) have very probably suffered more, upon the whole, than he. The immunities were these: —1*st*, From any *bodily* taint of low spirits. He had a constitutional gayety of heart; an elastic hilarity; and, as he himself expresses it, "a knack of hoping"—which knack could not be bought with Ormus and with Ind, nor hired for a day with the peacock-throne of Delhi. How easy was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as "*Doctor minor*," when one hour or less would dismiss the *Doctor major*, so invidiously contradistinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy; whilst *he*, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness. *There* lay one immunity, beyond all price, from a mode of strife, to which others, by a large majority, are doomed—strife with bodily wretchedness. Another immunity he had of almost equal value, and yet almost equally forgotten by his biographers, viz., from the responsibilities of a family. Wife and children he had not. They it is that, being a man's chief blessings, create also for him the deadliest of his anxieties, that stuff his pillow with thorns, that surround his daily path with snares. Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependants of this class upon himself summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources; how shattering to the power of exertion, and, above all, of exertion by an organ so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure. Success in such paths of literature might at the best be doubtful; but success is impossible, with any powers whatever, unless in a genial state of those powers; and this geniality is to be sustained in the case supposed, whilst the eyes are fixed upon the most frightful of abysses yawning beneath his feet. He is to win his inspiration for poetry or romance from the prelusive cries of infants clamoring for daily bread. Now, on the other hand, in the case of an extremity equally sudden alighting on the head of a man in Goldsmith's position, having no burthen to support but the trivial one of his own personal needs, the resources are endless for gaining time enough to look around. Suppose him ejected from his lodgings: let him walk into the country, with a pencil and a sheet of paper; there sitting under a haystack for one morning, he may produce what will pay his expenses for a week; a day's labor will carry the sustenance of ten days. Poor may be the trade of authorship, but it is as good as that of a slave in Brazil, whose one hour's work will defray the twenty-four hours' living. As a reader, or corrector of proofs, a good Latin and French scholar (like Goldsmith) would always have enjoyed a preference, we presume, at any eminent printing-office. This again would have given him time for looking round; or, he might perhaps have obtained the same advantage for deliberation from some confidential friend's hospitality. In short, Goldsmith enjoyed the two privileges, one subjective—the other objective—which, when uniting in the same man, would prove more than a match for all difficulties that *could* arise in a literary career to him who was at once a man of genius so popular, of talents so versatile, of reading so various, and of opportunities so large for still more extended reading. The subjective privilege lay in his buoyancy of animal spirits; the objective in his freedom from responsibilities. Goldsmith wanted very little more than Diogenes: now Diogenes *could* only have been robbed of his tub:* which perhaps was about as big as most of poor Goldsmith's sitting-rooms, and far better ventilated. So that the liability of these two men, cynic and non-cynic, to the kicks of fortune, was pretty much on a par; whilst Goldsmith had the advantage of a better temper for bearing them, though certainly Diogenes had the better climate for soothing his temper.

But it may be imagined, that if Goldsmith were

* We point this remark not at Mr. Forster, who, upon the whole, shares our opinion as to the tolerable comfort of Goldsmith's life; he speaks indeed elsewhere of Goldsmith's depressions; but the question still remains—were they of frequent recurrence, and had they any constitutional settlement? We are inclined to say *no* in both cases.

* Which tub the reader may fancy to have been only an old tar-barrel; if so, he is wrong. Isaac Casaubon, after severe researches into the nature of that tub, ascertained to the general satisfaction of Christendom that it was not of wood, or within the restorative powers of a cooper, but of earthen ware, and once shattered by a horse's kick, quite past repair. In fact, it was a large oil-jar, such as the remnant of the forty thieves lurked in, when waiting for their captain's signal from Ali Baba's house; and in Attica it must have cost fifteen shillings, supposing that the philosopher did not steal it. Consequently a week's loss of house-room and credit to Oliver Goldsmith, at the rate of living then prevalent in Grub Street, was pretty much the same thing in money value as the loss to Diogenes of his crockery house by burglary, or in any nocturnal lark of young Attic wine-bibbers. The under-writers would have done an insurance upon either man at pretty much the same premium.

thus fortunately equipped for authorship, on the other hand the position of literature, as a money-making resource, was in Goldsmith's days less advantageous than in ours. We are not of that opinion; and the representation by which Mr. Forster endeavors to sustain it seems to us a showy but untenable refinement. The outline of his argument is, that the aristocratic patron had, in Goldsmith's day, by the progress of society, disappeared; he belonged to the past—that the mercenary publisher had taken his place—he represented the ugly present—but that the great reading public (that true and equitable patron, as some fancy) had not yet matured its means of effectual action upon literature; this reading public virtually, perhaps, belonged to the future. All this we steadfastly resist. No doubt the old full-blown patron, *en grand costume*, with his heraldic bearings emblazoned at the head of the dedication, was dying out, like the golden pippin. But he still lingered in sheltered situations. And part of the machinery by which patronage had ever moved, viz., using influence for obtaining subscriptions, was still in capital working order—a fact which we know from Goldsmith himself, (see the *Enquiry;*) for he tells us that a popular mode of publication amongst bad authors, and certainly it needed no publisher's countersign, was by means of subscription papers; upon which, as we believe, a considerable instalment was usually paid down when as yet the book existed only by way of title-page, supposing that the whole sum were not even paid *up*. Then as to the publisher, (a nuisance, we dare say, in all stages of his natural history,) *he* could not have been a weed first springing up in Goldsmith's time, but must always have been an indispensable broker or middleman between the author and the world. In the days even of Horace and Martial the book-*seller* (bibliopola) clearly acted as book-*publisher*. Amongst other passages proving this, and showing undeniably that Martial at least had sold the copyright of his work to *his* publisher, is one arguing pretty certainly that the price of a gay drawing-room copy must have been hard upon £1, 11s. 6d. Did ever any man hear the like? A New York newspaper would have been too happy to pirate the whole of Martial had he been three times as big, and would have engaged to drive the bankrupt publisher into a mad-house for twopence. Now, it cannot be supposed that Martial, a gay, light-hearted fellow, willing to let the public have his book for a shilling, or perhaps for love, had been the person to put that ridiculous price upon it. We may conclude that it was the publisher. As to the public, *that* respectable character must always have presided over the true and final court of appeal, silently defying alike the *prestige* of patronage and the intriguing mysteries of publishing. Lordly patronage might fill the sails of one edition, and masterly publishing of three. But the books that ran contagiously through the educated circles, or that lingered amongst them for a generation, must have owed their success to the unbiassed feelings of the reader—not overawed by authority, not mystified by artifice. Varying, however, in whatever proportion as to power, the three possible parties to an act of publication will always be seen intermittingly at work—the voluptuous, self-indulging public, and the insidious publisher, of course; but even the brow-beating patron still exists in a new *avatar*. Formerly he made his descent upon earth in the shape of dedicatee; and it is true that this august being, to whom dedications burned incense upon an altar, withdrew into sunset and twilight during Goldsmith's period; but he still revisits the glimpses of the moon in the shape of author. When the *auctoritas* of a peer could no longer sell a book by standing at the head of a dedication, it lost none of its power when standing on a title-page as the author. Vast catalogues might be composed of books and pamphlets that have owed a transient success to no other cause on earth than the sonorous title, or the distinguished position, of those who wrote them. Ceasing to patronize other people's books, the grandee has still power to patronize his own. All *celebrities* have this form of patronage. And, for instance, had the boy Jones* (otherwise called Inigo Jones) possessed enough of book-making skill to forge a plausible curtain-lecture, as overheard by himself when concealed in her majesty's bed-room, ten steam-presses working day and night would not have supplied the public demand; and even her majesty must herself have sent for a large-paper copy, were it only to keep herself *au courant* of English literature. In short, first, the extrinsic patronage of books; secondly, the self-patronage of books in right of their merits; and thirdly, the artificial machineries for diffusing the knowledge of their existence, are three forces in current literature that ever *have* existed and must exist, in some imperfect degree. Horace recognizes them in his

"Non Dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

The *Dî* are the paramount public, arbitrating finally on the fates of books, and generally on some just ground of judgment, though it may be fearfully exaggerated on the scale of importance. The *homines* are the publishers; and a sad *homo* the publisher sometimes is, particularly when he commits insolvency. But the *columnæ* are those pillars of state, the grandees of our own age, or any other patrons, that support the golden canopy of our transitory pomps, and thus shed an alien glory of colored light from above upon the books falling within that privileged area.

We are not therefore of Mr. Forster's opinion, that Goldsmith fell upon an age less favorable to the expansion of literary powers, or to the

* It may be necessary to explain, for the sake of the many persons who have come amongst the reading public since the period of the incident referred to, that this was a boy called Jones, who was continually entering Buckingham palace clandestinely, was as regularly ejected by the police, but with respectable pertinacity constantly returned and on one occasion effected a lodgment in the royal bed-chamber. Some happy wit, in just admiration of such perseverance and impudence, christened him, *In-I-go Jones*.

attainment of literary distinction, than any other. The patron might be a tradition—but the public was not therefore a prophecy. My lord's trumpets had ceased to sound, but the *vox populi* was not therefore muffled. The means indeed of diffusive advertisement and of rapid circulation, the combinations of readers into reading societies, and of roads into iron net-works, were as yet imperfectly developed. These gave a potent stimulus to periodic literature. And a still more operative difference between ourselves and them is—that a new class of people has since then entered our reading public, viz., the class of artisans and of all below the gentry, which (taken generally) was in Goldsmith's day a cipher as regarded any real encouragement to literature. In our days, if *The Vicar of Wakefield* had been published as a Christmas tale, it would have produced a fortune to the writer. In Goldsmith's time, few below the gentry were readers on any large scale. So far there really *was* a disadvantage. But it was a disadvantage which applied chiefly to novels. The new influx of readers in our times, the collateral affluents into the main stream from the mechanic and provincial sections of our population, which have centupled the volume of the original current, cannot be held as telling favorably upon literature, or telling at all, except in the departments of popularized science, of religion, of fictious tales, and of journalism. To be a reader, is no longer, as once it was, to be of a meditative turn. To be a *very* popular author is no longer that honorary distinction which once it might have been amongst a more elevated because more select body of readers. We do not say this invidiously, or with any special reference. But it is evident that writers and readers must often act and react for reciprocal degradation. A writer of this day, either in France or England, to be *very* popular, must be a story-teller; which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself, nor, secondly, tending to permanence. All novels whatever, the best equally with the worst, have faded almost with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a superscription above the whole class. The modes of combining characters, the particular objects selected for sympathy, the diction, and often the manners,* hold up an imperfect mirror to any generation that is not their own. And the reader of novels belonging to an obsolete era, whilst acknowledging the skill of the groupings, or the beauty of the situations, misses the echo to that particular revelation of human nature which has met him in the social aspects of his own day; or too often he is perplexed by an expression which, having dropped into a lower use, disturbs the unity of the impression, or is revolted by a coarse sentiment, which increasing refinement has made unsuitable to the sex or to the rank of the character. How bestial and degrading at this day seem many of the scenes in Smollett! How coarse are the ideas of Fielding!—his odious Squoire Western, his odious Tom Jones. What a gallery of histrionic masqueraders is thrown open in the novels of Richardson, powerful as they were once found by the two leading nations of the earth. A popular writer, therefore, who, *in order* to be popular, must speak through novels, speaks to what is least permanent in human sensibilities. That is already to be self-degraded. *Secondly*, because the novel-reading class is by far the most comprehensive one, and being such, must count as a large majority amongst its members those who are poor in capacities of thinking, and are passively resigned to the instinct of immediate pleasure—to these the writer must chiefly humble himself; he must study *their* sympathies, must assume them, must give them back. In our days, he must give them back even their own street slang; so servile is the modern novelist's dependence on his *canaille* of an audience. In France, amongst the Sues, &c., it has been found necessary to give back even the closet portraits of obscene atrocities that shun the light, and burrow only in the charnel-houses of vast manufacturing towns. Finally, the very principle of commanding attention only by the interest of a tale, which means the interest of a momentary curiosity that is to vanish forever in a sense of satiation, and of a momentary suspense that, having once collapsed, can never be rekindled, is in itself a confession of reliance upon the meaner offices of the mind. The result from all which is—that to be popular in the most extensive walk of popularity, that is, as a novelist, a writer must generally be in a very considerable degree self-degraded by sycophancy to the lowest order of minds, and cannot (except for mercenary purposes) think himself advantageously placed.

To have missed, therefore, this enormous expansion of the reading public, however unfortunate for Goldsmith's purse, was a great escape for his intellectual purity. Every man has two-edged tendencies lurking within himself, pointing in one direction to what will expand the elevating principles of his nature, pointing in another to what will tempt him to its degradation. A mob is a dreadful audience for chafing and irritating the latent vulgarisms of the human heart. Exaggeration and carricature, before such a tribunal, become inevitable, and sometimes almost a duty. The genial but not very delicate humor of Goldsmith would in such circumstances have slipped, by the

*Often, but not so uniformly (the reader will think) as the diction, because the manners are sometimes not those of the writer's own age, being ingenious adaptations to meet the modern writer's conjectural ideas of ancient manners. These, however, (even in Sir Walter Scott,) are precisely the most mouldering parts in the entire architecture, being always (as, for instance, in Ivanhoe) fantastic, caricatured, and betraying the true modern ground gleaming through the artificial tarnish of antiquity. All novels, in every language, are hurrying to decay; and hurrying by *internal* changes—were those all; but, in the mean time, the everlasting life and fertility of the human mind is forever accelerating this hurry by *superseding* them, *i. e.*, by an external change. Old forms, fading from the interest, or even from the apprehension, have no chance at all as against new forms embodying the same passions. It is only in the grander passions of poetry, allying themselves with forms more abstract and permanent, that such a conflict of the old with the new is possible.

most natural of transitions, into buffoonery; the unaffected pathos of Goldsmith would, by a monster audience, have been debauched into theatrical sentimentality. All the motions of Goldsmith's nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet, the gentle. In the quiet times, politically speaking, through which his course of life travelled, he found a musical echo to the tenor of his own original sensibilities—in the architecture of European history, as it unfolded its proportions along the line of his own particular experience, there was a symmetry with the proportions of his own unpretending mind. Our revolutionary age would have unsettled his brain. The colossal movements of nations, from within and from without; the sorrow of the times, which searches so deeply; the grandeur of the times, which aspires so loftily; these forces, acting for the last fifty years by secret sympathy upon our fountains of thinking and impassioned speculation, have raised them from depths never visited by our fathers, into altitudes too dizzy for *their* contemplating. This generation and the last, with their dreadful records, would have untuned Goldsmith for writing in the key that suited him; and *us* they would have untuned for understanding his music, had we not learned to understand it in childhood, before the muttering hurricanes in the upper air had begun to reach our young ears, and forced them away to the thundering overhead, from the carolling of birds amongst earthly bowers.

Goldsmith, therefore, as regards the political aspects of his own times, was fortunately placed; a thrush or a nightingale is hushed by the thunderings which are awakening to Jove's eagle. But an author stands in relation to other influences than political; and some of these are described by Mr. Forster as peculiarly unfavorable to comfort and respectability at the era of Goldsmith's novitiate in literature. Will Mr. Forster excuse us for quarrelling with his whole doctrine upon this subject?—a subject and a doctrine continually forced upon our attention, in these days, by the extending lines of our own literary order, and continually refreshed in warmth of coloring by the contrast as regards *social* consideration, between our literary body and the corresponding order in France. The questions arising have really a general interest, as well as a special one, in connection with Goldsmith; and therefore we shall stir them a little, not with any view of exhausting the philosophy that is applicable to the case, but simply of amusing some readers, (since Pliny's remark on history is much more true of literature or literary gossip, viz., that "*quoquo* modo scripta delectat;") and with the more ambitious purpose of recalling some other readers from precipitate conclusions upon a subject where nearly all that is most plausible happens to be most untrue.

Mr. Forster, in his views upon the *social* rights of literature, is rowing pretty nearly in the same boat as Mr. Carlyle in *his* views upon the rights of labor. Each denounces, or by implication denounces, as an oppression and a nuisance, what *we* believe to be a necessity inalienable from the economy and structure of our society. Some years ago Mr. Carlyle offended us all (or all of us that were interested in social philosophy) by enlarging on a social affliction, which few indeed needed to see exposed, but most men would have rejoiced to see remedied, if it were but on paper, and by way of tentative suggestion. Precisely at that point, however, where his aid was invoked, Mr. Carlyle halted. So does Mr. Forster with regard to *his* grievance; he states it, and we partly understand him—as ancient Pistol says—"We hear him with ears;" and when we wait for him to go on, saying—"Well, here 's a sort of evil in life, how would you redress it? you 've shown, or you 've made another hole in the tin-kettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?"—behold! he is suddenly almost silent. But this cannot be allowed. The right to insist upon a well-known grievance cannot be granted to that man (Mr. Carlyle, for instance, or Mr. Forster) who uses it as matter of blame and denunciation, unless at the same time he points out the methods by which it could have been prevented. He that simply bemoans an evil has a right to his moan, though he should make no pretensions to a remedy; but he that criminates—that imputes the evil as a fault—that charges the evil upon selfishness or neglect lurking in some alterable arrangements of society, has no right to do so, unless he can instantly sketch the remedy; for the very first step by which he could have learned that the evil involved a blame, the first step that could have entitled him to denounce it as a wrong, must have been that step which brought him within the knowledge (wanting to everybody else) that it admitted of a cure. A wrong it could not have been even in *his* eyes, so long as it was a necessity, nor a ground of complaint until the cure appeared to him a possibility. And the over-riding motto for these parallel speculations of Messrs. Carlyle and Forster, in relation to the frailties of our social system, ought to have been—"*Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis.*" Unless with this watchword, they had no right to commence their crusading march. *Curable* evils justify clamorous complaints; the incurable justify only prayers.

Why it was that Mr. Carlyle, in particular, halted so steadily at the point where his work of love was first beginning, it is not difficult to guess. As the "Statutes at large" have not one word against the liberty of unlicensed hypothesis, it is conceivable that Mr. C. might have indulged a little in that agreeable pastime: but this, he was well aware, would have brought him in one moment under the fire of Political Economy, from the whole vast line of its modern batteries. These gentlemen, the economists, would have torn to ribbons, within fifteen minutes, any *positive* speculation for amending the evil. It was better, therefore, to keep within the trenches of the blank negative, pointing to everything as *wrong*—horri-

bly wrong, but never hinting at the mysterious *right;* which, to this day, we grieve to say, remains as mysterious as ever.*

Passing to Mr. Forster, who (being capable of a splendor so original) disappoints us most when he reminds us of Mr. Carlyle, by the most disagreeable of that gentleman's phraseological forms; and, in this instance, by a speculation twin-sister to the economic one just noticed—we beg to premise, that in anything here said, it is far from our wish to express disaffection to the cause of our literary brothers. We grudge them nothing that they are ever likely to get. We wish even that the house of commons would see cause for creating *majorats* in behalf of us all; only whispering in the ear of that honorable house to appoint a Benjamin's portion to ourselves—as the parties who suggested the idea. But what is the use of benevolently bequeathing larks for dinner to all literary men, in all time coming, if the sky must fall before they can bag our bequest? We shall discuss Mr. Forster's views, not perhaps according to any arrangement of his, but according to the order in which they come back to our own remembrance.

Goldsmith's period, Mr. F. thinks, was bad—not merely by the transitional misfortune (before noticed) of coming too late for the patron, and too soon for the public, (which is the compound ill-luck of being a day after one fair, and a month too soon for the next)—but also by some coöperation in this evil destiny through misconduct on the part of authors themselves, (p. 70.) Not the "circumstances" only of authors were damaged, but the "literary character" itself. We are sorry to hear *that*. But, as long as they did not commit murder, we have a great indulgence for the frailties of authors. If ever the "benefit of clergy" could be fairly pleaded, it might have been by Grub street for petty larceny. The "clergy" they surely could have pleaded; and the call for larceny was so audible in their condition, that in *them* it might be called an instinct of self-preservation, which surely was not implanted in man to be disobeyed. One word allow us to say on these three topics:—1. The condition of the literary body in its hard-working section at the time when Goldsmith belonged to it. 2. Upon the condition of that body in England as compared with that of the corresponding body in France. 3. Upon the condition of the body in relation to patronage purely *political*.

1. The pauperized (or Grub street) section of the literary body, at the date of Goldsmith's taking service amongst it, was (in Mr. Forster's estimate) at its very lowest point of depression. And one comic presumption in favor of that notion we ourselves remember; viz., that Smart, the prose translator of Horace, and a well-built scholar, actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years.* What could move the rapacious publisher to draw the lease for this monstrous term of years, we cannot conjecture. Surely the villain might have been content with threescore years and ten. But think, reader, of poor Smart two years after, upon another publisher's applying to him vainly for contributions, and angrily demanding what possible objection could be made to offers so liberal, being reduced to answer—"No objection, sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to run." The bookseller saw that he must not apply again in *that* century; and, in fact, Smart could no longer let himself, but must be sub-let (if let at all) by the original lessee. Query now—was Smart entitled to vote as a freeholder, and Smart's children, (if any were born during the currency of the lease) would they be serfs, and *ascripti prelo?* Goldsmith's own terms of self-conveyance to Griffiths—the terms we mean on which he "conveyed" his person and free-agency to the uses of the said Griffiths (or his assigns?)—do not appear to have been much more dignified than Smart's in the quality of the *conditions*, though considerably so in the duration of the *term;* Goldsmith's lease being only for one year, and not for ninety-nine, so that he had (as the reader perceives) a clear ninety-eight years at his own disposal. We suspect that poor Oliver, in his guileless heart, never congratulated himself on having made a more felicitous bargain. Indeed, it was not so bad, if everything be considered; Goldsmith's situation at the time was bad; and for that very reason the lease (otherwise monstrous) was *not* bad. He was to have lodging, board, and, "a small salary," *very* small, we suspect; and in return for all these blessings, he had nothing to do, but to sit still at a table, to work hard from an early hour in the morning until 2, P. M., (at which elegant hour we presume that the parenthesis of dinner occurred,) but also—which, not being an article in the lease, might have been set aside, on a motion before the King's Bench—to endure without mutiny the correction and revisal of all his MSS. by *Mrs.* Griffiths, wife to Dr. G. the lessee. This affic-

* It ought, by this time, to be known equally amongst governments and philosophers—that for the state to promise with sincerity the absorption of surplus labor as fast as it accumulates, cannot be postulated as a duty, until it can first be demonstrated as a possibility. This was forgotten, however, by Mr. C., whose vehement complaints, that the arable field, without a ploughman, should be in one county, whilst in another county was the stout ploughman without a field; and sometimes, (which was worse still,) that the surplus ploughmen should far outnumber the surplus fields, certainly proceeded on the secret assumption that all this was within the remedial powers of the state. The same doctrine was more openly avowed by various sections of our radicals, who (in their occasionally insolent petitions to parliament) many-times asserted that one main use and function of a government was—to find work for everybody. At length, [February and March, 1848,] we see this doctrine solemnly adopted by a French body of rulers, self-appointed, indeed, or perhaps appointed by their wives, and so far sure, in a few weeks, to be answerable for nothing; but, on the other hand, adopting it as a practical *undertaking*, in the lawyer's sense, and by no means as a mere gayety of rhetoric. Meantime, they themselves will be "broken," before they will have had time for being reproached with broken promises; though neither fracture is likely to require much above the length of a quarantine.

* When writing this passage, we were not aware (as we now are) that Mr. Forster had himself noticed the case.

tion of Mrs. *Dr.* G. surmounting his shoulders, and controlling his pen, seems to us not at all less dreadful than that of Sinbad when indorsed with the old man of the sea; and we, in Goldsmith's place, should certainly have tried how far Sinbad's method of abating the nuisance had lost its efficacy by time, viz., the tempting our oppressor to get drunk* once or twice a-day, and then suddenly throwing Mrs. Dr. G. off her perch. From that "bad eminence," which she had audaciously usurped, what harm could there be in thus dismounting this "old *woman* of the sea?" And as to an occasional thump or so on the head, which Mrs. Dr. G. might have caught in tumbling, that was *her* look-out; and might besides have improved her style. For really now, if the candid reader will believe us, we know a case, odd certainly but very true, where a young man, an author by trade,† who wrote pretty well, happening to tumble out of a first-floor in London, was afterwards observed to grow very perplexed and almost unintelligible in his style; until some years later, having the good fortune (like Wallenstein at Vienna) to tumble out of a two-pair of stairs window, he slightly fractured his skull, but on the other hand, recovered the brilliancy of his long fractured style. Some people there are of our acquaintance who would need to tumble out of the attic story before they could seriously improve their style.

Certainly these conditions—the hard work, the being chained by the leg to the writing-table, and above all the having one's pen chained to that of Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, *do* seem to countenance Mr. F.'s idea, that Goldsmith's period was the purgatory of authors. And we freely confess—that excepting Smart's ninety-nine years' lease, or the contract between the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we never heard of a harder bargain driven with any literary man. Smart, Faustus, and Goldsmith, were clearly overreached. Yet, after all, was this treatment in any important point (excepting as regards Dr. Faustus) worse than that given to the whole college of Grub street, in the days of Pope? The first edition of the Dunciad dates from 1727; Goldsmith's matriculation in Grub street dates from 1757—just thirty years later; which is one generation. And it is important to remember that Goldsmith, at this time in his twenty-ninth year, was simply an usher at an obscure boarding-school; had never practised writing for the press; and had not even himself any faith at all in his own capacity for writing. It is a singular fact, which we have on Goldsmith's own authority, that until his thirtieth year (that is, the year spent with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths) it never entered into his head that literature was his natural vocation. That vanity, which has been so uncandidly and sometimes so falsely attributed to Goldsmith, was compatible, we see, if at all it existed, with the humblest estimate of himself. Still, however much this deepens our regard for a man of so much genius united with so much simplicity and unassumingness—humility would not be likely to raise his salary; and we must not forget that his own want of self-esteem would reasonably operate on the terms offered by Griffiths. A man, who regarded himself as little more than an amanuensis, could not expect much better wages than an under-gardener, which perhaps he had. And weighing all this, we see little to have altered in the lease—that was fair enough; only as regarded the execution of the lease, we really must have protested, under any circumstances, against Mrs. Doctor Griffiths. That woman would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher. There we should have made a ferocious stand; and should have struck for much higher wages, before we could have brought our mind to think of a capitulation. It is remarkable, however, that this year of humble servitude was not only (or, as if by accident) the epoch of Goldsmith's intellectual development, but also the occasion of it. Nay, if all were known, perhaps it may have been to Mrs. Doctor Griffiths in particular, that we owe that revolution in his self-estimation which made Goldsmith an author by deliberate choice. Hag-ridden every day, he must have plunged and kicked violently to break loose from this harness; but, not impossibly, the very effort of contending with the hag, when brought into collision with his natural desire to soothe the hag, and the inevitable counter-impulse in any continued practice of composition, towards the satisfaction at the same time of his own reason and taste, must have furnished a most salutary *palæstra* for the education of his literary powers. When one lives at Rome, one must do as they do at Rome: when one lives with a hag, one must accommodate oneself to haggish caprices; besides, that once in a month the hag might be right; or, if not, and supposing her *always* in the wrong, which perhaps is too much to assume even of Mrs. Dr. G., *that* would but multiply the difficulties of reconciling *her* demands with the demands of the general reader and of Goldsmith's own judgment. And in the pressure of these difficulties would lie the very value of this rough Spartan education. Rope-dancing cannot be very agreeable in its elementary lessons; but it must be a capital process for calling out the agilities that slumber in a man's legs.

Still, though these hardships turned out so beneficially to Goldsmith's intellectual interests, and consequently so much to the advantage of all who have since delighted in his works, not the less on that account they *were* hardships, and hardships that imposed heavy degradation. So far, therefore, they would seem to justify Mr. Forster's characterization of Goldsmith's period by comparison with Addison's period* on the one side, and our own on the other. But, on better examination,

* We wish the printers would invent a mark signifying horror! To hear this pure Reviewer!—[*An American Temperate.*]

† His name began with A, and ended with N; there are but three more letters in the name, and if doubt arises upon our story, in the public mind, we shall publish them.

* If Addison died (as we think he did) in 1717, then because Goldsmith commenced authorship in 1757, there would be forty years between the two periods. But, as it would be fairer to measure from the centre of Addison's literary career, *i. e.*, from 1707, the difference would be just half a century.

it will be found that this theory is sustained only by an unfair selection of the antithetic objects in the comparison. Compare Addison's age *generally* with Goldsmith's—authors, prosperous, or unprosperous, in each age taken indiscriminately—and the two ages will be found to offer "much of a muchness." But, if you take the paupers of one generation to contrast with the grandees of another, how is there any justice in the result? Goldsmith at starting was a penniless man. Except by random accidents he had not money enough to buy a rope, in case he had fancied himself in want of such a thing. Addison, on the contrary, was the son of a tolerably rich man; lived gayly at a most aristocratic college, (Magdalen,) in a most aristocratic university; formed early and brilliant connections with the political party that were magnificently preponderant until the last four years of Queen Anne; travelled on the continent, not as a pedestrian mendicant, housing with owls, and thankful for the bounties of a village fair, but with the appointments and introductions of a young nobleman; and became a secretary of state not by means of his "delicate humor," as Mr. Forster chooses to suppose, but through splendid patronage, and (speaking *Hibernicé*) through a "strong back." His bad verses, his Blenheim, his Cato, in later days, and other rubbish, had been the only part of his works that aided his rise; and even these would have availed him little, had he not originally possessed a *locus standi*, from which he could serve his artilleries of personal flattery with commanding effect, and could *profit* by his successes. As to the really exquisite part of his writings, *that* did him no yeoman's service at all, nor *could* have done; for he was a made man, and had almost received notice to quit this world of prosperous whiggery before he had finished those exquisite prose miscellanies. Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, &c., all owed their social positions to early accidents of good connections and sometimes of luck, which would not indeed have supplied the place of personal merit, but which gave lustre and effect to merit where it existed in strength. There were authors, quite as poor as Goldsmith in the Addisonian age; there were authors quite as rich as Pope, Steele, &c., in Goldsmith's age, and having the same social standing. Goldsmith struggled with so much distress, not because his period was more inauspicious, but because his connections and starting advantages were incomparably less important. His profits were so trivial because his capital was next to none.

So far, as regards the comparison between Goldsmith's age and the one immediately before it. But now, as regards the comparison with our own, removed by two generations—can it be said truly that the literary profession has risen in estimation, or is rising? There is a difficulty in making such an appraisement; and from different minds there would proceed very different appraisements; and even from the same mind, surveying the case at different stations. For, on the one hand, if a greater breadth of social respectability catches the eye on looking carelessly over the body of our modern literati, which may be owing chiefly to the large increase of gentlemen that in our day have entered the field of literature, on the other hand, the hacks and *handicraftsmen* whom the shallow education of newspaper journalism has introduced to the press, and whom poverty compels to labors not meriting the name of literature, are correspondingly expanding their files. There is, however, one reason from analogy, which may incline us to suppose that a higher consideration is now generally conceded to the purposes of literature, and consequently, a juster estimate made of the persons who minister to those purposes. Literature—provided we use that word not for the mere literature of knowledge, but for the literature of power—using it for literature as it speaks to what is genial in man, viz., to the human *spirit* and *not* for literature, (falsely so called,) as it speaks to the meagre understanding—is a fine art; and not only so, it is the supreme of the fine arts; nobler, for instance, potentially, than painting, or sculpture, or architecture. Now, *all* the fine arts, *that popularly are called such*, have risen in esteem within the last generation. The most aristocratic of men will now ask into his own society an artist, whom fifty years ago he would have transferred to the house-steward's table. And why? Not simply because more attention having been directed to the arts, more notoriety has gathered about the artist; for that sort of *eclat* would not work any durable change; but it is because the interest in the arts having gradually become much more of an enlightened interest, the public has been slowly trained to fix its attention upon the *intellect* which is pre-supposed in the arts, rather than upon the offices of *pleasure* to which they minister. The fine arts have now come to be regarded rather as powers that are to mould, than as luxuries that are to embellish. And it has followed that artists are valued more by the elaborate agencies which they guide, than by the fugitive sensations of wonder or sympathy which they evoke.

Now this is a change honorable to both sides. The public has altered its estimate of certain men; and yet has not been able to do so, without previously enlarging its idea of the means through which those men operate. It could not elevate the men, without previously elevating itself. But if so, then, in correcting their appreciation of the fine arts, the public must simultaneously have corrected their appreciation of literature; because, whether men have or have not been in the habit of regarding literature as a fine art, this they must have felt, viz., that literature, in its more genial functions, works by the very same organs as the liberal arts, speaks to the same heart, operates through the same compound nature, and educates the same deep sympathies with mysterious ideals of beauty. *There* lies the province of the arts usually acknowledged as fine or liberal: *there* lies the province of fine or liberal literature. And with justifiable pride a *littérateur* may say—that

his fine art wields a sceptre more potent than any other; literature is more potent than other fine arts, because *deeper* in its impressions according to the usual tenor of human sensibilities; because more *extensive*, in the degree that books are more diffused than pictures or statues; because more *durable*, in the degree that language is durable beyond marble or canvass, and in the degree that vicarious powers are opened to books for renewing their phœnix immortality through unlimited translations: powers denied to painting except through copies that are feeble, and denied to sculpture except through casts that are costly.

We infer that, as the fine arts have been rising, literature (on the secret feeling that essentially it moves by the same powers) must also have been rising; that as the arts will continue to rise literature will continue to rise; and that in both cases the men, the ministers, must ascend in social consideration as the things, the ministrations ascend. But there is another form in which the same result offers itself to our notice; and this should naturally be the last paragraph in this section 1, but, as we have little room to spare, it may do equally well as the first paragraph in section 2, viz., on the condition of our own literary body by comparison with the same body in France.

2. Who were the people amongst ourselves that throughout the eighteenth century chiefly came forward as undervaluers of literature? They belonged to two very different classes—the aristocracy and the commercial body, who agreed in the thing, but on very different impulses. To the mercantile man the author was an object of ridicule, from natural poverty; *natural*, because there was no regular connection between literature and any mode of money-making. By accident the author might *not* be poor, but professionally or according to any obvious opening for an income he *was*. Poverty was the badge of all his tribe. Amongst the aristocracy the instinct of contempt or at least of slight regard towards literature was supported by the irrelation of literature to the *state*. Aristocracy itself was the flower and fruitage of the state; a nobility was possible only in the ratio of the grandeur and magnificence developed for *social* results; so that a poor and unpopulous nation cannot create a great aristocracy: the flower and foliation must be in relation to the stem and the radix out of which they germinate. Inevitably, therefore, a nobility so great as the English—that not in pride but in the mere logic of its political relations, felt its order to be a sort of heraldic shield, charged with the trophies and ancestral glories of the nation—could not but in its *public* scale of appreciation estimate every profession and rank of men by the mode of their natural connection with the state. Law and arms, for instance, were honored, not because any capricious precedent had been established of a title to public honor in favor of those professions, but because through their essential functions they opened for themselves a permanent necessity of introsusception into the organism of the state. A great lawofficer, a great military leader, a popular admiral, *is* already, by virtue of his functions, a noble in men's account, whether you gave or refused him a title; and in such cases it has alway been the policy of an aristocratic state to confer, or even impose, the title, lest the disjunction of the virtual nobility from the titular should gradually disturb the estimate of the latter. But literature, by its very grandeur, is degraded socially; for its relations are essentially cosmopolitan, or, speaking more strictly, not cosmopolitan, which might mean to all other peoples considered as national states, whereas literature has no relation to any sections or social schisms amongst men—its relations are to the race. In proportion as any literary work rises in its pretensions; for instance, if it works by the highest forms of passion, its *nisus*—its natural effort—is to address the race, and not any individual nation. That it found a bar to this *nisus*, in a limited language, was but an accident: the essential relations of every great intellectual work are to those capacities in man by which he tends to brotherhood, and not to those by which he tends to alienation. Man is ever coming nearer to agreement, ever narrowing his differences, notwithstanding that the interspace may cost an eternity to traverse. Where the agreement is, not where the difference is, in the centre of man's affinities, not of his repulsions, *there* lies the magnetic centre towards which all poetry that is potent, and all philosophy that is faithful, are eternally travelling by natural tendency. Consequently, if indirectly literature may hold a patriotic value as a gay plumage in the cap of a nation, directly, and by a far deeper tendency, literature is essentially alien. A poet, a book, a system of religion, belongs to the nation best qualified for appreciating their powers, and not to the nation that perhaps by accident gave them birth. How, then, is it wonderful that an intense organ of the social principle in a nation, viz., a nobility, should fail in their professional character, to rate highly, or even to recognize as having any proper existence, a fine art which is by tendency anti-social; (anti-social in this sense, that what it seeks, it seeks by transcending all social barriers and separations?) Yet it is remarkable that in England, where the aristocracy for three centuries (16th, 17th, 18th) paid so little honor, in their public or corporate capacity, to literature, privately they honored it with a rare courtesy. That same grandee, who would have looked upon Camden, Ben Jonson, Selden, or Hobbes, as an audacious intruder, if occupying any prominent station at a state festival, would have received him with a kind of filial reverence in his own mansion; for in this place, as having no national reference, as sacred to hospitality, which regards the human tie, and not the civic tie, he would be at liberty to regard the man of letters in his cosmopolitan character. And on the same instinct, a prince in the very meanest state would, in a state-pageant commemorating the national honors, assign a distinguished place to the

national high-admiral, though he were the most stupid of men, and would utterly neglect the stranger Columbus. But in his own palace, and at his own table, he would perhaps invert this order of precedency, and would place Columbus at his own right hand.

Some such principle, as is here explained, did certainly prevail in the practice (whether consciously perceived or not in the philosophy) of that England which extended through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First in the eighteenth century all honor to literature under *any* relation began to give way. And why? Because expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, then first called into the field of literature an inferior class of laborers. Then first it was that, from the noblest of professions, literature became a trade. Literature it was that gave the first wound to literature; the hack scribbler it was that first degraded the lofty literary artist. For a century and a half we have lived under the shade of this fatal revolution. But, however painful such a state of things may be to the keen sensibilities of men pursuing the finest of vocations—carrying forward as inheritors from past generations the eternal chase after truth, and power, and beauty—still we must hold that the dishonor to literature has issued from internal sources proper to herself, and not from without. The nobility of England have for three and a half centuries personally practised literature as an elevated accomplishment: our royal and noble authors are numerous; and they would have continued the same cordial attentions to the literary body, had that body maintained the same honorable composition. But a *littérateur*, simply *as* such, it is no longer safe to distinguish with favor; once, but not now, he was liable to no misjudgment. Once he was pretty sure to be a man of some genius, or, at the least, of unusual scholarship. Now, on the contrary, a mob of traitors have mingled with the true men; and the loyal perish with the disloyal, because it is impossible in a mob, so vast and fluctuating, for the artillery of avenging scorn to select its victims.

All this, bitter in itself, has become *more* bitter from the contrast furnished by France. We know that literature has long been misappreciated amongst ourselves. In France it has long been otherwise appreciated—more advantageously appreciated. And we infer that therefore it is in France more wisely appreciated. But this does not follow. We have ever been of opinion that the valuation of literature in France, or at least of current literature, and as it shows itself in the treatment of literary men, is unsound, extravagant, and that it rests upon a basis originally false. Simply to have been the translator from the English of some prose book, a history or a memoir, neither requiring nor admitting any display of mastery over the resources of language, conferred, throughout the eighteenth century, so advantageous a position in society upon one whom we English should view as a literary scrub or mechanic drudge, that we really had a right to expect the laws of France and the court ceremonies to reflect this feature of public manners. Naturally, for instance, any man honored so preposterously ought in law to have enjoyed, in right of his book, the *jus trium liberorum*, and perpetual immunity from taxes. Or again, as regards ceremonial honors, on any fair scale of proportions, it was reasonable to expect that to any man who had gone into a fourth edition, the royal sentinels should present arms; that to the author of a successful tragedy, the guard should everywhere turn out; and that an epic poet, if ever such a difficult birth should make its epiphany in Paris, must look to have his approach towards a *soirée* announced by a salvo of a hundred and one guns.

Our space will not allow us to go into the illustrative details of this monstrous anomaly in French society. We confine ourselves to its cause—as sufficiently explaining why it is that no imitation of such absurdities can or ought to prosper in England. The same state of things, under a different modification, takes place in Germany; and from the very same cause. Is it not monstrous, or *was* it not until within recent days, to find every German city drawing the pedantic materials, and the pedantic interest of its staple conversation from the systems and the conflicts of a few rival academic professors? Generally these paramount lords of German conversation, that swayed its movements this way or that, as a lively breeze sways a cornfield, were metaphysicians; Fichte, for instance, and Hegel. These were the arid sands that bibulously absorbed all the perennial gushings of German enthusiasm. France of the last century and the modern Germany were as to this point on the same level of foolishness. But France had greatly the advantage in point of liberality. For general literature furnishes topics a thousand times more graceful and fitted to blend with social pleasure than the sapless problems of ontological systems meant only for scholastic use.

But what then was the cause of this social deformity? Why was literature allowed eventually to disfigure itself by disturbing the natural currents of conversation, to make itself odious by usurpation, and thus virtually to operate as a mode of pedantry? It was because in neither land had the people any power of free discussion. It was because every question growing out of religion, or connecting itself with laws, or with government, or with governors, with political interests or political machineries, or with judicial courts, was an interdicted theme. The mind sought in despair for some free area wide enough to allow of boundless openings for individualities of sentiment—human enough to sustain the interests of festive discussion. That open area was found in books. In Paris to talk of politics was to talk of the king; *l'état c'est moi;* to talk of the king in any spirit of discussion, to talk of that *Jupiter optimus maximus*, from whom all fountains flowed of good and evil things, before whom stood the two golden urns, one filled with *lettres de cachet*—the other with crosses, pensions, offices, what was it but to dance on the margin of a volcano, or to swim cotil-

lions in the suction of a maelstrom! Hence it was that literature became the only safe colloquial subject of a general nature in old France; hence it was that literature furnished the only "open questions;" and hence it *is* that the mode and the expression of honor to literature in France has continued to this hour tainted with false and histrionic feeling, because originally it grew up from spurious roots, prospered unnaturally upon deep abuses in the system, and at this day (so far as it still lingers) memorializes the political bondage of the nation. Cleanse therefore—is our prayer—cleanse, oh, unknown Hercules, this Augéan stable of our English current literature, rich in dunghills, rich therefore in precipitate mushroom and fraudulent fungus, yet rich also (if we may utter our real thoughts)—rich preëminently at this hour in seed-plots of immortal growths, and in secret vegetations of volcanic strength;—cleanse it (oh coming man!) but not by turning through it any river of Lethe, such as for two centuries swept over the literature of France. Purifying waters were these in one sense; they banished the accumulated depositions of barbarism; they banished Gothic tastes; yes, but they did this by laying asleep the nobler activities of a great people, and reconciling them to forgetfulness of all which commanded them as duties, or whispered to them as rights.

If, therefore, the false homage of France towards literature still survives, it is no object for imitation amongst *us;* since it arose upon a vicious element in the social composition of that people. Partially it *does* survive, as we all know by the experience of the last twenty years, during which authors, and *as* authors, (not like Mirabeau or Talleyrand in spite of authorship;) have been transferred from libraries to senates and privy councils. This has done no service to literature, but, on the contrary, has degraded it by seducing the children of literature from their proper ambition. It is the glory of literature to rise as if on wings into an atmosphere nobler than that of political intrigue. And the whole result to French literature has been—that some ten or twelve of the leading literati have been tempted away by bribes from their appropriate duties, whilst some 5000 have been made envious and discontented.

At this point, when warned suddenly that the hour-glass is running out, which measures our residuum of flying minutes, we first perceive, on looking round, that we have actually been skirmishing with Mr. Forster, from the beginning of our paper to this very line; and thus we have left ourselves but a corner for the main purpose (to which our other purpose of "argle-bargling" was altogether subordinate) of expressing emphatically our thanks to him for this successful labor of love in restoring a half-subverted statue to its upright position. We are satisfied that many thousands of readers will utter the same thanks to him, with equal fervor and with the same sincerity. Admiration for the versatile ability with which he has pursued his object is swallowed up for the moment in gratitude for his perfect success. It might have been imagined, that exquisite truth of household pathos, and of humor, with happy graces of style plastic as the air or the surface of a lake to the pure impulses of nature sweeping them by the motions of her eternal breath, were qualities authorized to justify themselves before the hearts of men, in defiance of all that sickly scorn or the condescension of masquerading envy could avail for their disturbance. And so they are: and left to plead for themselves at such a bar as unbiassed human hearts, they could not have their natural influences intercepted. But in the case of Goldsmith, literary traditions have *not* left these qualities to their natural influences. It is a fact that up to this hour the contemporary falsehoods at Goldsmith's expense, and (worse perhaps than those falsehoods) the malicious constructions of incidents partly true, having wings lent to them by the levity and amusing gossip of Boswell, continue to obstruct the full ratification of Goldsmith's pretensions. To this hour the scorn from many of his own age, runs side by side with the misgiving sense of his real native power. A feeling still survives, originally derived from his own age, that the "inspired idiot," wherever he succeeded, ought *not* to have succeeded—having owed his success to accident, or even to some inexplicable perverseness in running counter to his own nature. It was by shooting awry that he had hit the mark; and, when most he came near to the bull's eye, most of all "by rights" he ought to have missed it. He had blundered into the Traveller, into Mr. Croaker, into Tony Lumkin; and not satisfied with such dreadful blunders as these, he had consummated his guilt by blundering into the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Deserted Village; atrocities over which in effect we are requested to drop the veil of human charity; since the more gem-like we may choose to think these works, the more unnatural, audacious, and indeed treasonable, it was in an idiot to produce them.

In this condition of Goldsmith's traditionary character, so injuriously disturbing to the natural effect of his inimitable works, (for in its own class each of his best works *is* inimitable,) Mr. Forster steps forward with a three-fold exposure of the falsehood inherent in the anecdotes upon which this traditional character has arisen. Some of these anecdotes he challenges as *literally* false; others as virtually so; they are true perhaps, but under such a version of their circumstances as would altogether take out the sting of their offensive interpretation. For others again, and this is a profounder service, he furnishes a most just and philosophic explanation, that brings them at once within the reader's toleration, nay, sometimes within a deep reaction of pity. As a case, for instance, of downright falsehood, we may cite the well-known story told by Boswell—that, when Goldsmith travelled in France with some beautiful young English women, (meaning the Miss Hornecks,) he was seriously uneasy at the attentions which they received from the gallantry of Frenchmen, as intruding upon his own claims. Now

this story, in logical phrase, proves too much. For the man who *could* have expressed such feelings in such a situation, must have been ripe for Bedlam. Coleridge mentions a man who entertained so exalted an opinion of himself, and of his own right to apotheosis, that he never uttered that great pronoun "*I*," without solemnly taking off his hat. Even to the oblique case "*me*," which no compositor ever honors with a capital *M*, and to the possessive pronoun *my* and *mine*, he held it a duty to kiss his hand. Yet this bedlamite would not have been a competitor with a lady for the attentions paid to her in right of her sex. In Goldsmith's case, the whole allegation was dissipated in the most decisive way. Some years after Goldsmith's death, one of the sisters personally concerned in the case, was unaffectedly shocked at the printed story when coming to her knowledge, as a gross calumny; her sorrow made it evident that the whole had been a malicious distortion of some light-hearted gayety uttered by Goldsmith. There is little doubt that the story of the bloom-colored coat, and of the puppet-show, rose on a similar basis—the calumnious perversion of a jest.

But, in other cases, where there really *may* have been some fretful expression of self-esteem, Mr. Forster's explanation transfers the foible to a truer and a more pathetic station. Goldsmith's own precipitancy, his overmastering defect in proper reserve, in self-control, and in presence of mind, falling in with the habitual undervaluation of many amongst his associates, placed him at a great disadvantage in animated conversation. His very truthfulness, his simplicity, his frankness, his hurry of feeling, all told against him. They betrayed him into inconsiderate expressions that lent a color of plausibility to the malicious ridicule of those who disliked him the more, from being compelled, after all, to respect him. His own understanding oftentimes sided with his disparagers. He *saw* that he had been in the wrong; whilst secretly he *felt* that his meaning—if properly explained—had been right. Defrauded in this way, and by his own coöperation, of distinctions that naturally belonged to him, he was driven unconsciously to attempt some restoration of the balance, by claiming for a moment distinctions to which he had no real pretensions. The whole was a trick of sorrow, and of sorrowing perplexity: he felt that no justice had been done to him, and that he had himself made an opening for the wrong: the result he saw, but the process he could not disentangle; and, in the confusion of his distress, natural irritation threw him upon blind efforts to recover his ground by unfounded claims, when claims so well founded had been maliciously disallowed.

But a day of accounting comes at last—a day of rehearing for the cause, and of revision for the judgment. The longer this review has been delayed, the more impressive it becomes in the changes which it works. Welcome is the spectacle when, after three fourths of a century have passed away, a writer—qualified for such a task, by ample knowledge of things and persons, by great powers for a comprehensive estimate of the case, and for a splendid exposition of its results, with deep sensibility to the merits of the man chiefly concerned in the issue, enthusiastic, but without partizanship—comes forward to unsettle false verdicts, to recombine misarranged circumstances, and to explain anew misinterpreted facts. Such a man wields the authority of heraldic Marshals. Like the Otho of the Roman theatre, he has power to raise or to degrade—to give or to take away precedency. But, like this Otho, he has so much power, because he exercises it on known principles, and without caprice. To the man of true genius, like Goldsmith, when seating himself in humility on the lowest bench, he says —"Go thou up to a higher place. Seat thyself above those proud men, that once trampled thee in the dust. Be thy memorial upon earth—not (as of some who scorned thee) "the whistling of a name." Be thou remembered amongst men by tears of tenderness, by happy laughter, untainted with malice, and by the benedictions of those that, reverencing man's nature, see gladly its frailties brought within the gracious smile of human charity, and its nobilities levelled to the apprehension of simplicity and innocence."

Over every grave, even though tenanted by guilt and shame, the human heart, when circumstantially made acquainted with its silent records of suffering or temptation, yearns in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn *Requiescat!* how much more, then, over the grave of a benefactor to the human race! But it is a natural feeling, with respect to such a prayer, that, however fervent and sincere, it has no perfect faith in its own validity so long as any unsettled feud from ancient calumny hangs over the buried person. The unredressed wrong seems to haunt the sepulchre in the shape of a perpetual disturbance to its rest. First of all, when this wrong has been adjudicated and expiated, is the *Requiescat* uttered with a perfect faith in itself. By a natural confusion we then transfer our own feelings to the occupant of the grave. The tranquillization to our own wounded sense of justice seems like an atonement to *his*: the peace for *us* transforms itself under a fiction of tenderness into a peace for *him*: the reconciliation between the world that did the wrong and the grave that seemed to suffer it, is accomplished; the reconciler in such a case, whoever he may be, seems a double benefactor—to *him* that endured the injury—to *us* that resented it; and in the particular case now before the public, we shall all be ready to agree that this reconciling friend, who might have entitled his work *Vindiciæ Oliverianæ*, has, by the piety of his service to a man of exquisite genius, so long and so foully misrepresented, earned a right to interweave forever his own cipher and cognisance in filial union with those of OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

THE OLD MATHEMATICIAN—A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

I AM about to write of a great man—no ideal, but one who most truly lived, labored, suffered, died, and "left no sign." You will not find his name in the rolls of the Royal Society; and yet he was a wiser philosopher than nine tenths of that learned body. You will never be asked to subscribe to a testimonial immortalizing his benevolence; and yet he was a philanthropist as sincere—perhaps as great—as Clarkson. You will read no book dilating on his trials; and yet he was a hero—a martyr too. No painter ever craved permission to transmit his bodily likeness to posterity—the pen shall do it here.

Clement Griffin sprang from that rude mass which is the foundation-stone of society, but from whose rough, unformed depths many a pure marble fragment has been brought to light; and, doubtless, there might be many more, if some skilful sculptor's hand were found to breathe life and beauty into the shapeless lumps. Clement Griffin was one of the people. He bore in his person the distinctive marks which most commonly descend from one laboring generation to another—the short, ungainly stature, the large rough hand, and the ill-formed mouth, in which no curve of beauty was found. But one peculiarity of his face was too striking to be passed over: he had the eye of intellect, grey, piercing, yet at times inexpressibly soft; and deeply set under overhanging brows. These eyebrows were so remarkable, that a stranger would have noticed them—thick, bushy, iron-grey, even in youth, and meeting in a line over the nose. Had Clement lived in these phrenological days, a Spurzheim or a Gall would have gloried in the strongly-developed head; but at the close of the eighteenth century, people only regarded the internal faculties of a man's cranium, and that little enough; otherwise, Griffin would never have been the poor drudge he was, namely, master of writing and arithmetic in a provincial grammar-school.

Yet this man who, day after day, went through the dull round of duty, and might be seen trudging to and from the school in his coarse, threadbare garments, his ribbed worsted stockings, and immense clouted shoes; or in the school-room carelessly treated by the master, and made game of, for his odd old-fashioned ways, by youths only a few years his juniors—this man was an abstruse mathematician, a philosopher, a mechanist of the most ingenious kind, an astronomer, acquainted with nearly all the abstract sciences, and had pursued these various acquirements entirely unaided, save by the force of his own powerful mind. Yet, with all this learning, in his manners and habit he was as simple as a child. He would come home from his daily toil, eat his bowl of porridge and milk—for both from poverty and choice Clement Griffin was a Pythagorean—and sit down to pore over mathematical and astronomical lore, which he followed as far as the written science of the times permitted. When he could go no further on the track of others, he calculated and made discoveries for himself.

I know not how far the wisdom of my hero may be impugned, when I confess that he was a cabalist and astrologer. He was no petty charlatan, no prying sceptic; but his strong, earnest, and withal pious mind, penetrated, or sought to penetrate, into those mysteries of science and nature which the ignorant have ridiculed and the cunning made a tool of, but which many wise—aye, and religious men too—have in all ages believed. This is not the place to enter into an argument; but, while setting forth as a broad principle that no man should scoff at or condemn anything which he has not fathomed to the bottom, let us not think the worse of Clement Griffin because he was an astrologer. He pursued this favorite study, not for gain, but as a lover of science, thus carrying out the astronomical and mathematical principles which are the root of the occult art.

It is not surprising that these pursuits made Clement, even at the early age of thirty, a solitary and prematurely old man. Indeed, no one in the neighborhood ever remembered his being young. Everybody knew him, thought him an oddity, perhaps slightly mad; but his peculiarities were quite harmless, and no one ever had an ill word to say of "Old Griffin," or "Old Griff," as he has always been called, even when the parish register might have proved him just five-and-twenty. He had none of those home-ties which make the poetry of life—no mother or sister; and as for the young damsels of B——, they would as soon have thought of wedding the grim knight's statue that frowned at the church door, as of laying siege to the heart of Clement Griffin. Moreover, he had risen in mind at least above his own class—that of working artificers—and with the higher ranks he never thought to mingle; so that in every way Clement was essentially a solitary man.

He had no poetry in his composition—probably never read two rhyming lines in his life—had almost a terror of the visible poetry of the world—woman. A fair face alarmed him—the sound of a light, girlish, mocking tongue made him run away. This was not through contempt or misogyny, but merely because he understood and felt with the race of womankind even less than he did with his brother men. And he had little sympathy with the latter. There was only one feminine face that Clement ever looked at, and that was the face of a little school-girl, who, day after day, traversed the same road as he did. At first, Griffin thought this very disagreeable, as the chief reason of his choosing that road had been because it was so lonely, and no passers by ever interrupted his thoughts. But by degrees he grew accustomed to the light step that overtook his, and the passing look of a pair of brown eyes, as fearless, and yet shy, as those of a young deer.

After a while, instead of hastening off before the little school-girl had passed his door, lest he might meet her, Clement began to go out at the

precise hour she came, that he might be close behind her the whole way. He never let her see him, but walked on the other side of the road, where the overhanging hedge almost entirely concealed him. There was in the fresh innocence and glad-heartedness of the child, as she went along, dangling her school-basket, sometimes conning her lesson aloud, sometimes singing merrily —something new, and rather pleasant than otherwise, which touched even the philosopher. He often stopped in the middle of some algebraic problem which he was working in his head as he sauntered along, to listen to the little girl's unconscious singing, and wonder whether a little sister, the only one he ever had, whose small grave he passed by every Sunday, had been like her.

This one gentle and humanizing feeling was like a golden thread running through the dry and musty web of the mathematician's life;—the only spark of involuntary poetry which had ever lighted up the dark caverns of his powerful but rugged mind. The child's daily presence became almost necessary to him; and he was less glad than usual when the holidays came, since she no longer passed his door. But his engrossing pursuits soon diverted Clement's attention, and released for a time from the torment of instructing noisy, stupid, and headstrong boys into the mysteries of arithmetic, he devoted, as usual, his days to science and his nights to astronomy. When the holidays passed, Clement received a summons to attend a young ladies' school, where the former instructor in writing and arithmetic had absolutely eloped with the eldest pupil. There was no fear of Clement Griffin committing such an enormity, so he was chosen in the room of the transgressor. Wofully repugnant to all Clement's tastes was this situation; but he was so poor—poor even with his simple habits; and there was an astronomical instrument he longed to purchase, and could not; so he consented to attend Miss Simmons' class.

When Griffin entered on his duties, the first face raised to look inquiringly at the new master was that of the little school-girl. It was smiling, and pleasant, almost as if she recognized him, and Clement became less shy and uncomfortable under its influence. From that time the mathematician grew less painfully reserved—less shut up in himself. He had some human thing in which to take an interest; and his heart opened to all the world in proportion as it did to little Agnes Martindale. There was something in common between the philosopher and the child. She was, like himself, essentially solitary; one of among many brothers and sisters; she had no particular qualities to attract notice; little beauty, except those large, soft, brown eyes, and not one showy talent. It was only Clement Griffin's instruction which developed the natural bent of her mind, wherein her whole powers lay; and curious to relate, this strongly resembled his own. The master continually turned from his dull and inattentive boy pupils to this girl, who, by a faculty in general foreign to woman's mind, quickly apprehended as fast as he could teach; so that Clement, partly with a vague curiosity to see how far female capacity would go, and partly because these lessons were inexplicably pleasant to him, gradually led her on, far beyond the usual limit of feminine acquirements. When Agnes Martindale had finished her education and left school, Clement still gave her instruction: he could not bear to break the charmed tie.

Oh how mad—how blind was that man! whose mind had strength to grapple with the deepest mysteries of science and nature, and yet was unlearned as a child in reading the human heart—most of all, his own. He never dreamed for a moment that the secret influence which made life pleasant to him, and lent a new charm even to his dearest pursuits, was the universal Spirit which pervades all things; bowing alike the strongest and the weakest; the wise man and the—fool we were about to write—but no! The meanest mind becomes great when it is able to harbor Love!

Clement came in and out as he chose, at Agnes' home. When the mathematical lessons were over, the younger children played with "Aggy's old master," for something in Griffin's nature made him assimilate more with children than with men, perhaps because there was in his own simple character a curious mingling of the child and the sage, without any admixture of the man of the world. Then, by degrees, he got into the habit of establishing himself in one corner, and receiving his bowl of tea from Agnes' hands; no one ever seemed to think it necessary to talk to him or notice him any more than if he were some piece of household furniture, and so he would sit contentedly, hour after hour, in silence, until the time of rest came. Then he would quietly shake hands with one or two of the circle, with whom he was most at ease, and steal out, unobserved, to his own home. Often, when he reached it, he thought how its gloom and darkness contrasted painfully with the cheerful lights and sounds of Farmer Martindale's cosy parlor; and when he looked up at the stars, in whose influence he so firmly believed, he pondered more over the future than he was wont.

It chanced that for some weeks a long and severe illness kept Agnes from his sight, and then Clement Griffin felt and seemed like one from whom the light has suddenly been shut up. Every day he crept up to the farm to ask of children or servants the latest tidings, and none were surprised at his anxious face; it was "only Aggy's master who made such a pet of her still." When the invalid came down stairs, the first greeting that met her was his. Agnes was almost startled when she gave him her hand, to feel a hot tear drop upon it.

"You have been very kind in asking after me, Mr. Griffin. I assure you I am really better," said the unconscious girl. "I shall soon be able to go on with the lessons. Pray be content about me."

He did not answer, but went quietly to his own corner. This illness of hers had made him rest-

less. No longer satisfied with the present, he began to think of chances that might put an end to his happiness. Following too the natural inclination of his character, he one day asked Agnes to tell him the day and hour of her birth, that he might cast her horoscope, and know her future fate.

Agnes looked at him eagerly, for he had half made her a convert to his own belief. Then a sudden thought appeared to strike her. She blushed deeply, and answered in a hurried tone—"No, I had rather not know more—more than I do already—it might make me unhappy, and I am now so"—

The door opened quickly, and the girl's blush deepened to the brightest crimson, as it admitted one who had of late been as frequent a visitor as Clement himself. Griffin was never quite pleased at this, for Rupert Nicol's entrance always put a stop to the mathematical studies, and, moreover, having been one of the refractory boys at the grammar school, the young man had hardly learned to treat his former teacher with consideration. Many a whisper and look from Agnes was necessary to quell his propensity for quizzing "old Griff," even now.

Clement went home early that night, wondering why Agnes had blushed at the thought of her future fate; feeling vexed at Nicol's sudden entrance, and oppressed by a vague sense of restless disquietude, which made him seize the next half-holiday to walk to the farm. When he came there, the family were all out in the hay-harvest, the maid said, all but Miss Agnes. Clement was rather glad of this. They would have the lesson in peace and quietness. He went to the little parlor, and looked through the half-open door.

The room was very still; so still that it might have had no occupants; but there were two—Agnes and Rupert Nicol. They sat together, her right hand lay on his shoulder, and above it rested her sweet, young face, not lifted to his, but drooping and blushing with deep happiness. Her left hand was held in both of his; he was trying on the third finger a gold circlet—the wedding-ring.

That terrible moment discovered to Clement Griffin his love and its doom. The quiet, cold, dreaming philosopher found out that he was a man, with all the long-slumbering passions and emotions of man roused up within him, and he knew likewise that they were all in vain, for a love more baseless, mad, and utterly hopeless, never tortured human breast, than now racked that of Clement Griffin.

The young betrothed, as she sat in her quiet chamber, preparing for her bridal, or laid her head on her pillow, but to be haunted by dreams of her beloved, his last under words, his dearest of all dear smiles, knew not that there was another who paced night after night beneath her window, in agony so deep, so wild, that had the girl seen it her emotions would have been less of pity than of terror; who spent whole hours in lying on the cold stone steps of the threshold, which her light happy foot-fall had just crossed. Clement was no sighing dreamer, indulging in delicious sorrow, and sentimental woe; he was not young, and the one great feeling of love had never been frittered away into smaller fancies; it was no boyish ideal, but a terrible reality. He was not a poet, to make an idol of the past; the future suddenly and forever became a blank; and love itself was changed into despair.

Agnes married Rupert, and went with him to the far-off home which he had made for her. After she was gone, a few of the neighbors observed that the "Old Mathematician"—they had 'cause to call him old, now, for his hair was quite grey—that Clement Griffin seemed lost without his pupil; that he shut himself up much at home, and was more eccentric than ever; when abroad—no tongue whispered, no heart guessed, the real truth. When, a short time afterward, Clement threw up his situation, with the excuse that he was going elsewhere to bring out a new invention of his own, the only observation made was that "Mad folk always get madder the older they grow." In another year, when Agnes came home on a visit and inquired after her old teacher, the people at B—— seemed almost to have forgotten his name.

Twenty years from the last epoch in my story, a lady in widow's weeds, accompanied by two children, entered the shop of a working mathematician, in one of the large provincial towns. She wanted to have a little casket repaired; it was made of porphyry, and the lock, of very curious workmanship, had been broken. The spruce shopman, whose profusely-scented hair and aquiline nose, under which grew a delicate moustache, bespoke him that most disagreeable of modern anomalies, an Adonized Jew, examined it with a puzzled air.

"I never saw anything like this before, madam. We have nothing of the sort in our shop," he said.

"Very likely not; I did not buy it; it was made for me many years ago. I believe the lock is quite original of its kind. Do you think it possible to repair it?"

The shopman shook his head. "I don't know, ma'am; there is something very odd about it; but we have a clever workman here. I will send for him if you will wait a moment."

The lady sat down: her two boys amused themselves with peering at the curiosities of the shop, but the mother drew down her veil, and seemed rather thinking of the past than alive to the present. The shopman still pored over the casket with much curiosity.

"It must have been a skilful workman who made this, madam. Porphyry will turn the edge of our hardest tools."

The lady did not reply to his evident curiosity, except by a bend of the head; and in a few minutes the person who had been sent for came. He was a little old man, nearly bald, with grey

bushy eye-brows, and wonderfully keen eyes;—as these fell upon the casket, he started and trembled visibly.

"Do you think you can mend this, old fellow?" said the young Jew, carelessly.

The person addressed took the casket in his hand, and walked to the light. He never looked at the customer; he saw nothing but the casket; and did not notice how the lady had risen, and was watching him in extreme surprise.

"I know this well. I can easily mend it. Where did you get it, Mr. Salomans?" anxiously inquired he.

"It is mine," answered a sweet voice under the widow's veil, and a hand was stretched out to the old man. "Do you not know me, Mr. Griffin? I remembered you at once."

The casket fell from his hand. "Miss Agnes, is it you, Miss Agnes?"—he glanced at her dress.—"I beg pardon: Mrs. —— I am old, and cannot remember your name now."

"Never mind, call me anything you like; I am so glad to have found you out at last. Many a time, Rupert and I—ah! poor Rupert"—the widow's voice faltered, and her tears fell fast. A strange dimness had gathered over the eyes of Clement Griffin too. It was well that the young Jew was busy with some new customer at the other end of the shop.

"And are these children yours, Miss Agnes?" said the Old Mathematician, trying with instinctive delicacy to divert her attention, though his whole frame trembled with agitation, and his voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes! Robert and Charles, go and shake hands with Mr. Griffin; you have often heard about him. They know you quite well, indeed, dear old friend. Robert has learned all the definitions you wrote out for me, long, long ago."

"And did you think of me, Miss Agnes? how good of you!" said Clement, taking her hand with a sudden impulse, and then dropping it again in alarm, as he saw the eyes of his superior bent on him with astonishment. "We cannot talk here: may I come and see you?"

Mrs. Nicol told him where she lived, shook his hand again warmly, and departed.

"So you can mend this, Griffin, I suppose," said Salomans, with a sneer.

"Mend what!" Clement repeated, dreamily.

"The casket, you old idiot."

"Yes, I ought, for I made it myself."

"And that lady, pray do you know her?"

"A friend, an old friend—yes, I think I may say that," muttered the old man.

"Umph! I did not know you had a friend in the world. Come, off with you; nobody wants an old goose like you in the shop."

Patiently, without answering a word, the poor old man stole back to his workshop. Strange that with his commanding intellect, he should have been the slave and butt of a petty fop like this. But throughout his life, Clement Griffin, in all worldly things, was as simple as a child. Agnes Nicol felt this, with a compassion almost amounting to pain, when he told her, as they sat in her little parlor, the outward story of his life since they had last met. She discovered how more than one curious mechanical invention of his, now making a noise in the world, had brought wealth to others, while the deceived inventor toiled on, for very life, by the labor of his hands; how his talents and skill had been traded upon, and were so, even now, while he himself was treated as a poor drudge; not that he told all this, for he hardly perceived it himself; but Agnes found it out from his simple and undisguised tale.

It was to them both a strange return of old times. When the children were gone to bed, Griffin sat in the fire-side corner. Agnes had made ready for him the simple supper he always liked—bread-and-milk: when he took it from her hand, the old man put it down on the chair beside him, and burst into tears.

"You are very good to me, Miss Agnes, very! I beg your pardon, I am but a foolish old man, and you make me think of past times."

Agnes herself was much moved; the more so since she had her own story to relate—not a happy one. The girlish dream had hardly been fulfilled. Alas! when is it? But the widow's sorrow sufficiently testified to the wife's abiding love. A mother's cares were added too, for her boys were growing up; and Mrs. Nicol was poor, very poor Clement had yet seen nothing but herself; now he glanced at the meanly furnished room, and though he understood little of such things, he felt that it was hardly meet for an inhabitant like Agnes. How he longed for every coin which he had cast away, or been robbed of, that he might pour all at her feet, and then go and work for his own daily bread all his life long.

If ever an earnest, noble, disinterested love abided in human heart, it was in that of Clement Griffin. Strangely distorted though his nature was—a compound of strength and weakness—of wisdom and madness—of unworldliness that amounted to ignorance—warped through circumstances, and yet intrinsically noble—most surely there was in it one spot, an altar, that might have been a resting-place for angels' feet. Time had quenched the burning fire which once consumed him, and he could now look on Agnes' still fair face, and feel no pain. He felt thankful that she had never known his madness, or she would have despised him. It *was* madness; but Agnes was too much of a woman to have despised any true and earnest love, however presumptuous and hopeless it might have been. It was over—the wildest imagination could not rekindle its ashes now.

It was a pleasure to Agnes in her widowed and poverty-haunted solitude to have the occasional presence of the kind old man, whom in her childhood and youth she had sincerely regarded. He taught the boys, too, all that lay in his power, and it revived his old enthusiasm to take young Robert on his knee, and instruct him in pursuits to which the boy had already an ardent inclination.

"He will make a great man—a first-rate mathematician," Clement would say, while his eyes brightened, and he looked from his young scholar to the mother who had once been his pupil too, while Agnes would smile, half pensively, and only hope that her boy's life might not resemble that of the hapless enthusiast before her. Sometimes she tried to reason with him; but the old man was quite contented with his present home.

"Salomans gives me food and clothes, almost as much as I want," he argued. "What more can I desire? He only requires me to work in the day, and then I have the night for study. I am really quite content. Besides, he took me in when I had not a penny, and saved me from going to the parish perhaps," said the old man sadly. "I ought to stay with him out of gratitude; and every now and then he gives me some money too; so that in time I shall have bought back all the books I lost."

Poor, simple philosopher!—simple, yet wise—for all the sages in Christendom could not have boasted that truest, purest wisdom, which is before all things in the sight of the All-wise.

Agnes Nicol had to struggle hard to bring up her boys as she desired. As Robert's talents developed themselves, she longed to give him every advantage; but it was a hard thing even to provide him with books. Clement Griffin found out this, and soon the needful volumes were brought by him. He said they were his own—a loving and generous fiction. The old man, conquering his natural shyness, had sought for stray pieces of work from the other opticians of the town, and devoted his nights to their completion, to gain the payment which his skill readily commanded. Thus it was that his pupil's little library grew. Clement Griffin in his simplicity could imagine no other need but that of books, or else his whole nights would have been spent in thus supplying comforts to Agnes Nicol and her children.

At last Robert had a chance of obtaining advancement in the branch of learning to which his taste inclined. A distant cousin of his father's, who was a mathematical instrument maker in London, offered to take the boy for a small premium. But all the mother's contrivances could not procure the sum. Clement Griffin's sorrow was equal to hers, for he loved the boy, and was proud of his talents. Night after night, as he retraced his way homeward, the old man pondered over every possible expedient to get over this difficulty, and find the necessary money. Sometimes in his simplicity he thought of walking to London—but a hundred miles—and offering to work six months in old Nicol's shop, if he would only remit the premium for Robert. But then iron fetters could not be stronger than those self-forged chains which bound Clement, as he thought, out of gratitude, to Salomans. And then, with instinctive delicacy, he felt that Mrs. Nicol must not be made acquainted with any sacrifice for her sake, or her refusal would at once make it vain. The old man was floating in a sea of doubt and perplexity. To him coining twenty gold guineas would have seemed less difficult than earning them in the ordinary old-world fashion like any other man.

At last, as the Old Mathematician sat one night among his books, a bright idea flashed across him. Those beloved volumes suddenly assumed a value, not like that he had so long set upon them, but a marketable value. They might be sold! Had he himself been starving, the thought would have never entered Clement's mind; but for Robert—for her child—yes! he would sell them! The dusty old tomes seemed transformed into bright shining coins already, all whispering in his ear, "Do it, Clement; what good are we to an old fellow like you? Use us to make a great man of this boy, who will grow up to be famous, when you are no more." Clement turned over their leaves that he might come to some conclusion as to the definite value of these his treasures. It seemed almost like a man anatomizing his own children; so dear, so sacred were they to the old philosopher. But stronger feelings than even these were at work within. The man's noble heart triumphed over his devotion to knowledge. He sold the books.

Then, even when the struggle was over, the twenty gold coins sat like a weight of lead upon Clement's heart. Day after day he carried them with him to Mrs. Nicol's, and yet he could not tell how to give them so as to prevent her knowing through whom the gift came, and the sacrifice by which it had been purchased. At length chance opened a way. Agnes, in despair at her boy's melancholy, proposed writing to a rich relative, and entreating, not as a gift but as a loan, that he would provide the means for Robert's outset in life.

"Strangers are sometimes kinder than friends," the mother tried to moralize, "and he is almost a stranger, though connected by blood, for I never saw his face or had a letter from him in my life. Yet people say he is a good man. I will try him."

It chanced that Clement Griffin in the course of his chequered life had known this man, and known too that the outward character he bore was false. But he did not undeceive the sanguine mother, for, with a quickness, and loving stratagem, most unwonted to him, he conceived a plan of doing what the rich man would never have done. He assented eagerly, almost tremblingly, to Agnes' proposition.

"I knew him once. I will take the letter myself," cried Clement.

He took it, and returned next day with a kind message and twenty pounds, "as a gift," he said, though the eccentric but generous donor refused any acknowledgment, either personal or written. Agnes, almost wild in her joy, did not notice the quivering lips, the tremulous voice, of her old friend, nor the hasty confusion with which he retreated home. He had suffered more from the contrivance of this *ruse* than even from the noble

self-denial which had prompted it. His truthful conscience reproached him even for the generous lie, and it was long before he could meet the eye of Agnes Nicol.

As Clement grew older he plunged the deeper into his dreamy pursuits. While Mrs. Nicol and her children lived in his neighborhood, there was still one tie that connected him with the outer world. But ere long, a small accession of fortune came to the long-enduring widow, and she went to establish herself near her prosperous boy, Robert. Before she left, she entreated her old master to come and settle in London, where Robert would be able to requite the care which had mainly contributed to his success. But the old man only shook his head, with the smile of quiet melancholy that had become habitual to him.

"No, no, Miss Agnes. What should such as I do in London? People would only laugh at my odd ways—perhaps you yourself might be ashamed of me."

"Never, dear, good friend," cried Agnes. She felt it at the time; but afterwards she thought the gray ribbed stockings and clumsy shoes would look rather strange in the pretty drawing-room of which Robert wrote. "And is there nothing I can do, to show how much I value you?" she asked.

Clement's eyes looked dim, and the muscles about his mouth twitched convulsively. "You are very kind, Miss Agnes;—then, will you think of me now and then, and perhaps write to me? Direct to the post-office, because I rather imagine Salomans reads all my letters when any come for me."

"And yet you stay?"

"Oh, yes. It does me no harm. I have no secrets. God bless you, Miss Agnes, and good-bye!"

"And Robert, who owes you so much; can he do nothing?"

"Why, yes," said the old man hesitating. "I have heard of a new object-glass for a telescope. I should like to see it, because I thought of inventing one myself. Perhaps Robert would send me down one, if not too much trouble. And tell him I am very glad he is growing a rich man—only he must keep to mathematics—a head-full of geometry is worth a house-full of gold. Good-bye, and God bless you, once more. Miss Agnes—you have been very kind to me, you and your boys. Good-bye."

Agnes watched him down the street. A quaint figure he looked, in the long gray coat and broad-brimmed hat. She noticed how slow and trembling was his gait, and how he stooped more than ever over his thick stick, which had of late become indispensable to him. A few tears rose to her eyes, but they were more to the remembrance of past days than to him.

"Poor old Griffin—he is a good soul, though he is so odd. I wish Robert could have done something for him; but then, he seems quite content, and has so few wants. Well, well, I suppose he is quite happy in his own way." And she turned away, to think of the cheerful home which Robert had prepared for her.

Mrs. Nicol was a good woman—thoughtful, kind—aye, grateful. For a long season, the strange, long, rambling letters of Clement Griffin were regularly answered; and several times a gift of the kind most likely to please him—a new scientific book or curious invention—found its way to the garret at Salomans. At last Clement wrote that perhaps Robert had better not send again, for Mr. Salomans generally took them in his own care, and he himself had little use of them.

"How tiresome that he will stay with those wretches," said Mrs. Nicol; "there is no doing anything for him while he is at Salomans."

She wrote and told him so; and for a long time after no more letters came from Clement Griffin. Then Agnes received one, which follows here, in all its quaint mournfulness:—

"MRS. AGNES NICOL.

"DEAR FRIEND—Not having received any answer to my last three letters, I am afraid you have forgotten me. It is not surprising; for I believe London is a strange place. I write these few lines to say farewell, as I may never be able to write to you again, or see you again on earth. I have been very ill. Indeed, I think, from the appearance of the stars, and Saturn being in opposition to my *Hyleg*—that I shall not get better. Mr. Salomans says I am a great expense to him, and I believe I must be, as I can work little now. So he has told me to leave him next week. I hope he will give me a little money; but I am afraid he will not; and then I shall have to go to my parish, if I can walk there. So, dear Miss Agnes, if you should not hear any more of me, this comes to bid you farewell, and may God bless you and yours, and may He take my soul to Himself when the time comes. I wish you had let me cast your horoscope, as mine has come so true—of which I am rather glad. I hope you are well in health—should have liked to have heard from you once again, but suppose you had other and better things to think about. My hand shakes, but I hope you will make out this. I pray God to bless you all your life, as He has me, in spite of all my troubles. And so no more, until we meet with Him. From your sincere friend,

"CLEMENT GRIFFIN."

Agnes was painfully startled, and almost conscience-stricken by this letter. "Good heavens! we must do something for the poor old man. Robert shall go down next week, and bring that Salomans to reason," was her first thought.

But Robert was just then very busy, constructing a curious machine for a scientific nobleman, and could not be spared. "The week after will do, mother; you know it is not the first time those wretches have threatened to turn him away—it may be only his fancies. He must be quite an old man now, and perhaps his mind wanders. The letter is written very unconnectedly," reasoned the young man.

Mrs. Nicol agreed that it was, and perhaps matters were not so bad as old Mr. Griffin thought. At all events, Robert could not go just yet; and it was no use writing. She put the letter—a soiled, crumpled, rough sheet of paper it was—in her gay workbox, and only thought of it once or twice afterwards, until another came—a formal missive from a parish doctor. It stated "how an old man, found dying in the road, had been brought into the workhouse at H——. There he had died, and been buried at the parish expense. The only thing that was found upon the deceased—a book, on whose cover was written the name and address of Mrs. Nicol—the doctor begged to enclose, as perhaps it was a memento of some old servant."

It was a Bible, inscribed in a cramped, childish hand, to "Clement Griffin, from his pupil, Agnes Martindale, 2nd May, 17—."

The richly-dressed, lady-like Mrs. Nicol bowed her head upon its torn, worm-eaten cover, and wept bitter tears of remembrance, not unmingled with self-reproach. They were the only ones which ever fell to the memory of Clement Griffin. Had that gentle, humble spirit beheld them, he would have thought them more than his due.

No loving and admiring disciple has ever raised a stone above this unknown philosopher. He foretold, half a century ago, that men would journey by steam. Now, the lightning-like railway passes within sight of his grave. He spent years in perfecting a mechanical invention: its wheels now whirl and roar in a manufactory not two hundred yards from the green pillow where the brain which first conceived their uses is peacefully mingling with the dust. He first declared that the human mind and character were faithfully portrayed in the human head as in a map: not long since, in the little town where his wanderings ended forever, a phrenologist—a learned man too—lectured to crowded audiences on the new science. The sage—the philosopher—the devoted follower of science—has passed away and left no memory—no, not even a poor name written on a church-yard stone. Yet what matters it? The great men of earth are those who have done most good to that world which may never know or utter their names. But

"'The seeds of truth they sow are sacred seeds,
And bear their righteous fruits for general weal
When sleeps the husbandman.'

From the British Quarterly Review.

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On Instinct. By ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.
Wild Sports in the Highlands. By Mr. ST. JOHN.

MIND and Matter—these are two terms full of importance, the one expressive of the inner world of thought and consciousness, the other of all in the universe that is external and cognizable by the senses. Yet though full of importance, and though they have formed the subject of infinite speculation, how little do we know of either! How little do we know of their real essences; or whether indeed they be distinct in their qualities, or only modifications of one principle. Hence, in this vague state of our knowledge, have arisen various sects, each supporting their peculiar theories or notions on the subject. The idealists, for instance, maintain, that all matter is the product of mind. The realists or materialists again suppose that mind is the product of matter; that thought and all mental manifestations, are produced by certain combinations and actions of organized matter; while a third party maintain that mind and matter are identical, are attributes of one essence, forms of one being, manifestations of one idea. Our common notions of the subject admit the existence both of mind and matter, and in the case of organized beings suppose an intimate and mysterious union of both—that body is animated matter, and mind incorporated spirit. This system has been termed dualism. We are said to apprehend the existence of mind through consciousness, that indescribable something within us, which assures us of existence—the power to will, to act, and to comprehend. We become aware of the existence of matter by means of our sensual perceptions; that is, that something external to us impresses our senses and imparts to the mind certain ideas of existences without us. It is true this knowledge which we are supposed to acquire of externals, may give us no real idea of the essential nature of matter, no more than we can conceive of the nature of spirit from our consciousness and our mental manifestations. We receive our ideas of external things not as they actually exist, but as the senses shape them to the mind, and a very little investigation into these sensations will show us how deceptive, if we may use the expression, these impressions are. Thus, in the case of vision, it depends entirely on the nearness or distance of the object, whether we are impressed with awe of its magnitude, or wonder at its littleness; a grain of sand and a fixed star, to the uninitiated, might thus be placed on a parallel as to their apparent size, and the same will hold with regard to the other senses. In fact, there is neither color, nor sound, nor flavor, nor odor, existing *per se* in external objects; these sensations being all the conjoint product of external stimuli acting upon the sensorium. When we begin to inquire minutely into the nature of objects apparently of the most solid, and durable, and impenetrable structure, we are surprised to find to what impalpable and evanescent elements we can trace them. One is startled when informed, for the first time, that the hard and resisting granite rock before him is made up of at least a third part of the colorless air of the atmosphere; and the uninitiated would

not readily credit that such a rock, by the application of heat, might be entirely converted into as pure and impalpable a vapor as the surrounding air. But we need not go further for an extreme change in the quality and apparent form of matter, than what takes place in a piece of solid ice converted into high pressure steam. From such considerations as these, there are not wanting some who assume that we have no proof of the existence of matter at all, and look on all our so-called sensual impressions as having no existences but in the mind itself. These are the pure idealists;* but there is another party who admit the existence of something external, some agencies that act on the senses, certain unknown forces, or powers, that exhibit all the phenomena usually assigned to matter.† Now, in our complete ignorance of the essential character of matter, it is of little consequence what we call it by; it is sufficient for us to know that there is something external to the mind, something which impresses our senses, and conveys to us our notions of an external world and surrounding universe. The Protean forms which this something assumes, its infinite combinations, extreme divisibility, and the hidden nature of its ultimate and essential condition, are no logical grounds for denying its existence, and matter, as a mere term long in use, is just as good a name to call it by as any other.

If, however, we suppose with the materialist, that matter does exist, under such conditions as is generally taken for granted and allowed, we think it may be made abundantly evident that, according to the materialist's own showing, this matter cannot be the originator or producer of the phenomena manifested in the world of organic life. The common doctrine regarding matter, whether conceived as existing in its simplest atomic form, or as combined in masses, is that of a substance having extension in length, breadth, and thickness, but inert and incapable of originating any action of itself, unless impelled by forces independent of it. Acting continually under the influence of these forces, it is said to obey certain laws, and whether, in immense masses, it rolls in certain well-defined orbits around suns as centres, or whether it is seen making the no less wonderful and complex circuit of individual organized existences, living upon the surface of such masses, it is still only plastic and obedient matter moulded by an active and intelligent principle. On the generally established idea of the nature of matter we cannot conceive it acting of itself. It may appear to repel and attract; to combine and separate; to move with incalculable velocity, or remain at rest, but still it is nothing more than the mere medium of active agencies. Nor is it of consequence in the argument whether these agencies be general, as the so-called laws of attraction, expansion, chemical action, and all those which appear to regulate inorganic matter, or the more singular and special agencies of organic life which preside over the development and existence of plants and animals. If we cannot conceive these material atoms acting of themselves in the inorganic world, still less can we suppose them, in any aggregate form of organism which they might be made to assume, producing of themselves the phenomena of life—living action and thought. However startling, then, it might be to our common-sense convictions, there might be less logical inconsistency in pushing our convictions to the extreme point that nothing existed but mind or spirit, than to affirm with the materialists that matter constituted mind. But there are in fact no grounds for assuming either extreme. The extent of our knowledge leads us not into the essential nature either of mind or matter; neither is this a point to which the human intellect seems capable ever of leading us. We must in this, as in other departments of science, pause at a limit beyond which we cannot go. All that remains for us is the investigation of phenomena, as far as cognizable by the intellect; and the assumption of the terms mind and matter, as the exponents of two distinct sets of phenomena, need not tend to prejudge anything regarding their actual nature.

Whatever may be the essence of material nature, its final purpose and use appears to be—a medium to communicate impressions from the Great Author of Nature to his creatures. The world and the physical universe is, as it were, a magnificent picture, held up and rendered cognizable by us through the medium of our bodily senses, by which means the mind is informed and trained. It is, in fact, a great model school for tutoring the infant intellect. Our minds, "formed after the image of the Deity," are thus, by means of their corporeal organs, adapted to meet him as it were half way, and so become imbued with the elementary principles and conditions of existence, by reading and experiencing them in the physical creation around. Nothing can show this more beautifully than the exact relation which the organs of sense in their scope and number bear to the general qualities of bodies. Thus, form, color, elasticity, odor, flavor, qualities and properties common to material bodies, correspond to the respective functions of the five senses; and it will be found, that in order to form a complete estimate of the properties of any given object, all these five senses are requisite to complete the investigation. But it is said our senses continually deceive us. Be it so. Though they do not reveal to us the essential nature of matter, the impressions conveyed are always what were designed and intended; to us, relatively, they are indeed truths and realities. It is of little consequence to us, in our present condition, to know what matter essentially is; it is sufficient to know that its infinite combinations and forms are the manifestations of the Great Mind that wields it. On gazing on a lovely landscape, what is it to us though a scientific examination can detect in its composition only carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, and a few other elements, and that its color and form exist only in our own mind! Does not the artist please and instruct us much in the same fashion? A few

* Berkley. Hume. † Boscovitch, Hutton, &c.

colored powders mixed up with a little oil, the gross and inert matter, without form or beauty, become on the canvass, when vivified by his will and intellect, a new creation of waving trees, green meadows, and running waters; or it may be a group of beings apparently animated, and raising in the spectator the most pleasing or the most agonizing sympathies. Does not the author, with his pen dipped in a little black ink, do the same? conveying to our minds pictures of actions long ago performed, or awakening emotions of tenderness and pity, arousing us to patriotism, or informing our intellect with the phenomena of science. Or it may be the poet creates his wondrous epic. Such a little world of character and incident as Homer has transmitted to us from the earliest period, and which ever remains fresh and life-like, while many similar scenes of actual life have passed away and are forgotten.

Hitherto, we believe, speculations on mind and matter have been kept too much apart. The pure metaphysicians have narrowed their subject by *à priori* dogmas on the constitution of the human mind, and have neglected the light which physiological discoveries are calculated to throw upon psychical phenomena. The investigation of psychical manifestations in the descending scale of animal existence—a subject too much neglected, and hitherto left almost entirely in the hands of anecdote-mongers—might, if pursued in a philosophical spirit, be found a means of illustrating and enlarging our knowledge of the human mind. And thus a *comparative psychology* might do for this department of science what comparative anatomy has done for the physiology of life.

We have been disappointed on perusing the work placed at the head of this article. Its imposing title led us to expect more than we have found in its pages. We have also been disappointed in the preliminary and philosophical part of Mr. Couch's otherwise interesting volume. The short pamphlet on instinct by the Archbishop of Dublin, leads us to regret that he did not follow out the subject more in detail with his usual acumen.

The other two works, especially the very interesting volume of Mr. St. John, contain that sort of materials of which we cannot have too much—authentic and unbiassed statements of the habits and instincts of the lower animals taken fresh from nature.

In the following pages we have endeavored to clear the way a little, in the consideration of the psychical manifestations of the chain of living being subordinate to that of man; to trace the emotional and instinctive faculties from their first dawnings in the lowest tribes, up to the same faculties as they exist in the higher animals and in man—and to point out wherein the psychical endowments of the lower animals coincide with similar endowments of man, as also where they appear to differ, and at last fall short of the constitution of the human intellect. We shall find that this general similarity of design in the constitution of the lower animals so much akin to man's nature in some respects, yet differing so widely in others, constitutes one of the strongest excitements to the study of zoology; while the beauty of form, the varied motions, and the enlivening sounds of the innumerable creatures that swarm on earth and in the air, have, in all ages, irresistibly claimed the attentions of the most ordinary observer.

How curious to the inquiring mind—how exciting to the sympathies, are those innumerable swarms, happy in the enjoyment of living existence.

> Is not the earth
> With various living creatures, and the air
> Replenished, and all these at thy command,
> To come and play before thee? Knowest thou not
> Their language and their ways? They also know,
> And reason not contemptibly. With these
> Find pastime. MILTON.

Speculations on animal psychology, or what is commonly included in the term instinct, though numerous, have not hitherto been very precise or systematic. We have abundance of anecdotes and observations it is true, some of a very equivocal and loose kind, while many that are highly interesting and instructive are given without much attention to systematic arrangement. Indeed, the chief object of writers on animal instinct appears to have been a desire to define the nature and cause of this faculty, and this more in a dogmatic manner, than by a patient induction from facts. Hence have arisen the various theories of instinct, a few of the most prominent of which may be here enumerated.

Some have supposed the animal to be a mere machine or automaton, continually actuated by the direct impulse of the Creator,* or, according to others, by his intermediate and delegated agents.†

Others look upon instinct as a peculiar faculty, *sui generis*, an innate propensity independent of experience, tuition, or external agencies.

While a third party suppose that all instinctive actions are the result of an intelligence similar in kind to human reason.‡

Now it appears to us that the term instinct, which is used to comprehend the whole train of animal manifestations, is an unfortunate one, and that the great error hitherto, in speculations on this subject, has arisen from narrowing and circumscribing the animal faculties, and in endeavoring to range under one class a variety of phenomena which are widely different.

This may be exemplified by a glance at the principal animal functions. In all animals, from the highest to the lowest in the scale of being, we find an apparatus of life, more or less complicated, and a series of vital actions going on slowly and silently, but of which operations the animal itself is entirely unconscious. Of this nature are the processes of digestion, circulation and assimilation, which proceed in an uninterrupted course,

* Descartes, Hartly, Mason Good. Lord Brougham seems inclined to favor this opinion in his "Dialogues on Instinct."

† Hutchinson, Kirby, Hancock.

‡ Pythagoras, Plato, Helvetius, Condillac, Smellie, Darwin, Hume.

independent of the will, and without any effort on the part of the individual. Now, if we were to suppose a being of another nature, to whom an animal structure was new and unknown, to look upon all these curious performances and nice adjustments, would he not be inclined to attribute them to the directing will of the animal? Suppose that the object contemplated had just suffered a fracture of one of the bones. This would appear at first sight an irreparable accident to such a beholder. But in a short time, when he saw the vessels around the broken bone assume a new activity, some pouring out lymph, others commencing the formation of new arteries and veins, to join together and make up the lacerated ones; and others again, carrying the earthy substance of bone which had been suitably prepared in the assimilating vessels, to the dissevered edges of the fractured bone, and in process of time accurately cementing the two ends together, so as to render it as firm and useful as before;—seeing all this, would he not be inclined to suppose that the whole was performed under the deliberate guidance of an intelligent mind? And yet how fallacious would be his conclusion; for all the while the patient was unconscious of any such complicated operations going on, and knew not, perhaps, that he had either arteries, or veins, or a digestive and assimilative apparatus within him.

Now, the similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried on without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal. Thus the young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect, which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day about the end of autumn, it was discovered in the ditch, very busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labor, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous.*

A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tame and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration, it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. A bee, which can fly homewards, one or two miles, in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy, if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backwards, so as to fly out at the opening at which it had entered. We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state, he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes. An acute observer of animal habits† has remarked, that a jackdaw, which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks, of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance. Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it in the middle in its bill, and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object, by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer, that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions.

Such examples as these, and they might be greatly multiplied, sufficiently illustrate the nature of what may strictly be called the instincts or innate faculties of animals. In their nature, as well as in their uses, they seem to be, as it were, an extension of the vital actions‡ subservient to the physical life of the individual, and to the propagation of the species. In the case of the inner or vital actions, certain relations appear to be established between the organic structure and the various substances, as food, air, &c., which are the stimuli of life. A similar relation appears to be established in the instinctive circle, embracing, however, a wider range and comprehending the influence of the senses.

But we also observe in animals other manifestations of a higher order, such as a faculty of deliberation; a power of choosing and rejecting; memory, and an aptitude of profiting by experience; and, to a certain extent, a forethought capable of employing means to particular ends. These en-

* Professor Pictet's Travels in Great Britain.

† Waterton's Essays on Natural History, Second Series.

‡ Virey on Instinct.

dowments, however, though varied to suit the wants of different species and families, are yet all confined within a certain circumscribed and unvarying sphere. Within a certain circle of relations, an animal's perceptions and powers of action are complete, and, perhaps, more perfect than those of man; but beyond the limits of this circle all is blank; hence, we find animals exhibiting a wonderful sagacity in some actions, while their stupidity in others is equally apparent. But before entering into an examination of these higher endowments of animals, to which we consider the term instinct has been improperly applied, it may not be uninteresting to take a brief survey of the psychical manifestations which are observable in the various grades of animal existence.

The ordinary phenomena of instinct, as existing coeval with the animal's birth, and exercised by it as a matter of course, just as its heart beats and its lungs inspire air, were never perhaps more picturesquely and accurately described than in the well-known experiment of Galen. Dissecting some goats great with young, and finding a brisk embryon in one of them, he loosed it from the matrix,

And snatching it away, (he writes,) before it saw its dam, I brought it into a certain room, having many vessels full—some of wine, some of oil, some of honey, some of milk or some other liquor, and others—not a few—filled with all sorts of grain, as also, with several fruits, and there laid it. This embryon we saw, first of all, getting up on its feet, and walking as if it had heard that its legs were given to it for that purpose; next, shaking and cleansing its surface, and, moreover, scratching its side with one of its feet. Then we saw it smelling to every one of these things that were set in the room, and when it had smelt to them all, it supped up the milk; whereupon we all for admiration cried out, seeing clearly the truth of what Hippocrates saith—that the natures and actions of animals are not taught, but of instinct. Hereupon I nourished and reared this kid, and observed it afterwards not only to eat milk, but some other things that stood by it; and the time when this kid was taken out of the womb being about the vernal equinox, after some two months we brought unto it the tender sprouts of shrubs and plants; and it again smelling to all of them instantly, refused some, but was pleased to taste others; and after it had tasted, began to eat of such as are the usual food of goats. Perchance, adds the narrator, this may seem a small thing, but what I shall now relate is great. For, eating the leaves and tender sprouts, it swallowed them down, and then a while after that it began to chew the cud, which all that saw cried out again with admiration, being astonished at the instincts and natural faculties of animals. For it was a great thing that when the creature was hungry, it should take in the food by the mouth, and chew it with its teeth; but that it should bring up again into the mouth that which it had swallowed down into its first stomach, and chewing it there a long time, it should grind and smooth it—afterwards swallow it again, not into the same stomach, but into another, seemed to us wonderful indeed.—*Translated by Ray.*

Here we have the usual definition of the instinctive faculty put into admirable action. Thus, by instinct is understood that innate impulse by which animals perform all those operations necessary for their limited sphere of existence in the fittest and most direct manner, without instruction, experience, or forethought, and which is perfect from the first, and cannot, beyond a very limited degree, be improved in the individual, while it admits of no progressive extension in the species. This latter part of the definition requires, however, some qualification; for, according to the experiments of Mr. Young, on setter dogs,* he found that certain acquired habits in the parents, or perhaps what would be a more correct statement, certain native instincts highly brought out by long training, could be transmitted to the offspring—so that the young of such dogs were found to be expert setters without any training whatever. This purely instinctive faculty is exercised by animals in all that regards their physical existence—in their feeding habits, nest-building, migrations, and rearing of their progeny. All classes of animals possess instinctive faculties in a greater or less degree, from the simple polype, that spreads out its arms to entangle its minute prey floating around it in the water, to the mammalian young, which seizes with it mouth the nipple of its mother. So that thus the first efforts of the child to feed itself are of a strictly instinctive nature. Among some of the lower divisions of the animal kingdom we find the instinctive endowments very simple, corresponding to their simple organic structure, such as the zoophytes, and even the more complicated molluscous tribes. In the class of insects and birds, we find, however, the instinctive faculties numerous and highly developed—hence their curious nest-building propensities, their metamorphoses, and migrations. In the higher classes of animals, again, where, as we shall afterwards find, a deliberative faculty appears to prevail, the extent of the purely instinctive endowments is much less than in birds or insects. And in man the primary instincts are still more circumscribed.

The lower animals are susceptible of emotions and passions similar to those of man. In both they seem strictly innate or instinctive. No man can create or obliterate one single passion or emotion, though he can control and regulate them. In animals, some one or more of the passions are implanted in particular species, corresponding to the requirements of their habits and modes of life. Thus, we would in vain look for the ferocity of a carnivorous animal in the gentle grass-feeding deer or sheep. Yet, notwithstanding this arrangement, we find peculiarities and extremes of disposition among individuals of the same species, just as we find different tempers among mankind.† A surly dog, or a good-natured one, is of familiar occurrence. We often meet with a vicious horse, that no kindness will subdue, or one who is pleased and sullen by fits, and even a revengeful one. We

* Philosoph. Transact.

† They who suppose that animals have not their differences of dispositions as well as man, know very little of animal life.—SOUTHEY.

can discriminate such, even by their features and expression: the snarling upper lip of the dog, showing his teeth, or the hanging under lip of the horse, the overhanging eyebrow, the hollow eye, the unsteady ear, are all well known signs to be avoided. Cowper's description of the different tempers of his three hares is familiar to every one. One became tame after a while of gentle treatment, another would never tame at all, while the third was gentle and confident from the very first.

But the individual passions and emotions may all be separately traced in animals, and are in many instances very remarkably indicated. The feeling of attachment is almost universal. Thus, horses that have been accustomed to feed in company, lose their appetite and fall off in flesh, when confined in a solitary stable. The separation of two long and fondly attached animals has even caused death. Not only does this attachment take place between individuals of the same species, but we sometimes find strange bonds of friendship cemented between animals of very incongruous habits. The devotion of dogs to their master is proverbial, and many touching stories are on record of this devotion being continued to the dead corpse, or even to the grave of the departed. The emotions of joy and grief are very apparent in animals, perhaps merely physical states in many, but in dogs evidently a mental affection arising from obvious causes. Hope or expectation is manifested in the pointer, which eagerly watches the preparations of his master for the field, and evidently anticipates the pleasure of the coming sport. Horses, too, especially hunters and war-horses, show by their gestures an anticipation of the pleasures of the field, or of the parade. Fear is indicated as unequivocally by many animals. Besides the universal dread of their particular enemies, they show a fear of strange objects, and of punishment. They also show surprise and wonder at the sight of unexpected or unaccustomed objects. Dogs can be frightened just like credulous and unthinking children. Immediately after caressing a dog in your usual attitude, if you turn your coat tails over your head, as boys frequently do, the same dog will instantly take the alarm, and run away. Cows are also readily frightened and rendered restive with any unusual change of dress in those who milk them. Both these circumstances afford a good illustration of the limited range of the endowments of even the most sagacious animals. Anger, in all its grades, is abundantly manifested by the lower animals. It seems to be an endowment given for their self-defence, and is to be distinguished from a naturally good or bad disposition of the individual. Jealousy is a passion by no means unfrequent, and is manifested among pet animals, when one is taken notice of to the exclusion of the others.

Revenge is not unknown to the breasts of the inferior creation. We shall not here instance the well-known, though apocryphal, story of the elephant in Bagdad, which, in revenge for a prick on his proboscis from the needle of a tailor, went and filled his trunk with muddy water, which he squirted over his assailant and his fine work; but we shall give a less equivocal one, which we are assured happened nearer home:—"The shepherd of Mr. Cameron Scorrebreck, Isle of Skye, had two bitches that had pups at the same time. The mothers were on the best of terms, and alternately suckled the young puppies of both litters in the absence of either mother. After a time the puppies of one of the litters were drowned, as being useless. The mother, on returning and perceiving her dead puppies, appeared to be in great distress: she took them up in her mouth one by one, and carried them beside the fire; but when she found that they were really dead, she went and broke the necks of the other bitch's puppies, as if in revenge for the loss of her own."* Pity or sympathy is not unknown to animals, although in many instances, as we shall afterwards more particularly notice, they look on the death or physical sufferings of their fellows with unconcern. When sea-gulls or crows are shot dead, the rest of the flock linger around, and seem to wail over the loss of their companions. They do this even to the neglect of their own preservation; and thus many of the same flock may be shot in succession. Ants are said, by Kirby and by Huber, to show commiseration for their fellows wounded in their frequent battles. Pride, vanity, and love of approbation are very strongly developed in some animals. The peacock affords a notable example of vanity in displaying its gaudy plumage, and the turkey-cock struts about puffing and swelling his blue gills for hours together, evidently actuated by self-esteem. Birds seem peculiarly alive to external show. The Satin and Spotted Bower birds of New Holland, as described by Gould,† delight in collecting all sorts of gay and glittering ornaments, with which they decorate their bowers, and which can be for no manner of use but show, just as an old lady in this country collects china and shells and crystals for her drawing-room.

Most animals are fond of being caressed, and a dog evidently shows a feeling of shame, or a consciousness of having committed a fault, when he comes to be reproved. Cunning and deceit are by no means uncommon practices among animals. To many, such resources are essential for their preservation from their enemies. The fox is proverbial for his cunning resources; but with him these are so varied, and so often contrived for the particular circumstances of the case, that we cannot suppose them to be merely instances of simple instinct, but to be the result of deliberation. All must have observed how beetles and other insects, when arrested in their course, suddenly coil their bodies up and counterfeit death. In this state they will remain immovable till the danger appears over, when they will rise and scamper off, thinking, no doubt, or rather putting into action the thought of the poet:—

* Witness Newspaper, Feb. 1843.
† The Birds of New Holland.

That he who feigns and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
While he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again.

Some animals even assume a masquerade dress to conceal themselves. A small crustacean (*macropodia phalangium*) found on our sea-shores, thus curiously sticks all over its body and limbs the small fronds of a fucus, so that, to the most inquisitive eye, it can scarcely be distinguished from a sea-weed.

Many species of animals associate together, and live in communities. Here, too, we find a series of no less curious adaptations than those necessary for individual life. The communities of bees, of ants, of beavers, and many others, where each individual contributes his powers for the common good, are well-known examples of such sociable instincts. We know of no Lycurgus who has treated of the polity of animals, and yet they exhibit, on a most perfect and harmoniously arranged scale, many of the models of human governments. The community of bees is an example of a pure monarchy, unrestrained by any checks on power, yet never deviating into despotism on the one hand, or anarchy on the other. Some years ago, while our gracious queen was making a royal progress through her northern dominions, we witnessed a no less interesting sight, of the progress of a queen-bee, in the glass hive of an ingenious friend, and lover of nature, at his country retreat. The hive was of that construction which opened from behind, and showed the whole economy within. In a few minutes the queen made her appearance from the lower part of the hive. Her elongated body and tapering abdomen at once distinguished her. She moved along slowly, now and then pausing to deposit an egg in one of the empty combs; and it was most interesting to perceive how she was constantly accompanied by nearly a dozen of bees that formed a circle around her, with their heads invariably turned towards her. This guard was relieved at frequent intervals, so that as she walked forward, a new group immediately took the place of the old, and these having returned again, resumed the labors in which they had been previously engaged. Her approach always seemed to give pleasure, which was indicated by a quivering movement of the wings. The laborers, in whatever way occupied, immediately forsook their work, and came to pay homage to their queen, by forming a guard around her person. Every other part of the hive, meanwhile, presented a busy scene. Many bees were seen moving their bodies with a tremulous motion, by which thin and minute films of wax were shaken from their scaly sides. Others were ready to take up this wax and knead it into matter proper for constructing cells. Frequent arrivals of bees from the field brought pollen on their thighs for the young grubs, and honey, which they deposited in the cells. All was activity, order, and peaceful industry. None were idle but the drones, who seemed to stroll about like gentlemen.

So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
HENRY V.

Who that has witnessed the dismay and confusion of a hive when the queen bee was missing, but must think of the similar feelings of a community of loyal men on the loss of their sovereign, or of an army of soldiers when deprived of their leader. The community of ants is of a republican character, but not an unmixed democracy, for they are divided into castes. There are soldier ants and common workers. And alas! for animal morals, we must allow that there are slaves—yes, black ants or slaves taken in war and compelled to do all the drudgery! The association of beavers is of a more equable and milder cast. They seem to be all on an equality, for we are not aware that there is even a president of this republic. Each one performs his duty and keeps his time, just as the separate teeth of the revolving wheels of a machine meet and turn into each other in their appointed order.

Like men, animals evidently entertain a feeling of respect for superior endowments, either of prowess or discernment. They look up to a leader, and follow and obey him. The strongest and swiftest wild horse leads the troop—the largest male buffaloes are always in the van when danger is to be apprehended; and it has been observed in mountain-pastures, where there are large flocks of sheep, that on the approach of any foe, the whole of these timid animals form into a compact phalanx, where the females and young take the centre, and the rams with their formidable horns guard the front. Among migrating birds the strongest always lead; and it is a remarkable fact, that the first arrivals of such birds very generally consist of males only. Every one must have observed the soldier-like marshalling of a flock of wild swans or geese as they pursue their flight far up in the blue twilight sky, in two unequal lines meeting in an angle, where one leader for a time takes the van, and then falling back into the rear, is succeeded by another. Many animals associate together for the purpose of more effectually hunting down their prey. Such are packs of wolves, jackals, dogs. These animals, when pursuing very swift-footed prey, disperse themselves into troops or divisions. One division gives full chase, while another slowly comes up in the rear, and is ready to run on when the strength of their fellows is exhausted. Two or three divisions in this way take their turn till their victims are run down. Among flocks of herbivorous animals, a sentinel is always placed on either flank, to give notice of danger. This is a very curious arrangement, in use among most animals that congregate together. The notice of danger is communicated in various ways—a loud snorting noise is uttered by the horse—various shrill, quick notes and screams are made use of by birds—the rabbit, which is a mute animal, thumps violently two or three times on the ground with its hind legs. It would be interesting to ascertain

what are the qualifications of such sentinels—in what routine they take up their position, whether they are made choice of promiscuously out of the common mass, or selected from some peculiar adaptation in them for the post. In a matter of such importance to the community, it might seem not improbable but that the choice devolved on some leader of superior merit—yet we are inclined to think that no choice is made at all, but that the appropriate individual at once assumes the post for which he is suited, prompted by his innate predisposition thereto. In short, the arrangement in the great majority of cases must be a simple instinctive impulse; for the deliberative assumption of such an onerous and fatiguing duty would imply a degree of moral restraint and consideration which we have no grounds for believing to exist among the inferior animals. In a wagon train of three horses deep we may often see an illustration of this spontaneous and self-imposed watchfulness. As they proceed along, whenever danger is to be apprehended, the ears of the front horses will be found turned forwards, those of the hind pair, on the contrary, are turned backwards, while those of the middle horses remain in their usual position of careless security.* Many animals seem to congregate together purely for the sake of sociality. Thus we find clouds of winged insects sporting together in intricate mazes in the evening sunset. Birds even of different species feed together in flocks. Sea-gulls fly far inland to feed together in our newly-ploughed fields. Crows both fly out in companies and return in the same social bands at twilight And certain rocks and precipitous islands rising up in the ocear. form the peculiar habitats of several species of aquatic fowl.

* Mr. St. John, an accurate observer, has the following remarks:—"When a flock of geese has fixed on a field of new-sown grain to feed on, before alighting they make numerous circular flights round and round it, and the least suspicious object prevents their pitching. Supposing that all is right and they do alight, the whole flock for the space of a minute or two remains motionless, with erect head and neck reconnoitring the country round. They then, at a given signal from one of the largest birds, disperse into open order, and commence feeding in a tolerably regular line. They now appear to have made up their minds that all is safe, and are contented with leaving one sentry, who either stands on some elevated part of the field, or walks slowly with the rest—never, however, venturing to pick up a single grain of corn, his whole energies being employed in watching. When the sentry thinks he has performed a fair share of duty, he gives the nearest bird to him a sharp peck. I have seen them sometimes pull out a handful of feathers if the first hint is not immediately attended to, at the same time uttering a querulous kind of cry. This bird then takes up the watch with neck perfectly upright, and in due time makes some other bird relieve guard. On the least appearance of an enemy the sentinel gives an alarm, and the whole flock invariably run up to him, and for a moment or two stand still in a crowd, and then take flight—at first in a confused mass, but this is soon changed into a beautiful wedge-like rank, which they keep till about to alight again." Of a flock of swans feeding in a lake, he on another occasion says, "I observed that frequently all their heads were under the water at once, excepting one—but invariably *one* bird kept his head and neck perfectly erect, and carefully watched on every side to prevent their being taken by surprise. When he wanted to feed, he touched any passer by, who immediately relieved him in his guard, and he in his turn called on some other swan to take his place as sentinel."—*Wild Sports in the Highlands.*

Nor wanting here to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less as might seem for general guardianship
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
More obviously the self-same influence rules
The feathered kinds, the fieldfare's pensive flock,
The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
Hovering above their inland solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call
Up through the trenches of the long drawn vales
Their voyage was begun. Nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary fowl,
That seek yon pool and there prolong their stay
In silent congress, or together roused
Take flight, while with their clang the air resounds. WORDSWORTH.

A flock of animals is actuated by one unanimous impulse. Birds rise together from the ground, wheel in simultaneous phalanx in the air, and alight again all the same time, like a band of well-trained soldiers moved by one governing voice. Flocks of quadrupeds do the same. Where one sheep leaps, all follow; where one pauses and hesitates, all make a full stop. There is no individuality of purpose or of action. A crowd of human beings acts in the same way if they allow the first suggestion of blind impulse to sway them; but how differently do reflecting men act, where each has an individual opinion, judgment, taste, and feeling!

Animals have undoubtedly the means of communicating with each other by sounds and natural signs, so as to express that limited range of desires and emotions with which their natures are endowed. "Does the hen-mother," says Sir H. Davy, "see the shadow of a kite on the ground, or hear his scream in the air, she immediately utters a shrill suppressed cry."* The chickens, though produced from the egg that day, and searching around her with glee and animation for the food which her feet were providing for them, instantly appear as if thunder-struck—those close to her crouch down and hide themselves in the straw, those further off, without moving from the place, remain prostrate; the hen looks upwards with a watchful eye—nor do they resume their feeding till called again by the chuck of their mother, and warned that the danger is over. Here we have two distinct sounds, "a shrill suppressed cry," and a familiar "chuck," each of which answers all the purpose of the best constructed language expressive of so many ideas; and yet in this case, it is evident that it could not have been taught or communicated according to our ideas of rational instruction. The impulsive relation between the cry and the subsequent muscular actions was innate, and it was so even in regard to the mother, for we have frequently witnessed the same interesting scene where a pigeon or other harmless bird flying over head was the

* Koe-ut-Koeut, is the sound uttered by the hen-turkey.

cause of the alarm, and not a hawk. Thus showing, as in many other instances, that instinctive promptings are not infallible, but are liable to the contingencies of errors in sensations and perceptions which we know to take place with rational beings. Birds have various call notes. The chuck, or short tick, which many employ to call together their young—the whirr of the partridge to rally her numerous brood scattered among the long grass, as well as the more liquid *whit* of the quail—the solitary call note of female birds—the melodious songs of the males—are all well known and readily distinguishable. The early crowing of the domestic cock seems to be intended to rouse his community from their slumbers to go forth to their feeding ground. Perhaps it is not unfrequently used also as a challenge to his rivals in neighboring flocks. The same shrill clarion is also heard to sound whenever the sun peeps out from the last lingering mass of the heavy rain cloud—a summons for the flock of domestic poultry, which had run under cover during the shower, to come forth again to the open and sunny fields. With what a watchful activity does this patriarch mount up to the highest pinnacle which he can find, and with what a sage and unerring eye does he scan the heavens before he makes this glad announcement, so cheering to his train, and to all the villagers around! The bleat of the ewe, and the responsive call of the absent lamb, the lowings of cattle, the neighing of horses, are all sounds indicative of their feelings, their wants, or their enjoyments. Most of these sounds are simple, and incapable of being much varied; they are, in general, not produced by the tongue or lips, or corresponding organs, but are generated in the throat, or the back part of the palate, and in the windpipe, and thus differ materially from the articulate language of man. Dogs, besides their own instinctive language, evidently come by habit to understand certain spoken words. Every dog starts up when his own name is mentioned, even in the most cursory manner. Shepherds have only to give a few plain directions in words, without even gestures, and their dogs accurately obey.* Dogs that have been trained to pull the bell-rope and other little offices, will do so simply by directing them in words. Though they have no powers of articulation superior to other animals, yet they will express their emotions by whining, howling, or cheerfully barking, in a manner and with an expression not to be misunderstood. The orang-outang, with apparently all the organs of speech well developed, yet can utter nothing beyond a scream or a chatter. The nearest approach to language is among birds. The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, and parrots, can imitate a few words with surprising similitude. They seem also to have a degree of intelligence approaching even to that of the dog and the elephant; yet we believe that the greater part of the accounts which we have of their sayings and doings are misconceptions of the too credulous narrators.

Besides these sounds, animals have the means of communicating with each other by certain natural signs and expressions of the features. We often see two strange dogs come up to each other on a road, the one eying the other's motions and gestures with the utmost eagerness. If the snarl of ill-nature, or the fierce eye, be perceptible in either, then an attitude of warfare is instantly assumed. If, on the contrary, a mild expression be exhibited, then the most friendly intercourse ensues, and after a few preliminary communications both walk off together, or they mutually separate. The same occurs in horses, cattle, birds, and many insects. Some animals of different species have a rooted aversion to the presence of each other, and this is remarkably strong in species that are nearly allied. The horse hates the ass with a repugnant hatred—the orang-outang shows a contempt and loathing of monkeys. The curve of the back, and the raising of the hair like bristles—a peculiar motion of the tail, and the position and movements of the external ear—the rustling and erection of the feathers of birds, and the flapping of the wings—are all indicative of passions and emotions. Often there is a flushing of the vessels of the head and eyes, and a blue suffusion of blood occurs in the crest of the turkey and domestic cock, while some animals when excited emit peculiar odors.

Weeping and laughter are said to be exclusively human expressions for their respective emotions. That dogs, monkeys, and some other animals, by their whinings express grief or disappointment is very evident, though it is doubtful whether they shed tears. That animals experience the emotion of grief or wounded affection from loss of companions, has, as already stated, been abundantly confirmed by experience. Many animals, too, express a joyous feeling by chattering and antic gambols; they also play tricks and enjoy the sport, but true laughter, arising from associations of the ludicrous, is peculiar to man.

That animals are affected by musical sounds, and even have a taste for melody, is also well-ascertained. Many birds delight to spend the spring days of their loves in perpetual songs. Many song-birds can be readily taught melodious airs, and the American mocking-bird imitates every strain it hears. Dogs, though they do not in general show a musical taste, are yet powerfully agitated by

* We quote the following from Mr. St. John:—"A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else—'I 'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes.' Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the byre where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation, that we could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, and as if determined not to be made a fool of again."

certain low notes frequently sounded. On these occasions they howl with prolonged vehemence. The cows of Switzerland are said to be driven to and from their mountain pastures with greater facility, if certain well-known airs be chanted. The common seal is said to be attracted by musical strains. How such a taste should be possessed by an animal in its natural state, accustomed only to the monotonous roar of the ocean, it is not easy to conceive. It is certain that the horse is very susceptible of impressions from musical sounds. War-horses that have been accustomed to martial music never forget it, so that, when afterwards degraded to more menial labors, they have been known, at the sound of the trumpet, to start up from the depression of age and of toil, and to exhibit some thing of the spirit of their pristine vigor.

The effects of music are often very conspicuous in idiotic persons, where in some cases there are no greater manifestations of rational powers than in many brutes. In a person of this description we have observed the marked distinction which grave or gay tones produced on his system. On slow and solemn music being performed, he would bend his quivering body backwards and forwards, and listen to the strains with a silent ardor. When quick notes succeeded, he screamed, and got into an ecstasy of delight.

These, then, are the psychical phenomena which we would be disposed to class under the denomination of instincts or innate propensities. They are more or less common to all animals, and are shared also to a certain extent by man. Of the real nature or ultimate cause of the instinctive impulse, we are, of course, as profoundly ignorant as we are of the cause of mental phenomena. All that we can pretend to discriminate is its mode of action, and wherein it agrees or differs with the rational and premeditated acts of man. But even with regard to this, our means of information are extremely limited.

That the instinctive acts of animals cannot be the result of experience, or of imitation, or training, we think must appear evident from the illustrations already given. The fact of these actions being perfect at birth is sufficient to refute this theory. It no doubt has been maintained that the experience of animals commences even before birth, and the instance of the fœtus sucking in the uterus has been so stated,* but this can be no proof of such a theory; for, granting this fact to be true, the fœtus must commence to suck at some definite period, and this, too, without the aid of example or precept. The other theory, that the instinct of animals is the Divine energy directly and continually exerted, is liable to this obvious objection; that instinctive action is not invariably correct and perfect, but that it is liable to all those contingencies which we see take place occasionally among all the relative and reciprocal actions of living beings. Thus many instances are continually occurring where instinctive actions are exercised in vain, or under circumstances where they are of no use to the animal; in some cases, the instinctive impulse is at fault. as when certain insects deposit their eggs in a species of fungus, mistaking it for a piece of putrid flesh.

We may conceive an animal, then, to be an organism curiously constructed to work out a certain preconceived idea of the designer. All that we are enabled to conceive of the animal sensorium is, that it has been constituted with a series of tendencies and impulses corresponding to the particular sphere of the animal's actions and habits. External influences, acting chiefly, though perhaps not entirely, through the medium of the senses, serve as stimuli to this sensorium, and excite the animal organs to the performance of the corresponding specific actions; that all this is accomplished independently of any effort of willingness or of consciousness on the part of the animal, is presumed from many analogous actions recognized in the human system, and now pretty satisfactorily explained by the phenomena of the reflex actions of certain parts of the nervous system. The instinctive acts of the infant, too, before it has acquired consciousness, such as sucking, and some others, sufficiently illustrate the mode of action of the instinctive endowments of animals. There can be no doubt that the high degree of perfection of some one or more of the senses, is one chief means of regulating the actions of animals. We can form no idea of that intense degree of smell, for instance, which enables the dog to scent out his master's footsteps amid a thousand other strangers; nor that odor of honeyed plants which, perceived by the bee, irresistibly impels it into the fields in search of their sweets. Animals appear also to have sensations from the hot, or cold, or moist currents of the air—from its electricity, and it may be, its magnetic circuits, which may guide and direct their otherwise inexplicable flights at periodic seasons of the year, and at particular times of the day. Besides this, there are internal changes going on in their own bodies, arising from food, temperature, pregnancy, age, and many other causes, all which having their definite relations to their sensorium, impress and stimulate the nervous system. Still there is much which we cannot in the remotest degree account for—the hexagonal workmanship of the bee, and the curious and invariable architecture of many other insects—the anticipated provision of insects for future young—the anomaly of the cuckoo's nidification, and a hundred other things surpassing human knowledge.

According to Newton—

The instinct of brutes and insects can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful ever-living agent, who being in all places, is more able by his will to move their bodies within this boundless uniform sensorium, and thereby to form and reform the parts of the universe, than we are by our wills to move the parts of our own bodies. And yet we are not to consider the world as the body of God, or the several parts thereof as the parts of God. He is an uniform being, void of parts and organs, and thus

*Darwin's Zoonomia.

are his creatures subordinate to them, and subservient to his will, and he is no more the soul of them than the soul of man is the soul of the species of things carried through the organs of sense into the place of its sensation, where it perceives them by means of its immediate presence, without the intervention of any third thing.*

But in many animals, especially in those of the higher classes, we perceive a series of actions which from their nature we cannot but suppose are the result of deliberation and reflection, and these we shall now consider.

A young greyhound, guided at first by its instinctive promptings, follows every footstep of the hare, and runs exactly in the track of all its doublings; but when the same greyhound becomes old and experienced, he cunningly crosses by a short cut in order to gain upon and intercept his prey. Now, here we have an example of deliberative action superseding instinctive. A crow instinctively picks the animal out of a sea shell when it happens to be so protruded from the shell as to allow of its being seized hold of; but when the crow takes the same shell when the animal has shut itself up, and flying high into the air lets it drop on a rock in order to break the protecting cover of its hidden prey, the latter action is said to be deliberative, or rational. Squirrels instinctively hoard up nuts and seeds for a winter supply; when these seeds begin to germinate, the animal gnaws off the young buds to prevent their further growth, and this is said to be a rational act. Now, in many such cases, it must be confessed it becomes a matter of difficulty to draw a line of demarcation between simple instincts and supposed deliberative acts, or to know exactly where one ends and the other begins. In the two latter cases, for instance, it may be doubted whether the acts reckoned deliberative may not be just as much instinctive as the others. We find that many animals are endowed with a variety of instincts, which they exercise as it were in succession, or at intervals and under particular circumstances. This is well exemplified in the various evasive expedients to which the hare resorts, when hard pressed by the greyhound—in the various distinct properties which training and domestication brings out in the dog, supposing that our so-called varieties all belong to one species, as also in the supplementary resources with which the bee and various other animals are furnished when any unusual circumstance comes in the way of their ordinary constructive labors. But, on the other hand, there are numerous actions of animals performed under circumstances to which their ordinary instincts could have had no relation. We have seen a cat that of its own accord found out a plan of leaping upon a shelf, and then deliberately pressing its foot on the latch of a door, open it and enter the apartment within. A dog that had accompanied its master to a military review became so frightened at the reports of the musketry, that he ran home alone and finding the gate shut, pulled violently at the bell with his mouth till the servant came and gave him admittance. The Rev. Mr. Caunter relates an anecdote highly to the credit of the fidelity of that most sagacious of brutes, the elephant, which occurred in Ceylon. (*Oriental Annual*, 1834.) The keeper of this noble animal having occasion to go on some message, left his infant child on the ground, and in charge of the elephant. Some soldiers who were passing resolved to put the animal's fidelity to the test; they accordingly offered him some tempting fruit to induce him to move from his charge; finding this would not do, they approached nearer, and still holding out the fruit they attempted to snatch at the child, while its guardian's head was partly averted. Nothing, however, could corrupt his vigilance, or make him move from his charge till the return of the keeper, when he calmly stepped forward and took the fruit which had been laid down at some distance from him. But we need not multiply examples of this kind; they must be familiar to all who have paid attention to the actions and habits of those animals reckoned the most sagacious.

The faculty of memory is possessed by animals to a considerable extent. That is, impressions of external things made through the senses are readily recalled when the same or similar objects are again presented before them. But it is extremely questionable whether they have the power of abstract thought, or have any approach to the ideal or imaginative faculty of man. Brutes would seem to be impressed by matter only; they undoubtedly form associations, but these are not, as in man, chains of ideas, but of sensual impressions. A dog recollects a former flogging at the sight of the whip which inflicted it, but can we suppose that he could be made to recollect it by any other means? A horse, on coming to a road leading to a house where he had formerly been well fed, immediately turns into it, or at least makes an effort to do so; but if he passes near the same house in a different direction, where there is no road to excite his memory, he shows no desire to deflect from his onward course. Yet there are facts which would almost lead us to doubt the accuracy of this general proposition. A dog had been long an inmate of a family one of whose members left the paternal roof, and established himself in a home at the distance of twenty miles. From the frequent intercourse between the two establishments, the dog, which was rather a favorite, sometimes lived at one of these, and sometimes at the other. It was observed, that when neglected, or, perhaps, occasionally rather ill-treated at one of his homes, he would of himself depart, and though the principal part of the way was through a lonely moor, jog solitarily on till till he arrived at the end of his journey.

Now it is difficult to account for those deliberate journeys in any other way, than that the animal had an abstract idea of a home at both ends of his long and dreary ramble. We shall give one more instance of what appears abstract rea-

* Newton's Optics.

lection, in a canine animal. A bitch belonging to Mr. Walker, near Ceres, in Fife, had produced several litters of young, which were always destroyed by drowning. On a subsequent occasion, the animal was observed to steal away with food to a considerable distance, always taking different routes, in order to elude detection. At last her retreat was discovered, and her young found in a hole of an old quarry, at the distance of two or three miles from the farm-house. The poor animal had evidently fallen on this expedient to preserve and rear her young in secret.

The poet thus describes the dreaming process of the dog :—

Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia latrat.

Which is thus paraphrased by the author of the Seasons :—

And in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog with the vacant greyhound lies
Outstretched and sleeping. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till wakened by the wasp
They starting snap.

It is doubtful, however, whether these starts and twitches of the limbs, and convulsive barkings, may not arise merely from the usual muscular activity not being entirely set at rest by sleep, independent altogether of the stimulus of dreaming, for the same startings and mutterings occur in human beings, sometimes without any accompanying mental impressions. Then in the case of the dog, there is the "wasp" or the housefly irritating him by an actual stimulus. If we allow that animals dream—that is, that they have mental ideas without the stimuli of external sensual impressions, we must grant them the faculty of abstraction. Yet if this faculty exists, it must be to a very limited extent. How feeble the associations of a dog or other animal, compared to those so beautifully traced by the poet.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
With easy force, it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Whenever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains,
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes
That in a few short moments, I retrace
(As in a map, the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
COWPER.

Frederick Cuvier remarks, "that whatever in animals may be said to belong to intelligence, in no degree approaches the intelligence of man; while their purely instinctive actions are, as far as they go, complete and perfect." Yet the intelligence of an animal within the sphere of its particular circle is generally very acute and accurate, however obtuse he may be beyond the line of his endowments. Some one or more of the senses are very acute, and of the information which these communicate he generally makes a correct use.*

F. Cuvier is disposed to attribute the highest degree of intelligence among animals to the orang-outang, but he seems to think that this intelligence is confined to the young animal, and that when it grows up it becomes stupid. The one on which this naturalist made his observations delighted to climb trees, and if any person manifested an intention to mount the tree he had ascended, for the purpose of catching him, he immediately shook it with all his might, in order to alarm the individual who was approaching him. When shut into a room, he soon opened the door, and if he could not reach the lock, for he was quite young, he mounted on a chair, in order to get at it. When he was refused any object which he was anxious to obtain, he knocked his head upon the ground like a froward child, and would actually injure himself, that he might excite the greater interest and compassion. The only animal of this species that we have had an opportunity of observing was also a young one, about three years of age. Its look and general deportment, however, had more of the gravity of an old man than the volatility of a child. Its eyes were sparkling and expressive, and it seemed to notice everything that occurred around it. It manifested a degree of attachment to its keeper, watching his movements like a child. It examined a ring on the finger of a visitor, looked with curiosity on a watch, and started when a door was suddenly shut with all the nervous sensibility of a fine lady. It frequently covered and uncovered its face with the corner of its blanket, as if playing at bo-peep with its visitors, and on one occasion slily took up a basin of milk, which was intended for another, and drank off its contents. It looked upon a monkey in the same room with apparent disdain, and avoided coming in contact with it; but on an ichneumon, a quadruped which it had never seen before, being introduced, it immediately showed decided marks of curiosity. At first, it was afraid to approach the animal, but gazed on it from a distance—at last, it came nearer, but, as a means of precaution against any attack, it took a small light chair and pushed this between it and the animal. When it ascertained that the creature was perfectly harmless, it laid aside all further precaution, and examined it, and seemed greatly pleased with its motions. Its grave and sedate manners, perhaps, were the effects of a cold climate, and this may likewise be the reason why, according to Cuvier,

* "The inferior animals have not, strictly speaking, that *analogon rationis* which is commonly assigned them. We shall find in animals that the body always acts upon the mind by means of impulses, and that these impulses are ruled by instinct, and, as it were, by the innate law of nature manifested in them, as in other laws of nature, by the phenomena to which they give rise."—Baron Feuchterliben, *Med. Psychol.*

old animals of the same species lose their intelligence in this country. Its usual mode of walking was a semi-upright position, assisting the motion of its hinder extremities by pressing the knuckles of the fore-arm on the ground. It seemed quite alive to instruction, for a few lessons taught it the use of a spoon in feeding. No one that has watched the looks and gestures of a dog, as he gazes on his master, and seems to anticipate his wishes, can hesitate as to his intelligence. Lord Bacon has called man the divinity of the dog, and certainly he looks up to man's superior endowments with something of that analogous confidence with which man looks up to the Deity. "Take an example of a dog," says Bacon, "and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain."*

Wordsworth, in his touching tribute to a favorite dog, almost assigns him a human feeling of affection :—

For love that comes whenever life or sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense.
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy which did thee bind
Not only to us men, but to thy kind;
Yea, for thy fellow brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love—love's intellectual law.
Hence, if we wept it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And therefore shalt thine be an honored name.

Yet, though thus sublimed by imagination, the mental endowments of the brute are of the "earth, earthly." His intelligence and feelings are confined to what sense informs him of material objects alone; and even of these, as we have said, his circle is extremely limited and finite, while man's circle of relations is boundless as the extent of matter, and his intellect pierces into the infinite.

With respect to any moral feelings among animals, we perceive a total blank. The only law with them is the sway of the strong over the weak. Yet, on the whole, how beautifully is this sway tempered and restrained to single and evanescent acts. There is no wholesale or continued tyranny, no premeditated acts of aggression.

The creatures see, of flood and field,
And those who travel on the wind,
With them no strife can last, they live
In peace and peace of mind.
WORDSWORTH.

In feeding, a strong animal pushes away a weaker, but the weaker, immediately succumbs, and in a few minutes, perhaps, comes unmolested in for his share. How beautifully is this illustrated in a herd of cattle feeding, or in a flock of birds. The rear rank of pigeons, for instance, fly over their fellows and take, for a few minutes, the best part of the feeding-ground, and these give way in their turn, and are succeeded by another troop from the rear. Mr. Moffat, in his interesting "Memoirs on Africa," gives an amusing account of the lordly way in which the old lion helps himself to the best part of his prey before he allows his cubs to fill their eager jaws with a mouthful—but has he not a fatherly right to do so, seeing that he has watched the whole night long with his glaring eyes beside the fountain, till he could pounce upon the thirsty deer that had come there to drink? Besides, probably he thinks, with other provident fathers, that the sooner he can teach the young cubs to cater for themselves so much the better. Not unfrequently, however, we see this selfish exclusiveness give way to generosity. Thus, the domestic cock, when he finds a particularly choice morsel, chucks his harem and dependents around him. It is a beautiful trait, also, to notice, that in every case where the young are concerned, the parental disinterestedness and kindness are fully exhibited. Crows would seem to have some glimmering of the nature of right and wrong—at all events, of the nature of *meum et tuum*. A community of rooks in the nest-building season have been seen to fall upon any notorious thief who has pilfered sticks from the nest of others, and punished him not only in his person but by demolishing his nest and taking from him his ill-gotten store of materials. Although Rob Roy's rule is a pretty general one—

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,

yet dogs and cats both know very well when they have committed a theft, and even anticipate and avoid punishment for many hours afterwards. Cattle, too, that have a longing eye towards a cornfield, are well aware when they snatch a hasty mouthful that they are doing something wrong. All this, however, may be so far attributed to the habit of simple association of the metaphysicians—the recollection of punishment following certain acts—without supposing any abstract moral consciousness of wrong.

Many animals seem to have little sympathy for the sufferings of their fellows—they look with an unconcerned eye on their death, and when disasters threaten, they seek only their individual safety. Yet, on the other hand, as we have already stated, many exhibit a decided sympathy for their companions, and become greatly agitated and affected at witnessing their violent death. We suspect that, as a general rule among species which congregate together, this latter expression of sympathy is prevalent. One circumstance, however, in the conduct of animals has often struck us as very unaccountable, and at variance with the general instinctive benevolence of animal nature, and that is the treatment of their sick, puny, and dying members. The fact that a herd of deer shun their wounded companions has passed into a proverb; but more than that, cattle as well as deer will attack a sick companion and butt at him, in many instances till they have produced his death. Birds do the same: they are frequently seen to peck at

* Bacon's Essays.

and torment in various ways a sick member, and seldom give over till he dies. We have frequently witnessed proceedings of this kind among herds of domestic cattle—among mountain sheep, and especially among flocks of wild fowl—a persecuted bird of this kind we once caught which had been driven from the society of its fellows, and on examining it, we found its flesh greatly wasted, and its skin infested with vermin. These indications of unkindness and gratuitous cruelty among animals for a long time appeared to us strange and anomalous, till further consideration suggested what we deem a very probable explanation. The true cause of this persecution lies not in any premeditated or intended cruelty, but in an instinctive impulse which nature has implanted in order to check and eradicate diseases by the summary death of the first cases that appear. When we consider that epidemic diseases are of frequent occurrence among flocks and herds of animals, and that such diseases may and often are introduced by single individuals, such summary precautions will appear very fit and obvious. That this instinctive resource is sometimes applied in cases which might not turn out contagious or in any way generally hurtful to the community, is no reason for denying the existence of such a general preservative impulse. We have no doubt that the smell of the diseased animal first awakens the disgust of his fellows, and that this disgust, by further exciting them to put the sufferer to death, thus checks in the bud many causes of the spread of contagious maladies. It is a well-known fact, too, that horses, cattle, and, we believe deer, and other herbivorous animals, very readily smell any effused blood or dead carcass, and become immediately agitated and take to flight. Now, may not this be an instinct in their natures to guard them from scenes of slaughter caused by their carnivorous foes? While, on the other hand, the smell of blood is grateful and exciting to animals of prey.

It has often been remarked how very seldom we see the dead bodies of any kind of animals that live in a state of nature. Of the multitudes of wild animals in our forests, and moors, and fields, many must die even daily, and yet how few persons can tell you that they have ever come upon their bodies. It is true many living beings are always ready to prey upon such carcases, but still, in the case of the larger animals, this cause could not in most instances account for their absence. Mr. Charles Darwin, when in South America, met in some of the lonely valleys of that vast continent heaps of bones, which, on examination, proved to be those of the lhama, a species of camel common in those regions. From this and other facts, he was led to conclude that these animals, on the approach of age and disease, retired to those solitary places to die in peace. May not one cause of their retiring be to escape the annoyances which invalids are constantly exposed to from their fellows? and may not most animals thus be compelled to retire to die in holes and caverns removed from common view? Fishes also appear to have the same instincts. In certain hollow places of our firths and littoral bays, extensive masses of fish-bones are found accumulated, which have thus been brought together evidently by sickly fishes resorting to these hollows. Besides thus escaping from the assaults of their more hardy companions, they find in these hollows smoother water, and a degree of shelter for their feeble and decaying bodies.

Lastly. One of the strongest feelings of animals is that of affection for their offspring, and indeed so intense is this impulse among the greater number, that it may be said to exceed the care which they employ for their own preservation, or the indulgence of their own appetites. Among insects and some other of the inferior tribes, the care and solicitude of providing for their young engrosses the better half of their existence; for they labor during the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring, which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. Many timid animals, that shrink from danger while they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus, the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected under their wings. Even those animals whose general nature is characterized by savage and unrelenting fierceness, are gentle, and tender, and affectionate to their young. The grim lion fondles with paternal softness his playful cubs; and the savage bear has been known to interpose her own body between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connections! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy—instils into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed but with death. The child, on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel it their greatest happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute!

We have thus endeavored to analyze and illustrate the psychical endowments of animals, and to classify, under separate heads, phenomena which are too often indiscriminately comprehended under the general term of instinct.

We have shown that there are certain vital or organic functions, common to all organized beings, which display a series of adaptations and mutual

relations between the organized structure and the material stimuli of life, incessantly in operation independent of the will or consciousness of the animal.

That superadded to this, and subservient to the vital operations and habits of the animal, there are certain impulses or instincts, which are perfect at birth, independent of experience, susceptible of little modification or improvement, and which are also exercised independent of the control and without the consciousness of the animal.

That animals, especially the higher orders, possess also deliberative powers, by which they can reason, to a certain extent and within a certain limit, on information conveyed to them through the senses, and thus shape their actions accordingly.

That the sensoriums of animals, in the case of their deliberative faculties, seem to be excited to action only by means of material impressions received from objects directly before them, or from certain objects calling up the memory of former impressions, and that the presumption is, they are incapable of forming purely abstract ideas.

That animals are susceptible of emotions and passions similar to those of man.

That definite instincts regulate their social intercourse, and not moral feeling, or a sense of right and wrong.

That they have sounds expressive of desires and passions, the only intelligence which they have to communicate, but no proper faculty of articulate speech.

These conclusions are deduced from observations of psychical phenomena alone. And if we test them with what is known regarding the physical structure of the nervous system of the various classes of animals, we shall find a considerable coincidence of structural arrangement, corresponding to the probable and supposed functions of the different parts of the nervous system.

Thus, in the radiated and molluscous classes of animals, where instinctive action is extremely limited, we find a ganglionic system alone existing, suited to carry on the organic functions. In the class of insects, again, we find superadded to the ganglionic system a nervous centre developed, where the nerves of the organs of special sense have their seat or origin—in short, that portion of the brain where physiologists are inclined to place the sensorium of the instinctive faculties. As we advance higher to the vertebrated classes, where deliberative actions are also found along with instincts, we have superadded to the lower part of the brain a cerebrum or upper part, supposed to be the seat of the rational faculties.

How similar, then, to a certain extent, are the endowments of animals to those of man, yet how suddenly they stop short at a certain point, and advance no further. They seem to be adapted for the present form of life, and nothing more. "The spirit of man goeth upward, the spirit of the beast goeth downwards to the earth." One race succeeds another, but they accumulate nothing and transmit nothing. Myriads on myriads have existed—the earth, the waters, and the air teem with millions of animated beings, with forms varying from the simplest and minutest globule up to the massive and complicated structure of the elephant—yet the earth receives again the mouldering fabrics, and not a relic of them remains. As regards the mere necessities of man, a very limited number of species, it may be concluded, would have sufficed. Yet the myriads of organic beings cannot have been formed in vain. They must subserve some important though unfathomable purpose in the great chain of existence. But, even as a matter of human enjoyment, how dull and monotonous would be the lone and solitary earth if unenlivened by their light forms, flitting motions, and ever-recurring and ever-varied sounds! How desolate would be the fields—how melancholy the forest woods—how heart-chilling the awful silence of the summer air, were there no happy and cheering sounds to respond to and cheer the heart of man!

ROTHSCHILD.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER OF SIR THOMAS F. BUXTON, TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Devonshire Street, February 14, 1834.

We yesterday dined at Ham House, to meet the Rothschilds; and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. "There was not," he said, "room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday; I said to my father, I will go to England. I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started. The nearer I got to England, the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods. So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my 20,000*l.* into 60,000*l.* My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can; and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had 800,000 pounds of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I

sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did."

Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. "I have seen," said he, "many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them: they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?" By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money.

"I hope," said ———, "that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that?" Rothschild—"I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution, to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man," said he to Edward; "stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine, close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes; it is very amusing."

ASCENT OF MOUNT ORIZABA.

The following letter, dated Orizaba, May 16, from a correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, gives an account of the ascension, by a party of the American army and naval officers, of Mount Orizaba. It will be recollected that Mount Popocatapetl was recently ascended by another party of American officers, so that the American flag now waves over the two highest mountains on the western continent.

On the highest pinnacle of the frozen summit of Orizaba waves the star-spangled banner! So you may tell Mr. Polk, his cabinet, and all congress assembled, that they may pass what laws they please, make treaties, and the Mexicans issue pronunciamentos, but still will the American flag wave over their country; for who will go up there to pull it down? Humboldt tried it and failed; and it was one of the few instances where he ever gave up an undertaking that he once resolved upon. But he pronounced the feat impracticable. Few others have ever attempted it since, and all came back with terrible accounts of the dangers of the undertaking; so the work was left for Yankee sailors and Yankee soldiers. For two or three days the party were busy making their preparations—the blacksmiths in making hooks and spikes to stick in the ice, whilst the sailors were making rope ladders, snow-shoes, &c.

Everything being ready, the party started off, composed of Maj. Manigault and Lieut. Reynolds, U. S. A.; Lieut. Maynard, of the Navy; Lieut. Rodgers, do.; Capts. Lomax and Higgins, of the Alabama Volunteers; Capt. White, Dr. Banks and Adjutant Hardaway, twenty soldiers, and two sailors of the Naval Battery. The second day they encamped 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, with the thermometer standing considerably below the freezing point. Here they had an abundance of wood, and built fires all around them; but with all their precautions, few slept a wink, on account of the cold. At early daylight, the following morning, the whole party set out. They were soon in the snow and ice; and now came the tug—the air becoming more rarefied at every step, made it necessary to stop and pant for breath; but they had not ascended more than 3000 feet higher up, before the whole party, with a few exceptions, were seized with a painful nausea and vomiting; still they tugged on, unwilling to give it up. But the party was perceptibly diminishing—the great rarefaction of the air and coldness painfully affected a great many, and compelled them to return; and when the summit was reached, all had gone out but five, viz., Major Manigault, Lieut. Maynard, Lieut. Reynolds, Capt. Lomax, and Passed Midshipman Rodgers. Here they shook hands, and sat down to rest from their labors, and enjoy the glorious prospect before them—Puebla, Jalapa, Cordova, the sea ninety miles off, and a host of villages on the plain. They descended a short distance into the crater, and brought up some beautiful specimens of crystals and lava, and large quantities of the most beautiful specimens of sulphur. After all this was done, the ceremony of planting the American flag was gone through. The navy had this honor, an honor they were fairly entitled to, having sat down in the snow over the night and made it of *three shirts!* Fortunately the sailors were dressed in blue and red shirts, which, with Lieut. Rodger's white one, furnished all the colors. It must have been amusing enough to have seen them sitting down there by the blazing fagots, sewing and shivering. The flag has but thirteen stars, after the old original thirteen states. A bottle was likewise left, containing a paper with the names of the successful few. The barometer which was taken up, ceased to indicate more than 17,300 feet, and when it ran out they were, as I learn, at least 1000 feet from the top. This would make the height 18,300 feet, instead of 17,500 feet, as heretofore estimated; and this makes it the third highest mountain in the world, and higher than Popocatepetl. When the party returned, they slid down on the ice and snow. The citizens of Orizaba do not believe them when they say that they have been on the summit, and in the crater, and unfortunately there is no such thing as a spy-glass in the city, or they might see the flag. They would as soon believe that a man had visited the nether world and returned, as the top of this mountain. With a good telescope, the flag ought to be seen, on a clear day, from Vera Cruz. This account was given me by one of the officers who went up. I have seen and talked with the whole party. I thought that the feat was worthy of a separate letter.

From the Examiner.

Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 *to* 1797. By HORACE WALPOLE, Lord Orford. Now first printed from original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the Right Hon. Vernon Smith, M. P. Two vols. Bentley.

"LET me lie on a sofa all day long," exclaimed pleasant, indolent, thoughtful Gray, "and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon." Be it ours, in fewer opportunities of leisure, to read eternal new letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. We profess no great respect for his character, which we nevertheless believe to have been much more estimable than he desired it to be thought; we have no sympathy with half his opinions, either of men or things; we think that foppery and insincerity too often take the lead of his better qualities;—but when he *is* unprejudiced and sensible, where is there such exquisite sense! such happy and keen discernment! such wit of the first water! Nor have we to wait for these latter characteristics to be amused and interested in his writings. He makes readable everything he touches. We despise the trifle he exalts, we resent the injustice he commits, we laugh at his foppish pretensions, but we read on. Be it ours, then, we repeat, to enjoy eternal new letters from his delightful hand.

Nor does the wish seem unlikely to be gratified. Within the last ten years we have had several reappearances of Walpole, both in memoirs and in letters; more than once, after pausing on that melancholy word, *the last*, have we again been reassured; and here are now four hundred undoubted, and till now unpublished, letters, addressed to a lady correspondent, and ranging from his fifty-second to his eightieth year, or to within a few weeks of his death. Nor, as we have reason to believe, will even these prove to be the last. His letters to Mason, for example, have not yet seen the light; and in that collection, if we mistake not, some of the most interesting of all his contributions to literature in this pleasant shape, still wait to be given to the world.

Mr. Vernon Smith (into whose possession, as the descendant of one of Lord Ossory's sisters, the letters now published had fallen) thinks that these volumes place Lord Orford in a more amiable attitude, as to feelings and friendships, than he has hitherto occupied. But the common impression in this respect, as we have intimated, seems to us a mistaken one. Compare his professions of indifference to everybody with his pains-taking exertions to please everybody, and you will find the contrast quite surprising. His conduct to Conway and old blind Du Deffand proved him as capable of the greater emotions of generosity and friendship, as his conduct to a hundred people that had no particular claims upon him exhibited his refined courtesy and benevolence in trifles. But it is quite true that in the letters before us we have more than usual of his amiable side.

Of course they contain many repetitions, but even in these Walpole does not tire. His thrice-told tales have a charm. Some new turn of sense or humor, some fresh seizure of the bye-points of character, unexpected novel strokes of witty malice, are sure to present themselves. The last series of the letters to Horace Mann comprised the greater part of the time and many of the incidents to which the present letters refer; but the fresh points of view that are taken, with exquisite adaptation to the tastes and character of his correspondent, are proofs of Walpole's wonderful fertility of resource. Even more largely than in his letters to Miss Berry, he enters into the passing details of the French revolution; and moralizes its excesses and disasters. This part of the correspondence will have great present interest; and we like its tone better, on the whole, than that which he adopted in other quarters. The old whig connection of the Fitzpatricks, and his own real admiration of Fox, combined to keep him in check. We have also the old theme of his years and infirmities, with new and brilliant variations; discontent souring the philosophy, gout embittering the gossip, but, to the last, exquisite wit and pungent satire surviving still. Certainly, Horace Walpole is supreme in letter-writing. The only people to be compared with him are Gray and Madame de Sévigné; and in his systematic use of the art he stands far above both. Thirsting for the rewards of literary fame, yet dreading to lose cast by the ordinary modes of achieving it, he raised to the dignity of an independent literature this delightful talent he possessed, and so widened the sphere of his private correspondences as to include within them the whole politics and philosophy of his age, the general history of that sixty years in which he mixed with public men, and a gallery of contemporaneous portraits, not always accurate in likeness, often indeed much distorted, but of unfailing interest always, touched with incomparable ease, and sometimes of even exquisite fidelity.

But the reader will prefer, to any continual remark of ours, the series of pleasant passages we shall now proceed to extract for him.

NEW ANECDOTE OF GARRICK AND GOLDSMITH.

I dined and passed Saturday at Beauclerc's, with the Edgcumbes, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired. as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called the School for Wives, which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the play-house at half an hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act a speech in Cato with Goldsmith; that is, the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him, made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours!

A PARTY AT BEAUCLERC'S.

It is a young world, and I neither live in it, nor am acquainted with it. I know nothing worth

knowing, I do nothing worth doing—of what can I write? My old friends die off, I cannot make new, for the fewer ties one has to a world one is going to leave, the better. I have been almost alone at Strawberry ever since your ladyship left town. I came yesterday, and return to-morrow. Had there been any news, I should have heard—nay, perhaps I did, for I called at Beauclerc's in the evening, where I found Lord Pembroke, Lord Palmerston, Garrick, Burke, the Dean of Derry, Lord Robert Spencer, and Mr. Gibbon; but they talked so loud, (not the two last,) and made such a noise, and Lord Palmerston so much more noise with trying to talk, that it was impossible to know what they said, under the distance of a mile from them. All I did learn was, that Miss Vernon is not married.

WALPOLE'S OPINION OF GARRICK.

I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled in both tragedy and comedy. Still I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents; yet I will own as fairly that Mrs. Porter and Madlle. Dumenil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as those two actresses, and some few others in particular parts, as Quin, in Falstaff; King, in Lord Ogleby; Mrs. Pritchard, in Maria, in the Nonjuror; Mrs. Clive, in Mrs. Cadwallader; and Mrs. Abingdon, in Lady Teazle. They all seemed the very persons: I suppose that in Garrick I thought more of his art; yet his Lear, Richard, Hotspur, (which the town had not taste enough to like,) Kitely, and Ranger, were as capital and perfect as action could be. In declamation, I confess he never charmed me; nor could he be a gentleman; his Lord Townley and Lord Hastings were mean, but then too the parts are indifferent, and do not call for a master's exertion.

I should shock Garrick's *devotees* if I uttered all my opinion: I will trust your ladyship with it—it is, that Le Texier is twenty times the genius. What comparison between the powers that do the fullest justice to a single part, and those that instantaneously can fill a whole piece, and transform themselves with equal perfection into men and women, and pass from laughter to tears, and make you shed the latter at both? Garrick, when he made one laugh, was not always judicious, though excellent. What idea did his Sir John Brute give of a Surly Husband! His Bayes was no less entertaining; but it was a Garretteer-bard. Old Cibber preserved the solid coxcomb; and was the caricature of a great poet, as the part was designed to be.

Half I have said I know is heresy, but fashion had gone to excess, though very rarely with so much reason. Applause had turned his head, and yet he was never content even with that prodigality. His jealousy and envy were unbounded; he hated Mrs. Clive, till she quitted the stage, and then cried her up to the skies, to depress Mrs. Abingdon. He did not love Mrs. Pritchard, and with more reason, for there was more spirit and originality in her Beatrice than in his Benedict.

But if the town did not admire his acting more than it deserved, which indeed in general it was difficult to do, what do you think, madam, of its prejudice, even for his writings? What stuff was his Jubilee Ode, and how paltry his prologues and epilogues! I have always thought that he was just the counterpart of Shakspeare; this, the first of writers, and an indifferent actor; that, the first of actors, and a woful author. Posterity would believe me, who will see only his writings; and who will see those of another modern idol, far less deservedly enshrined, Dr. Johnson. I have been saying this morning, that the latter deals so much in triple tautology, or the fault of repeating the same sense in three different phrases, that I believe it would be possible, taking the ground-work for all three, to make one of his Ramblers into three different papers, that should all have exactly the same purport and meaning, but in different phrases. It would be a good trick for somebody to produce one and read it; a second would say, "Bless me, I have this very paper in my pocket, but in quite other diction;" and so a third.

A PICTURE OF WILKES AT THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

There, too, you will see a delightful piece of Wilkes looking—no, squinting, tenderly at his daughter. It is a caricature of the Devil acknowledging Miss Sin in Milton. I do not know why, but they are under a palm-tree, which has not grown in a free country for some centuries.

WALPOLE'S OPINION OF MRS. SIDDONS.

I have been for two days in town, and seen Mrs. Siddons. She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the *ton*, two or three of whom were in the same box with me; particularly Mr. Boothby, who, as if to disclaim the stoic apathy of Mr. Meadows in *Cecilia*, was all bravissimo. Mr. Craufurd, too, asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw! I said, "By no means; we old folks are apt to be prejudiced in favor of our first impressions." She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough, nor ever approach enough to the familiar—but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion her arms are not genteel. Thus you see, madam, all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say, that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil—and remember every accent of the former in the very same part. * * * Mrs. Siddons continues to be the mode, and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time. When Lord Carlisle carried her the tribute-money from Brookes', he said she was not *maniérée* enough. "I suppose she was grateful," said my niece, Lady Maria. Mrs. Siddons was desired to play *Medea* and *Lady Macbeth*.—"No," she replied, "she did not look on them as female characters." She was questioned about her transactions with Garrick; she said, "he did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left.—In short," said she, "I found I must not shade the tip of his nose."

FITZHERBERT'S SUICIDE.

Poor Mr. Fitzherbert hanged himself on Wed-

nesday. He went to see the convicts executed that morning; and from thence, in his boots, to his son, having sent his groom out of the way. At three, his son said, Sir, you are to dine at Mr. Buller's; it is time for you to go home and dress. He went to his own stable and hanged himself with a bridle. They say his circumstances were in great disorder. There have been deep doings at Almack's, but nobody has retired into a stable.

WALPOLE AND HIS DOG.

My poor Rosette is dying. She relapsed into her fits the last night of my stay at Nuneham, and has suffered exquisitely ever since. You may believe I have too; I have been out of bed twenty times every night, have had no sleep, and sat up with her till three this morning; but I am only making you laugh at me: I cannot help it—I think of nothing else. Without weaknesses I should not be I, and I may as well tell them as have them tell themselves.

JOHNSON'S "TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES."

I have scarce been better diverted by Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Western Isles. What a heap of words to express very little! and though it is the least cumbrous of any style he ever used, how far from easy and natural! He hopes nobody but is glad that a boatful of sacrilege, a diverting sin! was shipwrecked. He believes in second sight, and laughs at poor Pennant for credulity! The king sent for the book in MS., and then wondering said, "I protest Johnson seems to be a Papist and a Jacobite!"—so he did not know why he had been made to give him a pension!

WALPOLE PROPHESIES HIS OWN DEATH.

I am always thanking you, madam, I think, for kind inquiries after me; but it is not my fault that I am so often troublesome! I would it were otherwise!—however, I do not complain. I have attained another resurrection; and was so glad of my liberty, that I went out both Saturday and Sunday, though so snowy a day and so rainy a day never were invented. Yet I have not ventured to see Mrs. Jordan, nor to skate in Hyde Park. We had other guess winters in my time!—fine sunny mornings, with now and then a mild earthquake, just enough to wake one, and rock one to sleep again comfortably. My recoveries surprise me more than my fits; but I am quite persuaded now that I know exactly how I shall end: as I am a statue of chalk, I shall crumble to powder, and then my inside will be blown away from my terrace, and hoary-headed Margaret will tell the people that come to see my house,—

"One morn we miss'd him on the 'customed hill."

When that is the case, madam, don't take the pains of inquiring more—as I shall leave no *body* to return to, even Cagliostro would bring me back to no purpose.

A SPECULATION ON FRANCE.

In one point I perfectly agree with your ladyship: every morning when I wake, and France rushes on my mind, I think I have been dreaming; nor can I at once conceive so total an inversion of a whole nation's character. Perhaps it is but a bloody fashion, momentary, like their other modes; and when they have deposed their monarch or worse, and committed ten thousand outrages, they will rebound to loyalty, and, out of penitence, confer on whoever shall be their king, unbounded power of punishing their excesses.

BURKE'S "REFLECTIONS."

One word more about Mr. Burke's book: I know the tirade on the Queen of France is condemned, and yet I must avow I admire it much. It paints her exactly as she appeared to me the first time I saw her when dauphiness. She was going after the late king to chapel, and shot through the room like an aërial being, all brightness and grace, and without seeming to touch earth—*vera incessu patuit dea!* Had I Mr. Burke's powers, I would have described her in his words. I like "the swords leaping out of their scabbards;" in short, I am not more more charmed with his wit and eloquence than with his enthusiasm. Every page shows how sincerely he is in earnest—a wondrous merit in a political pamphlet. All other party writers *act* zeal for the public, but it never seems to flow from the heart. That cordiality, like a phial of spirits, will preserve his book, when some of his doctrines would have evaporated in fume. Lord Stanhope's were the ravings of a lunatic, imagining he could set the world on fire with phosphorus. Lord Lansdowne, I hear, said there was some good sense in that rant. How fortunate that Price and his adherents were intoxicated by their own hopes, and flattered themselves that Europe was in so combustible a temper, that by throwing their farthing squibs from a pulpit, they should set even the country in a blaze, and, like the wretches hanged last week for burning houses, should plunder some silver candlesticks from the altars in our churches, to which *the rights of men* entitle them. That proclamation of the "Rights of Men," is *ipso facto* a dissolution of all society, into which men entered for the defence of the rights of every individual. The consequence of universal equality would be, that the industrious only would labor, the idle not. Who then would be to maintain the inactive? Must the produce of the labors of the laborious be shared with the indolent? Oh, but there should be some government—then the governed would not be equal with the governors; but it is idle to confute nonsense! All the blessed liberty the French seemed to have gained is, that every man or woman, if *poissardes* are women, may hang whom they please. Dr. Price adopting such freedom, opened the nation's eyes—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

THE QUARREL OF FOX AND BURKE.

As to Mr. Fox, I own I think the tears he shed for having hurt Mr. Burke, were an infinitely nobler peace-offering than a recantation could have been. Who weeps for his friend, feels; who retracts his opinion, may be convinced, or from art or interest may pretend he is convinced; and that recantation may be due to the public, without being due to his friend, as no friendship binds one to *think* exactly like one's friend on general topics; and therefore to shed tears for having disagreed, was a greater sacrifice than retractation: and in that light I admire Mr. Fox's temper more than Mr. Burke's. This is being very impartial; for though with Mr. Fox I admire the destruction of despotism, I agree with Mr. Burke in abhorring the violence, cruelty injustice, and absurdity of the national assembly, who have destroyed regal tyranny for a short time, and exercise ten times greater themselves, and I fear have ruined liberty for ages; for what country will venture to purchase a chance of freedom at the price of the ruin that has been brought on France by this outrageous experiment!

From the Spectator.

ORGANIZATION IN AGRICULTURE.

We should be glad to find politicians anxious not only to point out the absurdities of empirical regenerators of national prosperity, but to investigate a state of society which has made it possible for men of limited experience and knowledge to occupy thrones and ministries. To apply our meaning near home, we should have men not merely sneering or laughing down the attempts of Messrs. Blanc and Albert to organize labor in France, but setting themselves in good earnest the task of ascertaining and proclaiming the principles which determine the organization of labor both there and here.

For it is willingly to stop one's ears to the loudest as well as the most intelligent chorus that ever was raised by the nations of this globe, to doubt that an organization of labor is the very thing wanted, not only to augment our wealth, but to furnish means of subsistence for the accumulated millions. Let us look around. We find the West Indian on one side lamenting that his rich soil is doomed to yield comparatively little, for want of hands to cultivate it. Other portions of America plunder the Africans of their children, carry them across the Atlantic, or rear them at great expense, in the vain hope of peopling by artificial means the magnificent countries in which some radical error prevents population from growing in a natural way. Yet these are the productive portions of the earth: from densely-peopled countries we derive comparatively few contributions to the general fund of consumption. The exports of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, are trifling, to say nothing of the scanty supplies we derive from Asia. But all these last-named countries possess what the others so ardently desire. Population in Europe and Asia is found to be superabundant. Irishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians, are all emigrating nations. At home they stand in each other's way. The same may be said of the East Indians, who are glad to get rid of Coolies in any number. On the finest soil and under the finest climate in the world, the supernumerary population of the valley of the Ganges is doomed to decimation by periodical famines; they may therefore just as well take their chance at Ceylon, Mauritius, or Trinidad. There is no problem more difficult of solution than that offered by the scanty yield of agriculture in our Eastern possessions as compared with the productive power of the Western Indies. At the same time, there is no inquiry of such intense interest for Englishmen as that which shall reveal the causes of the paralyzation with which production is stricken in Hindostan. It will scarcely be asserted that we have exaggerated our premises. What train of reasoning, then, does this state of things suggest?

Assuredly, a want of organization of labor is perceptible throughout. This being granted, we look for hints and indications of what has disturbed the natura. order of things; and in considering the suggestions that have been made on the subjec we ought to be careful, and above all, be just towards those who have devoted or now may devote their attention to the evil and its remedies.

We are inclined to rank as lowest in the scale of statesmanship those who exclusively advocate the apparently natural and simple plan of emigration. Not that the impulse to spread and occupy all that is unappropriated is not a feeling deeply imprinted in man's nature. This desire is both imparted by nature, and countless motives are daily suggested, besides the love of gain, to induce us to follow it. Not merely the spirit of adventure, but suggestions of religion, humanity, and morality, have impelled to settlement in foreign parts, and will continue to do so. But before a decision is taken to apportion by means of emigration an equal number of inhabitants to the known countries of the globe, that none should in respect to population have to complain of the rest, we are summoned to pause and consider whether such distribution is really likely to confer universal peace and prosperity—whether the figure of relative density in populations is the sole key to the comfort and well-being either of nations or individuals.

If we compare the various countries of the globe as they now stand, we find nearly every grade of density on almost every conceivable variety of soil. We have a thin population in Trinidad, a still lower figure of density in British Guiana, and an intensely accumulated population in many East Indian residencies. The Dutch have a similar contrast to show in Surinam and in Java. The largest amount of absolute produce in grain is perhaps raised by densely-peopled England. The greatest quantity of cereals, and of course the greatest exportable quantity, is raised in the thinly-peopled tracts of the Mississippi, the Ukraine, and the Lower Danube. Again, Sicily, Crete, Egypt, Asia Minor, peopled on about the same scale, have little grain to export. In Russia and Hungary, as in Louisiana, the cry is, "We could double our production if we had population." In France, Belgium, Southern Germany, and Upper Italy, with dense populations, the actual amount of produce raised from the soil is both relatively and absolutely small. We are driven, therefore, from the one fact of the distribution of population to the consideration of concurrent circumstances. But if we take even soil and climate into account, it does not satisfactorily explain all the discrepancies which the map of labor presents. Soil and climate do not explain why the Hindoo rears less productive and more expensive crops of cotton, sugar, and tobacco, than the West Indian or the American of the continent. When we use the term "expensive," we do not now refer to market prices, but to the relative absorption of labor in the East and in the West, which is the true cause of the poverty of the bulk of the people in the former, and of their improved condition in the latter. The sugar which in the East takes five men's labor for one required in the West, is five times

dearer in the former than in the latter districts. Whether the additional outlay be charged as a loss to the landlord, the laborer or the consumer, makes no difference in the fact. But if the relative density of population taken concomitantly with soil and climate does not exhaust the inquiry by furnishing a satisfactory key to the problem, are we not bound to inquire further into details?

The further inquiry leads us to the terms on which the cultivator is allowed to till the land and to enjoy its produce.

To enter fully into the multifarious tenures of land, would far exceed the limits of this paper. We shall merely throw out a suggestion derived from a combination of facts on a large scale, such as those are to which we have referred; purposing to go over the ground on subsequent occasions, and furnish the necessary data for giving to the principle we now put forward the weight which it seems to us it ought to carry.

The countries which, under certain densities of population, produce the most absolutely, and which under all circumstances of population yield the greatest relative production—that is to say, the greatest amount of produce per head of the agricultural population—are those in which production is not taxed.

Wherever production is taxed, the yield to the tiller of the soil is absolutely and relatively less than where there is no such taxation.

In Russia, Hungary, and Moldavia, there is no land-tax. A land-tax, or rather a produce-tax, is levied in all other European countries by the governments or by feudal landlords. In the West Indies and in North America there is no such tax. In British India such a tax exists. A land-tax varying, or which has a tendency to vary, with the crop, must be carefully distinguished from a fixed land-tax like that of England, or a rent paid for the use of land, and subject to be fixed by contract. On a future occasion we purpose going fully into this inquiry; and we trust that it will throw useful light on the checks which in the most valuable portion of our colonial empire—British India—prevent agricultural improvements. Here we would merely warn our readers that we draw a wide distinction between the two, and a distinction equally wide between a fixed and a fluctuating land-tax or produce-tax.

If the broad geographical limits of relative production which we have pointed out possess, as we anticipate, the power of flashing conviction on the reader's mind, he will not deny that the organization of labor, which is to convey increased comfort, intellectual enjoyments, and inspiring occupations to great masses of men, does present tangible features which legislators can approach, and ought to cope with as speedily as possible. The details of schemes of improvement become easy when a leading principle of far-reaching power is laid down as their basis. Emigration may be organized and encouraged, education ought unceasingly to be extended; these are demands which under all circumstances must be acknowledged to have an imperious claim on our attention. But, from the examples we have pointed out, it is abundantly clear that the stream of emigration may be diverted into fruitful or unfruitful channels; while the Hindoo cannot be classified as less instructed than myriads of West Indian and American cultivators. We cannot say, therefore, that emigration, or even education, as isolated expedients, will afford us the organization that is demanded.

We must first set all arms equally free before we can judge of or reason upon the relative productiveness of industry. The instrument to be wielded by the arms thus freed must also be released from all trammels, before similar results can be expected from various localities.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 24th May, 1848.

The state of affairs here is too tumultuary to allow any other than a desultory correspondence. My occupations incident to it, compel me to use my notes as they are entered—pell-mell.

Since the beginning of the month, our weather, with the exception of two or three days, has been radiant and temperate. That of Sunday last—a day ever memorable, say the journalists, for the matchless Festival of Concord—was perfect. The minister of agriculture announces officially that the reports from the interior concerning the crops, are of the most auspicious tenor possible. He tells us, likewise, that he is engaged in completing a vast project of agricultural colonies in France, by which the capital may be soon relieved—happily depleted. Several of the provinces have granted the paupers for whom they could not provide work, three sous per *diem*, to enable them to reach Paris on foot. Thus the vast national *ateliers* are replenished, and the clubs get a larger supply or seminary of recruits for insurrection. A numerous committee of the national assembly have discovered the evil of the *ateliers*, with wages that are simply "alms in disguise;" bills for some experiments of rectification are to be immediately submitted. Naturally, the clubs enlist the most ignorant and destitute of the multitude; they concentre and drill brute force and prejudice, and headlong desperation. Our *nomadic* tribes within the walls, says an editor, constantly increase. The assembly voted, instantly, a million of francs for the *ateliers;* and a committee are about to decide for two millions more, pursuant to a demand of the minister of the interior. The whole system is proved to be an incentive and premium for sloth and sedition.

Thirty-three of the provinces solicit a large appropriation for the exigencies of their workmen—which will be granted. A superintendent of one of the national forests calculates a profit, for a fortnight, of three hundred francs, from the toil of a certain number of hands assigned to him, while the cost amounted to ten thousand. Yesterday morning, in coming hither from St. Germain, in the coach, I observed that an immense quantity

of stone and gravel had been deposited by carts, three or four miles along the road, for repairs; but the government corps of paviors and gravellers—some eight or ten thousand—had distributed themselves, (between eight and nine o'clock, A. M.,) recumbent under the trees, or standing in groups about their colleagues who could read to them a newspaper of the day. In the street at St. Germain, where my garden lies, I have counted twenty-seven men, women, and boys, employed at one time, in pulling up the grass between the stones, under a superior in uniform with a sword. As not three vehicles, nor twenty or thirty pedestrians, pass through the street in the course of a day, the grass will pullulate next week in abundance. The town-councils solicit from the assembly permission to lay an additional tax for the multiplication of water reservoirs by like candidates for twenty cents the day.

Ex-Professor Chevalier pursues, in the *Journal des Débats*, his able refutation of the socialist fancies, respecting the organization of labor. In his article of yesterday, he sets out with this paragraph: "The physical amelioration of the lot of the laboring classes—town and country—absolutely requires an increase of production. The labor of the thirty-five millions of the French does not yield a mass of objects of every kind sufficient to afford even a very imperfect welfare to the population. We have not enough of food for wholesome and adequate nourishment; not enough of articles of clothing to cover ourselves, comfortably; nor means altogether for the furniture, warmth, and so forth, that we need." He adds—"What has been the consequence of the intermeddling of the government in the regulation of the terms and modes of labor? At Paris, in the private establishments and factories, there are, comparatively, scarce any hands: by the most moderate reckoning, we must estimate at two millions of francs per day the real loss which this unfortunate metropolis has undergone, and of which the greater part falls on the operative, the mechanic, and the small dealers. *Capital* is thus daily consumed, and pauperism augmented and aggravated." Chevalier is high authority in these matters.

A number of the manufacturers and mechanics have represented to the assembly that they could give much special work to answer commands, but that their old laborers prefer the *national ateliers*, where, though they get lower wages, they labor much less, and enjoy political consequence. The worthy fellows pun, however, at the expense of their apostle: "Since we have had Louis *Blanc*, we see no more louis *jaunes*." A topping name in statistics, Moreau de Jonnes, has submitted to the Academy of Sciences a paper on the agricultural wealth of France, undertaking to show "by unquestionable figures," that she is the richest country of Europe. He estimates the total value of her agricultural, animal, and rural products, at seven and half *milliards of francs*; a *milliard* is a billion. Doubtless, she *might* be the richest country of Europe: if her revolutionary disorders continue, and the madness of her metropolis induce a civil war, she may fall into the category of the poorest, proportionably to her numbers, surface, and soil. Lamartine informed the deputation of the Society of Political Economy, that their science was to be thenceforward *democratic*—not that of wealth, but of the equal distribution of means, and of the universal weal; and, moreover, that capitalists are not consumers! Chevalier calculates that the putting in common all the present wealth of France, would give about seventeen cents a day to each Frenchman, for all necessaries and all luxuries, supposing, even, that it would not greatly reduce production, and destroy all credit and confidence. The minister of finance apprizes the assembly that he has received some two hundred schemes of banks for the nation. He is "sure that, in a few months, all fiscal difficulties will be surmounted, if the assembly will duly second and appreciate him in his efforts."

Since the 15th inst., when the assembly was invaded and supplanted for three hours by the mob, various disclosures have removed all doubt of the participation of the prefect of police, and the commander in chief of the national guards, in the extensive conspiracy. The former, having resigned, is at large—"a bold, bad man;" the other is imprisoned at Vincennes. We had an extraordinary speech of the prefect, from the tribune, in explanation of his conduct: he averred that he was obliged to organize bands of ruffians, and keep them under his exclusive control, in order to detect and defeat the designs of others like them, against the government and all property; he used them as his predecessors had done the Vidocqs—he was left to manage as he could, the provisional government being so divided that it pulled in opposite directions; he had been, himself, *a conspirator all his life;* thus, he was qualified specially for his charge; he cared little how his operations were interpreted. I was struck with the address of one of the candidates of the department of the Seine, for a seat in the assembly, wherein he urged it as a decisive merit that he was a party to every conspiracy, from the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, to the expulsion of Louis Philippe in 1848.

In excuse for his strange conduct on the 15th, the president of the assembly stated that if he signed orders for stopping the call of the guards to arms, when under the duress of the mob about his chair, he did so to gain time for the corps whom he believed to be on their way, to reach the hall before a massacre of the assembly was attempted. He had a list of forty members who, certainly, were to be assassinated; and, besides, the officers of the guards and the public functionaries, to whom his orders were shown, should have perceived at once that he had been constrained, and have moved to the rescue the more promptly. In fact, several of them accepted and proclaimed the orders with a readiness which betrayed collusion, or at least a disposition to acquiesce at once in a new rule. Documents have been produced proving that, on

on order from the minister of the interior, Ledru-Rollin, a great quantity of muskets, and very many thousand cartridges, were delivered by the minister of war, Arago, for the police department; of which 400 muskets and 6000 cartridges went to the famous club on the Rue de Rivoli that headed the conspiracy. Arago has justified himself by pleading ignorance of this destination of any part; Ledru-Rollin publishes the same plea, but is not believed: it is admitted that the minister of police directly supplied the club, and he proclaims that it was with the assent of Lamartine.

On the 17th and 18th inst., according to an official report, two and a half millions of cartridges were distributed to the defenders of public order. When Barbès read, in the tribune, on the 15th, his decree that a *milliard* should be forthwith levied on the rich, one of his freebooters on the floor cried to him, "Barbès, you mistake; that is not it; two hours of pillage, you mean." From the seven Jacobin decrees found among the papers of the Rivoli club, of which you may read several in Galignani's Messenger, we may conclude that the success of the plot would have been attended with enormities of oppression, rapine and butchery, like those of the old reign of terror. It is the opinion of some of the journals that in a few days a million of national guards from the provinces would have arrived, for the overthrow of the brigands, and the reïnstallation of the assembly. A collation of names shows that fifty or more of the assailants arrested were of the mob that decreed, in the chamber of deputies, the list of the provisional government. They may exclaim, on their trial, "Could we not suppose it to be as much our right to demolish or create a government, at one time as at another!" It appears, from the language of not a few, that the populace entertain the idea of an absolute warrant to share at any time in the business of legislation, seeing that they are sovereign. Hence, a part of the multitude who repaired, on the 15th, to the assembly, went merely to dictate an immediate war for the resuscitation of Poland.

Yesterday, in the assembly, the leading order of the day was the Polish question—the pretext for the invasion of the hall on the 15th inst. Rumors were not wanting, of club-arrangements for a mighty confluence of sympathizers, and, this time, the provisional executive summoned a military force that seemed adequate for protection. You may judge of the aspect of things by this paragraph.

Extraordinary military precautions were taken around and in the interior of the palace. The chief command was confided by the President to General Cavaignac, minister of war, so as to prevent any conflict in the orders to be given to the chiefs of the different detachments which were stationed in the vincinity of the assembly. In the court were a battalion of troops of the line and six pieces of cannon. Two battalions of the line were placed in the garden of the presidency and on the peristyle of the chamber; a battalion of the national guard was on the Pont de la Concorde; and companies of the garde mobile were stationed in the adjacent streets.

About ten thousand men guarded the avenues. How comfortable for the inmates of the legislative fortress! One of them had sent me two tickets of admission to the debate; but when I saw the flying estafettes, and the coruscation of the bayonets and helmets in every direction, and remindod myself of his account of the pressure, consternation and peril, within, on the 15th, it seemed to me that, on this occasion, the better part of curiosity would be discretion. I was satisfied in learning, in the afternoon, late, that no disturbance occurred, and that Lamartine pronounced a most eloquent harangue, of which the purport was not *bellicose*, and therefore won the plaudits of a great majority of the assembly. Polish resurrection is to be pursued, at present, only by negotiation, and Italy to be left to herself until she shall formally invite French intervention. Austria would resent the declaration and pledge that she *shall* not prevail; but her revolutionary whirl disables her from direct collision with France. The problem of general war, or partial peace, is far from being determined.

On Monday last, Mr. Rush presented the congratulatory resolution of Congress, to the executive government, with an appropriate commentary. Lamartine's answer does not strike me as one of his happiest effusions. After Mr. Rush, stepped forward a Mr. Homer, of Boston, who tendered an address, as from that classic and conservative city. Why should our own institutions be disparaged or underrated in such manifestations? Are you to drop the substance for the shadow?—and is it from the neighborhood of Harvard that springs such metaphor as this?

The electrical development of your sacred trinity of principles throughout Europe gives us the joyful hope that now at length the destructive canker worms of military force will be changed into the productive silk worms of peaceful art.

Paris, 25th May, 1848.

You must look into Galignani's Messenger, which I transmit, for the details of the gorgeous Festival of Concord, on the 21st inst., the Sabbath. The address of the executive commission to the people tells us that the armed portion of the million abroad was three hundred thousand. It had been resolved that the national assembly should defile at the Hotel de Ville, before the multitude, but this was not done, and a portion of the members did not appear on the raised platform in the Champ de Mars. Nor did the majority wear the insignia of riband and scarf prescribed. They had a glorious coup d'œil from their elevation. A large company of cavalry, lancers, stationed before them, had a rare and picturesque accession. Well-dressed women claimed and obtained seats behind and before the riders—*en croupe et sur les arcons*—in order to have a full view of the occupants of the platform. A number of the guards proffered

bouquets at the end of their bayonets to the admiring and admired legislators. Countless women and children were mixed with all the infantry. All the choruses attainable or contrivable in the metropolis, chanted old patriotic airs and new republican hymns. The five hundred fantastically attired girls attracted eager gaze; in beauty, they did not quite fulfil the wish and search of the ministry of the interior. The corporation of dramatic artists produced a marvellous effect by their "Hymn of the Workmen;"—take this strophe.

Riche, fais trève à tes alarmes,
Notre vœu, c'est la Liberté.
Le Christ n'eut point recours aux armes
Pour affranchir l'Humanité.
Du travail pour nos bras, du pain pour nos familles,
Respect, sécurité pour l'honneur de nos filles.
Prêchons l'Egalité
Et la Fraternité!
Travaillons! Dans nos cœurs est la force publique.
Vive la République!

The clergy abstained from joining any procession, though Christ, as you see, was not forgotten. All interest and nearly all attendance deserted the church-service for the Lord's day.

This stupendous pageant of concord had one signal merit—novelty. From beginning to end of Louis Philippe's reign, the programme of the 1st May and the Three Days of July was identical. After having witnessed the celebration three or four times, I was content to trust to my memory. On Sunday, the mingled and diversified shouts—*Vive la Republique—Vive L'Assemblée—Vive l'Empéreur*, (as the survivors of the imperial guard tottered along,)—*Vivent les travailleurs*, and five or six other hailings—demonstrated stunningly that the republic was not *still*-born, at least. The most imposing display was the military One of Ledru-Rollin's famous bulletins from the ministry of the interior contained this phrase—"A disciplined musket is the instrument of order, because it is the symbol of the dignity of the citizens." There was no lack of the symbol, and the citizen now regards its with double favor in reference to his safety not less than his dignity. "What man," observes an editor, "can complain now that he has not his gun and his vote!"

On the 4th of next month thirty-nine elections for vacancies in the national assembly are to be held in different parts of France. It is apprehended that the people will not readily go to the polls, their curiosity touching the elective franchise having been gratified. Yesterday, in the assembly, a member—M. St. Priest, of the old school—raised a laugh by saying in the tribune, unwittingly—"The republic owes equal care to all divisions of the *kingdom*."

A new stir and hardihood may be remarked among the votaries of the Orleans family, and of the Duke de Bordeaux, respectively. The *Gazette de France*, contending for a hereditary king, with universal suffrage, remarks—"Much is written of the dictatorship of communists and their chief, *Cabet*. Change but a letter in his name and the republic will have its safe mooring and proper head," Capet. It is evident that the widely circulated journal, ably edited, too—*La Presse*—has been enrolled for the Prince de Joinville. Letters from the prince appear in the daily, which are framed for the end of ingratiating him with the country. The day before yesterday, a medical practitioner, of eminence and wide currency, told me that de Joinville had a multitude of votaries in the old national guards, worn out by the personal service which the republic requires, and in the cultivated and retired classes who deem quiet the *summum bonum*. Yesterday, a protest from the three sons of Louis Philippe, at Claremont, England, against the proposed decree of banishment, was submitted to the assembly. The reporter of the committee on the bill persisted in the affirmative, asserting that the republic feared no pretender—no family—but the committee wished to exclude sources and agencies of discord and trouble. We may presume that the case of de Joinville, and the bold demonstrations of the legitimist organs, and above all, the notorious distrust of a large portion of the assembly itself, touching the practicability of any republic with a capital like Paris, had a little influence over the committee. The two nephews of Napoleon in the assembly continue to excite interest by their consanguinity and the close resemblance, in person and face, of one of them to the military idol, more than by any exhibition or promise of affinity in faculties and spirit. We were alarmed yesterday and the day before by reports that the executive commission meant to resign without delay. They arose from the fact that the commission had announced as a cabinet question, the acquiescence of the assembly in certain immunities and powers which they claimed as indispensable for due administration. A compromise has been effected in the committee on the suoject, which, we may hope, will be ratified this day. Confusion and increased danger might result from any change. Lamartine, though not, perhaps, exactly the man for the juncture, cannot be spared.

In the committee on the ministerial plan of a forcible purchase by the state of all the rail-roads, keen opposition to the measure is tried. The report of the finance-department against all companies for public works, as essentially repugnant and fatal to democracy, is quite phenomenal. The French stockholders remonstrate; the London press lectures (see the Times of the 23d;) the Paris Exchange oscillates: the act will be spoliation; yet it may be *expedient* under all circumstances, and the assembly may yield. The larger cities, the metropolis in particular, must be relieved of the hosts of restless *proletaires* with whom they are infested; seventeen millions of francs were voted yesterday for works in the interior on which they can be colonized; and a motion was referred for an appropriation of three hundred millions to be expended, in ten years, in bringing waste-lands and marshes into cultivation. Yesterday, from the manufacturing city of Lille, tidings came of a

fresh insurrection of the operatives—barricades and battle. Lyons was still a prey to extreme disorder of anarchy.

Lamennais has resigned as a member of the committee on the constitution. I have heretofore mentioned his elaborate scheme. This the committee could not swallow entire. His *amour-propre* determined him, we can presume, more than his alleged discovery of monarchical *reaction* among his colleagues. As yet, the committee have merely discussed general principles. Cormenin, the chairman, is to furnish a simple outline. He, it is whispered, thinks, in his inner mind, Henry V. the only final solution of the enigma. Madame George Sands, in a copious and affectionate epistle to Lamennais, expostulates with him on his idea of a president for the republic; she is sure that the elected, whoever he might be, must prove an absolute master in three months. The oracle called *Le Représentant du Peuple* argues stoutly that France can, should, and will, dispense wholly with what is yclept *government:* no monarchy, no republic, no assembly; but a universal, self-regulating democracy. Monsieur Michel Chevalier appears, this day, on the first page of the *Journal des Débats*, with the first number of a series of *Studies* on the Constitution of the United States. He vows that nobody has more admired and loved than he the American nation. A bulky collection of extracts, from his former articles in the same journal, could I form to refute his assertion; but he has entered at length the true orbit. He extols the American institutions, and proceeds with noting certain differences in French situation, not, in my humble opinion, so material as he represents them. He believes it "the conviction of every American that God made the new continent to be the patrimony of the Anglo-Saxon race." Such may, indeed, prove the final dispensation. Let us be satisfied, for the present, with what we possess. Providence is not to be anticipated. The French proverb has marrow—*Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint.*

You will be abundantly informed of the continental news, by the London trumpets: an abortive military insurrection at Seville, and the official expulsion of the British minister from Spain, (he passed through Paris yesterday;) the flight of the emperor and his family from Vienna; new ferments at Berlin; the opening of the Prussian assembly at Berlin, and the German national assembly at Frankfort, on the same day, the 22d inst.; the little progress of either side in the war in Italy; the sanguinary struggle at Naples; *fraternity* nowhere.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A Panoramic View from Bunker Hill Monument. Engraved by J. Smillie, from a Drawing by R. P. Mallory. Published by Redding & Co, Boston.

A very neat and useful volume is made up of this view, and a description of the places in sight. Travellers will find it more complete than any other guide.

The British Female Poets: with Biographical and Critical Notices. By Geo. W. Bethune. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1848.

This is truly a beautiful volume, and its external form is a meet symbol of the grace and beauty found within. Dr. Bethune has chosen a popular subject, on which to show his taste and learning. This reverend gentleman's well deserved fame as a poet, gives him peculiar fitness for his office. He has sustained this repute in our esteem, by the judgment with which he has culled the choicest flowers from a garden filled with such varied beauty. The biographical notices are peculiarly happy. They are of necessity brief, but they generally have the merit of giving much in few words. "The British Female Poets" is a proof that lofty genius often chooses to abide with the gentler portion of our race. This publication is a tribute, worthy of a true poet, to the sex which has ever been esteemed that of the Muses.—*Banner of the Cross.*

This volume, like all those issued under the superintendence of Dr. Bethune, does credit to American typography. It is altogether a very beautiful book. The editor, in the exercise of good taste and judgment, has reviewed the particular department of English literature to which his volume refers, with thoroughness, and with a proper appreciation of its merits, and commencing with Juliana Berners in the fourteenth century, he pays his respects to the whole line of poetesses, asking from each a contribution for his album. It is not to be expected that in a work of such nicety as that of collecting beauties from authors, all tastes should agree; hence we may be permitted to say that while we agree in the general with the editor in the propriety of his choice, we might make some exceptions. The biographical and critical notices are spirited, and we are disposed even to excuse, in an instance or two, a strain of commendation rather too laudatory. The volume will be sought for by the admirers of poetry, especially as containing some pieces not easily accessible.—*Presbyterian.*

Anecdote of a Dog.—The Episcopal Recorder copies from the Glasgow Chronicle, the following:

"A few years ago, in the shire of Edinburgh, a splendid Newfoundland dog might have been seen every day visiting every pond or brook in the neighborhood of his master's residence. It had been instrumental more than once in saving persons from a grievous death in the water. He was respected for his magnanimity, and caressed for his amiable qualities, till, strange as it may be considered, this flattery completely turned his head. Saving of life from drowning became a passion. He took to it as humanity takes to dram-drinking. Not having sufficient scope for the exercise of his diseased benevolence in the district, he took to a very questionable method of supplying the deficiency. Whenever he found a child on the brink of a water, he watched patiently for the opportunity, and placed his forepaws suddenly on its person, and plunged it in before it was aware. Now all this was done for the mere purpose of fetching them out again. He appeared to find intense pleasure in this nonsensical sort of work. At last the outcry became so great by parents alarmed for their children, although no life was ever lost by the indulgence of such a singular taste, that the poor dog was reluctantly destroyed. We saw a fine pair of boots which were manufactured from his skin."

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very ully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The LIVING AGE is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. ☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be *addressed to the office of publication*, as above.

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Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the Living Age consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in *each part* double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1846.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

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